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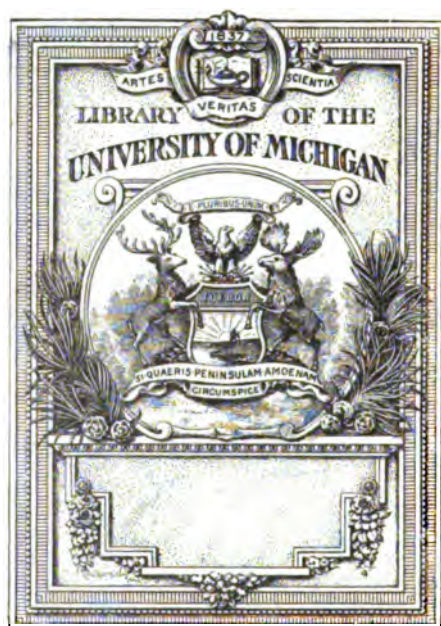
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HARPER'S



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THE AURORA BOREALIS OR POLAR LIGHT.

By ELIAS LOOMIS, PROFESSOR IN YALE COLLEGE.



FIG. 1.—AURORA BOREALIS SEEN IN NORWAY.

THE POLAR LIGHT is a light which is frequently seen near the horizon, bearing some resemblance to the morning twilight, whence it has received the name of aurora. In the northern hemisphere it is usually termed "aurora borealis," because it is chiefly seen in the north. A similar phenomenon is also seen in the southern hemisphere, where it is called "Aurora Australis." Each of them may, with

greater propriety, be called "Aurora Polaris," or *Polar Light*.

Auroras exhibit an endless variety of appearances; but they may generally be referred to one of the following classes:

First.—A light near the horizon, resembling the morning aurora or break of day. The polar light may generally be distinguished from the true dawn by its position in the heavens,

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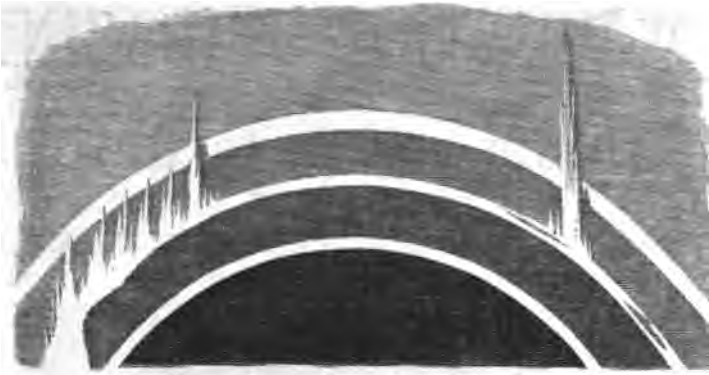


FIG. 2.—AURORAL ARCHES SEEN IN CANADA.

especially in the United States, where it always appears in the northern quarter. This is the most common form of aurora, but it is not an essentially distinct variety, being due to a blending of the other varieties in the distance. The upper boundary of this light is an arc of a small circle, which shades off gradually into the darkness of the nocturnal sky, but is much better defined than the twilight.

Second.—An arch of light somewhat in the form of a rainbow. This arch frequently extends entirely across the heavens, from east to west, and cuts the magnetic meridian nearly at right angles. This arch does not remain for a long time stationary, but changes its elevation above the horizon; and when the aurora exhibits great splendor, several parallel arches are often seen at the same time, appearing as broad belts of light stretching from the eastern to the western horizon. In high northern latitudes five or six such arches have frequently been seen at once; and on two occasions have been seen nine parallel arches, separated by distinct

intervals. Figure 2 represents auroral arches seen a few years since in Canada.

Third.—Slender, luminous beams or columns, well defined, and frequently very brilliant. These beams rise to various heights in the heavens, frequently 20 or 30 degrees, and sometimes ascending as high as the zenith. Their breadth varies from a quarter of a degree up to two or three degrees. Frequently they last but a few minutes; sometimes they continue a quarter of an hour, a half hour, or even a whole hour. Sometimes they remain for several minutes at rest, and sometimes they have a quick lateral motion. Their light is commonly of a pale yellow, sometimes it is reddish, while occasionally it is crimson or even of blood-color. Sometimes the luminous beams are interspersed with dark rays resembling dense smoke. Sometimes the tops of the beams are pointed, and having a waving motion they resemble the lambent flames of half-extinguished alcohol burning upon a broad, flat surface. [See Figures 3, 4, and 5.] Faint stars

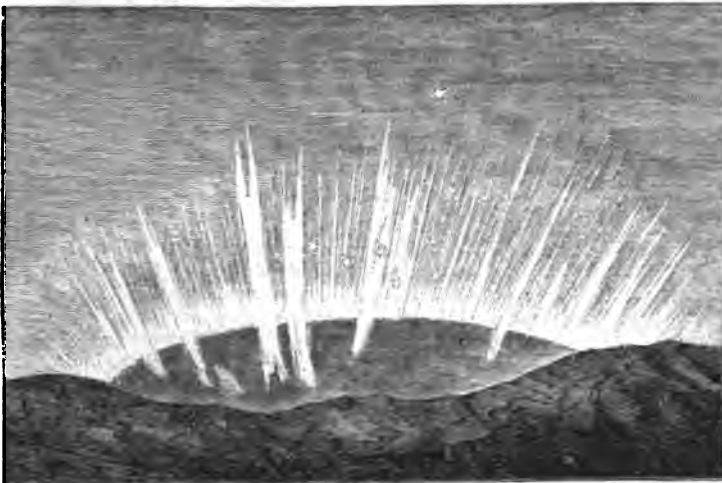


FIG. 3.—AURORAL BEAMS OR COLUMNS.

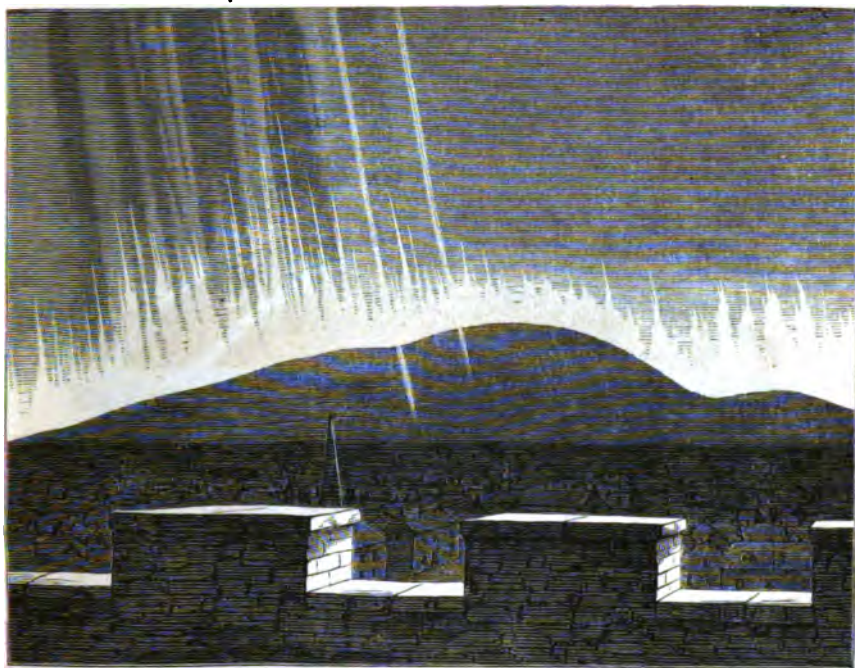


FIG. 4.—AURORAL BEAMS SEEN IN ENGLAND.

are visible through the substance of the auroral beams.

Fourth.—The corona or crown. Luminous beams sometimes shoot up simultaneously from nearly every part of the horizon, and converge to a point a little south of the zenith, forming a quivering canopy of flame. This is called a corona or crown. The sky now resembles a fiery dome, and the crown appears to rest upon variegated fiery pillars, which are frequently

traversed by waves or flashes of light. This may be called a complete aurora, and comprehends most of the peculiarities of the other varieties. [See Figure 13.] The corona seldom remains complete longer than one hour. The streamers then become fewer and less intensely colored, the luminous arches break up, while a dark segment is still visible near the northern horizon, and at last nothing remains but masses of delicate clouds. During the exhibition of

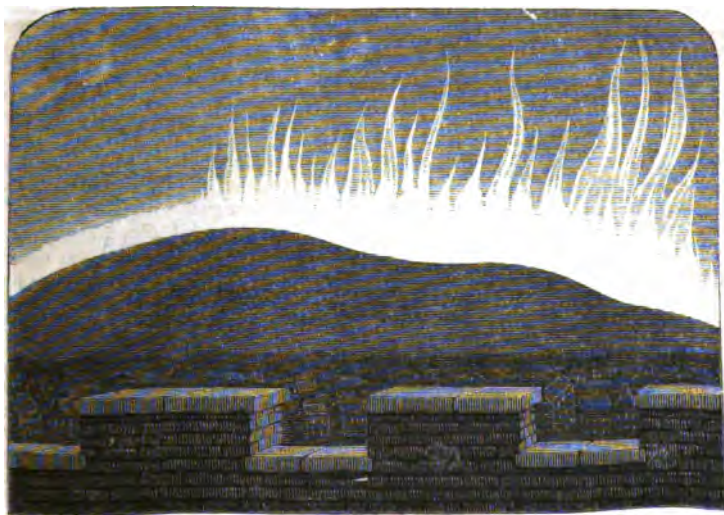


FIG. 5.—AURORAL BEAMS WITH A WAVY MOTION.

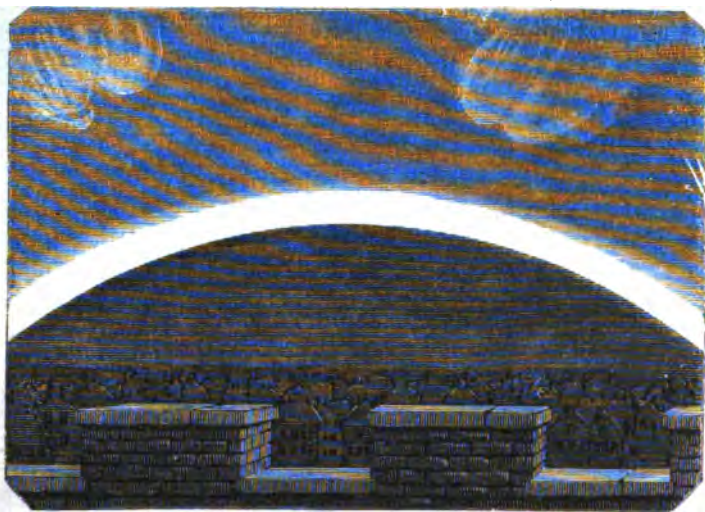


FIG. 6.—DARK SEGMENT BENEATH AN AURORAL ARCH.

brilliant auroras, delicate fibrous clouds are commonly seen floating in the upper regions of the atmosphere; and on the morning after a great nocturnal display we sometimes recognize streaks of cloud similar to those which had been luminous during the preceding night. Sometimes when the sun is above the horizon these clouds arrange themselves in forms similar to the beams of the aurora, constituting what has been called a "day aurora."

Fifth.—Waves or flashes of light. The luminous beams sometimes appear to shake with a tremulous motion; while flashes like waves of light roll up toward the zenith, and sometimes travel along the line of an auroral arch. Sometimes the beams have a slow, lateral motion from east to west, and sometimes from west to east. These sudden flashes of auroral light are known by the name of "Merry Dancers," and form an important feature of nearly every splendid aurora.

The duration of auroras is very variable. Some last only an hour or two; others last all night; and occasionally they appear on two successive nights under circumstances which lead us to believe that, were it not for the light of the sun, an aurora might be seen uninterruptedly for thirty-six or forty-eight hours. For more than a week, commencing August 28, 1859, in the northern part of the United States, the aurora was seen almost uninterruptedly every clear night. In the neighborhood of Hudson Bay the aurora is seen for months almost without intermission.

Auroras are characterized by recurring fits of brilliancy. After a brilliant aurora has faded away and almost entirely disappeared, it is common
it to revive, so as to rival and

often to surpass its first magnificence. Two such alternations are common features of brilliant auroras, and sometimes three or four occur on the same night.

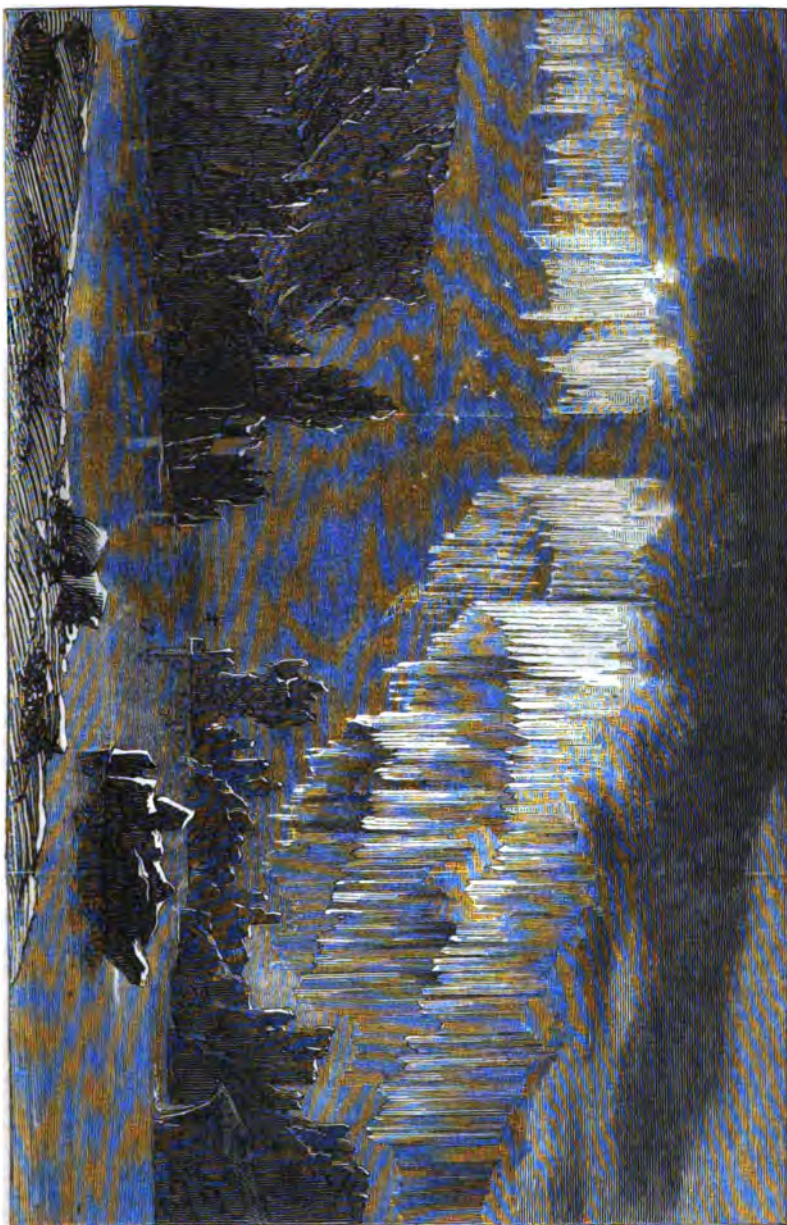
The color of the aurora is very variable. When the aurora is faint its light is usually white or a pale yellow. When the aurora is brilliant, the sky exhibits at the same time a great variety of tints; some portions of the sky are nearly white, but with a tinge of emerald-green; other portions are of a pale yellow or straw-color; others are tinged with a rosy hue; while others may have a crimson hue, which sometimes deepens to a blood-red. These colors are ever varying in their position and in the intensity of their light.

Auroras are sometimes observed simultaneously over large portions of the globe. The aurora of August 28, 1859, was seen throughout more than 140 degrees of longitude, from Eastern Europe to California; and from Jamaica on the south to an unknown distance in British America on the north. The aurora of September 2, 1859, was seen at the Sandwich Islands; it was seen throughout the whole of North America and Europe; and the disturbance of the magnetic needle indicated its presence throughout all Northern Asia, although the sky was overcast, so that at many places it could not be seen. An aurora was seen at the same time in South America and New Holland. The auroras of September 25, 1841, and November 17, 1848, were almost equally extensive.



FIG. 7.—ELLIPTIC FORM OF AURORAL ARCHES.

FIG. 8.—AURORAL ARCS OF AN ELLIPTIC FORM SEEN IN THE ARCTIC REGION.



In the United States an aurora is uniformly preceded by a hazy or slaty appearance of the sky, particularly in the neighborhood of the northern horizon. When the auroral display commences, this hazy portion of the sky assumes the form of a dark bank or segment of a circle in the north, rising ordinarily to the height of from five to ten degrees. [See Figure 6.] This dark segment is not a cloud, for the stars are seen through it as through a smoky atmosphere, with little diminution of brilliancy.

This dark bank is simply a dense haze, and it appears darker from the contrast with the luminous arc which rests upon it. In high northern latitudes, when the aurora covers the entire heavens, the whole sky seems filled with a dense haze; and in still higher latitudes, where the aurora is sometimes seen in the south, this dark segment is observed resting on the southern horizon and bordered by the auroral light. This phenomenon was noticed in the United States in the aurora of August, 1859.



FIG. 9.—AUROREAL ARCHES OF AN ELLIPTIC FORM SEEN IN SCANDINAVIA.

The highest point of this dark segment generally coincides with the magnetic meridian. Exceptions to this rule do, however, frequently occur, and in some places there is a constant deviation of ten degrees or more.

The dark segment just described is bounded by a luminous arc, whose breadth varies from half a degree to one or two degrees. The lower edge of the arc is well defined; but unless the breadth be very small the upper edge is ill defined, and blends with a general brightness of the sky. If the aurora becomes brilliant, other arcs usually form at greater elevations, some-

times passing through the zenith. The summit of these arcs is situated nearly in the magnetic meridian, and the arc sometimes extends symmetrically on each side toward the horizon. Frequently, however, the summit of the arc deviates ten degrees or more from the magnetic meridian, and in some places this deviation appears to be tolerably constant.

An auroral arch is frequently incomplete, and extends only a portion of the distance from one horizon to the other. The apparent breadth of auroral arches varies with their elevation above the horizon. The result of a large number of

observations gives eight degrees as the average breadth of arches seen at altitudes less than sixty degrees; while for arches whose altitude is greater than sixty degrees the average breadth is twenty-five degrees.

When an arch appears to move across the sky from north to south or the reverse, its angular breadth exhibits corresponding changes. If the distance of an arch from the earth remained constant during its movement of translation, and the arch was of the form of a ring

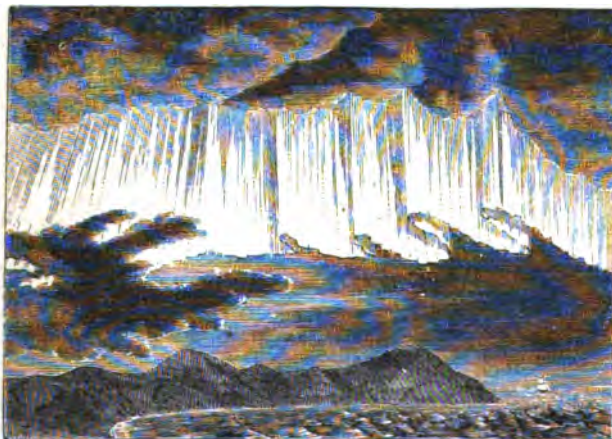


FIG. 10.—AUROREAL CURTAIN IN FOLDS.

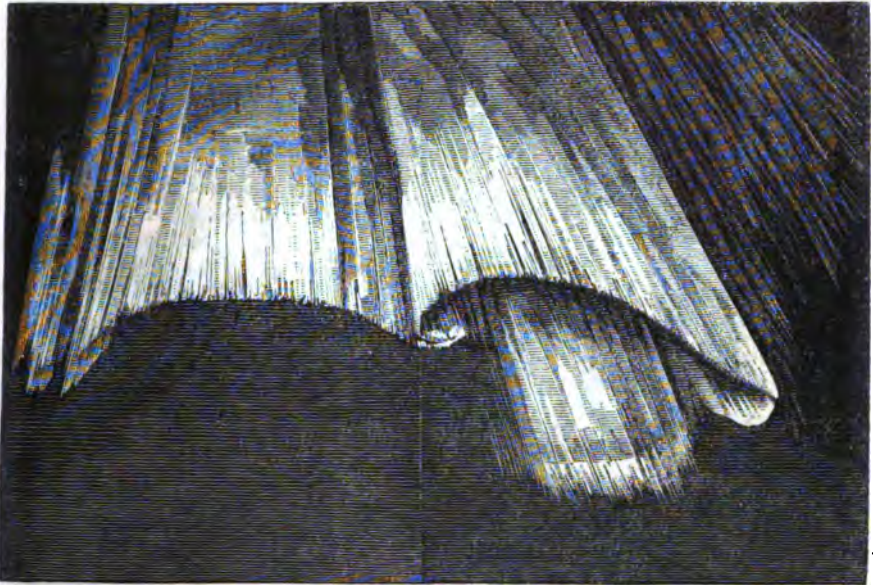


FIG. 11.—AURORAL CURTAIN SEEN IN SCANDINAVIA.

whose section was a circle, its breadth when in the zenith should be double what it was when its elevation was 30 degrees. But its observed breadth in the former case is three or four times as great as in the latter, showing that a section of the ring is of an oval form with its greatest diameter parallel to the earth's surface.

Auroral arches do not meet the horizon at points distant 180 degrees from each other. Careful measurements have shown that, except near the horizon, they may be regarded as por-

tions of small circles parallel to the earth's surface. Such a circle seen obliquely would have the appearance of an ellipse. Near the horizon the elliptic form of the auroral arch has sometimes been quite noticeable, the extremities of the arch being bent inward as shown in Figure 7. Occasionally an ellipse has been seen almost entire, and in one instance the ellipse has been seen complete, the axes of the ellipse being in the ratio of two to one.

Sometimes an auroral arch consists of rays



FIG. 12.—AURORAL ARCHES HAVING A STRIATED APPEARANCE.



FIG. 13.—AURORAL CORONA.

arranged in irregular and sinuous bands of various and variable curvatures, like the undulations of a streamer or flag waving in the breeze. Sometimes the appearance is that of a brilliant curtain whose folds are agitated by the wind. [See Figures 10 and 11.] These folds sometimes become very numerous and complex, and the arch assumes the form of a long sheet of rays returning into itself, the folds enveloping each other, and presenting an immense variety of the most graceful curves.

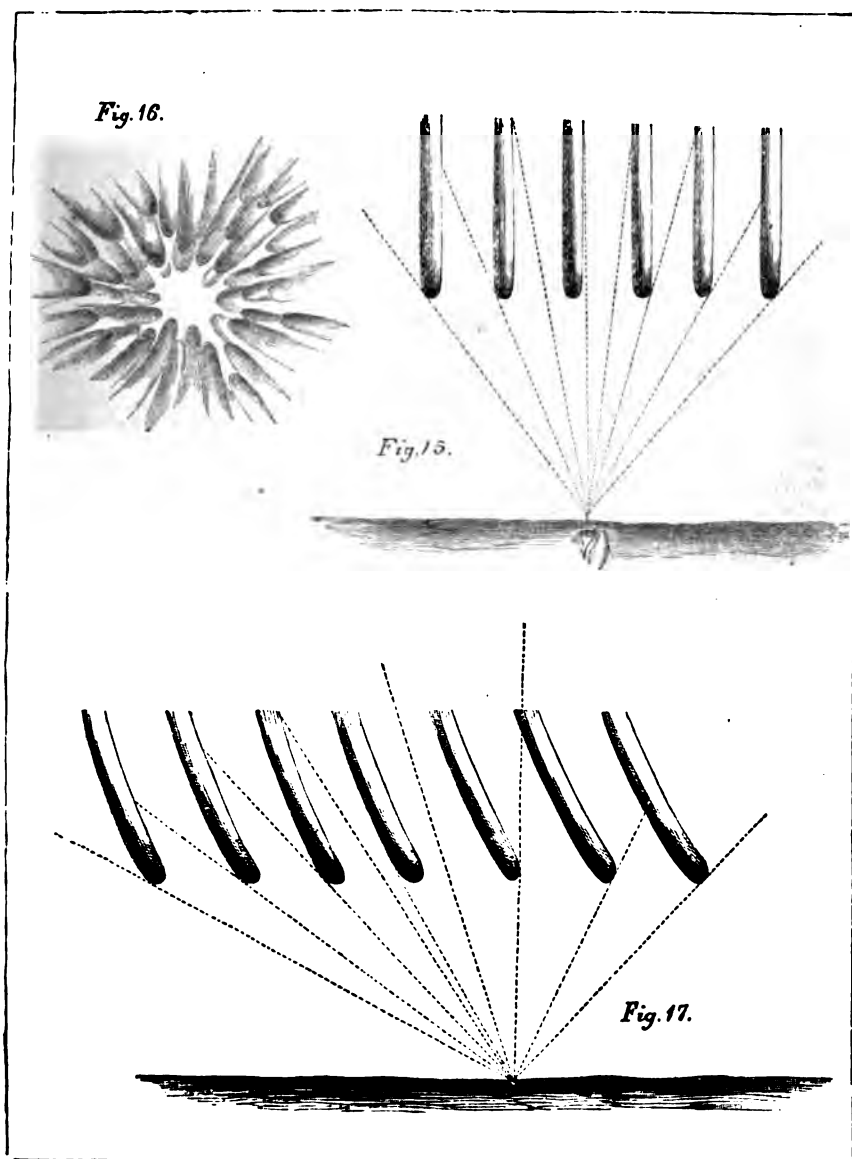
Auroral arches generally tend to divide into short rays running in the direction of the breadth of the arch, and converging toward the magnetic zenith. They frequently appear to be formed of transverse fibres terminating in a regular curve, which forms the lower edge of the arch. Arches of a uniform nebulous appearance are not the most frequent; striated arches are very common; and auroral arches present every intermediate variety between these two extremes. Sometimes auroral beams arrange themselves in the form of an arch. Sometimes an auroral arch is formed of short streams parallel to each other, presenting the appearance of a row of comets' tails.

An auroral arch does not long maintain a fixed position. It is frequently displaced, and is transported parallel to itself from north to south, or from south to north. Sometimes an arch which is first seen near the northern hori-

zon gradually rises, ascends to the zenith, and descends toward the southern horizon, where it remains for a time nearly stationary, and then perhaps retraces its course. In the United States, as well as in Europe, auroral arches more frequently move from north to south than from south to north. Sometimes there is also a movement of the arch from west to east, or from east to west. The rate of motion of auroral arches is very variable. If we suppose the arch to be elevated 125 miles above the earth, the observed angular motion of translation would indicate an actual velocity of from 1000 to 3000 feet per second.

The motion of auroral beams is sometimes in a lateral direction, and sometimes it is upward or downward. The downward motion is the most common, and sometimes it takes place with very great velocity, and in a large number of beams simultaneously. When an auroral beam rises and falls alternately without much change of length, it is said to *dance*. This is a common occurrence in high northern latitudes, where it is known by the name of the "Merry Dancers."

When the sky is filled with a large number of separate beams all parallel to each other, according to the rules of perspective these beams will seem to converge to one point, as shown in Figures 15 and 16; and if the beams are parallel to the direction of the dipping-nee-



FIGS. 15, 16, 17.—ILLUSTRATING THE THEORY OF AN AURORAL CORONA.

dle, they will seem to converge to the magnetic zenith. [See Figure 17.] Hence results the appearance of a corona or crown of rays whose centre is less luminous than other portions of the sky. [See Figure 18.]

Sometimes the corona is incomplete, the beams on one side being deficient. When a striated arch passes the magnetic zenith it frequently presents the appearance of an incomplete corona. If the arch advances from north to south, before reaching the magnetic zenith it forms a half crown on the northern side; when it passes the magnetic zenith we have a corona

tolerably complete; and after the arch has passed the magnetic zenith it forms a half crown on the southern side.

When an aurora becomes less active its beams become less luminous, their edges become more diffuse, they diminish in length while they increase in breadth, and assume the appearance of luminous clouds. Sometimes they exhibit a fibrous structure, and present a strong resemblance to those delicate clouds which are often seen in pleasant weather, and are designated by the term "cirrus."

During the exhibition of a brilliant aurora

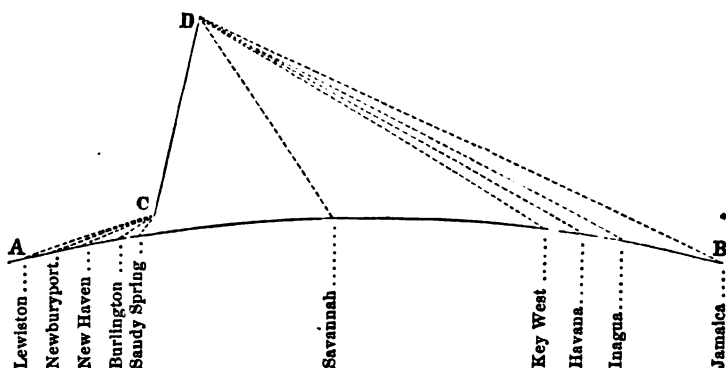


FIG. 14.—ALTITUDE OF AURORA OF AUGUST 28, 1859.

we frequently notice an appearance of general nebulosity or luminous vapor covering large portions of the heavens, and sometimes almost the entire celestial vault. In the upper part of the sky the light is generally faint, sometimes not exceeding that of the milky-way; but near the horizon the light is sometimes so intense as to resemble a vast conflagration. The great disparity between the light of auroral vapor when near the zenith and near the horizon indicates that the vertical thickness of the auroral vapor is small in comparison with its horizontal dimensions.

The great auroral exhibition of August and September, 1859, was very carefully observed at a large number of stations, and these observations have enabled us to determine the height of the aurora above the earth's surface. At the most southern stations where these auroras were observed, the light rose only a few degrees above the northern horizon; at more northern stations the aurora appeared at a greater elevation; at certain stations it just attained the zenith; at stations further north the aurora covered the entire northern heavens as well as a portion of the southern; and at places still further north nearly the entire visible heavens from the northern to the southern horizon were over-spread with the auroral light.

In Figure 14, AB represents a portion of the earth's surface, and beneath are given the names of some of the places where observations were made upon the aurora of August 28, 1859, all at the same hour of the evening. The dotted lines drawn from the five most southern stations (Jamaica to Savannah) represent the elevations of the upper boundary of the auroral light above the northern horizon. The point D thus determined is then the upper edge of the auroral light near its southern margin, and this point is found to be 534 miles above the earth's surface.

The dotted lines from the five most northern stations (Sandy Spring, Maryland, to Lewiston, Maine) show the elevation of the lower limit of the auroral light above the south horizon. The

point C thus determined is the lower edge of the auroral light near its southern margin, and this point is found to be 46 miles above the earth's surface. The line CD represents, therefore, the southern boundary of the auroral illumination.

These results, combined with a vast number of other observations, show that the aurora of August 28, 1859, formed a stratum of light encircling the northern hemisphere, extending southward to latitude 38 degrees in North America, and reaching to an unknown distance on the north; and it pervaded more or less the entire interval between the elevations of 46 miles and 500 miles above the earth's surface. This illumination consisted chiefly of luminous beams or columns every where nearly parallel to the direction of a magnetic needle when freely suspended.

At New York a magnetic needle, freely suspended, points about seven degrees westward of the true north; and if the needle be supported by its centre of gravity, so as to be free to move in a vertical plane, the north pole will incline downward, making an angle of about 17 degrees with a vertical line. Such a needle we call a dipping-needle, and the point nearly overhead toward which one pole of the dipping-needle is directed is called the magnetic zenith. In Southern Florida the dip of the magnetic needle is 55 degrees, and it increases as we proceed northward, being about 73 degrees at New York, and 78 degrees at Quebec.

The luminous beams in the aurora of August, 1859, were sensibly parallel to the direction of the dipping-needle; they were about 500 miles in length, while their diameters varied from 5 to 50 miles, and perhaps sometimes they were still greater.

The height of a large number of auroras has been computed by similar methods, and the average result for the upper limit of the streamers is 450 miles. From a multitude of observations it is concluded that the aurora seldom appears at an elevation less than about 45 miles above the earth's surface, and that it frequently extends upward to an elevation of 500 miles.

Auroral arches having a well-defined border are generally less than 100 miles in height.

Some persons contend that the aurora is occasionally seen at elevations of less than one mile above the earth's surface. It has been claimed that the aurora is sometimes seen between the observer and a cloud; but this appearance is believed to result from a cloud of very small density, thoroughly illumined by auroral light which shines through the cloud, so as to produce the same appearance as if the aurora prevailed on the under side of the cloud.

Sometimes the lower extremity of an auroral streamer appears to be prolonged below the summit of a neighboring mountain or hill. This appearance is probably an illusion. The same phenomenon has been noticed by more cautious observers, who traced the result to the reflection of the auroral light from the snow which covered the mountain. Although it is possible

that the aurora may sometimes descend nearly to the earth's surface, there is no sufficient evidence to prove that the true polar light has ever descended so low as the region of ordinary clouds.

There is no satisfactory evidence that the aurora ever emits any audible sound. It is nevertheless a common impression, at least in high latitudes, that the aurora sometimes emits sound. This sound has been described as a rustling, hissing, crackling noise. But the most competent observers, who have spent several winters in the Arctic regions, where auroras are seen in their greatest brilliancy, have been convinced that this supposed rustling is a mere illusion. It is therefore inferred that the sounds which have been ascribed to the aurora must have been due to other causes, such as the motion of the wind, or the cracking of the snow and ice in consequence of their low temperature.

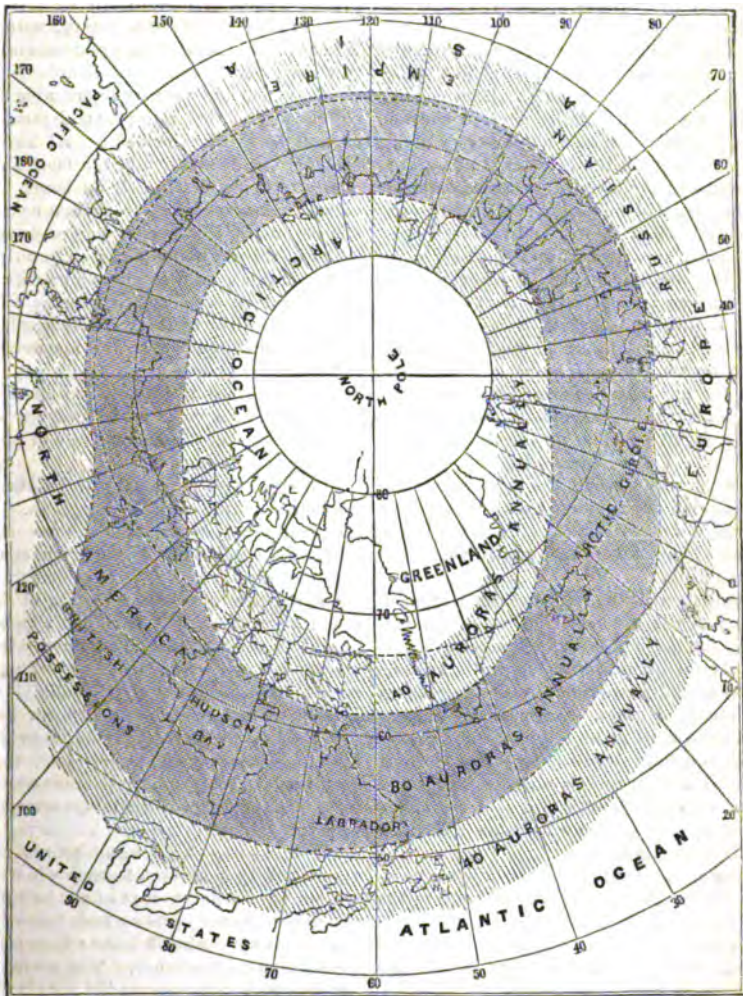


FIG. 18.—GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF AURORAL

If the aurora emitted any audible sound this sound ought to follow the auroral movement after a considerable interval. Sound requires four minutes to travel a distance of 50 miles. But the observers who report noises succeeding auroral movements make no mention of any interval. It is therefore inferred that the sounds which have been heard during auroral exhibitions are to be ascribed to other causes than the aurora.

Auroras are very unequally distributed over the earth's surface. They occur most frequently in the higher latitudes, and are almost unknown within the tropics. At Havana, in latitude 23 degrees, but six auroras have been recorded within a hundred years, and south of Havana auroras are still more unfrequent. As we travel northward from Cuba, auroras increase in frequency and brilliancy; they rise higher in the heavens, and oftener ascend to the zenith. Near the parallel of 40 degrees we find on an average only ten auroras annually. Near the parallel of 42 degrees the average number is twenty annually; near 45 degrees the number is forty; and near the parallel of 50 degrees it amounts to eighty annually. Between this point and the parallel of 62 degrees auroras, during the winter, are seen almost every night. They appear high in the heavens, and as often to the south as the north. In regions further north they are seldom seen except in the south, and from this point they diminish in frequency and brilliancy as we advance toward the pole. Beyond latitude 62 degrees the average number of auroras is reduced to forty annually. Beyond latitude 67 degrees it is reduced to twenty; and near latitude 78 degrees it is reduced to ten annually. If we make a like comparison for any European meridian we shall find a similar result, except that the auroral region is situated further northward than it is in America. Upon Figure 18 the dark shade indicates the region where the average number of auroras annually amounts to at least eighty; and the lighter shade indicates the region where the average number of auroras annually amounts to at least forty.

We thus see that the region of greatest auroral abundance is a zone of an oval form surrounding the north pole, and whose central line crosses the meridian of Washington in latitude 56 degrees, and the meridian of St. Petersburg in latitude 71 degrees. Accordingly, auroras are much more frequent in the United States than they are in the same latitudes of Europe. Within this auroral zone is a region 2000 miles in diameter, throughout which it is presumed that auroras are not more common than they are in New England.

Auroras in the southern hemisphere are nearly, if not quite, as frequent as they are in the corresponding magnetic latitudes of the northern hemisphere, and it is probable that the geographical distribution of auroras in the two hemispheres is somewhat similar.

By comparing the records of auroras in the

two hemispheres we find a remarkable coincidence of dates, which seems to justify the conclusion that an unusual auroral display in the southern hemisphere is always accompanied by an unusual display in the northern hemisphere; that is, a great exhibition of auroral light about one magnetic pole of the earth is uniformly attended by a great exhibition of auroral light about the opposite magnetic pole.

The aurora is ordinarily accompanied by a considerable disturbance of the magnetic needle, and the effect increases with the extent and brilliancy of the aurora. Auroral beams cause a disturbance of the needle, particularly when the beams themselves are in active motion. Auroral waves or flashes, especially if they extend as high as the zenith, cause a violent agitation of the needle, consisting of an irregular oscillation on each side of its mean position.

These extraordinary deflections of the needle prevail almost simultaneously over large portions of the globe, even where the aurora itself is not visible. During the great auroral display of September 2, 1859, the disturbances of the magnetic needle were very remarkable throughout North America, Europe, and Northern Asia, as well as in New Holland. At Toronto, in Canada, the declination of the needle changed nearly four degrees in half an hour. The inclination was observed to change nearly three degrees when the needle passed beyond the limits of the graduated scale, so that the entire range of the needle could not be determined. At several observatories in Europe still more remarkable disturbances were recorded. These irregular disturbances of the magnetic needle are not quite simultaneous at distant stations. Over the surface of Europe and also of North America they appear to be propagated from northeast to southwest at the rate of about 100 miles per minute.

Auroras exert a remarkable influence upon the wires of the electric telegraph. During the prevalence of brilliant auroras the telegraph lines generally become unmanageable. The aurora develops electric currents upon the wires, and hence results a motion of the telegraph instruments similar to that which is employed in telegraphing; and since this movement is frequent and irregular, it ordinarily becomes impossible to transmit intelligible signals. During several remarkable auroras, however, the currents of electricity on the telegraph wires have been so steady and powerful that they have been used for telegraph purposes as a substitute for a voltaic battery; that is, messages have been transmitted by telegraph from the auroral influence alone. This result proves that the aurora develops on the telegraph wires an electric current similar to that of a voltaic battery, and differing only in its variable intensity.

Auroras appear at all hours of the night, but not with equal frequency. The average number increases uninterruptedly from sunset till about midnight, from which time the number

diminishes uninterruptedly till morning. In Canada the maximum occurs an hour before midnight; further north, in latitude 52 degrees, the maximum occurs at midnight; and still further north, to the Arctic Ocean, the maximum occurs an hour after midnight.

Auroras occur in each month of the year, but not with equal frequency. In New England and New York the least number of auroras is recorded in winter, and the greatest number in the autumn. It is difficult to make an entirely satisfactory comparison on account of the unequal length of the days in the different seasons of the year; but apparently the maximum occurs in September, and the minimum in December or January. The number of auroras seen in different years is extremely variable. Sometimes, for several years, auroras are remarkable for their number and magnificence, and then there succeeds a barren interval during which auroras are almost entirely forgotten.

If we compare the observations made at any one station for a long period of years, we shall discover that the inequality in the number of auroras upon successive years recurs periodically. In order to discover the law which governs auroral displays, it is important to have observations made at the same station upon a uniform plan continued for a long period of time. A tolerably complete auroral record has been kept at New Haven for nearly one hundred years, and a similar record has been kept in the neighborhood of Boston since 1742. Similar records have been preserved at many places in Europe, extending back for a period of two centuries. In order to neutralize as far as possible the imperfections of any single record, I have taken the average of three different records, viz.: those at New Haven and Boston, representing New England, and that at St. Petersburg, representing the north of Europe. Instead of exhibiting these results in a tabular form I have represented them by a curve line in Figure 19. The years are indicated both at the top and bottom of the figure, and from the base line AB for each year a perpendicular is drawn whose length is proportional to the number of auroras recorded for that year, the number of auroras being indicated on the left of the figure. Through the points thus determined a curve line is drawn, and this curve represents the relative number of auroras in New England and Northern Europe for a period of 130 years. This curve clearly indicates a period of unusual auroral abundance from 1770 to 1790. Then followed a period of great barrenness from 1792 to 1826; and then succeeded another period of unusual abundance from 1836 to 1864. We also notice subordinate fluctuations which generally succeed each other at intervals of about eleven years. Thus auroras were uncommonly abundant in the years 1773, 1781, 1787, 1840, 1848, and 1860, while during the barren period from 1790 to 1826 a slight increase will be remarked in the years 1804 and

1819, with a more decided increase in 1830. Most of these peculiarities are noticeable in the observations at each of the stations employed in this comparison, and the principal of them are clearly marked in the observations at every station where an auroral record has been long continued. These inequalities in the observed frequency of auroras are not accidental, nor are they local peculiarities, but they are characteristic of the northern hemisphere of our globe. It is then considered as established that periods of unusual auroral abundance succeed each other at intervals of from eight to sixteen years, the average interval being somewhat over eleven years. Moreover, these successive maxima are very unequal in intensity, showing generally a grand maximum at the end of five of the shorter periods; that is, at intervals of 55 or 56 years. These conclusions are confirmed by the records of auroral displays extending back a century earlier than is shown in Figure 19. The grand result, then, which we have deduced from the observations is, that auroras recur in unusual numbers every eleven years, and there is a maximum of unusual splendor every fifty-five years. During the last few years auroras have been less numerous than usual, but a considerable increase of splendor may be anticipated about 1870.

THEORY OF THE POLAR LIGHT.

Some have ascribed the polar light to a rare nebulous matter occupying the interplanetary spaces, and revolving round the sun at such a distance that a portion of this matter occasionally falls into the upper regions of the atmosphere with a velocity sufficient to render it luminous from the condensation of the air before it. Upon this hypothesis the aurora would not differ essentially from a grand exhibition of shooting-stars, unless, perhaps, in the density of the substance which occasions the phenomenon. But this hypothesis will not explain why auroras are always confined to certain districts of the earth, and are wholly unknown in other portions. We reject this hypothesis, therefore, as irreconcilable with the known geographical distribution of auroras.

Auroral exhibitions take place in the upper regions of the atmosphere, since they partake of the earth's rotation. All the celestial bodies have an apparent motion from east to west, arising from the rotation of the earth; but bodies belonging to the earth, including the atmosphere and the clouds which float in it, partake of the earth's rotation, so that their relative position is not affected by it. The same is true of auroral exhibitions. Whenever an auroral corona is formed, it maintains sensibly the same position in the heavens during the whole period of its continuance, although the stars meanwhile revolve at the rate of 15 degrees per hour.

The grosser part of the earth's atmosphere is limited to a moderate distance from the earth. At the height of a little over four miles, the density of the air is only one-half what it is at

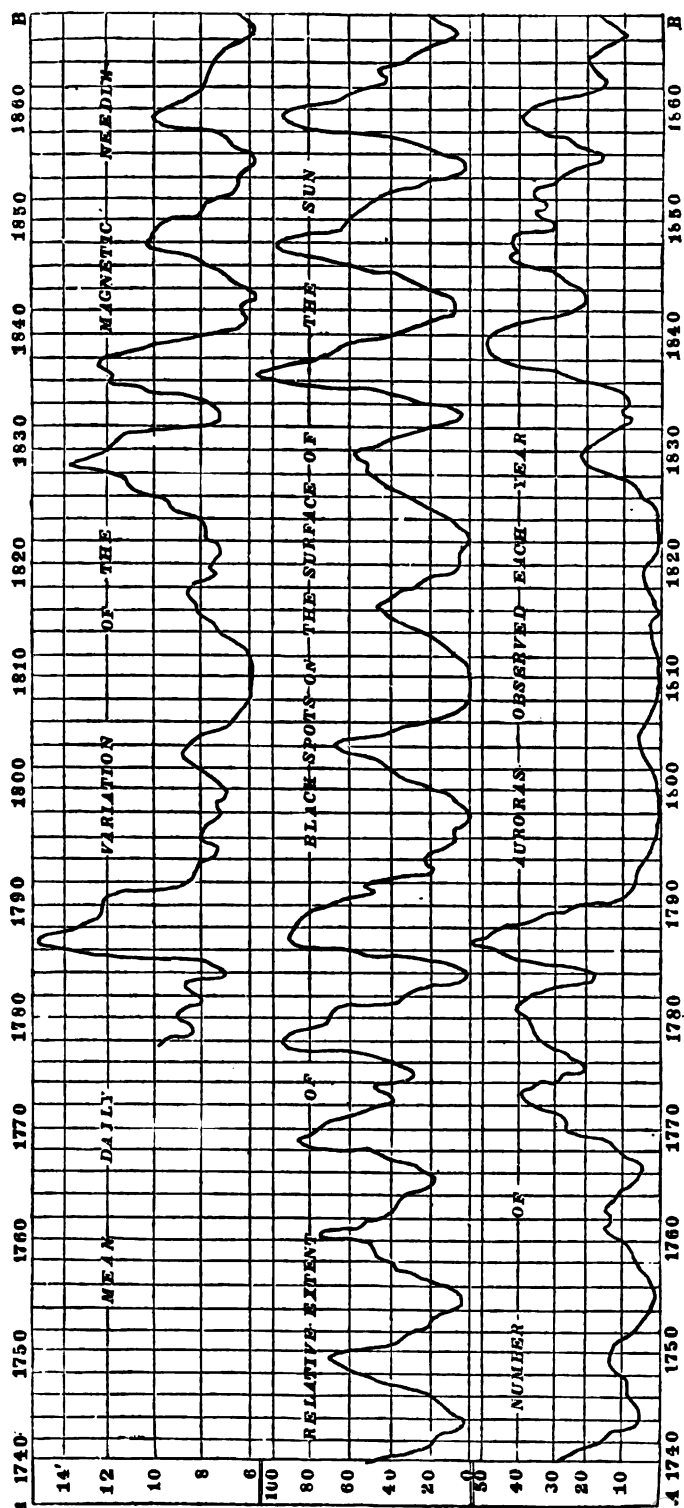


FIG. 19.—SHOWING THE RELATIVE NUMBER OF AURORAS OBSERVED EACH YEAR SINCE 1740; ALSO THE RELATIVE EXTENT OF THE BLACK SPOTS SEEN ON THE SURFACE OF THE SUN; AND THE MEAN DAILY VARIATION OF THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE IN EUROPE.

the earth's surface. At the height of 50 miles the atmosphere is well-nigh inappreciable in its effect upon twilight. The phenomena of lunar eclipses indicate an appreciable atmosphere at the height of 66 miles. The phenomena of shooting-stars indicate an atmosphere at the height of 200 or 300 miles, while the aurora indicates that the atmosphere does not entirely cease at the height of 500 miles. Auroral exhibitions take place, therefore, in an atmosphere of extreme rarity; so rare indeed that if, in experiments with an air-pump, we could exhaust the air as completely, we should say that we had obtained a perfect vacuum.

The auroral light is electric light. Our first reason for believing in this identity is derived from the appearance of the auroral light. The colors of the aurora are the same as those of ordinary electricity passed through rarefied air. When a spark is drawn from an ordinary electrical machine in air of the usual density, the light is intense and nearly white. If the electricity be passed through a glass vessel in which the air has been partially rarefied, the light is more diffuse, and inclines to a delicate rosy hue. If the air be still further rarefied, the light becomes very diffuse, and its color becomes a deep rose or purple. The same variety of colors is observed during auroral exhibitions. The transition from a white or pale straw-color to a rosy hue, and finally to a deep red, probably depends upon the height above the earth, and upon the amount of condensed vapor present in the air.

The emerald-green light which is seen in some auroras is ascribed to the projection of the yellow light of the aurora upon the blue sky, since green may be formed by a combination of yellow and blue light. A similar effect is often produced in the evening twilight by a combination of the yellow light of the sun with the blue of the celestial vault.

The light of electricity possesses certain properties which distinguish it from solar light. There are certain substances which, in ordinary solar light, appear almost entirely transparent, like pure water, but which, when illuminated by an electric spark in a dark room, present a very peculiar appearance, as if they were self-luminous. This appearance is termed fluorescence. When such substances are illuminated by auroral light, they exhibit the same peculiarity as when illuminated by the spark of an ordinary electrical machine.

These considerations must be admitted to create a strong probability that auroral light is identical with electric light. This probability becomes a certainty when we study the effect of an aurora upon the telegraph wires. The electric telegraph is worked by a current of electricity generated by a voltaic battery, and flowing along the conducting wire which unites the distant stations. This current, flowing round an electro-magnet, renders it temporarily magnetic, so that its armature is attracted, and a mark is made upon a roll of paper.

During a thunder-storm the electricity of the atmosphere affects the conducting wire in a similar manner, and a great auroral display produces a like effect. During the auroras of August and September, 1859, there were remarked all those classes of effects which are considered as characteristic of electricity. We will enumerate the most remarkable of these effects:

(1.) In passing from one conductor to another, electricity exhibits a *spark* of light. This light is not like that of a burning coal or a heated iron, but a bright spark, without appreciable duration, which is renewed whenever the electricity passes. During the auroras of 1859, at numerous stations both in America and Europe, similar sparks were drawn from the telegraph wires when no battery was attached.

(2.) In passing through poor conductors electricity develops *heat*. In like manner, during the auroras of 1859, both in America and Europe, paper, and even wood, were set on fire by the auroral influence alone.

(3.) When passed through the animal system, electricity communicates a well-known characteristic *shock*. This electric shock is unlike any effect which can be produced upon the nervous system by any other known method. During the auroras of 1859 several telegraph operators received similar shocks when they touched the telegraph wires.

(4.) A current of electricity decomposes compound substances, resolving them into their elements. Most of the objects with which we are familiar in daily life are compound; that is, are formed by the union of two or more elementary substances. The current of an ordinary voltaic battery affords one of the most efficient means of resolving compound bodies into their elements. The aurora of 1859 was found to produce similar decompositions. One method of transmitting telegraph signals, which has been successfully practiced, is known by the name of the electro-chemical, in which a mark is made upon chemically prepared paper, this mark resulting from the decomposition of the substance with which the paper is impregnated. This substance is decomposed by the passage of an electric current, and the change of color of the paper is the visible proof of the decomposition: The aurora of 1859 produced the same marks upon chemical paper as are produced by an ordinary voltaic battery.

(5.) A current of electricity develops *magnetism* in soft iron. The auroras of 1859 developed magnetism in a similar manner, and they developed it in such abundance that it was more than sufficient for the ordinary business of telegraphing.

(6.) A current of electricity deflects a magnetic needle from its ordinary position of rest. In England the usual telegraph signal is made by a magnetic needle, surrounded by a coil of copper wire, so that the needle is deflected by an electric current flowing through the wire. Similar deflections were caused by the auroras

of 1859, and these deflections were greater than those produced by the telegraph batteries.

These facts clearly demonstrate that the fluid developed by the aurora on telegraph wires is indeed electricity. This electricity may be supposed to be derived from the aurora, either by direct transfer from the air to the wires, or may be induced upon the wires by the action of the auroral fluid at a distance. If we adopt the former supposition, then the light is certainly electric light. If we adopt the latter supposition, then, since we know of but two agents, magnetism and electricity, capable of inducing electricity in a distant conductor, and since magnetism is not luminous, we seem compelled to admit that the auroral light is electric light.

The formation of an auroral corona near the magnetic zenith is the effect of perspective resulting from a great number of luminous beams all parallel to each other. A large collection of vertical beams, as shown in Figure 15, would exhibit the appearance of a great number of beams diverging from a point directly overhead, as shown in Figure 16; and a large collection of inclined beams, all parallel to each other, would produce a similar appearance, except that the point of divergence would not be in the zenith, but in that part of the sky toward which the beams were directed. Now the auroral beams are all parallel to the direction of a magnetic needle freely suspended by its centre of gravity; and they all appear to diverge from that point of the sky toward which the pole of the dipping-needle is directed. The auroral corona or crown appears, therefore, always in the magnetic zenith; and it is not the same crown which is seen at different places any more than it is the same rainbow which is seen by different observers.

The auroral beams are simply spaces which are illumined by the flow of electricity through the upper regions of the atmosphere. During the auroras of 1859 these beams were nearly 500 miles in length, and their lower extremities were elevated about 45 miles above the earth's surface. Their tops inclined toward the south, about 17 degrees in the neighborhood of New York, this being the position which the dipping-needle there assumes.

It was formerly supposed that the electric current necessarily moved in the direction of the axis of the auroral beams; that is, that the electric discharge was from the upper regions of the atmosphere to the earth, or the reverse. Recent discoveries have suggested the possibility of a different explanation. When a stream of electricity flows through a vessel from which the air is almost wholly exhausted, under certain circumstances the light becomes stratified, exhibiting alternately bright and dark bands crossing the electric current at right angles, from which it might be inferred that electricity flowing horizontally through the upper regions of the atmosphere might exhibit alternately bright and dark bands like the auroral beams. But this stratification of the electric light is

generally ascribed to rapid intermittences in the intensity of the electric discharge, and it is not probable that such intermittences can take place in nature with sufficient rapidity to produce a similar effect. It seems, therefore, more probable that auroral beams are the result of a current of electricity traveling in the direction of the axis of the beams.

The slaty appearance of the sky, which is a common feature of great auroral exhibitions, arises from the condensation of the vapor of the air, and this condensed vapor probably exists in the form of minute spiculae of ice or flakes of snow. Fine flakes of snow have been repeatedly observed to fall during the exhibition of auroras, and this snow only slightly impairs the transparency of the atmosphere without presenting the appearance of clouds. It produces a turbid appearance of the atmosphere, and causes that dark bank which in the United States rests on the northern horizon. This turbidness is more noticeable near the horizon than it is at great elevations, because near the horizon the line of vision traverses a greater extent of this hazy atmosphere. When the aurora covers the whole heavens the entire atmosphere is filled with this haze, and a dark segment may be observed resting on the southern horizon.

Philosophers are by no means agreed as to the origin of atmospheric electricity. It has been ascribed successively to friction, combustion, and vegetation, but these causes seem entirely inadequate to account for the enormous quantities of electricity sometimes present in the atmosphere.

Evaporation is probably the principal source of atmospheric electricity. The vapor which rises from the ocean in all latitudes, but most abundantly in the equatorial regions of the earth, carries into the upper regions of the atmosphere a considerable quantity of positive electricity, while the negative electricity remains in the earth. This positive electricity, after rising nearly vertically with the ascending currents of the atmosphere, would be conveyed toward either pole by the upper currents of the atmosphere.

The earth and the rarefied air of the upper atmosphere may be regarded as forming the two conducting plates of a condenser, which are separated by an insulating stratum, viz., the lower portion of the atmosphere. The two opposite electricities must then be condensed by their mutual influence, especially in the polar regions, where they approach nearest together; and whenever their tension reaches a certain limit there will be discharges from one conductor to the other. When the air is humid it becomes a partial conductor, and conveys a portion of the electricity of the atmosphere to the earth. On account of the low conducting power of the air, the neutralization of the opposite electricities would not be effected instantaneously, but by successive discharges more or less continuous and variable in intensity. These discharges should frequently occur simultane-

ously at the two poles, since the electric tension of the earth should be nearly the same at each pole.

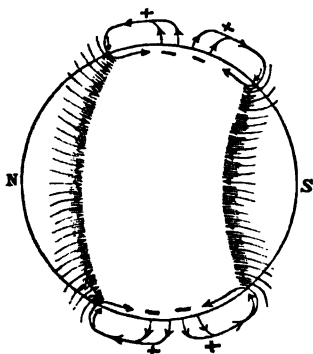


FIG. 20.—CIRCULATION OF ELECTRICITY ABOUT THE EARTH.

Figure 20 represents the system of circulation here supposed; the north and south poles of the earth being denoted by the letters N and S, the direction of the currents being indicated by the direction of the arrows.

When electricity from the upper regions of the atmosphere discharges itself to the earth through an imperfectly conducting medium, the flow can not be every where uniform, but must take place chiefly along certain lines where the resistance is least; and this current must develop light, forming thus an auroral beam. It might be expected that these beams would have a vertical position, but their position is controlled by the earth's magnetism. The earth is a magnet of vast dimensions, but feeble intensity. It is found that when magnetic forces act upon a perfectly flexible conductor, through which an electric current is passing, the conductor must assume the form of a magnetic curve. Now at each point of the earth's surface the dipping-needle shows the direction of the magnetic curve passing through that point. Hence the axis of an auroral streamer must lie in the magnetic curve which passes through its base; and since adjacent streamers are sensibly parallel the beams appear to converge toward the magnetic zenith.

Auroral arches assume a position at right angles to the magnetic meridian in consequence of the influence of the earth's magnetism. Auroral arches generally consist of a collection of short auroral beams all nearly parallel to each other. These beams tend to arrange themselves upon a curve which is perpendicular to the magnetic meridian, forming thus a ring about the magnetic pole. The same law has been discovered to hold true for a stream of electricity under the influence of an artificial magnet. When electricity escapes from a metallic conductor under a receiver from which the air has been exhausted, and this conductor is the pole of a powerful magnet, the electric light forms a complete luminous ring around this conductor.

In like manner the auroral arch is a part of a luminous ring, nearly parallel to the earth's surface, having the magnetic pole for its centre, and cutting all the magnetic meridians at right angles; and this position results from the influence of the earth's magnetism.

The flashes of light observed in great auroral displays are due to inequalities in the motion of the electric currents. On account of the imperfect conducting power of the air, the flow of electricity is not perfectly uniform, but escapes by paroxysms. The flashes of the aurora are therefore feeble flashes of lightning.

The disturbance of the magnetic needle during auroras is due to currents of electricity flowing through the atmosphere or through the earth. A magnetic needle is deflected from its mean position by an electric current flowing near it through a good conductor like a copper wire. A stream of electricity flowing through the earth or the atmosphere must produce a similar effect.

It is probable that the directive power of the magnetic needle is due to electric currents circulating around the globe from east to west. Such currents would cause the magnetic needle every where to assume a position corresponding with what is actually observed; and the existence of such currents has been proved by direct observation.

According to the theory already explained, positive electricity circulates from the equator toward either pole through the upper regions of the atmosphere, and thence through the earth toward the equator, to restore the equilibrium which is continually disturbed by evaporation from the waters of the equatorial seas. This current from the polar regions must modify the regular current which is supposed to be constantly circulating from east to west, resulting in a current from northeast to southwest, in conformity with observations. This current does not, however, flow uninterruptedly from northeast to southwest, but alternates at short intervals with a current in the contrary direction. Such currents of electricity must produce a continual disturbance of the magnetic needle, and they seem sufficient to account for the disturbances actually observed.

The effect of the aurora upon the telegraph wires is similar to that of electricity in thunderstorms, except in the intensity and steadiness of its action. During thunderstorms the electricity of the wires is discharged instantly with a flash of lightning, while during auroras there is sometimes a strong and steady flow of electricity continuing for some minutes.

The geographical distribution of auroras depends chiefly upon the relative intensity of the earth's magnetism in different latitudes. According to experiments with artificial magnets, the electric light tends to form a ring around the pole, and at some distance from it. The electric light should, therefore, be most noticeable in the neighborhood of the earth's magnetic pole, but not directly over it. Auroras

are accordingly most abundant along a certain zone which follows nearly a magnetic parallel, being every where nearly at right angles to the magnetic meridian of the place.

The electricity of the lower regions of the atmosphere within the tropics has great intensity, and moves with explosive violence in thunder-showers; and these exhibitions of electricity do not appear to be controlled by the earth's magnetism. But the electricity of the upper regions of the atmosphere is mainly controlled by the magnetic forces of the earth, and hence, in conformity with what we have observed in our experiments with artificial magnets, exhibitions of auroral light are almost entirely unknown in the equatorial regions of the earth.

The diurnal inequality in the frequency of auroras is probably due to the same causes as the diurnal variation in the intensity of atmospheric electricity. The intensity of atmospheric electricity varies with the hour of the day, being least about four o'clock in the morning, and greatest about ten o'clock in the evening. This variation is to be ascribed partly to real changes in the amount of electricity present in the air, and partly to variations in the conducting power of the air. Auroral displays are most frequent about midnight, probably because, on account of the increasing moisture of the air, the electricity accumulated in the upper regions of the atmosphere is most readily transmitted to the earth; and auroral displays become less frequent in the latter part of the night, because this accumulated electricity becomes partially exhausted by the steady discharge to the earth.

Similar considerations will explain in some measure the unequal frequency of auroras in the different months of the year; but it seems pretty well established that this inequality is partly due to the influence of extra-terrestrial forces, as explained in the following paragraphs:

The secular inequality in the frequency of auroras seems clearly to indicate the influence of distant celestial bodies upon the electricity of our globe. This is inferred from the fact that the periods of auroras observe laws which are similar to those of two other phenomena, viz., the mean diurnal variation of the magnetic needle, and the frequency of black spots upon the sun's surface.

The magnetic needle has a small diurnal variation, the north end moving a little to the east in the morning, and toward the west about the middle of the day. The mean daily change of the magnetic needle not only varies with the locality, but also varies from one year to another at the same locality, and these variations exhibit decided evidence of periodicity. In order to exhibit this fact readily to the eye I have drawn upon Figure 19 a curve line which represents these variations in Central Europe during a period of nearly a century. The curve is constructed in a manner similar to that representing the frequency of auroras, and has been already described. The years

are indicated at the top and bottom of the figure, and for each year is drawn a vertical line whose length is proportioned to the mean daily change of the magnetic needle for that year. A curve line is then drawn passing through the several points thus determined. The range of the magnetic needle is indicated by the scale on the left margin of the page; and it is seen that in 1829 the mean daily change of the magnetic needle was about fourteen minutes, while in 1834 it was less than eight minutes. Again, in 1838, it attained another maximum, and in 1844 another minimum, and so on. The undulations of this curve bear a remarkable resemblance to the curve representing the frequency of auroras. The maxima and the minima of the two phenomena generally occur on the same years, and always nearly at the same date. We can not doubt, then, that one of these phenomena is dependent upon the other, or both are dependent upon a common cause.

The frequency and the extent of black spots upon the sun's surface exhibit a similar periodicity. Some years the sun's disc is never seen entirely free from spots, while in other years, for weeks and even months together, no spots of any kind can be perceived. On Figure 19 is drawn a curve line representing the relative number of spots seen on the sun's surface in different years from 1740 to the present time. It will be perceived that the times of maximum and minimum of the solar spots correspond almost exactly with the times of maximum and minimum of the magnetic variation, and both agree in a remarkable manner with the times of maximum and minimum frequency of auroral displays. We must therefore conclude that these three phenomena—the solar spots, the mean daily range of the magnetic needle, and the frequency of auroras—are somehow dependent the one upon the other, or all are dependent upon a common cause.

The interval from one maximum of the solar spots to another maximum is somewhat variable; but its average value deduced from observations of more than a century is $11\frac{1}{2}$ years. Now what cause can be supposed to operate upon the sun to produce a grand display of black spots every $11\frac{1}{2}$ years? Jupiter makes one revolution about the sun in $11\frac{1}{4}$ years; and there is no other known celestial body having about the same period which could be supposed to exert an influence upon this phenomenon. In what way Jupiter should be capable of disturbing the surface of the sun we do not know, but if this disturbance results from the action of any of the planets, Jupiter is the one to be first suspected on account of his enormous mass. It must, however, be admitted that the period of Jupiter is a little longer than the average period of the solar spots; whereas, if Jupiter is the cause of these changes, we should expect that the two periods would be identical. It is possible, however, that this small difference may result from a change in the condition of the sun analogous to a change

which has been observed in the magnetism of the earth. The earth has the properties of a vast magnet of feeble intensity, and the position of its magnetic poles changes from century to century. In 1576 the magnetic needle at London pointed 11 degrees east of north; in 1660 it pointed exactly north, and in 1800 it pointed $24\frac{1}{2}$ degrees west of north, since which time the needle has been slowly returning to the north. These observations indicate a movement in the magnetic poles of the earth, extending through a period of several centuries.

There are many facts which seem to indicate that the sun is endowed with a magnetic force similar to the earth; and if the sun is really a great magnet, the analogy of our earth would lead us to admit that the position of the poles of this magnet may be subject to a gradual change. Such a supposition would enable us to explain the small difference between the period of Jupiter and that of the solar spots.

If Jupiter exerts so palpable an influence upon the sun's luminous envelope, then we should anticipate a sensible influence from several of the other planets. If the influence of the different planets upon the sun is supposed to follow the generally received law of gravitation, then if we represent the effect of Jupiter upon the sun by 100, that of Venus will be represented by 14, that of Saturn by 9, that of the earth by 8, that of Mercury by 4, and that of Mars, Uranus, and Neptune by less than unity. We are thus naturally led to inquire whether Venus exerts a sensible influence upon the solar spots. The periodic time of Venus is $7\frac{1}{2}$ months, and a careful measurement of the area of the solar spots has shown that the amount of spotted surface upon the sun is subject to a small inequality having a period of $7\frac{1}{2}$ months; and the amount of this inequality is about one-tenth of that ascribed to Jupiter, which is a near approach to the ratio above computed. We find also that the amount of spotted surface upon the sun is subject to a small inequality having a period of 12 months, and this inequality (as deduced from several years' observations) is more than one-tenth of that ascribed to Jupiter, which somewhat exceeds the influence above computed for the earth. The effect of Saturn is apparent in modifying the action of Jupiter. Two revolutions of Saturn are very nearly equal to five of Jupiter; so that after five revolutions of Jupiter (making a period of somewhat less than 60 years) the two planets return again to nearly the same relative positions. This gives rise to large disturbances of the sun's surface at intervals of nearly 60 years, and to smaller disturbances during the intermediate period.

Not only are the solar spots most numerous and extensive upon those years in which great auroral displays are most common, but the most remarkable auroral displays have usually been attended by an unusual and nearly simultaneous exhibition of solar spots, as if the aurora were the immediate effect of the spotted condition of the sun. If we select the most re-

markable auroras of the present century, and compare the condition of the sun's surface during a few days preceding and a few days following the aurora, we shall find that the solar spots were more extensive before than after these auroral displays, and that the spots were most remarkable two or three days before the aurora. The great auroral display of August 28, 1859, was specially remarkable on this account, the solar spots during the week preceding the aurora having been more extensive than they had been for many previous years. Rapid changes were seen to take place in the appearance of these spots, and two observers, independently of each other, noticed patches of intensely bright light to move across a large spot at the very moment when the magnetic disturbance commenced at Greenwich; and a few hours afterward there succeeded one of the most remarkable magnetic storms, which was felt simultaneously over the entire northern and southern hemispheres.

Moreover, if we select all those days in which a very unusual disturbance of the magnetic needle was recorded at the magnetic observatory of Greenwich, and note the condition of the sun's surface for a few of the preceding and following days, we shall find that the solar spots were generally more extensive before than after these magnetic disturbances; and the greatest exhibition of solar spots preceded by one or two days the unusual disturbances of the magnetic needle. These facts will scarcely permit us to doubt that an unusually disturbed condition of the sun's surface is one of the causes (if not the principal cause) of magnetic disturbances and also of great auroral displays upon the earth.

We seem then naturally conducted to the following hypothesis: not only the earth but each of the planets and also the sun is endowed with a magnetic force, having poles which at each instant occupy a determinate position; but this position is subject to a slow change from year to year. As these magnetic bodies advance in their orbits, each body disturbs the magnetism of every other body in the solar system. The disturbance of the sun's magnetism gives rise to commotions in its luminous envelope, causing openings of variable extent, and these disturbances follow periods corresponding to the times of revolution of the disturbing bodies. Jupiter is the great disturber, and accordingly the solar spots exhibit alternately maxima and minima at intervals corresponding to the time of one revolution of Jupiter. Saturn exerts a small but nevertheless appreciable influence, resulting in unusually large disturbances of the sun's envelope at intervals of five revolutions of Jupiter. Venus and the earth also produce small disturbances of the sun's envelope, causing small undulations in the curve which represents the amount of spotted surface of the sun. The hypothesis thus stated enables us to explain with tolerable precision the principal fluctuations in the sun's luminous envelope during the last 150 years.

These disturbances of the sun's surface are accompanied by disturbances in the electrical condition of the earth. The phenomena might perhaps be best explained by supposing a flow of electricity from the sun to the earth, and that this flow is proportioned to the extent of the disturbance of the sun's surface as indicated by the prevalence of dark spots. If such an hypothesis should be thought inadmissible, then it seems necessary to suppose that during these periods of unusual solar disturbance the sun's magnetism acts with unusual efficiency upon the earth, decomposing its natural electricities, causing an accumulation of positive electricity about one magnetic pole and negative electricity about the opposite magnetic pole. This would lead to grand auroral displays recurring at intervals corresponding with the periods of the solar spots.

By the daily rotation of the earth the position of the great solar magnet with reference to a magnetic needle upon the earth, is continually changing, and this causes a daily oscillation in the position of our magnetic needle. An unusual disturbance of the electricity of the earth causes corresponding disturbances in the position of the magnetic needle, and thus the mean daily range of the magnetic needle exhibits fluctuations whose periods correspond to those of the solar spots.

It will thus be seen that our hypothesis connects together in a simple manner three different phenomena, which apparently are quite unlike, and enables us to render a satisfactory account of their principal peculiarities. If this hypothesis is correct in its essential features, then we can no longer regard auroral displays as exclusively atmospheric phenomena, but they are to a great extent the result of the influence of celestial forces, while their movements are controlled by the magnetic power of the earth. We should then naturally expect that opposite electricities would be driven toward the opposite magnetic poles of the earth, and that the system of circulation of electric currents would be, not such as is exhibited in Figure 20, but such as is shown in Figure 21, where N and S are supposed to represent the north and south magnetic poles of the earth, *n* and *s* the poles of an imaginary magnet representing the magnetism of the earth. The east and west bands represent auroral arches, upon which stand auroral streamers. The dotted lines represent magnetic curves passing from auroral streamers in the southern hemisphere to streamers in the northern hemisphere, showing the path pursued by the currents of electricity in passing from one hemisphere to the other above the atmosphere. This is understood to be the system of circulation advocated by Mr. B. V. Marsh of Philadelphia. It agrees substantially with that represented by Figure 20, so far as the phenomena can be observed in the northern hemisphere; but they lead to different results in the southern hemisphere. We have not the requisite observations in the southern hemisphere to enable

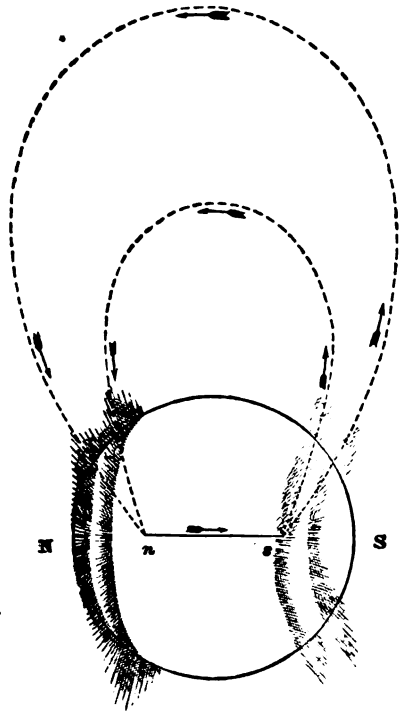


FIG. 21.—CIRCULATION OF ELECTRICITY ABOUT THE EARTH.

us to decide between these two hypotheses. Such observations might easily be made upon the telegraph wires of Australia; and if during some future auroral display such observations could be obtained, they would furnish a true *experimentum crucis* to decide between the two hypotheses.

The hypothesis which has now been stated readily explains the simultaneous displays of great auroras in both hemispheres. We can not explain the great auroral displays in the northern hemisphere by supposing that the electricity of the atmosphere is temporarily diverted from one hemisphere to the other, for the mean daily range of the magnetic needle exhibits its maxima simultaneously in both hemispheres; neither can we suppose that the absolute amount of electricity for the entire globe, as developed by evaporation from the water of the ocean, should undergo great periodical variations, for the mean temperature of the earth's surface does not change sensibly from one year to another. But if these great auroral displays result from the direct action of the sun, through the agency of its magnetism, such an effect should take place simultaneously in both hemispheres, conformably with the results of observation.

It is not claimed that the hypothesis which has here been proposed to explain the inequalities in the frequency and brilliancy of auroras is to be regarded as fully established. Fur-

ther researches and discoveries may require us to modify it in some important particulars, or even to abandon it altogether. Such an hypothesis, however, is not without its value, since it enables us to classify the known facts, and even to predict results which have not hitherto attracted the attention of observers. The true philosopher will not undervalue hypotheses, which have often proved of great value in the promotion of science, but he should be ready to abandon any hypothesis as soon as the progress of science shows it to be no longer tenable.

TOO LATE.

"Ah! si la jeunesse savait—si la vieillesse pouvait!"

THERE sat an old man on a rock
 And unceasing bewailed him of Fate—
 That concern where we all must take stock
 Though our vote has no hearing nor weight;
 And the old man sang him an old, old song—
 Never sang voice so clear and strong
 That it could drown the old man's long,
 For he sang the song "Too late! Too late!"

"When we want, we have for our pains
 The promise that if we but wait
 Till the want has burned out of our brains
 Every means shall be present to sate;
 While we send for the napkin the soup gets cold,
 While the bonnet is trimming the face grows old,
 When we've matched our buttons the pattern is sold,
 And every thing comes too late—too late!

"When strawberries seemed like red heavens—
 Terrapin stew a wild dream—
 When my brain was at sixes and sevens
 If my mother had 'folks' and ice-cream,
 Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger
 At the restaurant man and fruit-monger—
 But oh! how I wished I were younger
 When the goodies all came in a stream—in a stream!"

"I've a splendid blood horse, and a liver
 That it jars into torture to trot;
 My row-boat's the gem of the river—
 Gout makes every knuckle a knot!
 I can buy boundless credits on Paris and Rome,
 But no palate for *ménus*—no eyes for a dome—
 Those belonged to the youth who must tarry at home
 When no home but an attic he'd got—he'd got.

"How I longed in that lonest of garrets,
 Where the tiles baked my brains all July,
 For ground to grow two pecks of carrots,
 Two pigs of my own in a sty,
 A rose-bush—a little thatched cottage—
 Two spoons—love—a basin of pottage:
 Now in freestone I sit—and my dotage—
 With a woman's chair empty close by—close by!

"Ah! now, though I sit on a rock,
 I have shared one seat with the Great;
 I have sat, knowing naught of the clock,
 On Love's high throne of state;
 But the lips that kissed and the arms that caressed
 To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed,
 And circled a breast that their clasp had blessed
 Had they only not come too late! too late!"

WINTER ON THE PLAINS.



OUR FRIENDS THE COYOTES.

A CAMP or bivouac on the Plains can have no better safeguard during the dark hours of night than that which is furnished unasked by the coyotes and gray wolves, that usually put in an appearance just as the second or reflected sunset tinge is fading from the higher clouds. During the winter season night falls so quickly on the Plains that the twilight hour is a thing of name rather than fact. The last of sunset is the commencement of night. At this hour you may hear far in the distance the quick bark of a single coyote. A moment after the yelping of a number of wolves answers this first call. The pack is assembling rapidly, and by the time darkness has shut out your view of the nearer surroundings you will listen to a howling-match—a sort of preliminary trial of voice, which invariably denotes the surrounding of your camp by the new-comers. This howl is short, and seems to be executed by a chosen few. A silence of a few moments' duration follows. Then the whole band breaks out, and the unearthly noise which greets your ear is second to nothing in all the long catalogue of noises. Kit Carson averred that it was "only a little dispute as to which coyote had, as the winner of the match, the right to take the stakes (steaks)." It is quite impossible to do full justice to this wolf music. There is no racket known to the inhabitants of the more civilized sections of our country which will compare with it. All the felines in a neighborhood would not make a

noise which would begin to equal wolf music. The hubbub to be heard at a session of the Board of Brokers is a faint comparison.

Hideous as this wolf concert would seem to ears unused to it, there is no more satisfactory lullaby to the habitual roamer over the Plains, for in the language of the section, "If any red-skin should take it under his scalp to look about camp, every cuss of them coyotes would shut his trap and wake the fellers up with the quiet." As the small hours of the night come on, a few of the wolves will steal into camp to secure edibles which have been carelessly left within their reach. At times they are so bold as to attempt the theft of a haversack of food upon which the head of a sleeper is pillowed, but seldom if ever will they make any attack upon the persons of the campers. As dawn comes the howling ceases, and a majority of the coyotes betake themselves to their burrows. Those wolves which linger retire to a safe distance from camp, and there, squatted on their haunches like dogs, await the removal of camp, hoping to secure a few scraps of food which may have been thrown away or abandoned.

It is an old saying among Plainsmen, "That the coyotes can smell a *States feller*, and then you will not see a coyote any where within rifle-shot of camp." A considerable experience goes with the Plainsman to bear him out in this assertion. "States fellers shoots at ar'y a live thing as jumps in their sight, whether it is any

'count to them or no," remarked an old hunter. Possibly this waste of ammunition may, to some extent, account for the supposed keen scent of the coyotes.

The weather on the Plains during the month of November is frequently the most delightful of the entire twelvemonth. It is just cold enough to make the air, pure as it ever is, bracing and exhilarating to man and beast. To the hunter it is the prime season for the enjoyment of sport, and the successful chase after buffalo or such other game as his fancy or need may lead him to pursue.

Trading outfits, taking advantage of the "fine days," start out toward the proposed wintering places of the Indian villages with which they are to locate for the season. The great trains of wagons which are being moved across the Plains to Colorado, New Mexico, and the more western Territories, make many more miles of travel during these good freighting days than at any other season of the year; for the roads, dry and hard as they now are, can not be surpassed by any natural roads in the world; besides this, both man and beast can travel a longer distance without being overcome with fatigue than is possible during the less favorable days of extreme heat or intense cold.

This is the Indian summer, a season which the Indian regards with distrust. It may last until well into December, or the winter storms of which the Indian considers this fine weather as the precursor may come on within a few days. The red-skinned aborigine will frequently take advantage of the bright days to commit

any depredation which he may accomplish with tolerable safety, for the red brother is thinking of making tracks toward some government post, where, after a peace talk, he may settle down for the winter and not go hungry, as he will if he follows the village, which ere this is moving southward, in company with or on the trail of the great herds of buffalo, and other game that has left the Platte, Republican, and Smoky Hill rivers for the more temperate climate of the country to the south of the Arkansas. It would be more proper to qualify the statement that the Indian would go hungry: by this it is not meant that he would starve, for there is too much game, in any section of the Plains where a considerable band of Indians would winter, for actual starvation; but flour, sugar, coffee, and some other articles of food used by the whites, are a pleasant change to the redskin after his long subsistence upon a diet composed entirely of meat.

This pleasant weather, the season for the enjoyment of a trip across the great buffalo range, is closed by the winter storms. A dry, powder-like snow will fill the air and cover the landscape. Then will come days and nights of such freezing cold as chills the very bones of the hardest of the brave fellows whose life is spent in this wild country. The wind is of such cutting sharpness that it penetrates the ordinary clothing, and can only be kept out by the blankets and robes which must be used during a winter on the Plains. Will Comstock was wont to advance a theory, "That the air was so thin on the Plains, owing to the altitude of them, that





AN ARMY HOME.

no cloth could be made so fine that the wind could not blow the air between the threads."

If, as is sometimes the case, these great storms come on unusually early in the season, there will be a heavy loss of cattle in the freight-trains, and the suffering of the bull-whackers and hands connected with the *outfits* is indescribably severe.

During the winter of 1865-66 not less than ten thousand head of oxen were frozen to death on the three great routes, the Platte, Smoky Hill, and Arkansas. Instances were numerous of trains meeting with the loss of two-thirds of their stock during a single night. This great loss of cattle is not the sum total of the misfortunes which befall the freighter or owner of the train. Some time must elapse before cattle can be procured to replace those which have been frozen, and the proprietor of the caravan assures us that "during this interval *them* bull-whackers and train-hands are a eating their cussed heads off four or five times over." This is a rash statement, certainly, for a man to make who knows that the men, having *corralled* the wagons (that is, arranged them in the form of a circle for the purpose of securing the stock, and affording a means of defense in case of an attack by Indians), have proceeded to get out the well-worn and thoroughly marked decks of cards. How much poker or high-low-jack they will play depends on the length of time they are forced to remain. They do not waste the daylight, but improve, at poker, each little shining hour. These patriots would scorn to play a game of draw for unvalued corn. The game must be made interesting in some way, the discovery of which is the great drawback to the enjoyment of their situation. Money they have not, for the bull-whacker—sailor of the great land-ocean as he is—differs not a whit from the genuine salt in the time-honored habit of spending his last "show of color" before leaving the settlements.

They will play "freeze out" poker to see who among them shall hunt the next sack of chips;

that is, trudge about kicking up the snow in quest of buffalo chips (*bois de vache*), to be used as fuel. Which man shall herd the stock; which stand guard. Thus duties become to some extent a gambling property—a bank to be drawn upon "to make things interesting." In this beguiling away of time the bull-whacker learns to "handle the papers" with a dexterity not surpassed by the sharpers who keep the Eldorados, Occidentals, Progressives, and other saloons of similar names which disgrace the mushroom towns that seem the fungi of the Great Pacific Railroad.

It is during this season of bitter, penetrating cold that some of the "ladies of the army" learn to appreciate the situation which they have accepted as Mrs. Captain —. Ladies of refinement and culture frequently accompany their soldier husbands to the newly located frontier posts, where they may oftentimes live month after month in a hut, the lower half of which is a pit dug in a convenient bank, and the low wall built around it is mainly composed of sod cut in squares and laid up with mud. The roof is usually of saplings and earth. Seen from without, this structure is in appearance the veriest hovel that one can imagine. Step within, and you will be amazed at the very cozy aspect of the interior. The walls have been smoothed, then mud-plastered, and finally have been treated to such numerous coats of white-wash that they seem to be plastered. It is a successful counterfeit of a tolerably comfortable room in some decidedly more pretentious structure; though, after all, not quite the place that a person would choose as the abiding-place of his family. It is in such quarters as the one just described that many an officer's wife has lived, and more than one officer's child has been born. Rude as the place may appear to Eastern eyes, this is as warm a nest as the little ones could have during the winter season on the Plains. Young ladies who visit West Point during the summer months may possibly be interested by the announcement that these sod huts are fast

being abandoned as officers' quarters, and at nearly all military posts which have been located longer than a few months comfortable structures of stone have been erected for the accommodation of the garrison. The usual building material used in the construction of these quarters is the excellent, though somewhat singular, sandstone that is found in unlimited quantities in nearly every location where a government post is likely to be established.

A word in reference to this prairie stone. When first quarried it may be shaped into convenient blocks by means of an ordinary saw, such a one as is designated in the lumber districts as a "cross-cut." It is quite common to see the masons while engaged in laying up a wall make use of the carpenter's saw to shape any block which may not precisely suit the position which the stone is intended to fill. Exposure to the atmosphere soon renders this soft stone as hard and firm as the best description of sandstone. In color the prairie stone is varied and pleasing.

The sketch of an army home will convey an idea of what are, or were, the quarters of the commanding officer of Fort Dodge, an important military post on the Arkansas River. During the past winter this was one of the dépôts for the supply of the troops under General Sheridan. Possibly the Major has moved his family into the more respectable quarters that have lately been constructed of the prairie stone; but a warmer abode than the sod hut on the banks of the Arkansas he will never have. The innumerable hardships and deprivations that a woman must necessarily suffer if she ventures upon the Plains

would seem sufficient to deter the most energetic female from the trip; but no! nearly every post has its ladies, who undoubtedly do much to keep up the respectability of the place, and restrain the too free license which is common at posts where there is no "lady of the army."

Indians frequently visit the military posts during the winter months. They are as willing to trade during these visits as any Yankee peddler would be, and quite as sharp at a bargain. To an Indian there is no limit as to articles which may be secured by trade, if the party desirous of the article can offer sufficient inducement. A Kiowa chief endeavored to consummate a bargain for an officer's wife, offering as equivalent such a number of fat dogs that the Indians present, thinking that the officer could no longer withstand such a tempting offer, expressed a willingness to help eat the dogs if there should be more than the white chief could manage to dispose of himself. Ladies, there was no trade.

In trading among themselves the Indians exhibit all the shrewdness and cunning which is the prominent characteristic of the race. The possessor of a coveted article takes care to turn it to the best advantage. A scene illustrating this took place on the banks of a small stream, or, to use an Indian expression, Turkey Creek, which empties into the Pawnee Fork near its junction with the Arkansas River. A Kiowa village was located here for the winter, in a fine grove of old cotton-wood-trees. The fact that the village was rich in buffalo-robes and other skins became known to a band of the Cheyenne tribe. Stealing would not answer, as there were



SHARP TRADE.

too many Kiowas and too few Cheyennes. Some bottled whisky was obtained by the Cheyenne, how is something of a mystery, as white traders seldom make use of fire-water in their barterings with the red man.

With their whisky the Cheyennes proceeded to the Kiowa village, exhibited their bottles, and dispensed smells from uncorked bottles of corn juice—giving a judicious shake or two to the bottles, that the aroma should be more entirely appreciated by *their friends, the Kiowas*. The smells were freely taken, and produced an uncommon desire to know more of the Cheyennes; pipes were produced and duly smoked; after which the visitors announced their willingness to trade. "They had not brought much whisky, as they did not know that their brothers the Kiowas would like to see it. The little which they had with them was good, and very strong" (with water); "when the Kiowas had tasted of it they would see." The Cheyenne was liberal; he would give so much for a robe (holding up the bottle and marking with the thumb something like half an inch of the whisky). "But seeing that the Kiowas were not in haste to trade, the Cheyennes would smoke with them." Meanwhile a kindly-disposed bottle-holder was dispensing smells of the whisky to a few Kiowas who were loud in their announcements of the number of fine robes which they possessed. This second smoke was quickly finished, and the Cheyenne exhibited the quantum of fire-water, marking it as before by the location of the thumb on the bottle. A general exclamation followed—the position of the thumb was to the Kiowa's eyes so very much higher on the bottle. But Cheyenne had no more consideration than a New York landlord, if the accommodation offered looked small for the price. The trouble was with the eyes of the Kiowa, which could not be expected to see big like those of a Cheyenne. Another smelling time took place, and produced an instantaneous exhibition of tin cups and robes on the part of the Kiowas. During the pouring out of the promised grog the position of the thumb was regarded with too close a scrutiny on the part of the robe-sellers to permit of any shoving up of the gauge, and it is only justice to the bottle-handlers to say that when they held up the bottle for exhibition after each pour, no Indian could detect any variation of the line of the whisky and the point indicated by the position of the gauging thumb.

The Kiowas did not get drunk, and the Cheyennes left the village on foot, all their ponies being loaded with robes—having, as they were free to remark, made "a heap sharp trade." When an Indian has secured any considerable quantity of the ardent beverage, and intends in company with a few chosen companions to get drunk, all arms are carefully laid aside, that no blood may be shed during the spree—a precaution which many of the white brothers lived on the frontier until they are

but a trifle less wild than the Indians might do well to imitate. It may surprise some of the readers of this article to learn that many of the Indians will not drink, and not a few regard whisky with aversion. These do not, however, exert any powerful influence in restraining the many redskins who are fond of the article. The latter will have it at almost any price.

There is a tradition among the Indians which tells of the death of a number of the warriors of a band which found some whisky that had been left by some whites, who were *en route* across the Plains. The Indians drank the stuff, and a number of them died shortly, which induced other Indians to believe that a trap had been set for them. This affair has made the Indians very careful in handling food or liquor which they may find under circumstances which may in any way indicate that the articles have been left for the redskin to find. The tradition does not state which way the party having the whisky was traveling. If they had come from Colorado, and permitted the Indians to get their hands on the genuine "Colorado round the corner," there is no wonder that the Indians bent a trifle under the weight, as the oldest settler in the Territory can not take much of the genuine Denver make and live to go any distance with it.

Winter is the "at home" season of the Indian. The intense cold makes the comfort of a warm lodge or tent of dressed buffalo hide appreciable. (*Tape* is the Indian name for the lodge.) It is the season of rest for the Indian, who, if he would go on the war-path, must, unless the winter is very open and the ground tolerably free from snow, take the trail on foot, a mode of traveling which the Plain Indian, accustomed as he is from boyhood to the pony's back, does not look upon with favor. This disinclination to walk may to some extent be accounted for by the fact that these Indians are generally very inferior pedestrians. To use the ponies even during a short campaign would so weaken and injure the tough little nags as to render them unfit for the most moderate service during the remainder of the winter. The wintering place for an Indian village is mainly selected on account of the condition of the grazing or grass in the vicinity. And even on this chosen ground the stock has, to use a Western expression, "a hard scratch for their rations;" to obtain which the herd will wander over a considerable extent of country each day, and spend nearly all the time in feeding, which could not be the case if the stock should be used on the war-path, where the grazing would be entirely accidental, and inferior to that enjoyed in the vicinity of the village.

While in the village during the winter season the Indian has numerous ways of enjoying himself—gambling, trading, dog-feasts, dancing, squaw-fighting, and other things too numerous to mention. The mention of squaw-fighting may not be understood without some word

of explanation. It is this: the squaws have continual bickerings, disputes, and jealousies, and continually quarrel among themselves about the most trivial affair. To promote these wordy encounters into a regular scratching and hair-pulling scene is not difficult, and affords a pleasing excitement to their excellent husbands, who frequently make use of pony-whips to encourage a squaw who does not seem to enter with sufficient vigor into the strife which she has on hand.

The ill-treatment received by the squaws at the hands of the bucks, or male Indians, would seem to be sufficient to extinguish all love and feeling of respect toward these unfeeling specimens of the genus *homo*; but no, the regard of the squaw for her lord, and the tender love which she ever exhibits toward his children, might be imitated to the decided advantage of the more civilized occupants of what was once Indian ground. The little toys made by the squaws for the amusement of their children are as novel and curious as any of the Indian curiosities that may be seen in the village. Many of these toys are simply miniature reproductions of the larger articles which are in actual use. The pappoose has its doll baby almost as soon as it is able to crawl; and, unlike the baby of the white man, the Indian infant does not make the dolly's head a favorite article for the occupation of its little mouth. The get-up of this Indian doll baby is remarkable. A queer representation of an Indian is made of buckskin stuffed with hair. The eyes, nose, and mouth are represented by beads; its garments are those of the Indian, and consist of breech-

cloth, leggings, robe, and moccasins; a small fragment of a scalp is sewn on the top of the doll's head, and so arranged as to permit of its being lifted up to exhibit the character of the article. This little scalp is braided and arranged precisely like the hair of an Indian. Taking the whole affair, sewn as it is with fine sinews, you have one of the most curious of doll babies. An Indian child can hardly stand alone before it may be seen with its bow and arrows. These latter articles are never sharp, but made large at the end to give steadiness of flight and prevent damage to the children and dogs that are continually being shot at. Sharp arrows and stronger bows are given to the boys as soon as they are old enough to be trusted to go short distances from the village in quest of small game.

In an article on "The Buffalo Range," published in the January Number of this Magazine (1869), the author of this article gave some account of the labor of the Indian squaw in the preparation of the buffalo-robe as it is seen in use among us during the winter season, but made no allusion to the method resorted to by the squaws in preparing the bison skin as leather, to be used in many ways for the use and comfort of the nomads of the Plains. The hides that are principally used for this purpose are those which would make an inferior robe. They are first soaked for a considerable time in water, for the purpose of removing the hair, which, when treated in this manner, comes off easily. The hide is then stretched upon the ground by means of wooden pegs driven through slits cut in the edge of the skin, and treated to



FAMILY AFFAIRS.

a thorough rubbing with water in which buffalo brains have been allowed to remain until partially dissolved. This renders the skin flexible, and leaves it in a semi-tanned condition. The next performance is to rub, scrape, and grind the skin down to about one-half of its original thickness, when it is again treated with the brain-water until thoroughly cured, after which a preparation of whitish clay is rubbed into the leather, and it is ready for use. A tepe or lodge made of this skin invariably seems to me a monument to the industry of the squaws that occupy it. A tepe is seldom to be seen that is composed of fewer than ten hides, and some contain as many as eighteen. The skins are invariably sewed together with sinews, and so neatly that close examination will be certain to elicit commendation from any frontier's or ranch man, who has, from necessity, some knowledge of the use of the needle himself.

Located, as an Indian village usually is, in some grove of ancient cotton-wood-trees, these skin lodges, with their poles—the upper ends of which are jetty black from the smoke of the fire within the lodge—projecting a few feet above the skin covering, present as picturesque a sight as one can well imagine. You will notice while in a village that the tents vary in size, and naturally enough fancy that the size of the tent is to some extent regulated by the number of its occupants; but in this you would be mistaken, the larger tents being more frequently the abode of the rich Indian—the brown-stone fronts, as it were, of the city, and not the modest brick, which investigation would show to contain double the number of occupants that the more pretentious establishment boasted.

The paintings, or such attempts at the representation of objects, and characters that appear on the lodges frequently afford amusement and instruction. Short anecdotes, rather than any very lengthy history, are the principal things to be gleaned from the production of the Indian artist; and, as each Indian will endeavor to tell the yarn which will go the farthest toward producing the impression with the decipherer of his characters that there is a very big Indian to be met in that tepe, you may see some rather strong statements. You are not required to express any opinion with reference to them; so believe or doubt, as you may choose. The entrance to the lodge is arranged with an affair which may be called a door, inasmuch as it is used for that purpose and is decidedly like one. It is simply a willow or other pliant rod bent to form an oval, and covered usually with a finely-dressed deer-skin, on which is wrought or painted the device which represents the name of the occupant—a sort of a door-plate of the gentleman whose home it is. Open this and go in. For a moment you will find too much smoke to suit your convenience, or rather eyes, but seat yourself on any of the numerous robes and you will see that the lower one crouches the more comfortably he will arrange himself with reference to the smoke.

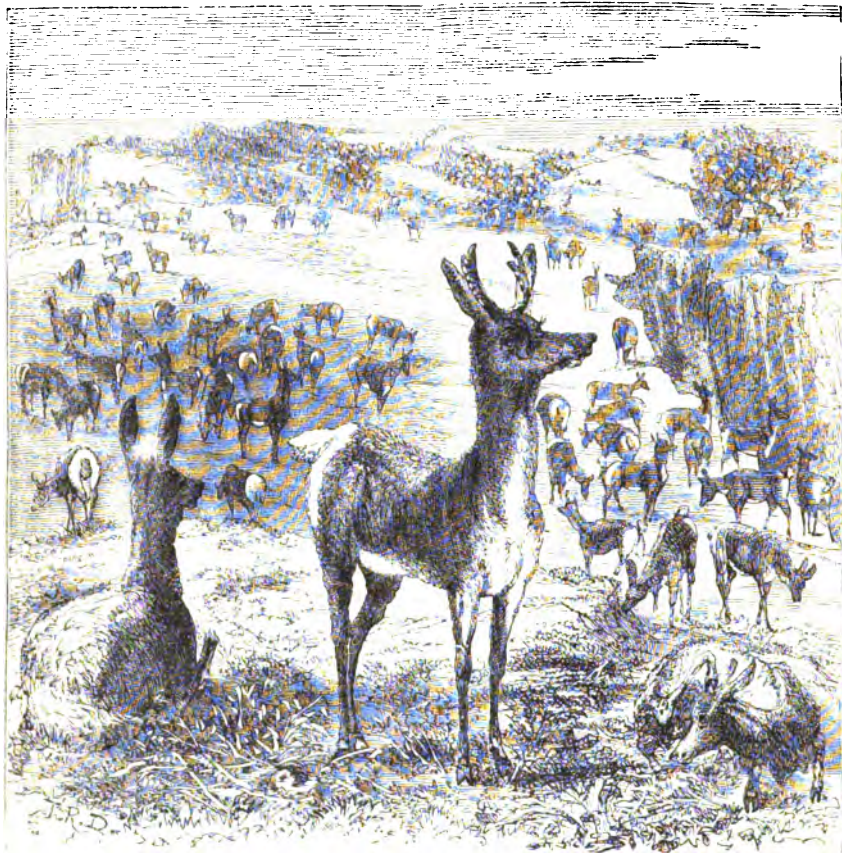
Each tepe is provided with two or more lounges or mats made of small willow rods strung upon strong sinews. These "resters," as they are designated, are fastened by means of a leathern loop to a tripod composed of three strong sticks of four or five feet in length. Try one of these and see what a comfortable lounge or spring-mattress the Indian possesses in this portable bundle of rods. This Indian bed, like nearly every thing else in the tepe, is decorated with the colors of the tribe. Scattered in all directions are bags of all sizes and descriptions. The Indian seems as partial to this manner of baggage as a sailor. To the Indian this bag show is a necessity, as it enables the squaw to break up housekeeping at a moment's warning, and thus materially assists the rapid movement of a band which may have short notice of the near approach of danger. In such a case the numerous small bags are hastily thrown into large ones, the tepe comes down, and the village is on the move in less than half an hour, the lodge poles serving as a drag on which the tents and furniture are packed.

In the Indian tent may be seen, too, the various implements made use of by the lady of the house in her domestic arrangements—mallets made of round stones of a variety of size and weight, fastened securely to wooden handles by means of raw hide, which is sewn while green and pliable. This, when dry, becomes so hard and firm as to bear a strong resemblance to horn, and thoroughly dry and seasoned will turn the edge of the sharpest knife. A well-made shield of raw hide, selected on account of its thickness and other necessary qualities, will turn an arrow, and oftentimes a rifle-bullet which does not strike the shield in a direct line.

But this is a digression from the attempt at cataloguing the contents of the Indian's tent. Furs of all of the different animals of the Plains are, of course, plenty; so, too, are the feathers of the various birds that are to be found in the section. These latter articles are mostly secured by the boys, who thus take their first lessons in hunting, and supply the squaws with the material for winging arrows and decorating such articles as they may design to make a show with. Possibly it may be unnecessary to mention the fact that the squaws make the bows and arrows used by their lords, as it seems to be tolerably well understood that the squaw does the labor that is done in an Indian village. The Indian's paint may be seen about the tent, each color in a receptacle of horn, carved and otherwise decorated; bundles of straight sticks to be made into arrows; scraps of iron to be made use of as heads for the arrows; strange affairs made by bending a light rod to form a circle of eight or ten inches in diameter, and crossed with a net-work of sinews, affording the Indian a plate from which to eat food that is not of a liquid character; great raw hide envelopes, three feet in length by two wide, and considerably painted. The squaw's

INDIAN IN BOVILLA ANTIQNI





FEEDING GROUND OF THE ANTELOPE.

trunks are also necessary articles in the Indian's household, and visible in every tent. Bundles of dried or jerked buffalo meat, and sticks or strings of this article of food, are seen thrown about with entire disregard as to the cleanliness of the location. Altogether the interior arrangement of an Indian's tent is the reverse of tidy.

In nearly all villages it will be found that seven or eight Indians occupy each lodge. Of these two may be reckoned as warriors, or bucks who are capable of taking the war-path. In any attack upon the village it will be discovered that there are more than two fighters to each lodge, for women and children will then go into the affray with quite as much disregard of personal safety as the most highly painted brave. On such occasions, too, it is almost impossible to distinguish the squaws from the bucks, as their dress is in many instances nearly the same as that of the men, and the side-saddle is not an article to be found in an Indian village.

An Indian encampment during the winter affords a novel scene. The youngsters are engaged in noisy sport. The bucks are lounging

about, or seated in a semicircle for a smoke and talk. The squaws are busy with their various duties. It is a sort of Indian paradise, watched over by the keen-sighted old warriors, who have perched themselves in the most convenient locations for an extended view, in the contemplation of which they will remain for hours, wrapped in their warm buffalo-robos. These shrewd old sentinels can distinguish objects at a distance that would seem to the untutored eyes of the white man an impossibility. The safety of the herd and village is the care of these watchers. This is the Indian village during peace time, which, until the past season, was simply winter, or when it was inconvenient for the Indian to go upon the war-path. As a usual thing the Indian, in selecting his winter-quarters, takes care to locate the village where his food is likely to be most abundant. Buffalo, deer, antelope, turkeys, and other game are so plenty on the Plains that the Indian, when allowed to follow his own inclination, will not be likely to suffer from hunger for many years to come. Buffalo may be seen in great herds, spreading over the Plains for miles. Deer are to be met with frequently; antelope

cover the hills to the south of the Arkansas, flocks numbering thousands being by no means an uncommon sight. Wild turkeys, too, are found in droves.

Will it be an easy task to keep on reservations several thousand Indians that have known no other than a roving life, with these vast herds of game as their store of food, and the white man's goods and property theirs if they can take it? It must be remembered, too, that the bravest, best-armed, and most troublesome band of Indians that is on the Plains has escaped without punishment for the numerous depredations which were committed by them during last summer and fall. This one band—the "Dog-soldier Cheyenne"—has committed two-thirds of the depredations that have occurred on the Plains. With these Dog-soldiers at large and unwhipped there is not much likelihood of entire peace on the Plains during this summer, though it is probable that the Indians who were made to feel the power of the United States Government last winter will be somewhat careful about joining as a body in any extended forays against the white brother. But it is not improbable that a number of warriors from the different tribes located by General Sheridan upon reservations will go on hunting-trails which will end somewhere in the immediate vicinity of the camps of the Dog-soldier Cheyenne. This is not surprising either. Wealth is to an Indian the passport to a select location in the happy hunting-ground; and until the "untutored savage" learns by many a hard knock dealt during the winter season, when the Indian admits that he can not fight, there will be Indian troubles. Generals Sheridan and Custer have simply taken a first step

—possibly this will prove a long one, but experience would seem to teach differently.

The moaning and lament that took place in the Cheyenne tribe after Custer's splendid success in punishing them for the long series of outrages upon the whites was, to use an Indian mode of expression, "heard in the wind that blew on many villages;" and the cuts and bruises that the mourners inflicted on themselves are too fresh for these Indians to make haste to merit such condign punishment as Sheridan promised if they did not keep their barbarous hands off the white brother's poll. The death and burial of a single Indian is an affair of no small importance in a tribe. If the lost one be a child, the mother is tolerably certain to have a joint of one of her fingers amputated. This, it seems, is an intimation that the hands were not quite up to their work, or the child would not have died.

The arrangement of an Indian corpse is a matter that requires time and much mummery; after which the dead are furnished with the necessities—food, arms, tobacco, etc.—to be used during the trip to the much-talked-of happy hunting-ground, and the whole is incased in an outer covering made of willows arranged in a similar manner to that in which the lounges are constructed. More mourning is done; after which the body is placed upon a platform constructed for the purpose in some ancient cotton-wood-tree. The feet of the departed Indian are turned with care to the southward, for it is there that the Great Spirit has his abode—so the Indian will tell you. In some favorite groves trees may be seen the branches of which have been heavily freighted with the remains of departed Indians, and eight or ten



INDIAN BURIAL-TREE NEAR PORT LARAMIE.

bodies may be disposed among the branches. A scaffold located on a prominent knoll or bluff seems to rank next to the tree as a proper place for the last rest of the Indians' dead. The Plain Indians—such tribes as the Comanche, Apache, Cheyenne, Arrapahoe, and Kiowa, the best riders among the Indian tribes, and users of the longest bows and arrows—are the Indians that resort principally to this elevation of the dead, though even these will sometimes dispose of their departed brethren by burying their bodies in the ground. The foot Indians of the Plains are few in number, peaceful, and poor, so the Cheyenne say. These Indians almost invariably bury their dead in the ground—taking care, however, that the departed spirit shall have the usual outfit of food and extra wearing apparel.

The destruction of the trees in which Indian bodies are located is not calculated to make the Indians very peaceful when they next visit the grave-tree; and it is to this wanton destruction of Indian burial-places that much Indian trouble may be traced. The Indian complains that the white destroys the fuel that the Indian could use for many years; and this is very true, for the white man cuts down the tree, where an Indian contents himself with lopping off a few branches. The Indian will make a small fire and warm himself thoroughly; but the white man must make such a blaze as will compel him to warm one side while he freezes the other; and it is quite the same in any fire which either will build for cooking food. Possibly the white man may not enjoy the Indian's favorite method of economizing fuel—that of building a small fire and then sitting down so close to it that a good buffalo-robe will envelop both Indian and fire; but this is an excellent manner to get thoroughly warm, and for the Indian a successful device for the discomfiture of the vermin that infest the race.



ECONOMY.

It is something after this style that the Indian takes the vapor-bath, that seems with him a standard remedy for many diseases. The

mention of this fact brings to mind the excellent collection of botanical and mineral medicines that may be found in the tepe of nearly every redskin. For the collection of these simples the Indian has his stated seasons, during which all the inhabitants of the village are engaged in the preparation of the medicine bags that are to be kept ready for use in case of need. Many of the old hags that one sees in the village are excellent nurses for the sick, and frequently prove themselves capable leeches. It is to these wise old squaws that many a wounded Indian owes his life, for they have most excellent salves and ointments for damaged flesh.

Give the Indian his due, he is, if "left alone"—that is, not tempted by the sight of the white man's goods and stock—entirely capable of taking care of himself in almost any situation that he may choose to locate; for, by following the great herds of game, he has ever at hand as much food as he may desire, and the hides and other portions of the animals will serve for use in the manufacture of such clothing as he may have need of. The last few lines describe completely the condition of the Indian as the earlier adventurers found him. This is not, however, the present situation. Experience of years has taught the redskin that the white man, as a rule, is afraid of him, and much more ready to make peace talks than he is to fight. The knowledge of this fact has been taken advantage of until the Indian has quite convinced himself that no band of white men that wore the blue clothing of Uncle Sam were to be compared with the redskin, who during the summer season was not the wearer of any covering save dirt and paint.

The reader may not be familiar with the Indian's reason for bedaubing himself with paint, and will pardon a little digression from the direct train of the story if he learns that the colors are not used entirely for the purpose of astonishing a foe, but are found valuable in saving the skin from the constant peeling off that the elements would accomplish if the paint was not used. Vermilion is the best color for this use, a single application of the color, followed by an Indian-like disregard of water, will save to a person's countenance many cuticles that would otherwise peel off one after another, until it would seem that the human face is endowed with as many coverings as a cat is supposed to possess lives. Black is the favorite winter color, and reds and yellows may be regarded as fashionable for the summer. Now for the back track until we reach the point where the trail was left, with a naked Indian to mark the spot.

It has been for years a custom of the government, encouraged by the Indians, to undertake an Indian war during the summer season, and learn by the time the Indian summer came, late in the fall, that the Indians were "too well mounted," "too well armed," "too sharp," etc., etc., to be met upon equal ground during grass-time. Peace talks were then in order. These the Indians like, and are ready to engage in, as

it offers an opportunity to air their fine speech, and must be accompanied with presents in order to meet with entire approval. Loaded with plunder and rich with the stock stolen during the summer foray, the Indians bag up the presents and go gayly away to the villages, where the squaws and children learn that the white men are women—how they arrive at such a conclusion is unknown—and can not fight the Indian. Sheridan had some education in Indian affairs while stationed in Oregon previous to the breaking out of the rebellion. Forsyth and his scouts took a rattle at the Dog-soldiers; or, rather, they tried to make his command a skeleton one—and it certainly would have been such had the Indians succeeded in the first charge which they essayed against the scouts that fought with Forsyth on the island near the Chief Creek fork of the Republican. Next General Carr had a hand in, and used his opportunity to the best of his advantage. These fights occurred during the fine weather which precedes winter. It was not that the white men forced the Indians to fight, but an entire willingness on the part of the Indians to make the attack, in which they evidently hoped to crush the white men with the first onset, and failing in this, they were ready to continue the fight with a persistence almost unknown in the annals of Indian warfare. Custer's "Garry Owen" fight on the Wachita was the clincher, and demonstrated to the Indians the fact that a white "walk-a-heap pony-soldier" could and would endure the hardship that an Indian shrinks from—that is, fight in the winter season. This gallant fight of the Seventh Cavalry brought a wail of lamentation from the Indian agents as well as the redskins, for it demonstrated to a certainty the fact that General Sheridan was capable of fulfilling his promise to take care of the Indians for them if the agents should prove incapable of doing it themselves. The tidings of Custer's fight no sooner reached the Indian villages, which were scattered through the game country south of the Arkansas for the winter, than the different bands made haste to heed the invitation extended in the fall to come in and be located upon reservation.

If the Indians can be persuaded (which is doubtful) to remain upon the reservations allotted to them by the government, settlers will hasten to take up the excellent land along such water-courses as Walnut Creek, and the country will in a few years derive sufficient benefit from the land brought under cultivation to repay the enormous outlay that the handling of the Indians will at first require. Let the fact be thoroughly well known throughout the country that the army officer can not with safety engage in any traffic with the Indians and retain his position. The citizen can, and will, sell to the Indians whatever article he can make the most money on. If, then, the Indians are under the charge of civilians, the Indian troubles will be quite likely to continue until the redskin is no more. It is not a pleasant em-

ployment for the soldier, this Indian campaigning, and few officers will be found who are anxious to spend their lives in any long period of service in the Indian country. During the past winter, which was not as hard as is usual on the Plains, officers and men engaged in the Indian campaigns that *seem* to have resulted so successfully have suffered untold discomfort and privation. They led a life more severe than that of the trapper or frontiersman, who is to some extent prepared for the cold. Men and animals were worn down until they were absolutely unfit for further service, and many of the men will feel the effect of the Indian campaign of the winter of 1868-69 until the last moment of a life which will be shortened by it.

General Sheridan, in speaking of the extreme suffering of the troopers under his command last winter, says, "The cold was something indescribable. The men's eyes seemed to freeze up, and their clothing became crisp with the frost which chilled to the bone. Those among the men that suffered from snow blindness resorted to the Indian custom of the buckskin strip, simply a band or ribbon of buckskin with narrow slits cut in it, through which the man may look and not suffer from the dazzling glare of the snow." General Sheridan is confident, too, that Roman-nose, the great war chief of the Cheyenne tribe, was killed in the battle fought last fall by Colonel Forsyth, at the Chief Creek fork of the Republican. Should this prove true, there is every reason to believe that there will be no need of repeating the winter campaign on the Plains, as Roman-nose was the great hater of the white man, and the bravest and best fighting Indian on the Plains.

The endurance of the white man, when fairly tested against that of the Indian, will be found equal, if not superior to it, as not a few small bands of Indians have discovered to their cost, when they have taken advantage of an unguarded moment to stampede the horses of Plainsmen or scouts. Years have passed since the December day when, just at the crack of dawn, a small band of Arrapahoe, that was *en route* from the forks of the Platte toward the south, took every hoof of stock from a party of hunters, whose camp had been for two days some twenty miles west of the island where Forsyth and his scouts made their gallant fight last fall. The Indians did not fire a shot. They were after the stock, and not a fight; so through the camp they went howling like demons—each Indian armed with a buffalo-robe, which he swung through the air, frightening the ponies into breaking lariats and-drawing knots and picket-pins. But the stock was not so cheap, after all; two Indians left their remains as a wretched equivalent for nine good saddle animals. Give the devils their due: the stampede was a success, and a little party was afoot that did not take kindly to the situation. Before sun-up that same party was on the trail of the stolen stock, carrying just as little *duffle* (food and



THE STAMPEDE.

clothing) as could be made into a small pack for the back.

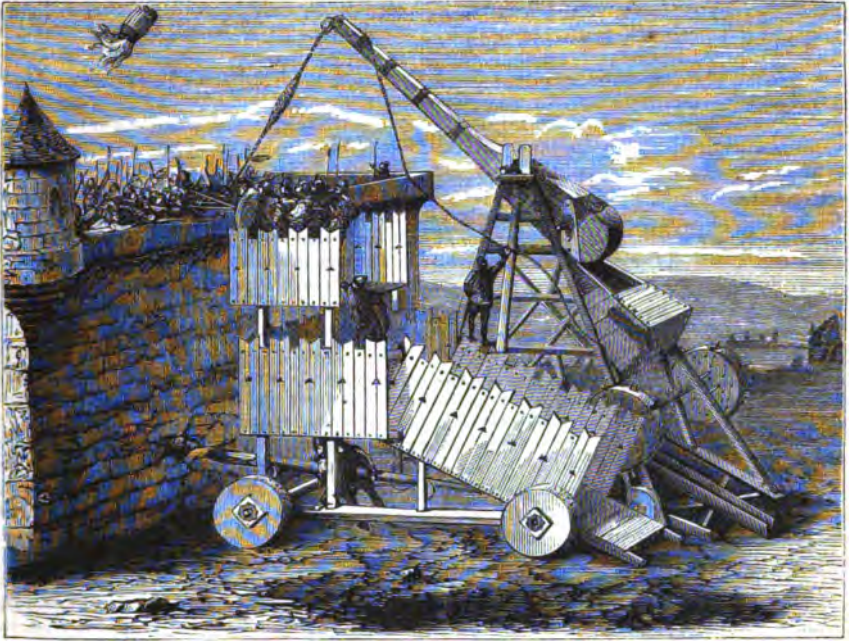
The story of that trail would be too long a narrative. Day after day the little band toiled on, the greater portion of the time through snow which had crusted just sufficiently to break through under foot. The suffering for food was intense enough to make any live animal a coveted treasure. But two of that party are now alive. One by one the Indians got them.

During the cold spell, as the Western man is prone to designate winter, the dug-out is a favorite abode of the genuine Plainsman. With his long experience he knows no warmer location than a cave dug into the bluff or bank near running water. It is a safe retreat too; and a great many Indians would hesitate before attempting to unearth a customer whom they prefer to let alone—the frontiersman in his wintering-place on the Plains.



THE DUG-OUT.

MILITARY PYROTECHNICS OF FORMER DAYS.



ENGINE FOR THROWING GREEK FIRE. THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

SEVERAL French works* have been published in late years under the authority of the French Government on the origin and history of the employment of explosive and deflagrating missiles in war, which throw a great deal of light on the subject, and tend to correct many erroneous ideas which have long been prevalent in relation to it.

The predecessor of gunpowder in the history of war has always been considered to be a wonderful combustible known as *Greek Fire*, of which the most marvelous accounts have been circulating among mankind during the past two or three centuries. This Greek fire has been supposed to be a combustible possessed of most astonishing properties. It was capable of being thrown so as to envelop whole buildings, and even to overwhelm and destroy complete battalions on the field. Water would not extinguish it, but only made it burn the brighter. Nothing would put it out but drenching it with vinegar, or covering it with sand. Its composition, it was supposed, was lost in the fourteenth century, and had never been recovered. The fact that the art was lost was inferred from the fact that no substance possessing the won-

derful properties attributed to the Greek fire can be produced at the present day.

It is somewhat difficult at the present day to obtain exact information in respect either to the composition of this substance, the construction of the engines or other apparatus employed in projecting it, or to the effects which it really produced. In respect to the machinery, and the form of the missiles, we must remember that there were no pictorial papers in those days, and no photography to preserve for future generations the exact realities of form and structure connected with the pursuits and usages of men. And in regard to the other points, relating to the properties of the substance, and the actual effects produced, far less reliance can be placed on the statements of even intelligent, cultivated, and careful men than might be supposed at the present day. For the line of demarcation between the natural and the supernatural—between what is and what is not scientifically possible—was then very vague and obscure, even in the highest minds. Ideas of the natural and supernatural were mingled and confused, or rather the supernatural was regarded as a legitimate realm of the natural, so that no tale could be so marvelous as to seem incredible, even to a grave and cautious historian. At the present day the recitals of excited or terrified witnesses, whose imaginations or whose fears lead them entirely to misconceive what they see, are at once corrected by that general knowledge of the relations of cause and effect

* The titles of the principal of these works are: *Sur l'Introduction en France de la Poudre à Canon*. Par M. LAGARRÈRE. Paris, 1844; *Du Feu Grégeois et des Feux de Guerre*. Par MM. REINAUD et FAYE. Paris, 1845; *Études sur le Passé et l'Avenir de l'Artillerie, Continué d'Aide des Notes de l'Empereur*. Par FAYE, Colonel d'Artillerie; and *Histoire des Progrès d'Artillerie*. Paris, 1862.

which now prevails so extensively among all well-informed men that the bounds of the possible can not be very easily transgressed in narrations generally received. But it was not so in those early times. .

In respect to the apparatus by means of which the compound of combustibles known as Greek fire was projected into the enemy's works, some representations have come down to us, though only from comparatively modern times. The use of such means of attacking the vessels or fortresses of the enemy seems to have been resorted to in very early times, since allusions to them occur not unfrequently in the works of writers who lived and wrote several centuries before Christ. Indeed, one of the recipes for making such compositions, as they were employed in those early days, is still extant. It is as follows :

"To make an unquenchable fire take pitch, sulphur, tow, manna, resin, and the scrapings or saw-dust of resinous wood, such as torches are made from. Mix these substances well, then light the mass and throw it against whatever you wish to set on fire."

It is obvious that such a mixture as this would form an exceedingly combustible compound; but it could not possess any of those marvelous qualities which were attributed to the Greek fire. It could not burn under water, though some substances, as will presently be explained, have this property.

The use of combustibles of this character seems to have been first resorted to in the countries lying about the eastern shores of the Mediterranean—unless indeed the Chinese, and some of the other Oriental nations, anticipated the Europeans in this, as they have done in respect

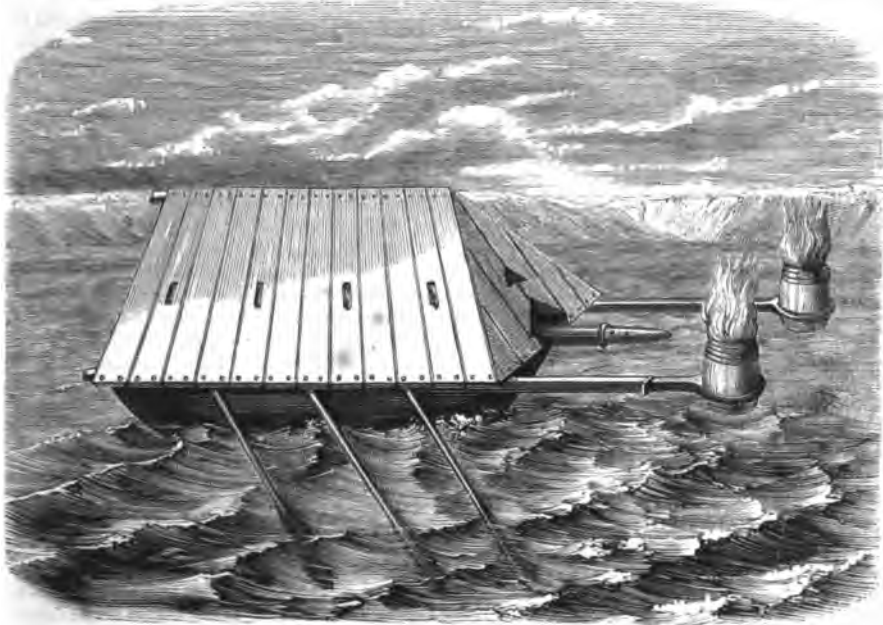
to many other important discoveries. The reason why the use of such a mode of warfare appeared first in these Oriental countries is supposed to be because in that region are found natural deposits of certain combustible fluids, such as naphtha, and other vegetable oils, which were admirably adapted to this use. At any rate the employment of such substances appears first conspicuously in history in the time of the Greek empire. A great many recipes are extant describing the different kinds of composition employed. They all, however, consist of a mixture of simple combustibles, depending for flagnation on access to the air.

These substances were placed in barrels, balls, or other receptacles, and thrown by means of various mechanical contrivances known in those days into the works of the enemy.

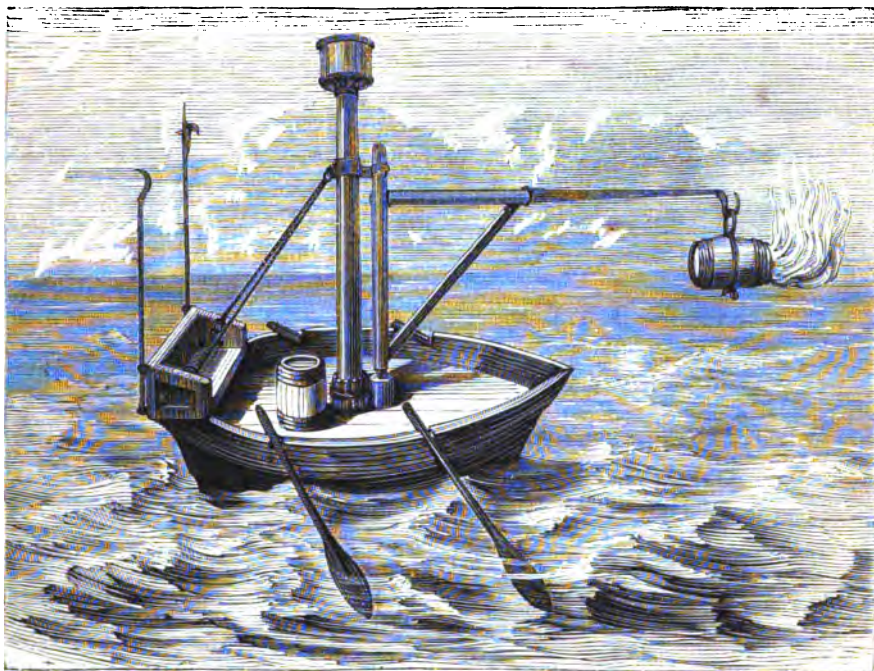
The *Slinging Engine*, represented at the head of this paper, was constructed to throw a barrel of the combustible compound by means of a gigantic sling, seen in the engraving as thrown open from the end of the beam, after the projection of the barrel. The beam was drawn back by means of the rope wound round the capstan, shown behind and below it. Its elasticity, after being thus brought into a state of great tension, was then suddenly released, when the end of the beam, carrying the barrel of combustibles, previously set on fire, was thrown violently forward and the barrel hurled from the sling, all in flames, into the works of the enemy.

A battering engine, the design and operation of which is obvious, stands by the side of the sling.

The subjoined engraving, copied from an illumination in a Latin manuscript of the thir-



COVERED RAM AND FIRE-SHIP.



CRANE-RIGGED FIRE-SHIP.

teenth century, gives a representation of the mode of employing the Greek fire in naval warfare. The craft here represented seems to be in some sense the prototype of the modern bomb-proof, ram, and fire-ship, all in one. But although this drawing is taken from an ancient work, no absolute reliance can be placed on the details of the construction as represented in it, inasmuch as such drawings were made in those days for purposes of embellishment, and not for instruction, and so only a general resemblance to the natural object, sufficient to suggest its character and use to the mind of the reader, was all that was usually aimed at. It was, in other words, the *ideal* and not the *actual* presentation which the artist had in mind.

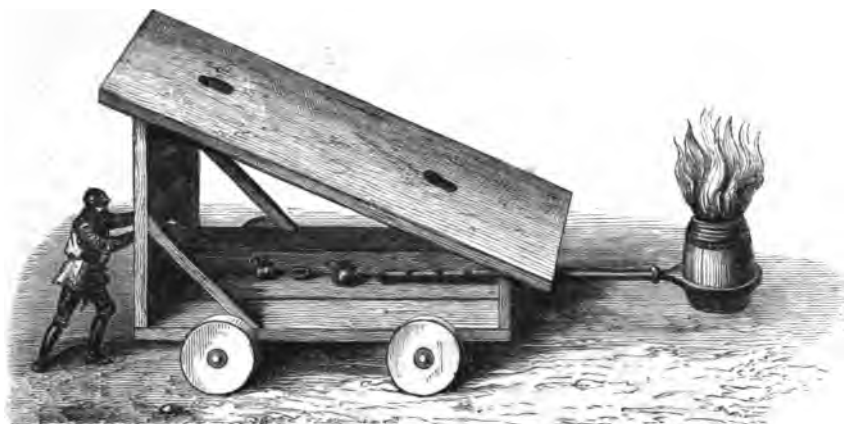
All that can be certainly inferred, then, from such an illustration is, that a species of vessel was made use of in those times covered with a roof sufficient to protect the navigators from spears and arrows, and provided with a pointed prow to act as a ram, and projecting beams bearing barrels charged with materials for producing the Greek fire.

Another form of vessel is given in an ancient manuscript, differing materially from the last. In this the barrel containing the fire is suspended from a species of *crane*, by means of which it could be swung over the decks of an enemy's ship when in close quarters. In this, as well as in the other case, all that we can infer from the drawing is the general nature and design of the contrivance, and of the principle

on which it operated. The true proportions of the parts and the details of the construction were purposely disregarded in illustrations of this kind.

Observe in the engraving the extra barrel of combustibles ready upon the deck, and the circular watch-box on the top of the mast, where a look-out-man could be stationed, under protection from the spears and arrows of the enemy, and yet at the same time in a position to observe every thing through the slits in the box, and so to direct the helmsman in guiding the vessel. Weapons of the character of boarding-pikes are placed, ready for use, at the stern.

The damaging and destructive effects of the Greek fire were not confined to its power of setting the enemy's works on fire. It contained substances which emitted fumes of a horribly offensive, poisonous, and destructive character. It was necessary on this account that the wind should be in the right quarter, that is, blowing from the assailants toward the enemy, whenever it was employed. Sometimes the receptacle containing the composition was placed upon the end of a long spar attached to a car, which was to be propelled by hand. The soldiers would pile up a great quantity of wood before the gate of the castle or strong-hold attacked. This car would then be driven by soldiers stationed behind it, where they were protected by an inclined shield from the assaults of the enemy. The shield is perforated with openings, to enable those within



FIRE-CAR DRIVEN BY HAND.

and behind it to see where to apply the fire; and it contains a place of shelter within, forming a receptacle which would be useful in various ways—among others, for the protection and succor of wounded men, and for taking them back to a place of safety.

By this arrangement the wood heaped up before the door of the fortress might easily be set on fire, and if the wind was in the right quarter, and if the wood had been previously prepared by being covered with pitch, naphtha, and resins, the consequence would be an imme-

diate bursting forth of volumes of fierce flame and suffocating smoke, which would drive over the wall, penetrate the works, and make it impossible for the men to draw near for the purpose of doing any thing to arrest the mischief.

The ancient manuscripts referred to above contain illustrations of the use of the Greek fire by foot-soldiers in armor, or by men on horseback or in chariots of war. The torch borne by the foot-soldier, or by the horseman, was used often for the purpose of setting fire to the wooden works of the enemy, or to heaps of combustibles previously piled up before a gate or other point assailed. There are accounts, also, of large bodies of men being thus armed to operate against a hostile force in array upon the open field. But this method of warfare could not be employed with advantage except when there was a strong wind blowing from the position of the assailants toward that of the assailed. In this case the advancing line would be preceded by a cloud of smoke, consisting of the most poisonous and suffocating vapors, before which no human being could stand.

The lances used in these cases were formed with an iron receptacle for the fire at the end. This receptacle terminated in points at the extremity, which formed a very efficient weapon after the fire was exhausted, or even perhaps while it continued to burn. In the case of the horseman the shank of the lance was supported by a ring open at the top, fixed upon the horse's head, and the horse as well as the man was covered with an iron armor, in order to protect them from any sparks or flecks of flame which might be driven against them by the rapidity of the onward motion, notwithstanding the precautions taken in respect to the direction of the wind.*

Of course combustibles carried in this way



FIRE-ARMED SOLDIER.

* As expressed in the Latin manuscript: *Equus semper est armatus totus, et equus eius totus barbatus, ne a favillis ignis recipiat passionem.*

could not be sufficient in quantity to burn for a long time. It was necessary to calculate the possible duration of the fire very accurately, and to act, after the fires were once lighted, with great promptness and decision. The object of the enemy, it is plain, in case of such an attack, would be to gain time by falling back, or by deceiving the assailants as to the distance, so as to allow the fires time to burn out. One conspicuous example is given in a combat between the forces of the Sultan of Egypt and those of a Mongolian Khan, which took place in Syria, when a body of Egyptians, armed with lances carrying Greek fire, suddenly appeared issuing from the ranks, and advanced across the intervening plain toward the enemy. But they had in some way or other so miscalculated the distance—or the duration of their fires—that the combustion exhausted itself before they reached the Persian lines. The Persian commander then ordered a countercharge upon them. They were thrown into confusion, and in falling back to their own lines carried confusion with them, and their whole army was put to flight.

The marvelous tales which have been told in respect to the power of the Greek fire to burn under water have a certain foundation in the fact that, in the times when this agency was employed in war, the method of using it was by packing the materials in a spherical receptacle, in such a manner that when thrown into the water the missile could go down to a certain distance without being entirely extinguished, so that on rising again to the surface the flames would break out anew, ready to set fire to any combustible object that they might encounter. The engraving on page 40, copied from one of the ancient illustrations, gives a general idea of

this operation. The balls thrown from a height into the water would of course sink below the surface, until brought back again by their buoyancy; and there would be no great difficulty in so storing so very combustible a material as that it should retain the fire during this brief interval.

Moreover, if a small quantity of water were injected into a large mass of any combustible material fully on fire, the extinguishing power of the water would be overcome by the quantity and intensity of the heat, and the steam suddenly created would act with explosive force in scattering the burning materials all around. Just this we see on a small scale in a candle, when minute quantities of water in the wick, instead of putting out the flame, only produce a series of sputtering explosions. The explanation of the extinguishment of fire by water is the cooling effect of the water in reducing the temperature of the materials below the burning-point. This effect is due, it is true, not to the simple cooling power of the water as water, but to the enormous amount of heat absorbed by it in being converted into steam.

Of course, if the quantity of water thrown upon a fire is not sufficient to abstract from the fire, by its conversion into steam, heat enough to reduce the temperature of the whole mass of burning materials below the burning-point, it will not extinguish the fire.

The process of combustion consists essentially, in ordinary cases, in the combination of the combustible with oxygen by a chemical action intense enough to develop light and heat. Of course unless air is present, or some other supporter of combustion, this process can not go on. Now the Greek fire, so far as is now known, contained within itself no substance



FIRE-ARMED HORSEMAN.



FLOATING FIRE-BALLS.

that could furnish oxygen, but was dependent altogether on a supply from without. It could not, therefore, continue to burn when the air was excluded. Nor could it possibly withstand the cooling effect of any large quantity of water applied directly to the burning mass.

The transition from the manufacture of Greek fire to that of gunpowder in war, it is now found, was not the result of any sudden discovery, but grew gradually out of the incidental introduction of saltpetre among the combustible substances, which was found in some mysterious way greatly to increase the violence of the combustion. Saltpetre is a substance which is found abundantly in a natural state in the countries where Greek fire was most used. The mode of its operation in changing combustion into explosion was not probably at first comprehended, as the science of chemistry was then practically unknown. It is now, however, understood that the result is due to the saltpetre's furnishing a supply of oxygen to the combustibles, and thus making them independent of the air in respect to their burning. It furnishes the supply, too, in such a way, to every particle of the combustible, by means of the fine comminution and intimate commixture of the materials, as to present to every portion of the combustible a portion of oxygen close at hand, and thus increases enormously the rapidity and violence of the action.

There is another important thing to be borne

in mind, which is, that a mixture of combustibles with saltpetre, by containing within itself the supply of oxygen necessary for the combustion, and thus making the process independent of the external air, allows of the inclosing of the materials in strong and tight receptacles, so that the gases produced by the combustion may be confined, and so made to exert their vast expansive force—enormously increased by the great heat developed—upon the walls of the receptacle which confines them.

The mode in which saltpetre thus operated in promoting rapidity of combustion was not probably at all understood in those days. It was observed, however, by many persons and in many different countries, as a matter of fact, that the admixture of saltpetre with their other pyrotechnic materials greatly increased the effect, until finally an explosive power was developed sufficient for the projection of missiles from the mouths of open tubes, and then artillery began to appear on the field of battle.

Thus the art of producing gunpowder for the purposes of war seems to have been a growth rather than an invention; and so it is not at all

surprising that the origin of it has been attributed to many different men of many different nations. It is as impossible, as a distinguished French writer has said, to answer the question who invented gunpowder as to say who invented the boat.

SAID PACHA OF EGYPT.

MOHAMMED SAID PACHA, third Viceroy of Egypt, one of the younger sons of Mehemet Ali, succeeded to the throne in August, 1854, on the murder of Abbas Pacha, in which crime he had no agency. A woman was the Nemesis of that domestic tragedy, as before described*—a bold, bad woman, who anticipated a similar doom at the hands of the kinsman she distrusted and destroyed; and her only accomplices were believed to have been her instruments, whose subsequent fate no man ever knew. In this world she escaped the punishment of her crimes, which could not be proven, and lived, if not respected, at least rich and prosperous, and died tranquilly in her own bed at last.

But no one in Egypt ever suspected Said Pacha of any complicity in the crime; for any act of treachery or cruelty was alien to his bold, frank character. He was a man made rather in a Western than an Eastern mould—impuls-

* *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1860.

ive and rash even to recklessness, but incapable of fraud or treachery or midnight murder. His first public act was to recall from banishment in Central Africa all the state prisoners who had survived the climate of that Eastern Cayenne, and to tempt back such as had fled to Europe, and even to America, to escape the wrath or the avarice of Abbas. A general amnesty and jail delivery of such was granted, and the prisons of Cairo, the wilds of Central Africa, and remote Europe disgorged the long-suffering victims of the tyranny of the despot under whose rule Egypt had groaned for several years. The reign of Said, therefore, was initiated by a kind of general jubilee, and opened under the happiest auspices.

He was an educated man, Mehemet Ali having placed him under the charge of an intelligent and accomplished Frenchman, first his tutor, afterward his life-long friend and most faithful minister, Monsieur König, commonly known as König Bey. A general illumination of the cities of Cairo and of Alexandria, in which both native and foreign residents participated, testified the public sentiment at the change of rulers, and the deliverance of the country from the tyrannical and fanatical rule under which it had groaned for several years. In the accession of Said Pacha the whole population recognized the dawn of a brighter day, and a restoration of peace and prosperity; and the hope was more than realized, though he died early in the prime of manhood, yet not before he had given a fresh impulse to the civilization and to the moral and material prosperity of Egypt.

The traveler, approaching Egypt by steamer, first sees a long low line of sandy shore, with a few hillocks covered with wind-mills, whose white wings keep fluttering and flashing against the clear blue sky. The city of Alexandria seems squatted down, like a Turk on his divan, and the minarets and domes of its mosques, and roofs of its flat-topped houses, are not visible until a very near approach to the harbor. The world-renowned Pompey's Pillar is the first object seen from sea inland, towering in air from its elevated outlook; and a little later Cleopatra's Needle, the forts and the lighthouse, break on the sight. The stranger's eye, roving around to catch the peculiarities of his first Eastern view, can find nothing else to rest upon which strikes it as strange or new, until on rounding a point, and entering the crescent-shaped harbor, a stately palace of marble rises suddenly in view, and, like Byron at Venice,

"He sees from out the wave its structures rise
As though by stroke of an enchanter's wand."

This is the palace of *Ras el Tin* ("Cape of Figs"), one of the show palaces of Egypt—the favorite summer residence of Mehemet Ali, in the days of his glory and decline, carefully shunned by his grandson and successor Abbas, but again made a favorite resort in the early part of his reign by Said Pacha. For as in all

things Said Pacha was and sought to be the opposite of Abbas, so in his residence, as in his tastes, habits, and policy, he sought to mark that opposition. As Abbas had ever made his favorite haunts in the desert, remote from cities or the habitations of man, save the prowling Bedouin whose tent is a movable home, so Said Pacha chose as his chief resort those of his palaces most in public view, and passed his days in the full gaze of publicity, as his predecessor had shunned it. The palace of Ras el Tin, commanding the view both of the blue waters of the Mediterranean and of the city of Alexandria, was at first his chief residence; and sitting in his audience-room, at the extremity of a long range of splendidly furnished apartments, he was at all times as accessible to the natives and to the European as ever was Mehemet Ali.

In reversal of his predecessor's policy also, Said encouraged European immigration to Egypt, and surrounded himself with European employés in the various administrations—chiefly French and English, but not to the exclusion of other nationalities—and by removing many of the restrictions on commerce imposed by Abbas, gave a new impulse both to the agriculture and the trade of the country. In fact, he may be said to have initiated a new era for Egypt, and to have made the second step in its revival, as his great father had made the first. What Mehemet Ali created, Said perfected; while under Abbas the movement was retrograde, and Egypt experienced a relapse in the direction of barbarism and the stubborn *passivism* of Turkish government.

Abbas may be regarded, in the Egyptian line, what the Emperor Julian (surnamed the Apostate) was in the Roman, for what the last sought to do for Paganism, the first strove to accomplish for Islamism; and the failure of both was equally signal. Yet the contrast is unjust to Julian, who was a man of high culture, strong intellect, and spotless private life; in all which points his unconscious Egyptian imitator was deficient.

In imitation of his great father, Said Pacha at first courted publicity, gave open audience to all who sought him, and was more easy of access than European monarchs—not to mention the Sultan, who is almost hermetically sealed up in his harem or palaces, and only visible to the eyes of "the Faithful" when he rides to mosque on Friday.

The etiquette of Stamboul is, that the Sultan, except on the occasion of public reception of ambassadors, should be always alone; isolation is the price of his grandeur, and no one is deemed so nearly equal to the "Head of the Faith" as to be worthy of his association. Abbas had sought to imitate the Stamboul régime. Said swept all those cobwebs away with the besom of a reformer, and adopted the habitudes as well as the ceremonials of the European courts in that which he established. For he introduced the plan of giving festivities on a most princely scale, including both his own

pachas, beys, and high officials, as well as prominent Europeans, and the foreign consuls-general and consular corps, in his hospitalities. The gates of the palace of Ras el Tin, at this early period of his reign, were ever open, though guarded by soldiers, and with a strong force of his mounted body-guard always on duty, more as a pageant, however, than a protection. Through those gates the visitor passed up a broad flight of stone steps into a lofty hall, paved with squares of tessellated marble, with a high glass dome throwing down light from above. Through this hall he passed into an ante-room, the first of a long suit of splendidly-furnished apartments, presenting a long vista of lamps, divans covered with rich silk brocades, and a mélange of Eastern and Western furniture—all of the costliest kinds. He who has visited Versailles, and looked down the long range of apartments leading to the ball-room there, may imagine this, its Eastern counterpart, only that the latter presented far the most brilliant *coup-d'œil*, and boasted the richest and costliest furniture, with the Oriental tinge.

The floors of the grand reception-room were composed of squares of cedar inlaid with ivory or pearl, the effect of which was very beautiful, almost pictorial. Long narrow strips of Persian carpeting indicated the pathway across from room to room, and Persian rugs were placed before each divan, or rather sofa, for the furniture was more European than Eastern. Another variation from Eastern habits was observable in the portraits of Mehemet Ali and the different members of his family, which hung round the reception-room—the pictorial representation of the human face being considered irreligious by strict Mussulmans.

In the room adjoining the inner reception-room was a small chamber, in which Mehemet Ali used to sleep. In it was to be seen the state bed, ordered from Paris, supported on massive silver pillars eight feet high, and as thick as a man's leg—a mere show-bed, however—covered with rich damask embroidered in gold, on which neither he, nor any one else probably, ever slept, since Mehemet Ali always, from early habit, slept on the floor, in true Turkish fashion, and Said preferred a less stately and more comfortable French bed, being luxurious in his personal habits, having been born prince.

In the ante-room the visitor found one of the ushers, splendidly dressed in Oriental costume, his jacket stiff with gold embroidery, who took his name, and informed him whether the Viceroy was then giving public reception or not. If already known to the Viceroy, or having any business, or even a petition to present, another official was consulted, who, after hearing the stranger's name and the object of his visit, inquired the Viceroy's pleasure thereon, and generally admitted the visitor to the presence of Said himself, preceding and announcing him. None but the consuls-general or the

consuls were invited to sit in the Viceroy's presence. The visitor on entering made his obeisance by saluting either in Eastern or in Frank fashion, stood still, and awaited the Viceroy's request that he would explain the object of his visit. He usually found the Viceroy attended by half a dozen of the officers of his court, all in bright blue jackets embroidered in gold—the Viceroy sitting in Turkish fashion on his divan, also in Oriental dress, the red fez cap on his head; some of his high officials standing on each side of him with fans to keep off the flies from his august countenance.

The stranger, who had fancied a Turk must be almost a black man, modeled on the popular representation of the Moor that Shakspeare drew, was ever surprised to see in this Egyptian Viceroy a counterpart of the portraits of Henry VIII. of England, in complexion, beard, face, and figure; and the similarity in character, manner, and temper was equally striking; though in many respects, especially in its moral aspects, the advantage was on the side of the Turk, who in every thing but creed was much the better practical Christian of the two, even as regarded multiplicity of wives.

Said Pacha was of a fair, ruddy complexion, with red beard and hair, the latter of which was always shaven in Turkish fashion. His features were regular, and the expression of his face frank and noble, his figure symmetrical, though on a grand scale, and indicating immense strength, until increasing corpulence marred both face and figure in later years. His eyes were clear and bright, and, unlike most Turks, he did not keep them habitually half closed, and avoid a direct glance at his interlocutor, but looked straight into the face of the person with whom he conversed.

Those eyes had none of the lazy languor of the Turk, but flashed with fun, or blazed with anger, as the varying mood of his excitable temper moved him. His conversational power and readiness of repartee were entirely French, and indicated the training and culture he had received. He was one of the readiest men I have ever conversed with, when his mind was at ease and in a good mood. Liberal to prodigality, generous to a fault, and full of warm impulses, his confidence was abused and his liberality preyed upon, until, like all princes, he was taught to distrust and scorn the mass of those surrounding him, who fawned on and flattered, only to deceive and plunder him. But, after a long and intimate acquaintance with him, without being blind to his faults, I can say with truth that, in a widely varied experience of men and countries, I have met with no nobler and more generous nature than his, warped as it may have been in his latter days, and soured by the ingratitude and the treachery of those on whom he lavished favors. In his early prime, before he had tasted the bitters as well as the sweets of power and absolute rule, he was a model monarch, as well as a truly noble man, in mind and manner as well as personal

presence. He spoke French like a Parisian, understood English and Italian, and of course was a Turkish and Arabic scholar—the Turkish being the high court language of Egypt, as well as of Constantinople, with his own people, though the French was the court language for conference with or dispatches to the foreign agents, and that used in their diplomatic communications to each other. The language, however, used in judicial proceedings in the consulates, where courts were held regularly for the trial of civil and criminal causes, was the Italian—many advocates of that nation having lucrative practice at Alexandria.

I have described the informal audiences given by the Viceroy. The formal receptions on the arrival and reception of a new consul-general, or on the occasion of some public ceremony or fête, were very imposing, and would compare favorably with those even in France under Napoleon III., relatively speaking. Thus, when the Viceroy conceived the idea of founding a city at the point on the Nile where it is spanned by the magnificent Barrage, or break-water of the Nile, which cost three or four millions of pounds to construct—commenced by Mehemet Ali, and continued, though never quite completed, by his successors—he made a grand fête, which I shall briefly describe.

All the agents of foreign governments, all the leading European merchants, were invited, and all the leading pachas and beys were commanded to come to this fête, which was to continue for three days and nights. The consular corps, and some of his friends, were invited to be the guests of the Viceroy; and on coming up the river in their *dahabieh*s, or Nile boats, found tents prepared for their accommodation, and obsequious officials, who had orders to supply them three times a day with an abundance of food, and of choice wines of every quality as well. These stewards came regularly to take down in writing their requisitions, and provide without stint or limit for the consuls-general and their numerous suits and friendly visitors.

The Viceroy himself occupied a magnificent tent, where at stated hours he received visitors and entertained them. Booths were erected, in which all day and all night might be witnessed the feats of the jugglers and the dancing women of the country; and the droning chant of the singing girls, accompanied by the monotonous music of the *darbuka* (fish-skin drum), the ear-piercing squeaks of the reed fife, or the tum-tum of the *raab*, or native guitar, rose up, "most musical and melancholy," upon the air. Feats of horsemanship, and the mimic tournament, in which the Arab horsemen hurl the reed at each other, and exhibit their marvelous skill, equalled only by our Comanche Indians, whom they closely resemble in appearance, were also going on incessantly on an open plain near by, in the midst of clouds of dust under those rainless skies; and the beggars on horse-back, such as Solomon saw, in the person of

the ragged Bedouins, mounted on priceless horses, and clad in one priceless garment also, in another sense, performed feats such as no circus ever displayed on its sawdust arena. At night, brilliant displays of those matchless Eastern fire-works lit up the scene; and we sat smoking and sipping coffee and sherbets in the grand tent of the Viceroy, and looking out on the bright, fiery meteors of the show, or turning our eyes upward to the bright, unwinking, lustrous lamps hung high in the Eastern heaven, from whose clear dome of azure hangs not down one single cloud to obstruct those starry splendors from planets large and luminous as lesser moons.

The tents were pitched near the river, and on our return to our *dahabieh*s, on which we slept, as more comfortable than the tents, we would be soothed to slumber by the monotonous murmur of old Father Nile, as he rolled placidly down, whispering among his reeds; to be at sunrise awakened by the martial music which the Viceroy loved, and which sounded the reveille at that fresh and balmy hour. In the East people retire early to rest, and rise early in the morning, and those that are not matutinal elsewhere find it to their advantage to be so in the East; for the most pleasant and the freshest hours of the day are those between daybreak and 9 A.M., before the sun has asserted his full dominion over the land, on which he bestows his most continuous smile.

Said Pacha was much possessed by a military mania; he loved "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," and its parade as well, and paid very great attention to the recruiting, drill, and equipment of his soldiers. He largely increased the number of his army, and greatly improved its personnel and discipline also; and in addition to his regular force of some thirty or forty thousand men in baggy breeches and jackets of white with metal buttons, he had also several fancy troops of horse, equipped in costumes adopted from former days. One of the most striking of these troops was one of gigantic Nubians, clad from head to heel in chain armor, and their black Dongola barbs as well, in imitation of the old Crusaders; a grim troop they looked with their jet black barbs and jet black faces, with rolling white eyes and rattling chain armor! Another troop had on bright brass helmets, and shone afar off in glittering breast and back plates of the same metal; and it seemed only by a special mercy of Allah that every man of them had not perished by sun-stroke in that burning clime. Yet the Crusaders survived a similar trial, and they were not "to the manner born," nor bred up in those fervid climes; so our African friends doubtless did not need our sympathies.

And so for three days and nights this royal revel went on—hundreds of thousands of people flocking to the spot day after day, of all colors, creeds, and every variety of picturesque rag-coverings—the open hand of the Viceroy distributing abundant food to all comers, and a

cloud of smoke from nargileh and chibouque rising up from the spot, like incense from an altar, all the time; for every man, however poor, had his pipe of some kind, and the tobacco to burn in it, that being the Eastern man's first and greatest want, beyond even food or clothes—the one indispensable thing, his substitute for the American "mixed drink," for he drinks water only, by the Prophet's command and his own simple taste.

And then the Viceroy's tents were struck, the martial music sounded; accompanied by his army he moved on to Cairo, twenty miles distant, and the motley crowd which had made a temporary city in the sandy solitude melted away from the spot, leaving scarcely a trace behind of the busy and crowded scene and thronging multitudes that had made brief holiday there and caused the desert to blossom as the rose.

Just before departing the Viceroy invited all the consuls-general of the Great Powers to his tent to take congé, and, after the usual compliments, pipes, and coffee, presented each a large silver medal, which he had caused to be struck off at the royal mint in commemoration of the festival and the founding of the new city, as a souvenir of the event. This medal was about six inches in circumference; on the one side was a plan of the Barrage; on the reverse an inscription in Arabic, setting forth the fact that on that date Said Pasha had laid the foundation-stone of the new city.

To the best of my knowledge and belief the projected city was soon abandoned, and its corner-stone, laid by Said, may represent one of those proverbial stones which are said to pave the lower regions; the pageant described was the most substantial thing about the enterprise.

But he gave more formal entertainments still, quite in defiance of old Turkish prejudices and usages. He gave great public dinners at his palaces, to which he invited as many as five hundred guests, of all nationalities.

At the end of the great hall would be a raised table, at which the Viceroy and the consuls-general sat alone, with a few of his highest and most favored Egyptian officials, such as his Minister of War and of Foreign Affairs—for he had regular Cabinet officers at the head of each branch of administration, some of whom were Armenian Christians, some French and English renegades, and others Turks, but seldom native Egyptians.

At this higher table the entire service at every remove was of gold—plates, forks, spoons—no baser metal was used or allowed to appear—and the candelabra were of the same precious metal. The dinners were served in the Frank style altogether. Stretching down below, on a lower level, was the long table at which the other guests were seated, to the number of several hundred—European alternating with native—the contrast in costume and appearance being very striking. At the right hand of each European were placed bottles of wine—none near the natives, who did not drink, in public at least,

except in some rare instances. The Viceroy himself enjoyed French cookery, and did not stint Champagne. Many Turks drink ale and Champagne, insisting that the Prophet forbade the use only of "nebeet," or red wine; and in the Holy Scriptures the reader will remember the injunction, "Look not upon the wine when it is red," which certainly seems to give color to the Mussulman gloss upon the text of the Koran.

The Babel of languages at these feasts may be imagined; but Said Pasha was really a good entertainer, and an equally good conversationalist, and seemed highly to enjoy these feasts, which were served up in regular French style, and prepared by admirable French cooks.

These state dinners were given chiefly at his palace at Cairo, situated on the bank of the Nile; and the harem apartments, where dwelt the Princess (the Sitta Khaum) and her women, formed a wing of that palace. It was the custom of this favorite wife of Said Pasha, who took the rank and assumed the state of a queen, to invite the wives of the consuls-general to dine with her at the same time; and I have been told that while our banquets were going on bright eyes were watching the scene from a lattice above, where the Princess and her fair visitors could see without being seen, and freely criticise the men and things below.

Although the Mussulman law legalizes the possession of four wives at a time, and custom sanctions the addition of as many "hand-maids" as the happy proprietor may choose to purchase, the children of whom are liberally allowed to be considered legitimate, yet there is always one acknowledged head of the house—the favorite wife for the time being. In the Viceroy's household this favored one is termed the "Sitta Khaum," or great lady—the same title given the princesses of the blood royal—and she is queen of the country, and never displaced, even though she fail in what in the East is regarded the one great duty of woman, and bears her lord no children. Such was the case with the wife of Said Pasha, who never bore him children—his only son being the issue of a Circassian slave, who was promoted to the rank next to that of the Princess for having given him an heir. The Princess herself was said to be a lovely woman, both in face and figure, and her character and intelligence were exceptionally high. She was a poetess and a musician also, but spoke or understood no European language. It is scarcely necessary to add that, with the exception of these invited ladies above, no women figured at these vice-regal fêtes, the separation of the sexes still continuing complete in Egypt in spite of the reforms and the innovations introduced in that kingdom. Alone of all Mussulmans the Sultan is interdicted from marriage. He can only have mistresses, who, nevertheless, are designated by the title of princesses, and take rank as first, second, and third, and so on; and all his children are regarded as legitimate. Every other son of Islam is by law allowed four legal wives, and an

unlimited number of female slaves, as his caprice or his means may dictate. This exclusion of the Sultan from contracting the rite of matrimony arises from the idea of his superiority to all inferior human beings, after he has been invested with the authority of "head of the faith." He is the spiritual as well as the temporal head of Islam, just as to a lesser degree the Czar of Russia is to the Greek Christian Church.

The Egyptian viceroys not claiming to possess this spiritual function, occupy a lower grade; and it was an affectation in Stamboul for the Sublime Porte, in all communications to its Egyptian vassal, to style him only "Governor-General of Egypt," not Viceroy; until very recently Ismail Pacha, the reigning Viceroy, by a mighty bribe bought the title equivalent to that of king, and obtained a change in the succession in favor of his son from the reigning Sultan, Abdul Aziz.

Said Pacha intrigued much and spent large sums of money at Constantinople to achieve the same results; but either his liberality or the wants of the Sultan, were not then so great, and he expended vast sums and made magnificent presents to be repaid only by empty promises, which kept alive while they mocked his hopes.

His son Toussoun, a very pretty and intelligent boy, he was very fond of; and I have often seen him evince much paternal pride in talking with or of him. He was not a debauched or a dissolute man in his habits, and set an example in his domestic life to his pachas and subjects, which, I regret to say, few of them followed; since licentiousness is usually the rule, not the exception, in the East; screened, however, from public gaze by the impenetrable privacy of Oriental life, to which the closely-veiled harem affords its convenient screen.

In public affairs he was as busy as in entertainments. He relaxed many of the restrictions on foreign commerce which the narrow-minded Abbas had imposed; he revised the oppressive system of taxation which ground the faces of the laboring poor, and never plundered the rich; he checked abuses in the administration of justice, and punished unjust judges, or the oppressing pachas in the provinces, when he detected them. He relieved the fellah, or agricultural laborer, from the exactions and imposts levied on him by his predecessor. He went further, and raised to the dignity of independent laborers these fellahs, before treated only as

"The mass of bones and muscles,
Framed to till the soil a few brief years,
Then rot unnamed beneath it,"

by allowing them to become proprietors as well as tillers of the soil. This was the first step made in the direction of the emancipation of this class—slaves in every thing but name—who were not allowed even to change their residence from one village to another without special permission, rarely granted; and who were forced into military service by a process similar to the impressment of sailors formerly practiced in En-

gland. I have often passed on the road, in the time of Abbas, numbers of these fellahs driven along by soldiers, and seen them chained together, with a heavy log of wood depending from the chain, just impressed for the army.

Said Pacha adopted a system of regular recruiting, and gave regular pay to his soldiers, permitting them to return home after their three years' conscription had expired. He also allowed the fellahs to become land-owners, and did for them fully as much, if not more, than the Czar of Russia did for his serfs, whose condition was very similar to theirs. He made strenuous efforts, also, to abolish the slave-trade from the interior and the Red Sea in negro slaves; but it must be admitted that, in several instances which fell within my own knowledge, when he had confiscated a cargo of these "contrabands" he converted the males into involuntary recruits for his army, and sent the females into service in the harems—which, however, they doubtless preferred to returning to their own homes, to be kidnapped and sold again by their affectionate parents.

The "man and brother," as well as the sister, has a hard time of it in the family circle in Ethiopia, Abyssinia, or Nubia, and is ever reluctant to return home when the choice is allowed. And here it may not be amiss to say one word in relation to the great point in which Eastern slavery differs from that "institution" as it had been established in the West, and still languishingly lives in Cuba and Brazil, after its abolition in the United States.

The negro in the East is entirely a domestic, not an agricultural laborer; he is employed exclusively in the house, not in the fields, and is petted and pampered, and has generally a very easy time of it. With the exception of the unhappy class who are made the guardians of the harems, and who are comparatively few in number, they are made pipe-bearers, body servants, or house servants, and well clad and cared for, and grow sleek, fat, and insolent. The agricultural laborers, as before stated, are the fellahs or native peasants, who are copper-colored, not black, and who neither in feature nor physical or mental conformation resemble the negro. The slavery in Egypt was never dependent on caste or color; for a female Greek slave, formerly purchased for a small sum at Alexandria, is now the wife of a well-known French ambassador, and a queen of fashion in one of the most brilliant European courts. A slave, too, was the mother of Said himself, but she was a Circassian woman; and slavery in the East, to this day, fills the houses and improves the population of the great cities by the infusion of the fresh Georgian and Circassian blood into the withered trunk of Islam, like new sap causing the old tree to bloom and blossom again with renewed life. The negro in Africa is the same thoughtless creature, the same grown-up child that he is here; and although no barrier of race or color is regarded as a bar to promotion in the East, yet the high-

est positions he is generally found filling there are in the guardianship of the harem and in domestic service, or as a common soldier. In all my long Eastern experience I never saw the genuine negro filling any high position in the state—for the Abyssinian is not a negro, either in features or configuration of head or form. Whether any of this race are members of the "Parliament" Ismail Pacha has lately convoked in imitation of European forms I do not know, but think it improbable from my previous experience.

By one of those curious inconsistencies which characterize human nature every where, Abbas, while trying to revive the old spirit of Islam, and keep up old Eastern usages as opposed to European, allowed his officials, if it pleased them, to wear the Stamboul or Frank dress, and had his soldiers also arrayed in a mongrel Frank costume called the Nizam.

Said Pacha, who took the opposite policy, strictly enforced the adoption of the Eastern costume in his court, wore it habitually himself, and put all his soldiers in baggy breeches as well. He attempted to establish, and vehemently asserted, an Egyptian nationality as contradistinguished from the Turkish or the European; and even the European merchants, who sought to play the courtier with him, had to wear the red fez cap when visiting him. This was carried so far that I have even seen the consuls of some of the smaller Powers, who were merchants and speculators as well, adopt the same badge in true courtier-like style; for, of all symbols in the East, the hat—the unsuggestive stove-pipe hat we wear—is the unmistakable emblem of the European and the Christian—the badge of the alien in race and religion.

Every one knows how picturesque and graceful the Eastern costume is, with its loose, flowing folds, its bright colors, its rich embroidery, its soft shawls and red tarboosh, relieved by the takea or inner skull-cap of snowy whiteness. Added to these the jewel-hilted Damascus cimier suspended by its silken cord, and the Eastern cavalier may well deride the costume of the Frank, which, though in his court suit stiff with gold embroidery, makes the wearer look lean, angular, and undignified in its tight and straitened proportions and meagre outline.

I have witnessed the galas and participated in the ceremonials of European courts, but they present a sorry show when compared with similar pageants in the East; and not even the Tuileries can vie with some of those receptions given by the Egyptian Viceroy in the palace on the Nile, either in the dazzling splendor of the halls of reception within, or the reflected light of innumerable colored lamps without, which illuminated the river on the one side, and the gardens, faint with the perfume of exotics, on the other; and when you entered those halls of dazzling light, and saw the Viceroy in his rich robes of state, glittering with gems and costly stones, from the aigrette of diamonds

worth a king's ransom on his red tarboosh, down to the great ruby which glowed like fire on his finger, with the port and presence of one born to rule, you could not but admit that he looked every inch a king. Ranged beside him were his pachas, beys, generals, and ministers—all richly, nay, gorgeously attired, also in Eastern costumes, stiff with cloth of gold, while the European agents, in their uniforms richly embroidered also, with court-swords at their sides, gave the charm of contrast to the scene.

At intervals bright rockets would shoot up into the sky from the water or the gardens, and suddenly bright and continuous displays of fire-works would be made. On one occasion I remember a representation of the destruction of Pompeii was planned by an ambitious Greek pyrotechnist, and a mimic town was built up to be destroyed—the representation in the open air lasting full two hours, and consuming not only the wood of which the model city was constructed, but a very large amount of the Viceroy's gold also. The lucky artist laid the foundation of a large fortune on the ashes of this second Pompeii. But ordinarily the fire-works were not on so elaborate a scale, although superior to those which excite our admiration in Europe or America.

From the river and from the gardens floated in the melodious strains of the European bands, whose music the Viceroy had the taste to prefer to the native music, though ever and anon the wild, monotonous beat of the darabuka, accompanied by the chanting song of the native minstrels, might also be heard from the caugia or dahabieh passing up or down river, reminding the listener that these revels were being held on the banks of that river which is older than history.

To the stranger within those hospitable gates, gazing in mingled admiration and wonder on this brilliant scene, and fancying almost that it was an Aladdin's hall in which he stood, suddenly to dissolve like a dream and fade away, leaving no wreck behind, one want was felt, one void experienced. It was, indeed, almost like an Eastern vision within, and a primitive paradise without; but the wanderer from other lands, while gazing upon all these wondrous things so new and so lovely to him, felt there was one thing wanting to complete it—even as did old Father Adam before he found his Eve. There was no woman there—that refining and softening influence was not visible. The soft voices, bright eyes, and lovely faces and forms, which elsewhere would have added sweeter music, softer light, and more soul-subduing influences, this great prince, with all his power, dare not summon to grace his festival.

Eastern etiquette and inexorable custom, stronger than written laws, more potential than princes, forbade her presence in such a scene; and the enchantment was thus rendered incomplete by the absence of the sole sorceress, who can witch away the selfishness of the sterner sex, and make them for a while, by her fascina-

tion, forget themselves. This is the salient peculiarity of all Eastern fêtes to the Western man, and in consequence of that omission the amusements of the guests are greatly restricted—since there can neither be dancing as at our balls, music and singing as at *soirées musicales*, nor any pleasure in

"A seat on a silken sofa
By the light of a chandelier,"

when a bearded visage and manly form occupy the place beside you, and the whispers indulged in are of intrigues unallied to love.

I can recall but one exception to this exclusion of the fairer half of creation, and I remember well the novel excitement which was afforded at one of these entertainments by the introduction of the new element of female presence in our midst, under these circumstances.

The Viceroy and some of the consuls-general were sitting together on a small balcony of the palace witnessing the fire-works, and the outer crowd of spectators was very dense, pressing up to the steps. In the very front of the crowd was the unusual apparition of several European women, dressed in their traveling costumes, and escorted by their male companions, in wide-awake hats, shooting-jackets, and the dust-stained garments of Oriental travel. One of the ladies was recognized by one of the consuls-general, who bowed and spoke to her. The Viceroy, turning to him quickly, said: "One of your compatriots—one of your friends!—invite her and her companions in. The sight may amuse them." The expression of the Viceroy's wish was a command. The consul-general could only obey the courteous mandate, though much confused at the *contretemps*.

The fair invaders, nothing loth, promptly accepted the invitation, entered the palace, and strolled through the bright scene, affording a curious contrast, in their dusty dresses and general *deshabille*, to all that surrounded them. The incident seemed greatly to amuse the Pacha, but he evidently formed a low estimate of both the beauty and the modesty of the intrepid dames who thus trampled on Eastern prejudices and vice-regal etiquette.

The toleration accorded by the Viceroy to this daring sally was not shared in by the crowd of spectators outside, who indulged in loud comments, happily not intelligible to the intrepid damsels or their escort, because couched in the Arabic tongue, but not over-flattering in their import.

The ears of the fair ones would have tingled, and the hands of their male companions would have clenched, with a contraction of the fist and extension of the arm, had they only comprehended the popular appreciation of the unveiled women who thus obtruded themselves on an assemblage of men. Ignorance certainly is bliss sometimes, and it emphatically was so in this case.

The higher classes in the East also have ac-

quired a great taste for gambling, and play cards with great gusto, and for heavy stakes. At the European entertainments at Alexandria the high officials whiled away the time in this way—baggy breeches and Eastern ideas of dignity not permitting them to join in the dance—and they soon became great proficient in it. So seductive did they find this new excitement that I have seen two consuls-general and two princes of the blood royal, occupying reserved railway carriages during the transit from Alexandria to Cairo, which takes six hours, improvise a card-table by placing the cushions of the seat on their knees, and exchange four thousand Napoleons during the transit. But no such diversion was allowed at the Viceroy's fêtes, nor any preparation made for it, in which respect the balls of the Tuileries, to which his have been likened, offer superior inducements, for there is always a card-room there for the benefit of the old fogies or inveterate gamblers.

At the Viceroy's entertainments, again, there was this difference: there was no set supper to which the guests were summoned at a given hour, in the order of precedence to which their rank entitled them. All the evening attendants, bearing on silver trays cakes, sherbets, and various colored preparations which quench Oriental thirst, without vinous or alcoholic admixture, were gliding about with that noiseless, sliding step so peculiar to the Arab, among the assembled guests. For those who sought grosser refreshments there were long canvas-covered tents in the garden, where on a long table was spread out a set supper of solid food, eternally replenished, where the most ravenous hunger might be sated. One of these tents—smaller—was reserved for the more distinguished guests and officials.

To the other entrance was free to all admitted within the gates as guests. A file of soldiers separated the spectators, always assembled in great crowds, from the invited guests, and beyond a certain line the former were not allowed to pass, although they too were permitted to finish the relics of the feast, after the invited guests had departed.

Mention has already been made of the encouragement given by the new Viceroy to the foreigners resident in his kingdom, and his employment of them in his different administrations.

There were several classes of foreigners employed thus; the first class was composed of Europeans who had gone literally body and soul into the Egyptian service—becoming renegades, and adopting the religion and the life, as well as the costume, of the country—and these men, though few in number, obtained high rank and great influence, accumulated large fortunes, dressed, looked, and lived like Turks in all respects, including the harem privileges.

The second class were tempted either by love of adventure or high pay into the Egyptian service, military or civil; but this second class never made so good a thing of it as the rene-

gades, and considered themselves only as temporary residents in Egypt, for the accumulation of wealth sufficient to return home again. This second class was composed chiefly of civil engineers, railroad and telegraph employes, and men like Mariette Bey, who supervised the excavations among the old monuments, prepared the Egyptian Museum of Curiosities founded by Said Pacha.

A third class were the foreign political refugees, whom the storms of 1848 had swept out of Europe. Many of these were men of high birth and culture, such as the Italian Count Galeazzo, Vicomte of Milan, and other Italian, Hungarian, Polish, Austrian, and Venetian refugees. The Chevalier Lattis, of Venice, who, with Manin, was one of the triumvirate of the short-lived Venetian Republic, was one of these exiles. These men, with rare exceptions, did not renounce their religion as well as their allegiance on entering the Egyptian service, and therefore did not rise so high. Many of them have drifted back to Europe since the popular flood-tide has set in there again, and resumed their old places and possessions at home. Nearly all these political refugees were under the protection of the American Consul-General, Mr. De Leon, whose influence with Said Pacha was largely and successfully exerted for them.

A fourth class still of the new employes was to be found among the native Christians—Rayahs, as they are termed—of Greek, Armenian, Coptic, and Syrian blood, belonging to the Greek Christian Church, but born subjects of the Viceroy. These Rayahs, pillaged and persecuted and excluded from position by the bigoted Abbas—whose faith was very much of the Puritan stamp, and exhibited itself in "tender mercies" like those of our "Pilgrim Fathers"—were kindly treated by his more liberal successor, and advanced to high positions.

Thus he made Arakel Bey, an Armenian Christian, Governor of the Soudan—a post second only to his own in power and pay; and his brother, Nubazo, he created a pacha, and made actually his Prime Minister, intrusting all delicate European negotiations to him, as in the case of the Suez Canal controversy at a later period.

Before briefly sketching the strange and romantic stories of some of the most prominent of these European renegades, let us look for a moment at a European who, though a life-long employe in confidential positions in Egypt, and styled a bey, as well as holding the important post of High-Chamberlain at court, and Introducer of Embassadors, yet lived and died a devout Catholic, and an incorruptible man in the midst of corruption. If the poet's dictum be true, that an honest man's the noblest work of God, then may we apply that high estimate to König Bey, first tutor to Said Pacha in his youth, and afterward his faithful friend, counselor, and servant, until death divided them, though he survived his friend and monarch only a few short months. The friendship be-

tween the pupil and the tutor, and which lasted with life, was equally honorable to both; for König Bey, though a man of polished manners and great urbanity of address, was no cringing courtier, but preserved his own manly self-respect toward the Viceroy, even as he had with his prince-pupil—treated the full-grown African lion, after his teeth and claws were fully grown, even as he had the playful young lion's whelp. On the other side, although the enjoyment of unrestrained and unbounded power and wealth wrought great changes in Said Pacha's character, yet he never changed in his treatment of König Bey, who was kept near his person in a high position, and presented with property of considerable value. The intimate relations and influence he enjoyed his former tutor and late confidant used or abused so little that, while all the other employes near the Viceroy grew enormously rich, he left only a modest competency to his family after his death, which followed shortly after the Viceroy's.

The foreign adventurers in Egypt, as a class, were generally so unscrupulous, and so utterly selfish, that a shining example, like that of König Bey, to the contrary, is well worthy of record. Truth compels me to say that I found very few like him among his own compatriots, or the other European attachés to the Egyptian Government. As before remarked, the history of some of these men was very romantic, and worthy of a few words in passing, for their influence in Egypt did much to mould and shape the administration into form.

A remarkable and prominent instance of this was the case of Suleyman Pacha, General-in-Chief of the Egyptian army under the administration of Said Pacha. He was a Frenchman by birth, and held the rank of Colonel under Napoleon I., and was then known as Colonel Sevé. Attached to the French invasion of Egypt in that capacity, when the French occupation ceased, and the army evacuated the country, he resigned his commission, or at any rate remained in Egypt, became a Mussulman, and, like Byron's hero in the "Siege of Corinth,"

"The turban girt his shaven brow."

The change diminished his license in the way of wine, and increased it in the way of wives; for he rigorously conformed to all the Mussulman rights and usages to the day of his death, which only anticipated Said's by a short period, and his name is embalmed in Mussulman memory as that of one who died "a true believer."

I knew Suleyman Pacha very well, and a more thorough Turk in appearance, habits, and manner it was impossible to see. But the native French vivacity was irrepressible in his conversation, and when he became excited in argument you recognized the influence of the Boulevards and of the Champs Elysées, as well as the days of the Empire.

On the latter topic, however, I never heard him speak; nor did he ever, when I was pres-

ent, refer to his European souvenirs. He avoided European society as much as he could, and when forced into it by his official position his reticence and reserve were truly Oriental. No stranger seeing the dignified looking old man, with his Oriental costume, snowy beard falling on his breast, and grave, composed manner, could have doubted that he was looking on a high-bred Turk of the old régime; but one who knew his history, and watched him closely, could observe an occasional impatient twitching of the mouth under the heavy mustache, and a flash of the steel-gray eye, which betrayed the excited Gaul masquerading under the Oriental dress and manner, the hot blood which even age could not cool, the fiery temper which even habit could not school, and the French frivolity under the Turkish phlegm.

He was a good soldier and a stern martinet, and both in the matter of drill and equipment improved the efficiency of the Egyptian army, and caused it to make a very creditable display on the occasion of the great reviews. Said was so fond of having—often taking his whole army on a military promenade, and living himself under tents with them for weeks at a time, which, in a climate like that of Egypt, was by no means as disagreeable as under colder and more inclement skies. So, to the best of my knowledge, like Alp, old Suleyman Pacha died, as he had lived,

"Without a hope from mercy's aid,
Still to the last a renegade"—

probably sharing the easy indifference about religions of all kinds which characterized the first Napoleon, who was *Philosopher* at Paris, most Catholic at Rome, and a good Mussulman at Cairo.

Another of the most conspicuous of the newly made true believers was Abdallah Pacha, an Englishman by birth, whose aspiration of his A's, when he condescended to speak his native tongue in private, indicated his origin most unmistakably. He was one of the most imposing looking Turks the foreign tourists ever saw, and his imperturbable gravity and self-control were something to marvel at to those who knew his history. As head of the transit through Egypt by railway, an office of great responsibility, he was constantly brought in contact with the tourists and passengers from India and England, and had to listen to and decide upon their complaints and requisitions, which were neither few nor unfrequent. But he spoke no language but Arabic, and had always his interpreter standing by his side to render into that language all that was said, and his own replies. Frequently have I seen him sitting unmoved, and apparently understanding nothing that was said, his Eastern costume and bushy red beard flowing on his breast, calmly smoking his chibouque, while a crowd of angry Englishmen from India, or on their way thither, were uttering their complaints in language most uncomplimentary to the Viceroy

and the imperturbable Abdallah, who they little dreamed comprehended their very emphatic Anglo-Saxon.

"Tell the old Turkish beggar so and so!" "Ask the lazy old Turk to stop making a chimney of himself and attend to his business here, or our Consul-General will have him turned out of his place!" and other such flattering speeches would fall on his unheeding ear, and all the while he would be gravely conversing, with Eastern formality, through his interpreter; though I could sometimes catch a gleam of amusement in his eye when he saw one present who knew the farce he was playing. In private life there was no humbug about him, and his characteristics were very English. He was a bold, bluff, energetic man, despotic to his inferiors, but cordial to his equals, and very proud of his rank and position in the service, which he turned to his profit. He was free enough in his conversation with the few foreigners he associated with, but entertained only in the Eastern fashion, conforming in all respects to the custom of the country and the injunctions of his new religion, whose mandates he scrupulously observed, as well as its social system. He drank no wine, ate no pork, had his harem, and never made or encouraged any allusion to religious topics. He still lives, and is not an old man. Not having enjoyed any early advantages of education or society, this reticence, and the self-respect which prompted it, proves him to have been naturally a man of strong intellect and sound judgment. He was very little of a courtier, and the bluntness with which he ever expressed his opinions, even to his patron the Viceroy, showed that the seeds of his English nature still germinated under his shaven brow. Curious, indeed, was it to witness this sturdy English oak metamorphosed into an Egyptian palm; but its fruit was ever the acorn, though its foliage might cause it to be mistaken for the Eastern tree. There were a great many others whose histories were equally curious, but fearing to fatigue the reader, I reserve them for the present, thinking these two specimens of Orientalized Frenchman and Englishman may serve as samples of the whole.

Recruiting his administration by fresh blood, native and exotic, Said Pacha evoked order out of the Egyptian chaos, and both private and public interests improved and prospered by the change. Not only were the agricultural products immensely increased by the wise step of giving the laborer an interest in the soil, and assuring him of the enjoyment of the fruits of his labor, but the introduction of all the European improvements in agricultural implements, steam-plows, and steam-pumps to force up the water from the Nile—now no longer permitted to overflow its banks—assisted in this development. Commerce, too, was immensely stimulated by the influx of European immigration, and the protection and encouragement given to the mercantile community; and the annual revenues of Egypt, from its imports and

duties alone, rose in the time of Said to £6,000,000. The internal taxes it would be difficult to estimate, for no annual estimates were ever rendered, and taxation was proportionate to the wants of the administration and of the Viceroy, who, like Caesar, could at any time send an edict "that all his world should be taxed," and that edict was enforced, without protest or whisper of complaint being heard.

Our own civil war was of great benefit to Egypt. Said Pacha had the sagacity to see the opening offered for Egyptian cotton, which more nearly approximates the Sea Island than any raised elsewhere, and said to the Consul-General in Egypt—a Southern man—on taking congé, "If your people stop the cotton supply for Europe, my people will have to grow more and supply them;" and his words were prophetic; for Egypt grew fat and flourished on the demand caused by that war for her cotton, of which she greatly increased the produce, and obtained very high prices for the crop during a series of years.

A tragic event, which caused the Viceroy much uneasiness, and was made the theme of scandalous suspicion, occurred at an early part of his reign. He had invited his kinsmen, the princes of the blood, his nephews, and all the high officials to a fête he was to give at Alexandria in honor of his son Tousoun. The great railway bridge over the Nile had just been completed, which works by a draw-bridge, opening at times for the passage of steamers up and down the river. Through the carelessness of some of the employés, when the special train which was conveying the princes and their suits back again to Cairo was returning, this draw-bridge was left open, the train rushed on in the obscurity of twilight, and the engineer saw, too late to stop the speed and reverse the engine, that the draw-bridge was open, and that he was driving on the train to death and destruction, as a few yards more would hurl them all sheer down into the rushing river—a fall of sixty feet. On thundered the train down the short slope that led to the bridge, and then all saw their danger—too late!

In one of the cars sat the Prince Achmet, a gross, clumsy man, nephew and next in succession to Said, with Prince Halim, one of Said's younger brothers, and much beloved by him—together with generals, courtiers, and officials. Ismail, the present Viceroy, not being on good terms with Said, had feigned sickness, and was thus providentially saved. The Prince Achmet, and all the others save one, stupefied by terror, or stubbornly relying on "kismet," or destiny—the key-stone of Eastern fatalism—sat stupidly still, and were precipitated sheer down with the carriages into the stream, whence their dead bodies were fished up by expert divers the day after the event. One man escaped—the Prince Halim—then in the flower of his youth, and noted for his skill and endurance in all manly sports. Son of a Bedouin mother, he partakes of many of the characteristics of the

race whose blood runs in his veins. Like Nimrod, a mighty hunter, and as "a tamer of horses" worthy of a place beside old Homer's heroes—with the eye of a falcon, the heart of a lion, and the sinewy and supple strength of one of his own desert steeds—he neither lost his presence of mind nor his courage. Calling on his uncle and the others to imitate him, he rose up, as the train rushed rapidly down the slope to the yawning chasm, burst open the door, and on reaching the open draw-bridge plunged headlong into the river. Those who witnessed the spectacle, and saw him sink like a stone into the swollen flood, never expected to see the daring Prince emerge alive again; but his arm, as well as his heart, was strong; he did rise again, buffeting the angry waters which had engulfed his friends, swam safely to the shore, and lives to this day in those charming gardens of Shoubra which were wont to solace the leisure of Mehemet Ali in his old age, as described in a recent number of this Magazine.

The public works of Egypt occupied much of the attention of the new Viceroy. He pushed to completion the railroad from Alexandria to Cairo, and extended it by an additional line from Cairo to Suez, replacing by steam the slow transit over the desert by vans drawn by mules, and thus giving increased facility to the travel between Europe and India. He also established the telegraph wires, extending them over all parts of Egypt, even into the interior and far up the Nile—a startling innovation in the East, for there is no other portion of the country ruled by the Ottoman race where either of these modern improvements exists, with the exception of the very short line of railway from Smyrna to Aidin, in Asia Minor. Constantinople and the realm of the Sublime Porte make their lines and their improvements on paper only. Said Pacha made his working realities. Nay, he did more: improving on an idea of Abbas, the misanthrope, toward the close of his reign, when increasing obesity and disease, finally fatal, made locomotion less easy for him, he had branch lines of his railways run up to the back-doors of his several palaces; and when badly badgered by pertinacious consuls-general seeking formal audiences, or by petitioners seeking to squeeze still more his already shrunken purse, he would quietly order his engine, which was always under steam, and incontinently elope for some other palace. Meanwhile the expectant visitor remained quietly puffing one of the amber-tipped and jeweled mouth-pieces of the host's chibouque in the reception-room, as Said was steaming away and amusing himself with the disappointment of his guest on finding the march which had been stolen upon him.

One of the greatest landmarks of his reign was the conception and commencement of the great Suez Canal project of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, under his auspices and by his aid. It was with the Viceroy the morning M. de Lesseps first broached the matter to him, and, as

a friend of that gentleman, encouraged the idea, and represented to the Viceroy the honor which would redound to him as the patron of so grand an international work. M. de Lesseps was an old friend of the Viceroy's, having been Acting Consul-General of France at Alexandria when Said was quite a youth, himself then a young man, and familiar with the young Prince. He filled afterward the post of French Minister to Rome, in '48, and quarreled with the Provisional Government, though himself of advanced Liberal politics. On the attack on Rome by General Oudinot, which he denounced as inconsistent with the professions and policy of France, overruled, he resigned in disgust, and returned into private life. On the accession of Said, his old companion, he visited Egypt, his head and heart full of the grand project of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, and obtained the co-operation of Mougel Bey, an eminent French engineer, who had planned the Barrage across the Nile, and who was high authority in all such matters in Egypt. Encouraged by Said Pacha, who liberally patronized the scheme, both by his concession to M. de Lesseps of the privilege, as well as by very large contributions of money afterward, M. de Lesseps constituted his company, commenced the work, and the rest is known to the world; for both his name and that of the canal have already become part of the history of our time. The canal is now almost complete, and the vexed question of its utility will now soon be tested. That of its practicability, so stoutly contested by English engineers, has long since been successfully demonstrated.

Said did not live long enough to see the completion of this great work, with which his name must ever be indissolubly connected; but he lived sufficiently long to see that the experiment would be successful in which he had spent so much treasure, and which, in its different stages, had caused him so much anxiety and annoyance.

Neither he, nor M. de Lesseps, nor the Peninsular and Oriental Company of Great Britain—their great opponent at that time—while contesting the route to India for England or France, dreamed of the later route across the Pacific Ocean which American enterprise has since established from our Western slope, to tap the extreme East from that side, and draw away her richest produce from them both; for the Pacific route to China and Japan opens a new and virgin Ophir to the commercial world.

At the suggestion of the American Consul-General Said Pacha also sent to America, and obtained samples of American locomotives and railway cars and wagons, as well as steam-pumps and other American machinery.

He was so pleased with those that he afterward sent very large orders to the American engine and car builders; and Americans who have traveled of late years in Egypt must have been pleased, as well as surprised, on finding

themselves transported from Alexandria to Cairo, and from thence to Suez, in American cars, drawn by American locomotives. That peculiar institution, the American rocking-chair, may also now be found in the houses of most of the foreign residents. The only difficulty in establishing a brisk trade between Egypt and America arises from the fact that the products of the former are similar to those of our Southern States; namely, cotton, rice, sugar, and grain; and therefore she has no return cargoes to send us, nor any advantageous barter to propose to the Universal Yankee Nation.

I have thus hastily sketched the outline of the reign of Said Pacha in its earlier period, which was its brightest, for the glories of his morning were succeeded by a cloudy evening. His generosity, which made him the dupe and prey of adventurers, soured in his later days into almost universal distrust of mankind; his gayety was saddened by satiety, and his caprices grew with their indulgence. Flatterers, as numerous and pertinacious as the flies of Egypt, swarmed and buzzed around him, injuring his mental vision as much as those Egyptian plagues do the eyesight of the stranger. Treachery and falsehood dogged his footsteps, and the sound of truth grew strange in his ears. He gradually became less public-spirited, and more intent on his personal indulgence, while his natural tendency to obesity increased, making him unwieldy in body and sluggish in mind. His vivacity was succeeded by petulance and irritable impatience; and the seeds of a mortal disease, long latent in his system, developed themselves, and dragged him down the path which must be trodden by the feet of all mortal men, even though a king's.

But he fought his malady as bravely and as resolutely as he would have encountered any human foe. His European physicians recommended change of air and scene—that last specific when all other arts have failed; and he came to Paris, to seek in that magical city on the banks of the Seine the health denied him by the waters of his native Nile. The last time I ever saw him was in that city, in the summer of 1862, and it was then evident that his days were numbered. His increasing feebleness was only the more perceptible from the contrast with the huge bulk of his body, swollen and flaccid with disease.

But his manner had not lost its old charm, and his greeting was as frank and hearty as of old. His mind, too, seemed as vigorous as ever; and his comments on men and things at Paris, and the specimens of its society he saw, were marked by much acumen and caustic humor.

The impressions made by that artificial life on an Eastern child of nature were both curious and instructive.

He foresaw his own fate, and awaited it with more than Roman stoicism, with the resigned fatalism of the Oriental which is his faith; for Islam means resignation, and predestination is

the cardinal doctrine of its creed. He returned shortly after to Egypt, only to die, and was interred with great pomp at the family burying-place in a vault attached to the crumbling palaces of the old Memlook sultans, in the desert, just outside the Bab el Naar (or Gate of Victory) at Cairo. He had just reached middle age, and few monarchs, in any country, have been as sincerely mourned, or have left more real friends behind them than did Said Pacha, who, although not without his faults and follies—for he was a man, not an angel—was yet at heart a noble human being, as well as a just, humane, and judicious ruler over the country which Providence had confided to his care.

"Requiescat in pace!" or, as a Turk would phrase it, "Allah Kerim!" (God's will be done).

DELIVERANCE ARMSTRONG.

I WAS nursery governess at Squire Raynham's when I first met George Smith. You see, I was all alone in the world, with nothing but my wits, a good temper, and a fair face, if I do say it, and a willing heart, with which to earn a livelihood. To be sure, I had received a common school education, as the saying is, and a very common one it proved, as it did not enable me to fill the place of governess proper to Squire Raynham's elder children, at that time a situation which I coveted. But I must content myself in the nursery, and it was not a very hard lot either—that is, it wouldn't have been had I been satisfied to remain in it, instead of reaching after greater things; but I was all the time looking forward to the day when I should have educated myself up to the standard of some higher employment; and as you may know, what with taking the entire charge of three roistering children, who never would mind a word that was said to them—what with keeping their clothes in order and their faces clean, and telling them stories till they were sound asleep—what with attending to their elementary studies and never losing sight of them from morning till night, my task was no sinecure, and left me precious little time for self-improvement. But I did the best I could under the circumstances. Mrs. Raynham gave me leave to read the books in the library if I chose, and when the children were all in bed and the sewing all done up I used to take my lamp into the ante-room and read till I was almost blind; then I put the book under my pillow, and if I could wake up before the children—for which there was hardly a chance, for they always seemed to see the sun shining in their dreams—but if I was so lucky as to anticipate them, why, there was the book at hand and a nice quiet hour between us. I don't think I ever enjoyed any thing so much as that sweet, early hour, at least not till George came. And it wasn't a story-book either, though goodness knows I was as fond of a story as any young girl who is always expecting one of her own to happen along; and many is the time I have

hesitated between the "Bride of Lammermoor" or some volume of physical geography or astronomy. Now and then, too, I had a holiday; and Sundays I had always the privilege of taking the children to church with me, and of hearing good language and good advice, and here it was that I got into the habit of taking a note of such words as I did not understand, and looking them out in the big library-dictionary, and learning them by heart. And here, too, it was that I sat and listened to the great organ, and to the glorious old chants that rang through the church and stirred all the blood in one's heart till it leaped in answer. And here it was that I first saw George Smith, for he sang in the choir, behind the lattice carved in angels and seraphs' lyres. I don't think this was why I was so fond of church-going though; I believe I should have gone all the same if there had been no such person in the world as George Smith; but that there was, and that he went to church too, and sung in a way that thrilled one with the strangest emotions, didn't, at least, make it a bit unpleasant. And, truth to tell, I set my heart upon him at the first glance, but I kept my eyes on the prayer-book, and only stole a look at him by accident, as it were, which, considering the lattice and my distance from the choir, did not do much harm. For, you see, I was afraid that if I looked straight at him my eyes would just up and tell the whole story, and after that I should never dare to go to church again. But I tried not to think of him during services, except at the singing, and then it just seemed as if he spoke to me, and I had a right to let my thoughts wander out to him in reply. One day I overheard Squire Raynham say to his wife, "That young Smith has the finest voice in the choir, I think." And Mrs. Raynham said, "Yes; I wonder how he has found the time to cultivate it! Though, to be sure, people always find time for the things they love. I suppose that accounts for it." And then my face burned so I was obliged to drop little Gab's doll out the window for an excuse to run out of the room. I suppose this was prophetic of that which was to follow.

It was two or three weeks later, when I was taking the children home from church, that a loose horse came galloping headlong down the street, and I had just time enough to catch Gab in my arms, while the others ran for the fences, when he made a dash at us in his horrible playfulness, and would have crushed us beneath his glittering hoofs but for a young man who caught at the bridle and held him till the owner came up. I don't know whether it was the fright or what, but my heart beat so loudly I thought every one must hear it and be astonished, especially when the young man turned to me and asked if I was frightened, and then it beat ten times louder and choked my voice, for the young man was George Smith himself; and he took little Gab out of my arms and sat down on a door-step beside me, and I tried to mumble

out my thanks; and he smiled on me and tossed Gab in his strong arms and asked, "Aren't you the nursery governess at Squire Raynham's?" And it seemed to me that he must have thought of me before to know that; so I answered, "Yes; and you sing in the choir, I believe. I would rather hear you sing than any one else I know." And then he smiled again, and said, "I would rather hear you speak than any other." And then he put Gab down and walked home with us across the fields; and shook hands at the door and hoped we should be good friends and meet often; and I ran up to the nursery window and watched him out of sight; and after that it seemed, somehow or other, as if the world was a hundredfold fairer, and the children weren't half so noisy as before, and the sewing went off like magic, while I went humming and light of heart about my work. My books suffered from this rival, however; I could no longer bind my thoughts to them as of yore. But there's one thing that is better than much learning, which every true woman chooses first. And so, in this way, George Smith grew into the habit of walking home with us after church every Sunday. How sorry I used to be when it stormed too hard for church to be considered, or if I were ill or any thing happened to keep me away; and I would have given a great deal to have known if he cared for the omission. And one Wednesday afternoon, as I was out for a stroll with little Gab, who should overtake us but George.

"Were you sick last Sunday, Miss Armstrong?" he asked. "I missed my walk with you fearfully."

I couldn't help showing how pleased I was at that, and I just answered: "Yes, I had a wretched headache, and I could have cried to lose all the beautiful chants, and—" Then I bethought myself and hesitated.

"And what?" said he.

"Isn't that enough?"

"No," laughing, "that isn't enough; is it, Gab?"

"No," said Gab, appropriately, "'tisen't 'nuff—candy too;" and, as George didn't take the hint, she suggested, "Pockets, Mr. Smit." So we sat down on a rustic stile, and Gab began to search all his pockets for the sweet morsels, and amused herself with the odd things she found there; while George and I talked about every thing under the sun, and he explained his work to me, which, after all, I didn't in the least understand, you know, but should have liked all the same to hear him speak had it been in a dead language; for he was a mechanic, and the ideas he had about machinery, and the plans for improvements and inventions, were very magnificent, I have no doubt, but somewhat incomprehensible to me. I really believe that he thought his machines were alive and endowed with the bump of judgment. But there was one thing I did understand, in my feeble way, and that was music; and so, when he ceased speaking for a little space, and sat look-

ing straight into my eyes, to make sure, it seemed to me, that I cared for the things he had been talking of, then I began:

"But, Mr. Smith—"

"My name is George, as you may have heard," he interrupted.

"Your name Jorge?" broke in little Gab, diverted from her play for the moment. "My name's Gab."

"So I should think," he answered. Then to me: "You were going to say something, Miss Armstrong?"

"I was going to ask why you don't give up every thing to music; with such powers as yours you might make a famous public singer, and coin your millions, like Signor Chantilli, whom Mrs. Raynham went to the city to hear."

"I should be able to coin all my notes into gold, shouldn't I? But, you see, I think better of music than to make it my genius, my slave, to fetch and carry for me. When I should have used it for my material needs, I fear I should lose perception of its higher service. Now it is my recreation, my solace after hard work of hand or brain—a sort of religion that keeps me out of harm's way."

"Oh yes, one must have a pure heart, I think, in order to sing beautifully; and then there's such a difference in voices—one touches you not at all, while another searches your soul and finds all manner of sweet and holy echoes there," I said.

"Yes," he returned, "that's a very pretty idea of yours, Miss Armstrong. Music is a reminiscence of heaven; and then a man must have something to love, Miss Armstrong—a man who has no wife to make his home happy;" and he looked so hard at me out of his wide gray eyes that I couldn't, for the life of me, keep the blushes out of my face. I am afraid that Gab and I found it all too pleasant, and when we reached home Gab was eloquent on the subject of "pockets and candy and Mr. Smit," though I think candy was pre-eminent in her depraved mind. The following day I had an errand to do for Mrs. Raynham, and I took the same path we had found so sweet on the yesterday—the path across the fields and over the stile and through the tangle of alders into town, for we lived full three-quarters of a mile outside. I stopped on the stile, thinking of George and all the kind things he had said sitting there beside me; and I looked at the great blue sky all sheeted in sunshine, at the ferns and grasses underfoot, and thought, "what if, some day, he should think to love me;" and then the tears gushed into my eyes, and a strong throb of emotion stirred me—a throb which was half of fear lest he never would, and half of joy that he might; and just then something glittered in the grass below, and I sprang down and raised a small gold locket, chased in all manner of lovely designs, and hoarding the picture of a sweet-faced girl. Gab had dropped it from George's pocket, that was plain. There were no longer any tears in my eyes; this smile

ing face had swept away all my visions like dusty cobwebs; I was downright jealous. I'm sure I can't tell how long I may have stood there, growing every instant more desolate and hungry; but at length I put the locket out of sight, meaning to return it to Mr. Smith with the coolest indifference, as if it were a matter of course that he should carry about with him the picture of one woman while making something very much like love to another. It was such a tiresome walk into town and back after that! All the elasticity had gone out of me; the perfumes of the fields, the little winds that shivered through the alders, the lonesome reaches of blue sky, gave me a new sense of isolation. It wasn't at all the same world for the rest of that week; my duties hung about my neck like a millstone; I just dragged through with them as much dead as alive; I don't believe that I answered a single question coherently, and I never once opened a book; but I used to take out the locket and look at it by stealth, and wonder if she were really *his* love, till I was half crazed. You see I was deeply in love, with no mitigating circumstances; a love that is a little *passé* now, I fear, or it seems to me that Arabella would hardly leave the sound of Ernest's voice to go waltzing down the public hall in the embrace of Don Guzman, whom she has met for the first time to-night.

But Sunday came at last; and when I stood in the pew and heard *his* voice chanting in the *Te Deum*, it appeared to me that if I lost him I could never, never, in all the world, give thanks for any thing again, or follow that divine prayer with the strength of my soul; and then I made a great struggle not to indulge jealousy in church, and all the time my mind was so busy with the face in the locket, considering her ways, her circumstances, her prettiness, that before I was aware the congregation was thronging out of church, and little Gab was pulling at my muslin mantle, and George was coming down the broad aisle, while the sun shining in through the painted windows threw little patches of rainbows here and there, and made the church walls resemble the illuminations of an old missal in the Squire's library.

I had never waited for Mr. Smith before; he had always managed to overtake me; but now, I can't tell why, but I shut Gab's little hand in mine, as a sort of stay, and stood still there waiting for him. He was pleased at that, I fancied; and then I was provoked at myself for allowing such a fancy. What business had I to be fancying things about another girl's lover?

"You look like some Catholic saint," he said, giving me a hand; "some Catholic saint, just stepped out of a cathedral window—the patroness of little children."

"I don't know any thing about the Catholic saints," I cried, a little stiffly, for already my heart was melting at the sight, the sound of him, the touch of his cool fingers, the *something* in his tender eyes that was not indifference, and

might be love. I needed all the firmness I could master. "I don't know any thing about the Catholic saints," I repeated. "Good Protestants—"

"Good Protestants look so hard at their prayer-books that they forget to rise in the creed!"

"I didn't—did I?" catching myself up.

"Give me the book; I wish to see what fixed your attention. Ah—two tears," he said, opening it at the place; two tears shut in between the leaves, pressed like sacred flowers, for safe-keeping. I shall take the hint;" and he put my prayer-book into his pocket and gave his own to me.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," I demurred.

"His name's Jorge," corrected little Gab.

"So it is, Gab; do you keep her in mind of that, dear child," said George.

We were out in the lanes now, and the sweet breath of heaven blew fresh in our faces, and for the time I had quite forgotten about the locket, when, happening to put my hand into my pocket, my fingers closed upon it, and the blood began to quicken and my heart, to leap and plunge; and I tried to speak, but the words died in a whisper.

"What's the matter, Di?" said George, regarding me. "You were going to say something?"

"Yes. I was going to ask if you had lost any thing—"

"Indeed I have," he answered, with a mischievous drollery in his eyes; "and I hope you have found it, and will value it enough to keep it."

"I *have* found it," I said, answering according to the letter; "but I don't think you can be quite in earnest about my keeping it. And then, besides, it is of no value to me, and it is probably priceless to you;" and here I held the locket up before his eyes.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" he said, and he did not color or look in the least discomfited. "I hadn't missed it at all. Where did you find it?"

"Near the stile where Gab picked your pockets last week."

"Yes, the little foot-pad!" Then touching the spring: "Now I dare say you thought this a picture of my sweet-heart?"

"It is pretty enough to be," I evaded.

"Do you think so? I believe, however, it is a notorious fact that we always prefer other men's sisters to our own. Have you a brother, Di?"

"No, I have no one."

"No one? Don't speak so disconsolately, child. You may be sure there's some one in the world who belongs to you, who is nearer than flesh and blood, who cares for you more than for himself, and he may not be so far off as you imagine either."

"I don't imagine any thing about him," I answered, loftily.

"Don't you? Well, I'm going to imagine a little affair: I am imagining that I see you go-

ing into the city to-morrow with me; that we proceed to the photographer's, where you sit for a picture which shall belong to me, and which I shall inclose in this locket—as a guard, you know, to prevent me from losing it again!”

“My imagination isn’t so vigorous as yours; it won’t carry me so far,” I said, half pleased and a little doubtful.

“Very well,” he returned, and we walked on some distance in silence; and when I could bear it no longer, “Are you displeased, Mr. Smith?” I ventured.

“Mr. Smith is not displeased, Miss Armstrong; he is merely disappointed. You have a natural and reasonable right to refuse him your picture, if you don’t care to have his—which indifference isn’t at all surprising.”

“Oh, but—”

“But what?”

“You didn’t say any thing about *that*!”

“Because I’m a bashful young man, and expected to be teased for it, you little goose.”

“I am sorry, but—”

“You will go?”

“Maybe. If Mrs. Raynham can spare me.”

“She’ll have to spare you one of these days, Di, with a vengeance; she might as well try to get used to it.” And by this we had reached home, and there was no need of replying.

“Mamma!” cried Gab, the instant she was within hearing, rushing into the house and leaving all the doors open. “Mamma, can you spare Di? Jorge wants her!”

Mr. Smith was just going down the yard, and he turned round and laughed, and called to me that Gab was a faithful witness; but I could have sunk into the ground where I stood.

I was, indeed, very happy in those days, when I wore the locket with his picture in it at my throat—the locket which he had bought for me at the time of our visit to the city; when I was sure of seeing him every Sunday, of hearing him sing behind the carved lattice; when he had grown into the habit of dropping in to see me now and then of an evening, when the children had been safely conveyed to the Land of Nod by genii and enchanters, and we sat together in the ante-room and exchanged schemes and sympathies. And he grew dear to me because he believed me worthy to understand his hopes and assuage his fears; and I grew nearer to him, perhaps, because I took them into my heart so entirely and hospitably entreated them. We had great ambitions in those days; he was but a mechanic, and he hoped to become an inventor; I was but a poor little nursery governess, and I strove to climb higher. But I doubt if any merely material success in life could have increased our happiness, when we sat together there with love lingering in our eyes and smothered upon our lips; when the lamp burned dimly, and moths flew in at the open window and scorched their pretty wings at the flame, and my needle grew heavy, and the honey-suckle lent a flavor to the hour; while words came slowly spoken, and meant less than the love-

glances faintly read by that fading light; then the pressure of tender hands, the silences of two confident hearts.

Those were happy, happy days, that waned at length and went out in no effulgence of twilight, in shadows vast and woeful.

I recall the last Sunday on which we walked together through the fields and lanes, lifeless now beneath December snows, beneath pallid winter skies; but I felt no dread so long as he walked by my side; fearing no misfortune, seeing no ghost of trouble in the perspective.

“Well,” said he, as we turned our faces homeward, “you will not hear me sing next Sunday, and I shall not walk this way with you again, perhaps, for many a long day—perhaps never; for when friends part, who can say when or where or how they will meet?”

“When friends part!” I repeated, astounded. “What do you mean, Mr. Smith?”

“I should have told you at first, I suppose; but, you see, the arrangements were not perfected, and I didn’t care to speak of an uncertainty.”

A horrible suspicion possessed me then.

“Are you going to be married?” I asked, at first thought, my pulse standing still.

“I don’t know,” he answered, laughing. “I wish you would tell me. But it is not *that*. I have received the offer of a more profitable situation in the city, and I have hesitated accepting on many accounts; but on sober thought I perceive that though it will leave me less time to work out my own ideas, still I shall be better paid; and without money, you know, all my schemes will fall to the ground and profit me nothing.”

“I see,” I responded, faintly. Just then neither money nor schemes weighed in the balance with the loss of his companionship.

“You are sorry, little girl,” he said, observing my dejection; “but I don’t mean to lose sight of you. I shall come sometimes, if you will let me; at least you will hear from me; you will hear something, perhaps, that you ought to know already.” And he took both my hands in his, and looked in my face silently and earnestly, and said “Good-by;” and I watched him disappear down the crooked path with tears in my eyes that blotted out both road and lover.

That first week, with no hope beckoning at its end, was a dreary week enough to me: storms shut us in upon ourselves; winds raved and shrieked about our ears. I sat by the window and sewed, and watched the white drifts built up, flake after flake, and the wild white whirl of the elements, while little Gab stood at my feet and wondered if they could make a snow man in the yard to-morrow, and the other children ran an imaginary express train through the nursery, ante-room, and entry, with letting off of volumes of steam—imperceptible except to the ear—with braking up at countless stations, and all the attendant clamor, till it was hard to tell whether one was

in Bedlam or out of it, or expressed for that locality. And Sunday came at last, a miracle of blue and gold, and bells ringing on the frosty air; and with it a chance to me of finding out whether I went to church to worship God or man.

But the following Tuesday I doubt if I ever forget. The wind had only backed round, as they say, and it had come up full as stormy, as bleak, as hopeless as the week before. Gab still hung about my knee with her unanswerable questions, and the others, dissatisfied with railway life and civilization, had induced blankets and wampum, and were rehearsing an Indian war-dance, which had at least the virtue of demonstrating that their lessons were not thrown away upon them. But the wind was no longer a trouble to me, nor Gab a fret, nor the war-hoop a torture, for early that morning the house-maid had brought me up a letter, and Gab had climbed on the back of my chair and followed the lines with her little first-finger, as if she could understand, and Letty had spelled out the direction on the envelope, and Tommy had begged the stamp, before I comprehended that George Smith had asked me to marry him! Storms might do their worst, for I was sheltered in love. What I replied to him it would not be hard to imagine, and I distinctly remember contemplating the superscription of my letter by the light of my candle with intense satisfaction.

"Mr. G. L. Smith" was not a name to be despised, even though it were as common as clay, so long as it represented the one who loved me best—the George Smith I loved.

So the days went by, and I waited in a happy suspense. I heard the children's lessons and washed their faces and mended their rents and endured their prattle without a murmur, without a thought of the work in hand, so wrapped was I in this transparent atmosphere of happiness, through which I saw the outer, everyday world as in a dream, faint and far and picturesquely disposed, and roseate with the color of my thoughts. So the days melted into nights, and night fled before the dawn, and seven times the sunrise crimsoned all the silvery heights and headlands, and brought blue billows of air to arch above, but brought no word, no token, no lover to me. But what did a week's silence signify? He was ill or absent; he was waiting till he could come himself. I knew that he loved me; my response had satisfied him; henceforth we understood each other; if we never met again for a thousand years, nor exchanged a syllable by tongue or pen, still our hearts would beat in harmony—undivided, unchanged.

But, in spite of my sophisms, a little uneasiness crept in upon me as, day by day, I watched the white stretch of road winding out of sight among the whiter hills, if so be he might pass that way; at any moment he might be rounding into view, and a dozen times of an afternoon I left my work and lifted the curtain,

straining my eyes and sending my heart out across the barren waste in pitiful yearnings.

But he did not come or send.

The postman clattered to the door with business dispatches for the Squire, with invitations to the family, with valentines to the children, with scrawls for Bridget, and scented billets for *Mademoiselle*, the governess, but nothing, nothing for me! And all day long the pain seemed growing at my heart and choking my speech, till at night it spent itself in tears that drenched my pillow, and then dropped back at cock-crow to remain a dumb, hard agony at my heart again.

It was a month now since I had mailed my letter.

One day Mrs. Raynham came into the nursery to cut out some work for me; she had been to the city on the yesterday, and I longed to know if she had seen George Smith, but never dared to ask. Little Gab sat thoughtfully at my feet, knitting her pretty brows over the scrid of patchwork I had prepared for her, when, Heaven knows what moved the child, but she put down her work—it was all in a swirl, to be sure, from the thread being tied into the needle—and, looking a long way off, said, with a sigh:

"I should so like to see Jorge!"

"Jorgewho?" imitated her mother, laughing.

"Jorge," as if there were but one in the world.

"Didi's Jorge."

"Should you?" said Mrs. Raynham, again.

"I asked him to come out and see us, yesterday, when I was in the city, but he pleaded business. How is *that*, Miss Armstrong?" The great, dumb ice-clog at my heart stirred and palpitated and threatened an inundation. "How is that, Miss Armstrong?" she repeated. "I used to think—but there, it's none of my business to think at all about it. Here, Gab, let me measure your sleeve, dear."

So George was still in the land of the living, not ill, not absent, not even meaning to come; too busy, too busy for love. How I longed and ached to ask Mrs. Raynham concerning him, to lead her on to speak of him, to hear how he looked, what he said, something, any thing, every thing. It was plain that she thought me to blame in the affair; well, so let it pass.

Perhaps I was all wrong; perhaps if I had given her my confidence all might have gone well with me yet; at least it would have afforded a healthful vent for sorrow, if nothing else; but I had a sort of horror of pity in those days; rather let me endure alone, with none to mark my sighs or count my tears.

The snows melted from height and hollow; the earth turned its cheek to the warm sun and blushed beneath; birds came back and built their nests, and sung and twittered among the eaves; the brooks called to each, and the echoes replied;

"The sunshine kept its promise true;"

and all the while my sorrow grew with the year

and waxed greener, and strengthened with the sun, and found no voice, no balm. What was the spring to me? or the summer's green magnificence? And did it not rather heighten present pain to know, to feel, that as surely as the day this pain would pale with the years to come, would become a dream, a phantom, a feeble, vain regret? Not that pain itself is so sweet, but is it not better than torpidity, than the absence of emotion? For when pain was dead, love too would be stark and cold; for this was its death-throes, and this love had been my treasure, laid up, it may be, where moths corrupt and thieves break in, but still my treasure. It was hard to part even with its semblance, when one had nothing dearer to turn to.

Well, now that I had nothing sweeter to do with my life, I devoted it to work. I did not mope after the fashion of some, in a listless idleness. I did with all my might whatsoever my hands found to do, and I had my reward. Perhaps I cared to show George Smith that the woman he had scorned and wounded was more worthy his regard than he had counted upon, had depths he had never sounded, was a woman who could hide her wound, and smile while it bled inwardly. But after that first summer I turned my back upon the past; I turned my face toward the undiscovered future. Henceforth George Smith was to have no part in my life—why should he usurp my thoughts? So I exiled him. I refused to listen to the beguillings of memory; if my mind reverted to any of those past scenes, while the gloaming fell or the fire-light flickered, I sprang up and lit my candle, and sent my thoughts traveling away into the days of the Merovingian kings, among the Goths and Vandals, and I promise you that George Smith very soon retreated before those barbarous hordes. And the next spring I gave up my situation at Squire Raynham's, and with the pittance I had reserved entered a normal school, in order, at this late day, to finish my education. For four years I delved like any slave, up early, and late to bed; dining off crackers, supping on oatmeal porridge, because it was both cheap and nutritious; sometimes breakfasting on anticipation. They were joyless years too, except that I loved my task, that I meant to conquer; and once during that time I saw him—I heard him speak. It was in the first year of my novitiate, in the month of March, in a horse-car. His back was toward me, and the thick folds of my veil concealed my features, even had he looked at me. He was speaking with a friend when I entered the car on some improvement in mechanics, and after a little this friend said, leaving the subject:

"You are not married, I think?"

"No, I am not married," in under-tone.

"Well," pursued the other, "with a man of your schemes it is best to remain single. A family is a clog, so to speak—a very agreeable clog, let me assure you, however. But inventions need money, and so do families. You have chosen the one—I the other."

"Perhaps it is an affair of circumstances rather than of choice," I heard him say; and then he pulled the strap, and the little bell pealed, and they left the car together. I never turned my eyes to watch him out of sight. He had dropped a glove, but I did not pick it up, as once I might have done. He had not so much as glanced at me—the stumbling-block, the enemy of the inventive faculty—why should I waste a look upon him? And so he passed out of my life again, unconscious that he had touched it, careless perhaps. My four years of preparation came at last to an end, and one morning I found myself the first assistant at Mount Hope Seminary, with a salary that looked like a fortune. I had traversed the slough, I had climbed the hill without failing; the prospect looked inviting. Was this the Promised Land that opened before me? I was no longer poor and wretched and of no account, doomed to the nursery and the drudgery of a primer; I had emerged from the chrysalis. But even butterflies have their tribulations.

My inaugural day at Mount Hope was any thing but a holiday. The scrutiny of some hundreds of merciless eyes was something just escaping the agonizing, and when the principal turned to consult me—me—I could have dissolved into nothingness, and been glad of the relief. For the first time in many years I felt anxious concerning my personal appearance. I wondered if my collar was awry; why I had never thought to wear a pretty ribbon; if those silly, giggling girls were amusing themselves with the fashion of my gown, the arrangement of my hair—very foolish thoughts for an assistant at Mount Hope. But then human nature is very much the same, I suspect, in pupil and teacher, and neither cares to furnish entertainment of that sort for the other. If I could have gone away and cried a little while by myself I might have borne the trial better. As it was, I blundered through the day and had my cry after bedtime. But the battle is not always to the strong; even the weak come in for their share of the spoils.

Mr. Gregory Smith, the principal, sat on his throne-chair and governed at discretion, lectured on his hobbies, attended to the elocution, and wrote witty notes to me, his grand vizier, as to the treatment of refractory subjects, and descended in a most agreeable and fascinating manner, considering that I bore the burden and heat of the day and he received the credit. But that never occurred to me in those days, when I tied on my bonnet at night and heard him sigh and say:

"This is a dull life for us, Miss Armstrong; it seems to me that we are capable of something less like drudgery." Then I pitied him from the bottom of my foolish heart, and believed he was, and told him so, without giving a thought to my own share. And then sometimes he would take my hand and hold it up to the light, saying, "Wearing out in the service, little woman." And once he caught at the ring I wore, and

slipped it off and fitted it upon his own white fourth finger.

"What will *some one* say to that?" he laughed, looking me straight in the eyes.

"It is my own," I said. "Shall I wish it on for you—school-girl fashion?" laughing in my turn.

"Yes, do; wish it on by all means. It must stay there till the wish is fulfilled, I suppose?"

"Certainly; but what shall I wish?"

"Are you so blessed as to have no wish?" he asked, a little sadly.

"Not quite. Shall I wish you a legacy from some East Indian uncle?"

"No; for in that case I should leave Mount Hope."

"But you are tired of Mount Hope, I thought."

"But not of some of its inmates. Come, wish me, Deliverance—"

"From all false doctrine, heresy, and schism?"

"From any thing and any body but yourself."

"That's too sweeping. You have shown yourself incompetent to select a boon. I shall now do as I please about it. I wish that Miss Thornton may commit her French verbs to memory."

"Thank you. The ring's mine, then; for do it she never will: trip-hammers couldn't beat them into her. Shall I walk along your way, Miss Armstrong?" And after that, whenever I kept Miss Thornton beyond hours, he significantly requested me to *ring* if his co-operation was required.

One morning he looked over my shoulder while I signed the note I was writing to the parent of a pupil.

"You write a good hand," he was kind enough to say; "and you have a strong name: Deliverance Armstrong. It's a name I could never forget."

"I should think not; it's impressive, like a nightmare. Think of calling a child Deliverance, when such charming names as Rose and Blanche are running to waste!"

"Possessions look commonplace to the possessor. What do you think of Smith for a name? Thank your stars you are not a Smith—though, to be sure, you are born, but not buried. It's a positive injury to belong to that family, whose name ought rather to be Legion. If you compass the universe, if you have all learning or genius, it doesn't signify. You are a Smith, that tells the story. Nobody believes in the greatness of the Smiths."

"Except in Adam and Sydney Smith."

"Exceptions prove the rule. But then, perhaps, you have a friend among them?"

"I believe that I have," I said, without looking up.

"One, at least, if you will allow it. Did you ever know another?" indolently, as if the question were idle and of no moment to him.

"Yes, I have known another. Mr. Smith, it is nine o'clock. I hear the young ladies swarming in the passage-way. Shall I strike the bell?"

"If you will. I see the Smiths are not agreeable subjects. It illustrates my theory, that's all."

"You beg the question."

"I should be more likely to put it."

And so our daily lives ran on, side by side, for two years more; so we walked together after school, met at the morning exercises, exchanged a word between the classes; so I made him trifling gifts at his birthdays and holidays to keep the balance adjusted; so he lent me his choice books with tender passages underscored; so he made my opinions seem of moment to him and the world; so he made himself acceptable and important to me, till I awoke one day to find that I was doing and thinking every thing with regard to his view of it. I do not think I was in love with him, though I thought so then; I do not think he affected me as George Smith had done; but then sometimes one exhausts one's self in a first love, and perhaps I had nothing but an intense friendship left for any. I am, confident, now, that if he had said good-by and gone away I should have experienced no such pain as that other, that I should have missed him, but without that bitter sense of isolation, that aching sense of the irrevocable. Even had he come to me and said, "Miss Armstrong, I am to be married to-morrow; Miss Thornton is going to shrink into a Smith, poor child!" I should have wished him joy—with some surprise, to be sure, since his manner had grown so like a lover's—with only the pain that any interrupted friendship might occasion. I should have blamed my vanity for the mistake, and not him. But when he came to me and said, instead: "Miss Armstrong, I have a gift for you, if you will accept it; it is something that has belonged to you since some months, but you may not think it valuable. Miss Armstrong, I am going to give you my heart." "And I am going to accept it, Mr. Smith," I answered him. I thought that I knew his nature, that I understood his temperament, that at least we harmonized; and I was confidently happy during the weeks that followed; but with such a different happiness from that which a poor little nursery governess had known seven years before—a happiness which had been all made up of sun-lighted perspectives stretching away into enchanted regions. Well, no two eras in the lives of individuals or nations resemble each other in every particular, and perhaps we forget the flavor of joy as well as of pain, and are thus misled by false lights into dangerous quagmires.

Mr. Gregory Smith was a handsome man, with large brown eyes that suggested unfathomed depths of character—just such a man, in short, as school-girls of the more advanced class rave over, and write about in their diaries; and now, since half of those under my charge were blighted in their young affections through him, I come in for a large share of petty jealousies and malice prepense. All things considered, it was exceedingly agreeable to read such dialogue as this on the margin of books given in at recitations:

"Don't you think A—g is spooney to-day?"

"*EXTRA*wordinary."

"Why is Mr. S—— like Daniel in the lion's den?"

"Give it up."

"Because he's sure of Deliverance!"

It was at least amusing rather than otherwise, and I should have been taught by the fact that my emotions were not genuine.

In the mean time Mr. Smith purchased his house; and I, who had been drifting about on stormy seas all my life, or climbing other people's stairs, felt a little elated, perhaps, at the prospect of being mistress in a house so inviting. He had the carpenters and glaziers in making repairs; he consulted me as to the style of furnishing, while I selected the naperies, and looked at Lyon's silks and *gros grains*. We had been engaged two months.

One night, during vacation, I lit my gas and took up a package of books which Mr. Smith had sent me to read; they had been lying in their wraps some weeks already, as I had not found the moment in which to surrender myself to them. But now I seemed to have nothing better or more urgent to do, so I took them out and ran over their contents, in the desultory way one has when one would like to be able to absorb half a dozen at once. They were all of old date, but such as I had never chanced upon, and each bore on the fly-leaf the name of "Gregory Lauriston Smith." They had evidently not been opened for years, and even as I turned the leaves of "Undine" something fluttered out and fell at my feet, some folded sheet, that had perhaps been slipped in to mark the place. I let it lie a little space, while I followed Huldbrand through the enchanted forest, till presently it occurred to me to replace this mark before closing the volume. I had no intention of examining it, but as I put it back and was in the act of closing the leaves of the book over it something drew my eye inadvertently, something familiar about a name written there in full—the name of Deliverance Armstrong, in my own hand! I had never indited a syllable to Gregory Smith in my life; there had happily been no need of it, having seen him every day of our acquaintance; and at first thought I fancied it must be some scrid I had thrown aside, and of which he had possessed himself *pour amour de moi*. At least I had certainly the right to inquire into that which concerned me so nearly; and here unfolding it, my gaze grew suddenly blurred and fixed, and my pulses beat double measure, for I held in my hand the letter without its envelope which I had mailed to George Smith seven years before! A thousand thoughts surged across my brain in that instant; illuminations, mystifications. Were George and Gregory Smith one and the same? or how related? Had this volume of "Undine" ever been in the hands of George Smith? Had he ever read a syllable of this response? And if he had not! All my

thoughts swayed backward then. I saw George waiting as I had waited, as hopelessly, as painfully, and my heart grew cold in my breast, laboring heavily with this tide of emotion, with this swollen, stormy tide, breaking down all barriers, overleaping all obstacles, delaying for nothing, impatient and reckless so that it brought my ship to shore again. I was once more the same girl who bore the title of nursery governess at Squire Raynham's, who listened in rapt delight to the voices of the choir throbbing through the old church at Raynham village, who walked the fields as light of heart as the bees and birds, inasmuch as I loved George Smith and not Gregory.

I read no more in "Undine." What was Huldbrand, or the necklace, or the dismal haunted forest to me? I had found my Huldbrand.

I went to bed, and tossed and muttered in my dreams, and longed for the day; and when it came I sent for Mr. Gregory Smith. He answered my summons with lover-like alacrity, merely asking what had procured him such a pleasure. I held the fatal letter crushed in my hand, while I said:

"I sent to ask if you ever knew, or spoke with, or held any communication with a person of the name of George Luther Smith."

"Now, really, love, you are too bad. How can I possibly remember all the Smiths I may have exchanged a word with? George Luther," he repeated, reflectively. "Heavens, what a combination! I don't recall any such monstrosity among my acquaintance, dear. Are you ill to-day?"

"No; I am not ill. I am disturbed. I am perplexed. Perhaps you will be able to help me."

"Without a doubt. I'm a sort of prestigator, who can change all manner of troubles into happinesses."

"I hope so. In the first place, I want to tell you something that happened to me once—something that I ought to have told you before, perhaps."

"In short, you wish me to act as father confessor? I absolve you beforehand, dear."

"Wait till you hear my story. Seven years ago—"

"Excuse me, but the events of seven years ago are myths to-day. What do they signify? They are unsubstantial shadows."

"Perhaps so. But seven years ago I loved a mechanic of the name of George Luther Smith. I received a proposal of marriage from him, by letter, which I answered by letter accepting, and since that day I have had no word from him."

"The scoundrel!"

"No. I have reason to think that my letter never reached him—"

"Oh, nonsense—the wretch! what a refinement of charity on your part! But there—you can't expect me to be severe upon him; he did me a good turn, you must allow!"

"I don't know. Do you keep a dead-letter office, Mr. Smith? I have reason to believe that my letter never reached George Smith, or how could I have found it in your copy of 'Undine?' *How did that happen, Mr. Smith?*"

"The letter you wrote to George Smith!" he cried, "and in *my* book!" after Lady Macbeth.

"You are a greater prestigitator than you believed. How did you manage it?" He seemed in no wise agitated, and, leaning against the mantle, let his eye wander over the written page.

"Well, now that I am in for it," he said, in his light vein, "I may as well tell the whole story, I suppose. The father confessor turned penitent, in sackcloth and ashes. This letter isn't a stranger to me, I acknowledge; but I had lost sight of it, positively; didn't know its whereabouts any more than the man in the moon, or, of course, I shouldn't have sent you the book. *Mem.*: never lend books without administering a sound shaking first. Well, you see, before coming to Mount Hope I taught a while in Suffolk County after leaving college. One morning, up comes the postman with my letters, and here's one among them addressed to Mr. G. L. Smith.—You ought to be more particular, my dear, in future. I shouldn't fancy another man reading *my* love-letters.—Of course I opened it—wouldn't you have done so? And of course I read it—who ever refuses to read a love-letter, especially yours? And as I didn't know any other G. L. Smith but my blessed self, and as I was pretty positive I hadn't proposed to any Deliverance Armstrong—that was seven years ago, you know—I was all at sea, so to speak; and that's how I happened to let it lie about among my papers, always meaning to do something about it, never seeing my way clear, and never doing it—for what was the good of sending it afloat again, only to fall into the hands of another Smith than the right one? And so I forgot all about it, and it got slipped into that treacherous book—the deuce knows how, I don't!"

"And you forgot all about it, notwithstanding that 'Deliverance Armstrong is a name you could never forget!'" I quoted.

"I thought that coming events cast their shadows before, without a doubt, when you came across my path. I couldn't swear but there was more than one Deliverance Armstrong in the world; what business had I to show another woman *her* letter? Wasn't it bad enough to read it myself? Besides, what was the use of stirring up old troubles? Very likely Mr. G. L. Smith is married or dead. Shall we forward this letter to him?"

"You may give it to me, if you please." But he still kept it. "Mr. Smith," I continued, "this discovery has changed our relations. I find—"

"Now, really, dear, I don't see *that*."

"But I do not love you any longer. I doubt if ever I did love you. I deceived myself—"

"Preposterous!"

"I thought George Smith had wronged me cruelly; I find that we have changed places, he and I, through no fault of mine; and the love I had buried out of sight has had a resurrection."

"Unfortunate. What are you going to do with it?" he asked, nonchalantly, folding the letter.

"Will you give it to me, Mr. Smith?" I reiterated, holding out my hand.

"I don't see that it is yours, my love; when once you mail a letter it ceases to belong to you. This little epistle belongs to Mr. G. L. Smith, and am I not that inestimable personage? 'Tuesday evening,'" he read, referring to the letter again. "No other date of month or year. How very careless of you; but then how very natural in writing to a lover in the same town, don't you see?"

I did not see his motive, nor understand the connection, and my face must have shown it.

"I should like my letter," I persisted, for his manner displeased me. "And I must beg leave to end this, to me, painful interview."

His face paled to an ashen hue, his eyes dilating and glittering like some murderous weapon, some poisoned poniard.

"Do you mean that you wish the engagement dissolved? Do you refuse to fulfill the compact? Now that things have progressed so far? Consider what Mrs. Grundy will say on the subject. What reasonable reasons can you offer that potentate for such a graceless caprice?"

"Not even Mrs. Grundy could constrain me to marry where I do not love," I answered, rising suggestively.

"Not even your word? Come, now, let us be rational, and drop morbid sentimentality. It is improbable that your affection should have survived the test of seven years' absence. By-the-way, have you preserved his letter of proposal?"

I did not pause to consider that the question was unnecessary and an impertinence. In my haste to abridge the scene I would have answered almost any thing in reason, and some things without reason. Thus I returned:

"What would have been the good of keeping it? I burned it, of course."

"Just so. Now what is the good of resuscitating this feeling about the writer? Is it at all probable you will ever meet again? And what if you should, when you have both outlived the attachment?"

"Mr. Smith," I interrupted, "I would rather hear no more of this. I have given you my decision. *I can not marry you.*"

"*But you shall!*" Or, as truly as I live and breathe, this thing shall go into court; this letter shall bear witness against you; your name shall be the common property of bar-room loungers and newspaper reporters. This precious love-letter which you so dote upon shall be the taunt of these school-girls who appreciate you. And what board of trustees will engage as a

teacher a character so notorious? Your occupation will be gone. Choose."

I saw it all then in a flash; the evidence was clear against me, if he wished to use it; and he had meant it from the beginning.

"You have shown me that I chose wisely," I said, moving toward the door; for my wrath was struggling for the mastery. "You have shown me that I chose wisely and well; and I leave you to your own wicked devices, and trust that the public will be more merciful than one who has pretended to love me!" And I left him alone, the qualms of conscience with which I had met him fairly dissipated, confident that a nature of such coarse grain possessed no tender sensibilities.

And he kept his word. My letter, which had given me such a thrill of happiness to indite, which had given me so many heart-burnings to endure, was banded from mouth to mouth, was the tid-bit of gossips over their fragrant hyson, was reported in the newspapers, was cried in the avenues, was the by-word of every urchin in the streets. Even my name contributed to the general amusement, afforded scope for the small wit of paragraph writers. I was pointed out in the horse-cars—for one who earns her daily bread by the sweat of brow or brain can not always hide herself from the vulgar gaze in the shadow of a home: so I was pointed out in the cars, and stared at in the streets, and led a life of anguish and embarrassment, only consoled by the reflection that not all the law of the republic, with Coke and Blackstone at its back, could oblige me to marry Gregory Lauriston Smith. It is an ill wind that blows no one any good, however. When my quondam lover carried his suit into court he rendered the greatest service I could have asked, strange as it may appear. His revenge purchased my reward. His anger was the conducting medium between George Smith and myself. He won the case, to be sure; and so, in another sense, did I; and the damages in the one were not so heavy as the benefits in the other were sweet.

I had sent in my resignation to the trustees of Mount Hope Seminary some time before, and I was engaged one evening in writing an advertisement for a situation of some kind when the bell rang, and a visitor was shown into the adjoining drawing-room, for I was at work in Mrs. Angle's private parlor, and presently the maid tapped on the door and said,

"There's some one to see you, Miss."

"Who is it, Watkins?" I asked.

"Mr. Smith, please."

"Tell him I am engaged." How dared the villain impose himself upon me again? Hadn't I suffered enough from his treachery?

"What are you waiting for, Watkins?" as she still lingered.

"Please, marm, but I don't think it's the one."

"Yes, it is the one," said a breezy voice in the hall. "There, Watkins, you can be excused;" and it was George Smith himself who

closed the door upon her. I dare say she attached herself to the keyhole—and—well, what would you give to know what followed?

"Were you writing to me?" laughed George, when we had exchanged experiences, *et cetera*.

"I was applying for a situation," I returned.

"And the situation has come to you," tossing the sheet into the grate. "Do you know I am comparatively a rich man, Di? I have patented an invention, and it's a paying concern."

"Inventions usually enrich any one but the inventor," I said.

"But mine isn't of that kind. Don't you remember that we used to talk about it in our castle-building in the dear old fields at Raynham? By-the-by, we will go down there on our wedding-tour, and see little Gab."

"Little Gab is a dignified Miss Gabrielle by this time. Dear me, seven years are a little eternity."

"But they are past, dear; and I loved you through every one of them, you and no other: I could never get over it, and I never tried to; and if this blessed breach-of-promise case hadn't made public all the ins and outs I should have died a bachelor."

And just then Mrs. Angle came blundering in.

A CORNISH CARNIVAL.

ON the one hand a great number of people were well acquainted with every phase and feature, every legend and tradition, every supposition and conjecture concerning and respecting the day I had determined to depict. But, on the other hand, a vast number of people were utterly ignorant of every thing about it. Even its name was unknown to them. These latter I resolved to address, feeling sure that in some of their unfamiliar breasts I should be able to kindle an interest in an unfamiliar custom that has flourished for centuries in the far west of England.

More than a year ago I heard from a Cornish man that on the 8th of May was annually held a Carnival of Flowers in the Cornish town of Helston. This year circumstances enabled me to take his advice to share in the festivities held in honor of Flora, and to see for myself how my countrymen and women essayed to carry out so æsthetic an idea.

From a luxuriantly beautiful village in the heart of well-wooded, well-watered, hill-and-valley-diversified Devonshire to the mining districts of Cornwall was a transition that was not pleasant to the eye. The railway route from Plymouth to Truro is fair enough to lead the stranger to hope that the wealth of verdure to which South Devon has accustomed him will last on and joyously add itself to the grand beauty of the rugged Cornish coast, which is generally so well represented at the Royal Academy. The distance from Doublebois to Lostwithiel, especially along the viaducts which run parallel with the many-hued Bodmin woods,

is as fine a specimen of sylvan scenery as the most infatuated lover of his country could desire to show to the most determined depreciator of the same. But after liquid-sounding Lostwithiel is passed the character of the land alters abruptly. Flat tracts of gorse-covered ground stretch away on every side, their monotony unbroken by wood or hill—unbroken, indeed, by any thing save mines at work or mines worked out. The difference between the mines that are in present prosperity and those whose prosperity is passed is apparent to the least initiated into mining mysteries. Around the former well-built cottages and well-kept gardens, the property and habitations of the miners, cluster thickly. The lately prosperous, where hopes and chimneys were alike raised high a while ago, are broken, desolate, deserted; but perhaps more picturesque, on the whole, in their desolation and desertion, in their grim and blackened quiet, which no man cares to disturb now, than are the ones about which hearts are still beating high as the shares they are anxious to buy or sell.

Mention was made just now of the gorse-covered tracts of land. From one end of the county to the other, at this season of the year, Cornwall is on the surface a land of gold. Wherever by some strange accident nature has omitted to plant a gorse-bush, waving branches of the more delicately golden broom supplies the color. But the gorse is the predominant growth. It tips all the hedgerows, and gilds the otherwise arid acres which have not yet been brought into cultivation, throwing a radiance round what is at once the sepulchre of many a mine and many a man's money.

Taken as a whole the nomenclature of Cornwall, both of people and places, is more euphonic than that of any other county. Menen-hoit, Surrier Gate, Gwinnear Road, Marazion—these are but a few of those which fall upon the ear most softly and linger there most pleasantly as the West Cornwall train languishes along at a pace which is in unison with the unhurried, unhurrying nature of its inhabitants. Traces of the old faith, too, are to be found on every side. St. Anstell's, St. Cyre's, St. Clear's, St. Ives, St. Burion's, St. Fagan's, St. Germain's, St. Michael's—these are but a few of the saints whose names are perpetuated in this the land of them. Wayside Devotion (Mr. Boughton, you need not have gone to Brittany to make the charming picture to which you gave that title) must have obtained largely in Cornwall. If you come to four cross-roads, then surely at one of the corners will you find an old stone cross more or less mutilated, and more or less perfect in design, but very touching still in the indication it gives of the by-gone reverence and the visible aids which the Romish faith gives to her votaries.

Penance was very beautiful on the night of the sixth of May this year. Her shore was not tourist-trimmed, and the white horses came

lashing up grandly in the bright moonlight. And about three miles to the left, in mid-ocean apparently, the "castled crag" of St. Michael's Mount frowned over the neighborhood to the full as proudly as that of Drachenfels can frown upon the Rhine. A great rugged mass, in which it was difficult to distinguish where rock ended and masonry began, it gloomed through the moonlight like a pure bit of medieval romance, and imbued beholders with a wholesome respect for the St. Aubyn name.

It is not all easy pleasure to get to St. Michael's Mount. If you snatch the hour of the tide being out you can walk to it over a rocky road from Marazion, and shatter yourself to pieces against boulders. There are a few retainers' and fishermen's houses at the foot of the Mount, and a few boats lying about to take the unwary who suffer themselves to be surprised by the tide back to Marazion. When these are passed the tough ascent commences; and it is sufficiently tough to make me wish that the lord of the castle, who is doubtless a model of courtesy, would have a lift such as is used in lofty hotels for the benefit of the fatigued and ready-to-be-delighted visitor.

A very slippery and precipitous path among rocks leads up to a platform from which about twenty cannon bristle at you. Then a few roughly hewn steps show the way to the little iron-girded black oak door which is the chief entrance. A good deal of the romance of the place is brushed away when that door is passed. For, though there is a good deal that is antique and interesting about both the architecture and furniture inside of the castle, there is nothing that corresponds to the rough, grand majesty of the exterior of it. There is a guard-room with a few quaint old helmets and cuirasses, stirrups and bridles, in it. Side by side with these hang little modern gilded frames containing the autographs of her Majesty and the Prince Consort, the Emperor of the French, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, together with the pens which they used on the occasions. Passing on from this through very narrow passages you are shown the Chevy Chase room, a saloon the walls of which are adorned with grotesque carvings illustrating the story of Chevy Chase. When you have looked at the chapel, which is fine, and an oak bed five hundred years old, a three-hundred-year-old chair, been down into the dungeon, in which a skeleton was found some years ago (another bony illustration of the well-known "kissing-crust and warden pie" and naughty Nan story), and sat in the chair at the summit of the castle, in which whoever sits first, husband or wife, shall be master for life—when you have done these things the inside interest of the castle is pretty well exhausted. Then go out on the precipitous slopes where huge patches of borage, painfully suggestive of claret-cup when no claret was to be had, grow in glorious profusion, or get down among the mighty rocks against which the Atlantic is always dashing itself, and, when you have glanced up at the

castle-crowned heights, own that St. Michael's Mount is as magnificent a private strong-hold as the heart of man could desire or the taste of man design.

The drive from Penzance to the Land's End is not a pretty one. The same flat, barren, mine-interpersed characteristics which belong to the Truro district, as seen from the rail, mark it. But a sight of the Logan Rock cheers travelers on their way—that wonderfully balanced monster stone, which is so nicely poised that a man's strength can rock it, and yet no storm can upset and hurl it from its place. It is a great pity that this region should be so guide-infested; there is something absurd about inquiring-minded tourists and big boulders being introduced to one another by the great sons of the soil, who lurk about for a couple of miles round the rock seeking whom they may devour.

The Land's End welcomed us with such a storm of thunder and lightning and lashing rain as has not been witnessed there for years. It was a superb salute on the part of the elements, which, like many another superb attention, was rather oppressive and alarming, but most strangely beautiful notwithstanding. There is a little hotel down very near to the extreme point of land, in which we sheltered, and in which it seemed to me that it would be a very sweet place to dwell if one had any work on hand that demanded quiet and security against the inroads of society. Standing there in the most magnificent solitude I ever invaded, a faint distaste for the ensuing Flora-day festivities and the world of busy-ness in general came over me, which distaste vanished when hunger set in and cold drove us back to Penzance.

But with the Flora-day came a fresh interest in it. The origin of the carnival is buried in mystery. No one knows whether the institution be due to the Druids, the Romans, or the old Spanish settlers on the Cornish coast. As there is no testimony to the contrary, either in tradition or common-sense, it is as well to award the prize in this competitorship, of which all parties are alike unconscious, to the oldest inhabitants, remoteness in the matter of time having as great a chance as in the matter of space, and sometimes lending an enchantment to the inauguration of a ceremonial which is found to be lacking in the celebration or continuance.

However this may be, there can be no doubt about the fact of the idea of the festival of Flora being a very pretty one. May is an early month in England for outdoor joyances. Easterly winds are apt to blow, and chilling showers apt to fall. But on this last eighth of May the weather-god was well inclined to those who came so far west expressly to see English people carry out an æsthetic idea.

There are three clearly-defined times and

three clearly-defined sets traditionally authorized to dance round and about the town like maniacs with a horticultural turn of madness on this day. The three hours for starting are five in the morning, an hour before noon, and three P.M. Each party of Terpsichoreans is preceded by a band playing the Flora dance—a lively, catching tune that hangs about the ear for days after it has happily ceased to sound on the fifes and drums. A tune that must have made the fame and fortune of some Druidical Jullien or Dan Godfrey, for every street-boy of antiquity must perforce have caught the haunting melody, and whistled it to the distraction of self and friends. The first set is composed of the servants, the second of the aristocracy of the neighborhood and town, and the third of the tradespeople. Each set follows the same route, starts from the same place, and eventually, after a fatiguing progress of nearly three hours' duration, returns to the same goal. The motive, and the manner which the motive compels them to adopt, equalizes the proceedings of the several sets, and causes them to resemble one another as closely as does one dinner-party in the domain of mediocre dullness and good society another. The progress of the aristocratic flock who started at eleven only differed from that of its predecessor in that there is less ghastliness in being gay at eleven than at five.

At about half past ten all those who intend taking part in the dance assemble at the Town Hall—the ladies to be chosen as partners, the gentlemen to choose. The rule of precedence is, that a "Helston bride shall lead, if there be one. If there be no bride the dance must be led by the lady of the highest rank present. Strangers come last." About forty couples started in this strange dance to the strange air, winding first through a bookseller's shop, then into the garden, and away into another street, and so on for about three miles, taking in their course all the principal private houses and shops in the town. All the public buildings are decorated with arches and trophies of evergreens and flowers. The windows of all the private houses are decked with blooms. The emblem flowers for the day are the tulip, the lily of the valley, and the rose; and these are worn wherever a flower can be placed. There is a great deal that is pretty and picturesque and poetical in the practice as well as in the theory of this quaint old custom. Still at times it seems to hang like a foreign garment upon its perpetrators, and lacks the complete abandonment to light-heartedness and flowery gayety which would mark it abroad. But be this as it may, it deserves wider knowledge and greater encouragement from strangers, for, such as it is, it stands alone, unsupported by any similar observance in England.

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A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

With Illustrations.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY.

I AM going back in my history of Lady de Bougainville nearly fifty years.

But before taking it up at that far-away period, so long before I knew her, and continuing it down to the time when I did know her—where I have just now let it drop—let me say a few words.

To give the actual full details of any human life is simply impossible. History can not do it, nor biography, nor yet autobiography; for, even if we wished, we could not tell the exact truth about ourselves. Paradoxical as it may sound, I have often thought that the nearest approximation to absolute truth is fiction; because the novelist presents, not so much literal facts, which can be twisted and distorted to almost any shape, as the one underlying verity of human nature. Thus Lady de Bougainville's story, as I have gradually gathered it from herself and others, afterward putting together all the data which came into my hands, is given by me probably as near reality as any one not gifted with clairvoyance could give it. I believe I have put "the facts of the case" with as much veracity as most historians. Nor am I bolder in discriminating motives and judging actions than many historians, nay, than we all often assume to be, just as if we were omnipresent and omniscient, toward our poor fellow-worms.

But still, any one with common-sense and common perception, studying human nature, must see that certain effects must follow certain causes, and produce certain final results, as sure as that the daylight follows the sun. Therefore when we writers make a story, and our readers speculate about it, and "wonder how it will end," we rather smile at them. We know that if it is true to human life it can end but in one way—subject to various modifications, but still only in one way. Granting such and such premises, the result must follow, inexorable as fate.

And so in course of years I arrived at Lady de Bougainville's history as accurately as if she herself had written it down: nay, more so, for upon various points of it her tongue was, and ever would have been, firmly sealed, while upon other points circumstances and her own peculiar character made her incompetent to form a judgment. But it was easy enough to form my own, less from what she related than by what she unwittingly betrayed, still more by what I

learned—though not till after she was gone—by the one only person who had known her in her youth, the old Irishwoman, Bridget Halloran, who then lived a peaceful life of busy idleness in Lady de Bougainville's house, and afterward ended her days as an honored inmate in mine.

Bridget, as soon as she knew me and grew fond of me, had no reserves; but her mistress had many. Never once did she sit down to relate to me her "history"—people do not do that in real life—and yet she was forever letting fall facts and incidents which, put together, made a complete and continuous autobiography. Her mind, ever dwelling on the past, and indifferent to, or oblivious of, the present, had acquired a vividness and minuteness of recollection that was quite remarkable. I never questioned her: that was impossible. At the slightest indication of impertinent curiosity she would draw in her horns, or retire at once into her shell like any hermit crab, and it was difficult to lure her out again. But generally, by simply listening while she talked, and putting this and that together by the light of what I knew of her character, I arrived at a very fair estimate of the total facts, and the motives which produced them.

Upon these foundations I have built my story. It is no truer and no false than our reproductions of human nature in history, biography, and romance usually are, and as such I leave it. The relation harms no one. And it will be something if I can snatch out of the common oblivion of women's lives—I mean women who die the last of their race, "and leave the world no pattern"—the strange, checkered life of my dear Lady Bougainville.

And so to begin:

More than half a century ago the Rev. Edward Scanlan came to be curate of the parish in the small West of England town of Ditchley St. Mary's, commonly called Ditchley only.

At that time the Establishment—especially as it existed in the provinces—was in a very different condition from what it is at present. "Orthodoxy" meant each clergyman doing that which was right in his own eyes, as to rubric, doctrine, or clerical government; that is, within certain limits of sleepy decorum and settled common usage. Beyond the pale of the Church there existed a vague dread of the Pope on one side, and Dissent on the other; and people had a general consciousness that the Establishment alone was really "respectable" to belong to; but within its boundary all went smoothly

enough. Low-Church, High-Church, Broad-Church, were terms unknown. There was not sufficient earnestness to create schism. One only section of new thinkers had risen up, originating with young Mr. Simeon of Cambridge, who either called themselves, or were called, "Evangelicals," and spoke much about "the gospel," which the more ardent of them fancied that they and they alone had received, and were commissioned to preach. This made them a little obnoxious to their old-fashioned brethren; but still they were undoubtedly a set of very earnest, sincere, and hard-working clergymen, whose influence in the English, and more particularly the Irish Church, was beginning to be clearly felt; only it did not extend to such remote parishes as that of Ditchley.

The Ditchley rector was a clergyman of the old school entirely. When still a young man he was presented to the living through family influence, and had fulfilled its duties decently, if rather grudgingly, his natural bias being in a contrary direction, and his natural disposition being from this or some other reason correspondingly soured. He was a man of education and taste; had traveled much on the Continent when he was only a younger brother, and before it was expected that he would have dropped in, as he did, late in life, for the whole accumulation of the family property—alas! rather too late; for by that time Henry Oldham was a confirmed old bachelor.

Since then he had crept on peacefully to septuagenarianism, the last of his race. He never went to live at Oldham Court, but let it to strangers, and kept on his modest establishment at the Rectory, which was a very pretty place, having once been a monastery, with a beautiful garden, in which he greatly delighted, and over which he was said to spend extravagant sums. Otherwise he lived carefully, some thought penuriously, but he was charitable enough to the poor of his parish; and he read prayers now and then, and preached a sermon, fifteen minutes long, regularly once a month; which comprised for him the whole duty of a clergyman.

I have seen Mr. Oldham's portrait, engraved after his death by the wish of his parishioners. He is represented sitting at his library-table, in gown and bands. His sermon lies before him, and he has the open Bible under his right hand, as in the portrait of the Reverend Sir Edward de Bougainville. But he is very unlike that admired individual, being a little spare old man, with a funny scratch wig, and a keen, caustic, though not unkindly expression; more like a lawyer than a clergyman, and more like a country gentleman than either.

Except this monthly sermon, and his necessary charities, which were no burden to him—Mr. Oldham being, as has been said, a very wealthy man, though nobody knew the precise amount of his wealth—the rector left all his parish responsibilities to his curate, whom he had picked up, during one of his rare absences from home, soon after his former assistant in

the duty—a college chum nearly as old as himself—died.

How such a strong contrast as the Reverend Edward Scanlan ever succeeded the Reverend Thomas Heavisides was a standing wonder to Ditchley. He was young, handsome, and an Irishman, belonging to that section of the Irish Church which coincided with the English "Evangelicals," except that in Ireland they added politics to religion, and were outrageously and vehemently "Orange"—a term of which, mercifully, the present generation has almost forgotten the meaning.

Mr. Scanlan had been, in his native country, as Ditchley soon discovered—for he had no hesitation in betraying the fact—a popular preacher. Indeed, his principal piece of furniture in his temporary lodgings was his own portrait in that character, presented to him just before he left Dublin—and he maintained the credit of a popular preacher still. On his very first Sunday he took the parish by storm. He literally "roused" the congregation, who were accustomed to do nothing but sleep during the sermon. But no one could sleep during that of the new curate. He preached extempore, which of itself was a startling novelty, alarming the old people a little, but delighting the younger ones. Then his delivery was so loud and energetic: he beat the pulpit cushion so impressively with his white ringed hand; and his sentences rolled off with such brilliant fluency. He never paused a moment for a word—ideas nobody asked for; and his mellifluous Irish accent sounded so original, so charming! His looks too—his abundance of black hair and large blue-black eyes—Irish eyes—which he knew how to make the very most of. Though he was short of stature and rather stumpy in figure compared to the well-grown young Saxons about Ditchley, still all the Ditchley ladies at once pronounced him "exceedingly handsome," and disseminated that opinion accordingly.

On the top of it—perhaps consequent upon it—came, after a Sunday or two, the further opinion, "exceedingly clever." Certainly Mr. Scanlan's sermons were very unlike any thing ever before heard in Ditchley. He seized upon sacred subjects in a dashing, familiar way—handled them with easy composure; illustrated them with all sorts of poetical similes, taken from every thing in heaven and earth; smothered them up with flowers of imagery—so that the original thought, if there was any at all, became completely hidden in its multiplicity of adornments.

Sometimes, in his extreme volubility of speech, Mr. Scanlan used illustrations whose familiarity almost approached the ludicrous, thereby slightly scandalizing the sober people of Ditchley. But they soon forgave him; when a man talks so much and so fast, he must make slips sometimes—and he was so pleasant in his manner, so meekly subservient to criticism, or so calmly indifferent to it, that

it soon died away; more especially as the rector himself had the good taste and good feeling never to join in any thing that was said either for or against his curate. In which example he was followed by the better families of the place—staunch old Tories, with whom a clergyman was a clergyman, and not amenable to the laws which regulate common men. They declared that whoever Mr. Oldham chose was sure to be the right person, and were perfectly satisfied.

Mr. Oldham was satisfied too, or at least appeared so. He always showed Mr. Scanlan every possible politeness, and professed himself perfectly contented with him—as he was with most things that saved himself from trouble. He had had in his youth a hard, in his age an easy life; and if there was one thing he disliked more than another, it was taking trouble. The Irish exuberance of Mr. Scanlan filled up all gaps, socially as well as clerically, and lifted the whole weight of the parish from the old man's shoulders. So, without any foolish jealousy, Mr. Oldham allowed his charming young curate to carry all before him; and moreover gave him a salary which, it was whispered, was far more than Mr. Heavisides had ever received; nay, more than was given to any curate in the neighborhood. But then Mr. Scanlan was so very superior a preacher; and (alas! for the Ditchley young ladies when they found it out) he was already a married man.

This last fact, when it leaked out, which it did not for a week or two, was, it must be owned, a considerable blow. The value of the new curate decreased at once. But Ditchley was too dull a place, and the young Irishman too great a novelty, for the reaction to be very serious. So, after a few cynical remarks of the sour-grape pattern, as to how very early and imprudently he must have married—the Irish always did—how difficult he would find it to keep a wife and family on a curate's income, and how very inferior a person the lady would probably be—Mr. Scanlan's star again rose, and he was generally accepted by the little community.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Irish are unappreciated in England—especially provincial England. Often the slow, bovine, solid Briton is greatly taken by the lively-tempered, easy, mercurial Celt, who both supplies a want and creates an excitement. A gentlemanly, clever, and attractive young Hibernian will drop suddenly down upon an old-fashioned English country town, amuse the men, captivate the women, and end by putting his bridle on the neck of ever so many of these mild, stolid agricultural animals—leading them by the nose completely for a little while—as did the gentleman who had just made his appearance in Ditchley. For weeks nothing was talked of but the Reverend Edward Scanlan—his brilliant preaching, his good looks, his agreeable manners. Every girl in the town would have been in love with him but for that uncomfortable im-

pediment, his wife. Great was the speculation concerning her—what kind of person she was likely to be. Imagination had full time to develop itself: for the curate occupied his lodgings alone for three months, during which time—as he confidentially, and not without much anxious and husband-like feeling, told the matrons of the place—Mrs. Scanlan was awaiting at his mother's house in Dublin the birth of their second child.

Then he had a mother, and she had a house; two facts which, in the paucity of information concerning him, were eagerly seized upon and discussed exhaustively. Indeed these conjugal confessions seemed to open to the young man all the maternal arms in Ditchley—Ditchley town, that is. The county families still hung back a little, pausing till they could discover something certain about Mr. Scanlan's antecedents.

This was not easy. Fifty years ago London itself was very far off from the West of England, and Ireland seemed a *terra incognita*, as distant as the antipodes. Nor, except letting fall in his conversation a good many titled names, which were recognized as belonging to the religious aristocracy of the period, did Mr. Scanlan say much about his family or connections. He was apparently that odd mixture of candor and secretiveness which is peculiarly Celtic—Highland and Irish. While voluble enough concerning himself personally, of his wife, his parents, and his relatives generally—who could not have been numerous, as he was an only child—he said remarkably little.

It is a curious fact, and a contradiction to certain amusing legal fictions concerning the conjugal estate, that whatever a man may be, and however great a personage theoretically, practically his social status is decided by his wife. Not so much by *her* social status or origin, as by the sort of woman she is in herself. King Cophetua may woo the beggar-maid, and if she has a queenly nature she will make an excellent queen; but if he chooses a beggar in royal robes they will soon drop off, and the ugly mendicant appear; then King Cophetua may turn beggar, but she will never make a queen. And so, in every rank of life, unless a man chooses a woman who is capable of keeping up at home the dignity which he labors for in the world, he will soon find his own progress in life sorely hampered and impeded, his usefulness narrowed, his honors thrown away.

Mr. Scanlan was no doubt a very charming man—quite the gentleman, every body said; and his tastes and habits were those of a gentleman, at least of a person who has been well off all his life. Indeed, he every where gave the impression of having been brought up in great luxury as a child, with ponies to ride, unlimited shooting and fishing, etc.—the sort of life befitting a squire's son; on the strength of which, though a clergyman, he became hand in glove with all the rollicking squires' sons round about.

Ditchley puzzled itself a little concerning his name. Scanlan did not sound very aristocratic, but then English ears never appreciate Irish patronymics. The only time that any one in this neighborhood had ever seen it—the fact was breathed about tenderly, and never reached the curate—was upon a stray porter-bottle—"Scanlan and Co.'s Dublin stout"—but that might have been a mere coincidence; no doubt there were many Scanlans all over Ireland. And even if it were not so—if Mr. Scanlan did really belong to the "stout" family—what harm was it? Who had not heard of illustrious brewers? Whitbread in England, Guinness in Ireland—were they not names high in honor, especially among the religious world of the day—the Evangelical set, which, however the old-fashioned, easy-going church people might differ from it, had undoubtedly begun to work a great revolution in the Establishment?

Mr. Scanlan belonged to it, and evidently glorified himself much in the fact. It was such an exceedingly respectable section of the community: there were so many titled and wealthy names connected with it; even a poor curate might gather from his alliance therewith secondary honor. Nevertheless, the county society, which was very select, and not easily approachable, paused in its judgment upon the Reverend Edward Scanlan until it had seen his wife. Then there was no longer any doubt concerning him.

I should think not! I could imagine how she looked the first time she appeared in public, which was at church, for she arrived at Ditchley on a Saturday—arrived alone with her two babies—both babies, for one was just fifteen months the elder of the other—and their nurse, a thorough Irishwoman, very young, very untidy, very faithful, and very ugly. Well could I picture the curate's wife as she walked up the aisle—though perhaps her beauty would at first be hardly perceptible to these good Ditchley people, accustomed to fair Saxon complexions, plump figures, and cheeks rosy and round, whereas hers were pale and thin, and her eyes dark, with heavy circles underneath them. Besides, she was very tall, and slender almost to tenuity; and her early maternity, combined with other cares, had taken from her the first fresh bloom of youth. At nineteen she looked rather older than her husband, though he was her senior by some years. "What a pity!" Ditchley said, in its comments upon her that Sunday; "why will Irishwomen marry so young?"—until they found out she was not an Irishwoman at all.

What she was, or where she came from, they had at first no means of guessing. She spoke English perfectly. Nevertheless, as the ladies who called upon her during the ensuing week detected, she had certainly some sort of foreign accent; but whether French, German, or Spanish, the untraveled natives of Ditchley were quite unable to discover. And even the boldest and most inquisitive of them found—I can

well believe it!—a certain difficulty in putting intrusive questions, or indeed questions of any kind, to Mrs. Scanlan. They talked about her babies, of whom she seemed irrationally proud; about her husband, to whose praises she listened with a sweet, calm, appreciative smile; and then they went away, having found out about her just as much as they knew the week before—viz., that she was Mrs. Scanlan.

Nevertheless she burst upon Ditchley like a revelation; this beautiful, well-bred young woman, who, though only the curate's wife, living in very common furnished lodgings, seemed fully the equal of every lady who called upon her. Yet she made nobody uncomfortable. Those who came to patronize forgot to do it, that was all; while the poorer and humbler ones, who, from her looks at church, had been at first a little afraid of her—doubting she would be "stand-offish" and disagreeable—found her so pleasant that they were soon quite at their ease, and went away to trumpet her praises far and near.

While she—how did she receive this praise, blame, or criticism? Nobody could find out. She had all the simplicity and naturalness of one who takes no trouble to assert a position which she has had all her life; is quite indifferent to outside shows of wealth or consequence, possessing that within which is independent of either; easily accessible to all comers; considering neither "What do other people think of you?" nor "I wonder what you are now thinking of me?" but welcoming each and all with the calm, gentle graciousness of a lady who has been, to use the current phrase, "thoroughly accustomed to good society."

Such was the wife whom, much to their surprise after all—for in none of their speculations had they quite reckoned upon such a woman—the new curate introduced to the parish of Ditchley.

She settled his status there, at once and permanently. Nay, she did more, for, with her dignified candor, she explained at once the facts which he had hitherto kept concealed; not upon her neighbors' first visit, but as soon as she grew at all into friendliness with them, even expressing some surprise that neither Mr. Scanlan nor Mr. Oldham—who treated her with great respect, and even had a dinner-party at the Rectory in her honor—should have made public the very simple facts of the Scanlan family history. Her Edward's father was a wealthy Dublin brewer—the identical "Scanlan and Co."—who had brought his son up to the Church, and was just on the point of buying him a living when some sudden collapse in trade came, the firm failed, the old man died penniless, leaving his old wife with only her own small income to live upon, while the son was driven to maintain himself as best he could. Though he was a popular preacher, and very much sought after, still admiration brought no pounds, shillings, and pence; his fine friends slipped from him; no hope of preferment offered itself in

Ireland. At which conjuncture he met Mr. Oldham, made friends with him, and accepted a fat curacy in the land of the Saxons.

This was the whole—a very plain statement, involving no mystery of any kind. Nor concerning herself was there ought to disguise. When her peculiar accent, and certain foreign ways she had, excited a few harmless wonderings, Mrs. Scanlan satisfied them all in the briefest but most unhesitating way, telling how she was of French extraction, her parents being both of an old Huguenot family, belonging to the *anciennes noblesses*. This latter fact she did not exactly state until her visitors noticed a coronet on an old pocket-handkerchief; and then she answered, quite composedly, that her late father, a teacher in Dublin, and very poor, was the Vicomte de Bougainville.

Here at once I give the clew to any small secret which may hitherto have thrown dust in the reader's eyes, but I shall attempt this no more. It must be quite clear to all persons of common penetration who was the lady I am describing.

Mademoiselle Josephine de Bougainville was the only child of her parents, who had met and married late in life, both being poor *émigrés* belonging to the same family, driven from France by the first Revolution. The mother was already dead when Josephine was given, at the early age of sixteen, to Edward Scanlan. I think, in spite of many presumptions to the contrary, that undoubtedly she married him from love, as he her. Perhaps, considering her extreme youth and her French bringing up, it was not exactly the right sort of love—not the love which we like to see our English daughters marry with, quite independent of the desire of parents or friends, trusting to no influence but that of their own honest hearts; but still it was love, and Edward Scanlan, a good-looking, ardent, impulsive young fellow, was just the sort of lover that would be attractive to sweet sixteen. I believe he fell in love with her at church, violently and desperately; and his parents, who never said him nay in any thing, and who had the shrewdness to see that her beauty and her good birth formed an excellent balance to the Scanlan money—nay, would be rather an advantage to the same—instead of resisting, encouraged the marriage. They applied to M. de Bougainville for his daughter's hand, and the poor old Vicomte, starving in his garret, was glad enough to bestow it—to see his child safe settled in a home of her own, and die.

He might have used some persuasion; she might have thought, French fashion, that it was right to marry whosoever her father wished, and so bent her will cheerfully to his. But I am sure she did not marry against her will, from the simple fact that, to a nature like hers, a marriage without love, or for any thing except love, would have been, at any age, altogether impossible. Besides, I have stronger evidence still. Once, in discussing, with re-

gard to myself, this momentous question, Lady de Bougainville said to me, very solemnly—so solemnly that I never forgot her words:

"Remember, Winifred, love alone is not sufficient in marriage. But, wanting love, nothing else suffices—no outward suitability, no tie of gratitude or duty. All break like threads before the wrench of the ever-grinding wheel of daily cares. I had a difficult married life, my dear, but it would have been ten times more so if, when I married, I had not loved my husband."

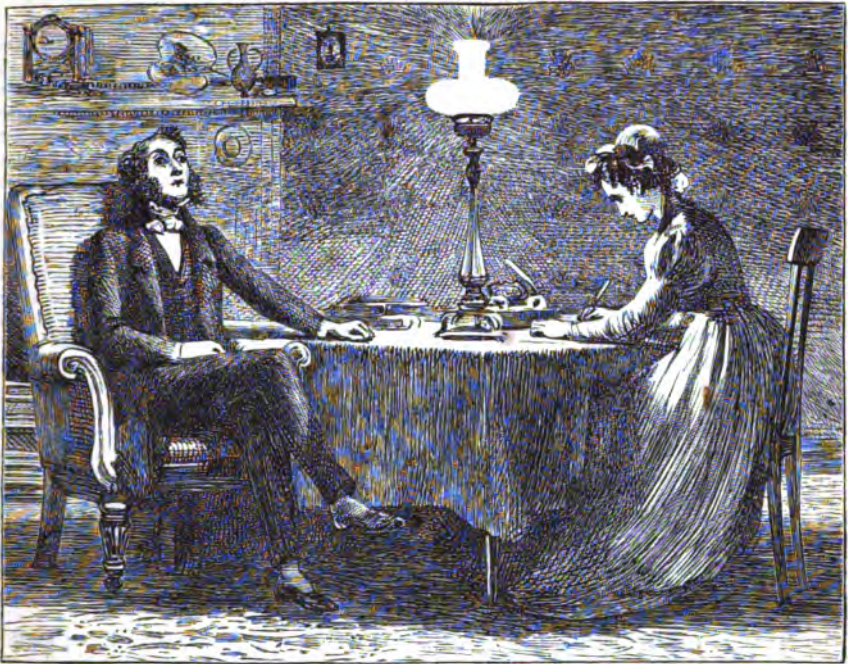
I find that instead of telling a consecutive story, I am mixing up confusedly the near and the far away. But it is nearly impossible to avoid this. Many things, obviously, I have to guess at. Given the two ends of a fact I must imagine the middle; but I shall imagine as little as ever I can. And I have two clews to guide me through the labyrinth—clews which have never failed through all those years.

Every Saturday night, when her children were in bed, her week's duties done, and her husband arranging his sermon, a task he always put off till the last minute, sitting up late to do it—and she never went to bed until he was gone, and she could shut up the house herself—this quiet hour Mrs. Scanlan always devoted to writing a journal. It was in French, not English; and very brief: a record of facts, not feelings; events, not moralizings; but it was kept with great preciseness and accuracy. And, being in French, was private; since, strange to say, her husband had never taken the trouble to learn the language.

Secondly, Lady de Bougainville had one curious superstition: she disliked burning even the smallest scrap of paper. Every letter she had ever received she kept arranged in order, and ticketed with its date of receipt and the writer's name. Thus, had she been a celebrated personage, cursed with a biographer, the said biographer would have had no trouble at all in arranging his data and gathering out of them every possible evidence, except perhaps the truth, which lies deeper than any external facts. Many a time I laughed at her for this peculiarity of hers; many a time I declared that were I a notable person I would take care to give those who came after me as much trouble as possible: instituting such periodical incinerations as would leave the chronicler of my life with no data to traffic upon, but keep him in a state of wholesome bewilderment concerning me. At which Lady de Bougainville only smiled, saying, "What does it matter? Why need you care?"

It may be so. As we decline toward our end, the projected glory and peace of the life to come may throw into dimness all this present life: we may become indifferent to all that has happened to us, and all that people may say and think of us after we are gone. She did, I know. And I might feel the same myself, if I had no children.

Those two children of hers, the little girl and



"THIS QUIET HOUR MRS. SCANLAN DEVOTED TO WRITING A JOURNAL."

boy, were enough of themselves to make life begin brightly for young Mrs. Scanlan, even in the dull town of Ditchley. And it was the bright time of year, when Ditchley itself caught the reflected glow of the lovely country around it—rich, West of England country; wide, green, heaving pasture-lands, and lanes full of spring flowers. The first time her little César came home with his chubby hands holding, or rather dropping, a mass of broken blue hyacinths, his mother snatched him in her arms and smothered him with kisses. She felt as if her own childhood were come over again in that of her children.

Besides, the sudden collapse of fortune, which had brought so many changes, brought one blessing, which was a very great one to Josephine Scanlan. Hitherto the young couple had never had a separate home. The old couple, considering—perhaps not unwisely—that the wife was so young and the husband so thoughtless, and that they themselves had no other children, brought them home to live with them in their grand house; which combined establishment had lasted until the crash came.

It could scarcely have been a life altogether to Josephine's taste; though I believe her father and mother-in-law were very worthy people—quite uneducated, having "made themselves," but gentle, kind, and good. If ever she did speak of them it was always with tenderness. Still, to the poor *émigrés'* daughter, brought up in all the traditions of "blue blood," taught to take as her standard of moral excel-

lence the chivalry which holds honor as the highest good, and socially, to follow that perfect simplicity which indicates the truest refinement—to such a one there must always have been something jarring in the rude, lavish luxury of these *nonneaux riches*, who, being able to get any thing through their money, naturally concluded that money was every thing. Though her fetters were golden, still, fetters they were: and though she must have worn them with a smiling, girlish grace—she was so much of a child, in years and in character—yet I have no doubt she felt them sometimes. When, all in a day, they dropped off like spiders' webs, I am afraid young Mrs. Scanlan was not near so unhappy as she ought to have been; nay, was conscious of a certain sense of relief and exhilaration of spirits. It was like passing out of a hot-house into the free pure air outside; and, though chilling at first, the change was wonderfully strengthening and refreshing.

The very first shock of it had nerved the shy, quiet girl into a bright, brave, active woman, ready to do all that was required of her, and more; complaining of nothing, and afraid of nothing. Calmly she had lived on with her mother-in-law, amidst the mockeries of departed wealth, till the house and furniture at Merri-on Square could be sold; as calmly, in a little lodging at Kingstown, had she waited the birth of her second child; and then, with equal fearlessness, had traveled from Ireland with the children and Bridget, alone and unprotected, though it was the first time in her life she had

ever done such a thing. But she did it thankfully and happily; and she was happy and thankful now.

True, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Scanlan felt at first the full weight of their changed fortunes. The grand sweep of every thing had not been so complete, or else it had been managed so ingeniously—as wide-awake people can manage these little affairs—as to leave them out of the wreck a good many personal luxuries. By the time the picturesque little cottage—which, being on the rector's land, he had put into good repair and recommended as a suitable habitation for his curate—was ready, there arrived by sea, from Dublin, quite enough of furniture—the remnant of old splendors—to make it very comfortable; nay, almost every lady, in paying the first call upon Mrs. Scanlan at Wren's Nest, said, admiringly, "What a pretty home you have got!"

Then when Mrs. Scanlan returned the visits, and, the term of mourning for her parents-in-law having expired, accepted a few invitations round about, she did so in clothes which, if a little unfashionable in Dublin, were regarded as quite modern in Ditchley; garments so handsome, so well arranged, and so gracefully put on that some of his confidential matron friends said to Mr. Scanlan, "How charmingly your wife dresses! Any one could see she was a Frenchwoman by the perfection of her toilet." At which Mr. Scanlan was, of course, excessively delighted, and admired his beautiful wife more than ever because other people admired her so much.

He, too, was exceedingly "jolly"—only that word had not then got ingrafted in the English language—in spite of his loss of fortune. The result of it did not as yet affect him personally; none of his comforts were curtailed to any great extent. "Roughing it" in lodgings, with every good house in the parish open to him whenever he chose to avail himself of the hospitality, had been not such a very hard thing. Nor was "love in a cottage," in summer-time, with roses and jasmines clustering about the door, and every body who entered it praising the taste and skill of his wife, within and without the house, and saying how they envied such a scene of rural felicity, by any means an unpleasant thing.

In truth, the curate sometimes scarcely believed he was a poor man at all, or in anywise different from the Edward Scanlan with whom every thing had gone so smoothly since his cradle, for his parents having married late in life had their struggle over before he was born. He still dressed with his accustomed taste—a little florid, perhaps, but not bad taste; he had always money in his pocket, which he could spend or give away, and he was equally fond of doing both. He had not, naturally, the slightest sense of the individual or relative value of either sovereigns or shillings, no more than if they had been dead leaves. This peculiarity had mattered little once, when he was

a rich young fellow; now, when it did matter, it was difficult to conquer.

His mother had said to Josephine on parting—almost the last thing she did say, for the old woman died within the year—"Take care of poor Edward, and look after the money yourself, my dear, or it'll burn a hole in his pockets—it always did." And Josephine had laughed at the phrase with an almost childish amusement and total ignorance of what it meant and implied. She understood it too well afterward.

But not now. Not in the least during that first sunshiny summer, which made Ditchley so pleasant and dear to her that the charm lasted through many and many a sunless summer and dreary winter. Her husband she had all to herself, for the first time; he was so fond of her, so kind to her; she went about with him more than she had ever been able to do since her marriage; taking rambles to explore the country, paying amusing first visits together to investigate and criticise the Ditchley society; receiving as much attention as if they were a new married couple; and even as to themselves, having as it were their honey-moon over again, only a great deal more gay and more comfortable. It was indeed a very happy life for Mr. and Mrs. Scanlan.

As for the babies, they were in an earthly paradise. Wren's Nest was built among the furze-bushes of a high common, as a wren's nest should be; and the breezes that swept over were so fresh and pure that the two little delicate faces soon began to grow brown with health—César's especially. The infant, Adrienne, had always been a small fragile thing. But César grew daily into a real boy, big, hearty, and strong; and Bridget showed him off wherever she went as one of the finest children of the neighborhood.

Thus time went on, marching upon flowers; still he did march, steadily, remorselessly. But it was not till the fall of the year, when a long succession of wet days and weeks made Wren's Nest look—as a wren's nest might be expected to look in wintry weather—that the Scanlans woke up to the recollection that they were actually "poor" people.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT are "poor" people—such as I have just stated the curate of Ditchley and his wife to be?

Few questions can be more difficult to answer. "Poor" is an adjective of variable value. I compassionate my next neighbor as a "poor" woman, because she lives in a small tumble-down cottage at the end of my garden, and has nine children, and a sick husband. While my next neighbor but one, who drives about in her carriage and pair, no doubt compassionates me, because in all weathers I have to go on foot. Often when she sweeps past me, trudging along our muddy lanes, and we bow and smile, I can

detect a lurking something, half pity—half—no, she is too kind for scorn!—in her face, which exceedingly amuses me. For I know that if her carriage meets the little chaise and ponies, driven by the lovely Countess whose seat is four miles off, the said Countess will be greatly envied by my wealthy neighbor, whose husband has only one handsome house to live in, while the Earl has six.

Thus, you see, "poor" is a mere adjective of comparison.

But when I call the Scanlans "poor," it was because their income was not equal to their almost inevitable expenditure. Theirs was the sharpest form of poverty, which dare not show itself as such; which has, or thinks it has, a certain position to keep up, and therefore must continually sacrifice inside comforts to outside shows. How far this is necessary or right remains an open question—I have my own opinion on the subject. But one thing is certain, that a curate, obliged to appear as a gentleman, and mix freely in other gentlemen's society—to say nothing of his having, unfortunately, the tastes and necessities of a gentleman—is in a much harder position than any artisan, clerk, or small shop-keeper who has the same number of pounds a year to live upon. Especially when both have the same ever-increasing family, only a rather different sort of family, to bring up upon it.

When Mr. Scanlan's stock of ready-money—that "running account" in the Ditchley bank, which he had thought so inexhaustible, but which ran away as fast as a centipede before the year was out—when this sum was nearly at an end, the young husband opened his eyes wide, with a kind of angry astonishment. His first thought was, that his wife had been spending money a great deal too fast. This was possible, seeing she was still but a novice in house-keeping, and besides she really did not know how much she had to keep house upon. For her husband, proud of his novel dignity as master of a family, had desired her to "leave every thing to him—just ask him for what she wanted, and he would always give it to her: a man should always be left to manage his own affairs." And Josephine, dutifully believing this, had smiled at the recollection of her mother-in-law's caution, thinking how much better a wife knew her husband than his own parents ever did, and cheerfully assented. Consequently, she made not a single inquiry as to how their money stood, until there was no money left to inquire after.

This happened on a certain damp November day—she long remembered the sort of day it was, and the minutæ of all that happened on it; for it was the first slight lifting up of that golden haze of happiness—the first opening of her eyes unto the cold, cheerless land that she was entering; the land where girlish dreams and ideal fancies are not, and all pleasures that exist therein, if existing at all, must be taken after a different fashion, and enjoyed in a different sort of way.

Mr. Scanlan had gone into Ditchley in the forenoon, and his wife had been busy making all sorts of domestic arrangements for a change that would rather increase than diminish the family expenditure, and holding a long consultation with her one servant as to a little plan she had, which would lighten both their hands, and indeed seemed, with present prospects, almost a necessity.

For, hard-working woman as Bridget was—and when there is found an industrious, conscientious, tidy Irishwoman, how she will work! with all her heart in it too—still Wren's Nest in winter and Wren's Nest in summer were two very different abodes. You can not keep a little cottage as warm as a good-sized house, or as neat either, especially when the said little cottage has two little people in it just of the age when rich parents find it convenient to exile their children to safe nurseries at the top of the house, to be "out of the way." Wren's Nest, quite large enough when César and Adrienne were out on the common from morning till night, became small when the poor little things had to be shut up in it all day long. Their voices—not always sweet—sometimes rang through it in a manner that even their mother found rather trying. As to their father—but Mrs. Scanlan had already begun to guess at one fact, which all young married women have to discover—that the more little children are kept out of their father's way the better for all parties.

Moreover, Josephine's husband still enjoyed his wife's company far too well not to grumble a little when she stinted him of it for the sake of her babies. He excessively disliked the idea of her becoming "a family woman," as he called it, swallowed up in domestic cares. Why not leave all that to the servants? He still said "servants," forgetting that there was now but one. Often, to please him—it was so sweet to please him always!—Mrs. Scanlan would resign many a necessary duty, or arrange her duties so that she could sit with him alone in the parlor, listening while he talked or read—listening with one ear, while the other was kept open to the sounds in the kitchen, where Bridget might be faintly heard, going about her work and crooning the while some Irish ditty, keeping baby on one arm while she did as much as she could of the household work with the other.

Poor Bridget! With all her good-will, of course, under such circumstances, things were not done as well as they ought to have been, nor were the children taken such care of as their anxious mother thought right. When there was a third child impending some additional household help became indispensable, and it was on this subject that she and Bridget were laying their heads together—very different heads, certainly, though the two young women—mistress and maid, were nearly the same age. Let me pause for a moment to draw Bridget Halloran's portrait—lovingly, for she was a great friend of mine.

She was very ugly, almost the ugliest woman I ever knew; and she must have been just the same in youth as in age, probably uglier, for time might by then have ironed out some of the small-pox seams which contributed not a little to the general disfigurement of her features. True, she never could have had much features to boast of, hers being the commonest type of Irish faces, flat, broad, round as an apple-dumpling, with a complexion of the dumpling hue and soddenness. There was a small dough-pinch for the nose, a wide slit for the mouth, two heady black-currants of eyes—and you had Bridget Halloran's face complete. Her figure was short and sturdy, capable of infinite exertion and endurance; but as for grace and beauty, not even in her teens did it possess one single line. Her sole charm was that peculiarly Hibernian one—a great mass of very fine blue-black hair, which she hid under a cap, and nobody ever saw it.

But Nature, which had been so niggardly to this poor woman in outward things, compensated for it by putting into her the brightest, bravest, truest, peasant nature—the nature of the Irish peasant who, being blessed with a double share of both heart and brains, is capable alike of any thing good and any thing bad. Bridget, no doubt, had her own capacities for the latter, but they had remained undeveloped; while all the good in her had grown, month by month, and day by day, ever since, at little César's birth, she came as nurse-maid into the service of young Mrs. Scanlan.

To her mistress she attached herself at once with the passionate admiration that ugliness sometimes conceives for beauty, coarseness for grace and refinement. And, they being thrown much together, as mothers and nurse-maids are, or ought to be, this admiration settled into the most faithful devotion that is possible to human nature. At any time, I think, Bridget would composedly have gone to be hanged for the sake of her mistress; or rather, dying being a small thing to some people, I think she would have committed for her sake any crime that necessitated hanging. Which is still not saying much, as Bridget's sole consciousness of, and distinction between, right and wrong was, whether or not Mrs. Scanlan considered it so.

But I have said enough to indicate what sort of person this Irish girl was, and explain why the other girl—still no more than a girl in years, though she was mistress and mother—held toward her a rather closer relation than most ladies do with their servants nowadays. Partly, because Bridget was of Irish, and Mrs. Scanlan of French birth, and in both countries the idiosyncrasy of the people makes the tie between the server and the served a little different from what it is in England. Also, because the enormous gulf externally between Josephine Scanlan *née* De Bougainville, and Bridget Halloran, nobody's daughter (being taken from a foundling hospital), was crossed easier than many lesser distances, especially by that

slender, firm, almost invisible, but indestructible bond of a common nature—a nature wholly womanly. They understood one another, these two, almost without a word, on the simple ground of womanhood.

They were discussing anxiously the many, and to them momentous arrangements for the winter, or rather early spring—the new-comer being expected with the violets—but both servant and mistress had quite agreed on the necessity of a little twelve-year-old nurse-maid, and had even decided on the village school girl whom they thought most suitable for the office. And then Bridget, seeing her mistress look excessively tired with all her morning's exertions, took the children away into the kitchen, and made their mother lie down on the sofa underneath the window, where she could see the line of road across the common, and watch for Mr. Scanlan's return home.

She was tired, certainly; weary with the sacred weakness, mental and bodily of impending maternity, but she was neither depressed nor dejected. It was not her nature to be either. God had given her not only strength, but great elasticity of temperament; she had been a very happy-hearted girl as Josephine de Bougainville, and she was no less so as Josephine Scanlan. She had had a specially happy summer—the happiest, she thought, since she was married; her husband had been so much more her own, and she had enjoyed to the full the pleasure of being sole mistress in her own house, though it was such a little one. I am afraid, if questioned, she would not for one moment have exchanged Wren's Nest for Merion Square.

Nor—equal delusion!—would she have exchanged her own husband, the poor curate of Ditchley, for the richest man alive, or for all the riches he had possessed when she first knew him. She was very fond of him just as he was. She greatly enjoyed his having no valet, and requiring her to wait upon him hand and foot; it was pleasanter to her to walk across the country, ever so far, clinging to his arm, than to be driven along in state, sitting beside him in the grand carriage. And beyond expression sweet to her were the quiet evenings which had come since the winter set in, when no dinner parties were possible, and after the children were gone to bed the young father and mother sat over the fire, as close together as lovers, and making love quite as foolishly sometimes.

"I suspect, after all, I was made to be a poor man's wife," Josephine would sometimes say to herself, and think over all her duties in that character, and how she could best fulfill them, so that her Edward might not miss his lost riches the least in the world, seeing he had gained, as she had, so much better things.

She lay thinking of him on this wise, very tenderly, when she saw him come striding up to the garden-gate; and her heart beat quicker, as it did still—foolish, fond creature!—at the sight of her young husband—her girlhood's



"SHE LAY THINKING OF HIM ON THIS WISE, TENDERLY."

love. She made an effort to rise and meet him with a bright face and open arms.

But his were closed, and his countenance was dark as night—a very rare thing for the good-tempered, easy-minded Edward Scanlan.

"What is the matter, dear? Are you ill? Has any thing happened?"

"Happened, indeed! I should think so! Do you mean to say you don't know—that you never guessed? Look there!"

He threw over to her one of those innocent-looking, terrible little books called bank-books, and went and flung himself down on the sofa in exceeding discomposure.

"What is this?"—opening it with some curiosity, for she had never seen the volume before; he had kept it in his desk, being one of those matters of business which, he said, "a woman couldn't understand."

"Nonsense, Josephine! Of course you knew."

"What did I know?"

"That you have been spending so much money that you have nearly ruined me. Our account is overdrawn."

"Our account overdrawn! What does that mean?" she said—not answering, except by a gentle sort of smile, the first half of his sentence. For she could not have been married these five years without learning one small fact—that her Edward sometimes made "large" statements, which had to be received *cum grano*, as not implying more than half he said, especially when he was a little vexed.

"Mean! It means, my dear, that we have not a half-penny left in the bank, and that we owe the bank two pounds five—no, seven—I never can remember those stupid shillings!—over and above our account."

"Why did they not tell you before?"

"Of course they thought it did not matter. A gentleman like me would always keep a banker's account, and could at any time put more money in. But I can't. I have not a penny-piece in the world besides my paltry salary. And it is all your fault—all your fault, Josephine."

Mrs. Scanlan was startled. Not that it was the first time she had been spoken to crossly by her husband: such an idyllic state of con-

cord is quite impossible in ordinary married life, and in this work-a-day world, where men's tempers, and women's too, are rubbed up the wrong way continually; but he had never spoken to her with such sharp injustice. She felt it acutely; and then paused to consider whether it were not possible that Edward was less to blame than she. For she loved him; and, to fond, idealizing love, while the ideal remains unbroken, it is so much easier to accuse one's self than the object beloved.

"It may be my fault, my friend"—she often called him, affectionately, "my friend," as she remembered hearing her mother address her father as "*mon ami*," and it was her delight to think that the word was no misnomer—every woman's husband should be, besides all else, her best, and dearest, and closest "friend." "But if it is my fault I did not mean it, Edward. It was because I did not understand. Sit down here, and try to make me understand."

She spoke quite cheerfully, not in the least comprehending how matters stood, nor how serious was the conjuncture. When it dawned upon her—for, though so young and inexperienced, she had plenty of common-sense, and a remarkably clear head at business—she looked extremely grave.

"I think I do understand now. You put all the money we had, which was a hundred pounds, into the bank, and you have fetched it out for me whenever I asked you for it, or whenever you wanted some yourself, without looking how the account stood—the 'balance,' don't you call it?—and when you went to the bank to-day, you found we had spent it all, and there was nothing left. Isn't that it?"

"Exactly so. What a sharp little girl you are; how quickly you have taken it all in!" said he, a little more good-tempered, having got rid of his crossness by its first ebullition, and being relieved to find how readily she forgave it, and how quietly she accepted the whole thing. For he had a lurking consciousness that, on the whole, he had been a little "foolish," as he called it himself, and was not altogether free from blame in the transaction.

"Yes, I think I have taken it all in," said she, meditatively, and turning a shade paler. "I comprehend that the money I wanted I can not get; that we shall be unable to get any more money for any thing until Mr. Oldham pays you your next half-yearly salary."

"Just so. But don't you vex yourself, my love. It will not signify. We can live upon credit; my father lived upon credit for I don't know how long."

Josephine was silent—through sheer ignorance. Her translation of the word "credit" was moral virtue, universal respect: and she liked to think how deeply her husband was respected in the town; but still she did not understand how his good name would suffice to pay his butcher's and baker's bills, and other expenses, which seemed to have fallen upon

them more heavily than usual this Christmas. To say nothing of another expense—and a strange pang shot through the young mother's heart, to think that it should ever take the shape of a burden instead of a blessing—the third little olive-branch that was soon to sprout up round that tiny table.

"Edward," she said, looking at him entreatingly—almost tearfully, as if a sudden sense of her weakness had come upon her, and instinctively she turned to her husband for help: "Edward, tell me, if we can get no money, not till May, from Mr. Oldham, what am I to do—in March?"

"Bless my soul, I had forgotten that!" and the young man spoke in a tone of extreme annoyance. "You should have thought of it yourself; indeed, you should have thought of every thing a little more. March! how very inconvenient. Well, it can't be helped. You must just manage as well as you can."

"Manage as well as I can," repeated Josephine, slowly, and lifted up in his face her great, dark, heavy eyes. Perhaps she saw something in that face which she had never seen before, some line which implied it was a weaker face, a shallower face than at first appeared. She had been accustomed to love it without reading it much—certainly without criticising it; but now her need was hard. Still harder, too, when wanting it most, to come for comfort and find none; or, at least, so little that it was almost none. "He does not understand," she said to herself, and ceased speaking.

"It is very, very provoking, altogether most unfortunate," continued the curate. "But I suppose you can manage, my dear; laborers' wives do with half the comforts that I hope you will have. Oh dear, a poor curate is much worse off than a day-laborer! But as to the little nurse-maid you were speaking to me about this morning, of course you will see at once that such an additional outlay would be quite impossible. She would eat as much as any two of us; and, indeed, we shall have quite enough mouths to fill—rather too many."

"Too many!"

It was but a chance word, but it had stabbed her like a sword—the first actual wound her husband had ever given her. And, by nature, Josephine Scanlan was a woman of very acute feelings, sensitive to the slightest wound; not to her pride, or her self-esteem, but to her affections and her strong sense of right and justice. She answered not a syllable; she turned away quietly—and stood looking out of the window toward where Ditchley church-spire rose through the rainy mist. Then she thought, with a sudden, startling fancy, of the church-yard below it, where a grave might open yet—a grave for both mother and babe—and so save the little household from being "too many."

It was an idea so dreadful, so wicked, that she thrust it from her in haste and shame, and turned back to her husband, trying to speak in a cheerful voice of other things.

"But what about the two pounds five, or seven—which is it?—that you owe the bank? Of course we must pay it."

"Oh no, they will trust me; they know I am a gentleman."

"But does not a gentleman always pay? My father thought so. Whatever comforts we went without, if the landlord came up for our rent it was ready on the spot. My father used to say, '*Noblesse oblige*.'"

"Your father," began Mr. Scanlan, with a slight sneer in his tone, but stopped. For there stood opposite to him, looking at him with steadfast eyes, the poor Vicomte's daughter, the beautiful girl he had married—the woman who was now his companion for life, in weal or woe, evil report or good report. She might not have meant it—probably was wholly unconscious of the fact—but she stood more erect than usual, with all the blood of the De Bougainvilles rising in her thin cheeks and flaming in her sunken eyes.

"I should not like to ask the bank to trust us, Edward; and there is no need. I paid all my bills yesterday for the month, but there are still three sovereigns left in my purse. You can take them and pay. Will you? At once?"

"There is no necessity. What a terrible hurry you are in! How you do bother a man! But give me the money."

"Edward!" As he snatched at the offered purse, half jest, half earnest, she detained him. "Kiss me! Don't go away angry with me. We are never surely beginning to quarrel?"

"Not a bit of it. Only—well, promise to be more careful another time."

She promised, almost with a sense of contrition, though she did not exactly know what she had to repent of. But when her husband was gone up stairs, and she lay down again, and began calmly thinking the matter over, her sense of justice righted itself, and she saw things clearer—alas! only too clear.

She knew she had erred, but not in the way Edward thought: in quite a contrary direction. How could she, a mistress and mother of a family, have been so unwise as to take every thing upon trust, live merrily all that summer, supplying both herself and the household with every thing they needed, without inquiring a syllable about the money; where it all came from, how long it would last, and whether she was justified in thus expending it!

"Of course, Edward did not think, could not calculate—it was never his way. His poor mother was right; this was my business, and I have neglected it. But I was so ignorant. And so happy—so happy!"

Her heart seemed to collapse with a strange, cold fear—a forewarning that henceforward she might not too often have that excuse of happiness. It was with difficulty that she restrained herself before her husband; and the minute he had left her—which he did rather carelessly, and quite satisfied she was "all right now"—

she burst into such hysterical sobbing that Bridget in the kitchen heard and came in.

But when, with fond Irish familiarity, the girl entreated to know what was the matter, and whether she should run and fetch the master, Mrs. Scanlan gave a decided negative, which surprised Bridget as much as these hysterical tears.

Bridget and her master were not quite upon as good terms as Bridget and her mistress. Mr. Scanlan disliked ugly people; also, he treated servants generally with a certain roughness and lordliness, which some people think it necessary to show, just to prove the great difference between them and their masters, which otherwise might not be sufficiently discernible.

But when she saw him from the window striding across the common toward Ditchley, leaving the house and never looking behind him, though he, and he only, must have been the cause of his wife's agitation, either by talking to her in some thoughtless way, or telling her some piece of bad news which he ought to have had the sense to keep to himself, Bridget felt extremely angry with Mr. Scanlan.

However, she was wise enough to hold her tongue, and devote all her efforts to soothe and quiet her mistress, which was finally effected by a most fortunate domestic catastrophe; César and little Adrienne being found quarreling over the toasting-fork which Bridget had dropped in her hurry, and which was so hot in the prongs that both burned their fingers, and tottered screaming to their mother's sofa. This brought Mrs. Scanlan to herself at once. She sat up, cuddled them to her bosom, and began comforting them as mothers can—by which she soon comforted herself likewise. Then she looked up at Bridget, who stood by her, silent and grim—poor Bridget's plain face was always so very grim when she was silent—and made a half excuse or apology.

"I can't think what made me turn so ill, Bridget. I have been doing almost nothing all day."

"Doing! No, ma'am, it's not doing, it's talking," replied Bridget, with a severe and impressive emphasis, which brought the color to her mistress's cheeks. "But the master's gone to Ditchley, I think, and he can't be back just yet," she added, triumphantly; as if the master's absence at this crisis, if a discredit to himself, was a decided benefit to the rest of the household.

"I know. He has gone on business," said Mrs. Scanlan. And then the business he had gone upon came back upon her mind in all its painfulness; she turned so deadly white once more that Bridget was frightened.

"Oh, ma'am!" she cried, "what in the world has happened?"

(Here I had better state that I make no attempt to give Bridget's brogue. Indeed, when I knew her she had almost none remaining. She had come so early into her mistress's service, and she had lived so long in England, that her Hibernicisms of speech and character had

gradually dropped off from her; all except the warm heart and elastic spirit, the shrewd wit and stanch fidelity, which especially belong to her nation, neutralizing many bad qualities, to which miserable experience forces us to give the bitter adjective—so “Irish.”)

“Nothing has happened,” said Mrs. Scanlan. “I suppose I am not quite so strong as I ought to be, but I shall soon be all right, I hope. Come, Baby, it’s near your bedtime; my blessing! don’t cry so! it goes to mother’s heart.”

She roused herself and began walking up and down with Adrienne in her arms, vainly trying to still her cries and hush her to sleep, but looking herself so wretched all the time, so feeble and incapable of effort, that Bridget at last said, remonstratively:

“You’re not to do that, ma’am. Indeed, you’re not.”

“What do you mean?” said Mrs. Scanlan, turning quickly round; “what am I not to do?”

“Not to be carrying that heavy child about. It isn’t your business, ma’am, and you’re not fit for it. And I’m not going to let you do it, either.”

“I must,” said Mrs. Scanlan, in a tone so sharp that Bridget quite started. Her mistress was usually excessively gentle in manner and speech—too gentle, Bridget, who had a tongue of her own, and a temper also, sometimes considered. Nevertheless, the sharpness surprised her, but it was away in a minute.

Mrs. Scanlan turned round with tears in her eyes.

“I did not mean to be cross, Bridget. I only meant that I must learn to do a great many things that I have not hitherto done.”

What things? Bridget wanted to know. Because she thought the mistress did quite enough, and too much; she should be very glad when they had a second servant.

“No, we shall not have a second servant.”

Bridget stared.

“It is quite out of the question. We can not possibly afford it; Mr. Scanlan says so, and of course he knows.”

Josephine said this with a certain air of dignity, by which she wished to put a stop to the “argufying” that she feared; but Bridget, instead, looked so shocked and disconsolate that her mistress took the other tack, and began to console her.

“Really we need not mind much about it. A girl of twelve would have been very ignorant and useless, and perhaps more of a trouble than a help; and I shall be able to help much more by-and-by, and according as I get used to things. I was so very innocent of all house affairs when I came here,” added she, smiling, “but I think I grow cleverer every day now.”

“Ma’am, you’re the cleverest lady I ever knew. And you took to housekeeping like a duck to the water. More’s the pity! you that can play music, and talk foreign tongues, and work beautiful with your fingers—and there you are washing dishes, and children’s clothes, and

children, with those same pretty fingers. I’d like to tie ‘em up in a bag.”

“Thank you,” said Mrs. Scanlan, laughing outright now: she and Bridget often laughed together, with their French and Irish light-heartedness, even amidst the hardest work and the cloudiest days. “But seriously, think how many mothers have to take care of their own children without any nurse-maid—without any help at all—and I have yours. And three will not be much more trouble than two; indeed, this morning one of my neighbors consoled me by saying that, after two children, even ten did not make much difference.”

“And we may have ten!” said Bridget, with a very long face, and a grave personal appropriation of the responsibility, which at first made her mistress laugh again—then suddenly turn grave, muttering to herself something in French. For the first time it had occurred to Mrs. Scanlan that circumstances might arise in which these gifts of God were not altogether blessings. The thought was so painful, so startling, that she could not face it. She drove it back, with all the causes which had suggested it, into the innermost corners of her heart. And with her heart’s vision she utterly refused to see—what to her reason’s eyes would have been clear enough—that her husband had acted like a child, and been as vexed as a child when his carelessness came to light. Also that the carelessness as to worldly matters, which does not so much signify when a man is a bachelor, and has nobody to harm but himself (if ever such a state of isolation is possible), becomes an actual sin when he is married and has others depending on him—others whom his least actions must affect vitally, for good or ill.

But as she walked up and down the room, rocking Edward’s child to sleep—Adrienne was the one of her babies most like the father, César being entirely a De Bougainville—Josephine could not think hardly of her Edward. He would grow wiser in time, and meanwhile the least said or thought of his mistake the better. Nor did she communicate any further of it to Bridget, beyond saying that, besides omitting the little nurse-maid, they would henceforward have to be doubly economical; for Mr. Scanlan and herself had decided they were spending a great deal more than they ought.

“Ugh!” said Bridget, and asked no more questions; for she was a little afraid of even her sweet young mistress when it pleased her to assume that gentle reserve. But the shrewd servant, nevertheless, made up her mind that—by fair means or foul, by direct inquiry, or by the exercise of that sharp Irish wit in which the girl was by no means deficient—she would find out what had passed between the husband and wife, to make her mistress so ill. Also, whether there was any real occasion for her master’s extraordinary stinginess.

“It’s not his way! quite the contrary!” thought she, when, while Mrs. Scanlan was hushing baby to sleep, she slipped up and put

to rights the one large room which served as bedroom for both parents and children: finding Mr. Scanlan's clothes scattered over César's little bed; crumpled shirts without end (for he had been dressing to dine out), and half a dozen pairs of soiled lavender gloves. "What busi-

ness has he to wear lavender kid gloves, I should like to know?" said Bridget to herself, rather severely. "They'd have bought Master César two pair of boots, or the mistress a new bonnet. Ugh! men are queer creatures—I'm glad I wasn't a man, any how!"

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVI.

AGAIN—AT LAST!

THIS is not a story of the struggles of a poor artist and adventurer, though so much of my life was indeed just such a story. But lives like mine have been told so often before that I could add little new by dwelling on the professional and adventurous part of my existence, even if I had the art to tell such things as other men have told them. Therefore I frankly intimated to my readers long ago that I do not mean to enter into the details of my struggles, my disappointments, my privations, my temporary success. Of all these I shall only say, like the fair dame pressed to explain the duties of the *cicisbeo*, "I beseech you to suppose them." In brief, the professional story of my life is this: I struggled long and wearily. At last I succeeded, for a time. Then I lost the best of my voice, and I faded back into quiet obscurity, not without comfort. For what Carlyle calls four-and-twenty resplendent months I was a brilliant success in the popular sense. I know myself, and I know that I never was or could be a great singer. I never was in the high sense an artist. I never had a genius for music, or for any thing; but I had my run of success—I had my day. It was a short one, and it is over; and I don't regret it. "I cease to live," says the poet's Egmont; "but I have lived!"

In my days of swift success I came to know a great many authors, sculptors, painters, critics, artists of every class, who had all more or less succeeded in life; and I found that the actor or the singer has some splendid chances which are denied to any other adventurer after popular favor. Worst off of all his brethren I rate the literary adventurer, although Thackeray, with the complacency of recognized and triumphant genius, pointed out the immense advantage the author enjoys in requiring neither patronage nor capital, but only a few sheets of paper and a steel pen. Where is his arena, his tribune? He has written his grand tragedy. Very good. Who is going to play it?—nay, what manager is going to read it? He has finished every chapter of his novel; and then begins the dreariest part of his business. I remember literary friends of mine used to say, when sometimes the author of "Vanity Fair" showed his grand white head among us, that he had had toil enough to persuade the public to read what he had written, that he had hawked about his great book long enough before any

publisher could be induced to run the risk of printing it. The difficulty was to get any publisher to read it. Change "Vanity Fair" into a picture or a statue, and it would at least have found a place in an exhibition, where a crowd, coming for the sole purpose of looking at pictures and statues, would have seen it, and some eye would surely have found out its worth. To read through thousands on thousands of scrawled MS. pages, in the hope of some time coming on a literary treasure, is a wearisome diving process which only stubborn souls long endure; but to hunt through an art-exhibition is a pleasant and easy work. I rate the chances of the painter or the sculptor, then, rather above those of the literary man. But while it is true that not every one can get a chance of exhibiting his picture in any gallery, it is also true that even in the gallery it may pass unnoticed of the crowd, who only run to look at the pictures of men with names, or pictures they have been forewarned to look at. Suppose, however, that every one going into the gallery were compelled to look at every picture in turn—were compelled at least to stand before it, and look at that or nothing for a certain number of minutes, would not the obscure artist's chances be immensely increased in value? But this is precisely the condition of the actor or the singer. Once, at the very least, in his three or five acts he is in absolute possession of the audience. No one may speak or sing but he. It is his chance. If he can speak or sing in any way worth listening to there is his opportunity of doing it. I have known scores of men in other professions who only wanted just one such chance to crown their ambition, or, at all events, to crush it, and who never got the chance, but went along through life disappointed and embittered, girding at the successful, snarling at popular favor, wailing against destiny, and always convinced that if the world could but have seen or heard them it would have fallen in homage at their feet. The public, indeed, will not go fishing for talent, like pearl-divers. It is enough to ask that they shall recognize it when set before them. "Genius," says Mürger, "is the sun; all the world sees it. Talent is the diamond in the mine; it is prized when discovered." This was my chance. I got an opportunity of holding up my poor little artistic diamond. The opening came; I had the stage all to myself for a few moments, and I really had been gifted by Nature with a voice which then, at least, could hardly have failed to make an impression. It made its impression, and I succeeded.

This was in Italy. I came home to England, after an absence comparatively very short, a success. My way began to be clear before me. I began to have friends, admirers, rivals, detractors, satellites, partisans, and enemies. I grew familiar with my own name in print; I became accustomed to the receipt of anonymous letters—some full of praise, not a few full of love, a great many breathing contempt and detestation. I began to judge of journals and critics only according to their way of dealing with myself.

I must say that hardly any kind of life seems to be more corrupting to independent and generous manhood than that which depends upon the public admiration. It is hardly a whit better than that which hangs on princes' favor. The miserable jealousies, the paltry rivalries and spites, the mean, imperious triumph over somebody else's failure or humiliation, the pitiful exultation over one's own passing success, the womanish anxiety to know what is said of one, the child-like succession of exaltation and depression, the absorbing vanity, the sickening love of praise, and the nauseous capacity for swallowing it—all these seem to be as strictly the disease and danger of artistic life as yellow fever is of the West Indies, or dysentery of the East. I have indeed known strong natures both in men and women which could defy the contagion, and retain their healthy and self-reliant simplicity to the last. I have seen, even in stage-life, virgins who could tread those hideous hot plow-shares of vanity and jealousy, and come out unscathed. I have known men who to the last kept the whiteness of their souls, and never felt a pang of mean joy over another's failure, or of unmanly pride or unmanly grief at success or failure of their own. But such natures are indeed the rarest of phenomena, and only make the general character of the race show more repulsively. You can't help it; I mean, we common natures can not help it. Some of us go in resolving that we will not be like the others, that we will not lay down our manhood, and our courage, and our generosity, and succumb to the poisonous atmosphere of praise, and rivalry, and jealousy. But we soon grow like the rest; we rage at a disparaging word; we swell with pride over the most outrageous praise; our bosoms burst with glee when some new rival is spoken of too favorably or applauded too loudly; we rejoice with a base and coward joy, which our lying lips dare not confess, when some one whom openly we call a friend makes a failure and falls down. Our nature becomes positively sexless; and man detests woman if she outshines him, just as rival beauties of a fribble season may hate each other. I protest I did not, until I came in for some little artistic success, ever believe it possible I could hate—or, indeed, that any man could hate—an attractive and pretty woman who had never either slighted or betrayed him. I soon learned that the wretched creature who lives on the favor of the public can get to envy

and detest any being that stands between him and the sun of his existence.

From my soul I detested the whole thing. I distinctly saw my moral nature becoming contaminated by it, and I despised myself even for the momentary pang of pride and envy which I honestly did my best to crush and conquer. I sometimes thought to myself, "The time must soon come, if one of us does not die meanwhile, when I shall meet Christina. Shall I find her even as one of these? Shall I find that her heart swells with pitiful pride and rankles with paltry spleen; that she hates her rivals; that she can swallow any amount of praise, and gladden in it; that she can cry when some critic disparages her or praises some one else?"

I could not believe it; yet I could not but fear; I could not but sometimes wish that I had been less fortunate in my personal ambition, and that I were still far removed in obscurity out of her possible path.

I heard of her often. She was soon to return to England, where her sudden departure and long absence, after so sudden a success, lent new attraction to her. People said she was married. I had heard the statement almost with composure. She had become like a dream to me. When I saw her last I was little more than a boy; I stood now on the latest verge of my youth: a whole working lifetime lay between. I believed that I had so far disciplined my nature and subordinated early and disappointed passion, that I could meet her now again with unmoved politeness, and even on our first meeting look calmly in her face, touch her hand without tremor, and congratulate her becomingly upon her great success.

Yes, they said she was married; and it was certain that she now described herself as Madame Reichstein, not Mademoiselle Reichstein. Indeed, some maintained that she was not only a wife, but actually a widow. But they said all manner of things about her. Her husband was an *entrepreneur*; he was an Australian adventurer; he was a rich Yankee speculator; he was a scion of a noble Austrian family, who never would look at him after his *mésalliance*; whoever he was, he had deserted her: no, it was she who had run away from him while they were living at Nice, and actually in their honeymoon; he used to beat her; she once tried to stab him: at all events, he was dead now. Nay, there was not a word of truth in all that; the real fact was, that she never was married at all; the young nobleman killed himself for love of her, and left her all his property; and so forth, and so forth. These and countless other stories—equally incoherent, extravagant, and contradictory—passed from mouth to mouth among the people I met who talked about Christina Reichstein.

I found Ned Lambert, when I returned to England, quite established as the household friend of the Lyndons. He used to come and dine with them almost every Sunday, having made a definite arrangement to that effect with

Mrs. Lyndon, who was ready enough, and rejoiced to eke out her housekeeping by such a mode of contribution, and who had indeed quite a genius for cookery. Lambert liked the change immensely. He said he was fond of a good dinner on Sunday, and that when he dined alone at his own lodgings he never ventured to ask his landlady for any thing beyond the cold corpse of a fowl cooked on the Saturday. But it was not his relish for a savory little dinner which brought him all the way to our dreary district; and I saw a marked change, both in him and in Lilla, when I once more joined the little circle. Lilla was more thoughtful, more melancholy, less pleasure-loving than before; he, on the other hand, was generally brighter and more animated, unless when he was studying manners and deportment, which indeed he almost always was. Many a time I saw him furtively glance under his eyes at Lilla, as if to learn from her expression whether he had accomplished a triumph or committed a solecism of etiquette. I could not resist the temptation to make an inquiry once in Lilla's presence about his Sunday evening relief from coat-sleeves; whereat he looked so distressed and confused that Lilla insisted on having the whole story, and had it accordingly, and laughed very much; and Lambert at last gave way, and likewise laughed; and we all laughed a good deal longer than the story deserved. I was glad to have made Lilla laugh at any one's expense, for, poor girl, she laughed less now than of old days, and her face looked pale and anxious. I soon found out the reason.

Between Lambert and myself we had boxes, stalls, and so forth, for some theatre almost at will. One night we went—Lilla, her mother, Lambert, and myself: Lambert would not stir without Mrs. Lyndon—to see a new performer as Claude Melnotte. He, the new Claude Melnotte, was the idol of one of the colonies, and was a statuesque, handsome, deep-voiced, energetic, wooden-headed sort of actor. I thought the whole thing dreadfully tiresome, and Lambert thought so too; but Lilla was quite melted by it, and streamed with tears. A year before I know that she would have laughed at the business, or yawned over it. I saw Lambert's eyes resting on her with profound admiration and sympathy; and he looked up and caught my eye, and gave me a glance, partly whimsical, partly sentimental, partly bashful and apologetic, which would have made quite a picture in itself. She had her depths of sensibility, then, this poor girl, whose bloom the hard coarse grit of London life had so nearly rubbed away. Never did she shed tears at a theatre when I was her companion, or care for any performance which was supposed to demand tear-shedding as its tribute.

I spoke of the change to Lambert himself that night.

"It's true," he replied, slowly and sententiously; "I have often thought that the best test you could have of a woman's intelligence and of her

sympathies would be to watch her demeanor at a theatre. Hear her comments, and observe how she looks; and the fellow who does not know her then is an idiot, who never could know any thing of her. You can't imagine, Temple, how I hate some women I see at a play: they look so cold and stolid and severely proper and self-contained, that I should like to have them expelled from the presence of art altogether. I wonder how you will feel at the sight of such people when you come on our stage, before our unimpassioned creatures here. It is not like Italy, Temple—at least, I fancy so; and indeed I have heard it from—Oh, from many who have felt it."

"From Madame Reichstein, for example?"

I was determined not to shrink from that name, or allow him to suppose that I faltered at it.

"Yes, from her in especial. She was dreadfully chilled here in London, although they gave her quite unusual honors."

"She would be. Her enthusiasm and her really lyric nature would naturally chafe against our British composure."

He glanced at me inquiringly, as if he meant to ask whether this calmness was real or put on. If I had been asked then I could have answered in all sincerity that I believed it real. I know now that it was but an effort of self-discipline.

"We had a sort of scene at a theatre one night," he said, rapidly changing the subject; "I mean Lilla—Miss Lyndon—and I."

"Indeed! What happened?"

"Some fellow—mad, I think—seized her by the arm, just as I was handing her into a cab—her mother was already in—and jabbered some insane nonsense at her. I pushed him away, and the wretched creature flew at me like a wild-cat, and there was quite a disturbance."

"Who was he? What was he like?"

"Oh, quite an *outré*, mad-looking creature, small and old, with a black wig. I could have crushed him; but, of course, I wasn't going to hit a poor old bloke—old man, I mean; and so I only dragged him away, and asked a policeman to take charge of him. But he was near raising a perfect mob about us, shrieking out that I was carrying off his long-lost daughter, and I don't know what other rubbish; and he cut my lip, so that I was a pretty sight, I can tell you."

"What became of Lilla?"

"She comported herself most bravely; neither screamed nor fainted. I got rid of my lunatic as soon as I could."

"Did Mrs. Lyndon see him?"

"No, she didn't. It so happened that she never got a glimpse of him; and I was very glad. She is a nervous woman, and would have been greatly frightened by the sight of so extraordinary a creature. Of course I made nothing of it, and I never heard any more about it."

"You never found out any thing about him?"



WE MEET AGAIN.

"Never; and I never tried to."

I said no more on the subject; I needed no further explanation.

Some days after this, a few of us—Lambert, myself, and one or two rising actors and *littérateurs*—gave a little *fête* to some of our friends at Richmond. It was very early in the season. We dined, of course, at the Star and Garter.

Lilla Lyndon was of the company. We were all very pleasant. I was as happy as a bright sun, delicious air, and joyous company could make any man; and I, at least, never could be insensible to the mere joy of living, of barely living, under such sun and in such air. I was a sort of rising star too, in a very small way, and might have flirted and been flattered a good

deal; and did on this occasion accept my opportunities. I walked through the gardens, after dinner, with a pretty, vivacious girl leaning on my arm; a girl who had just made a brilliant success in light comedy, and promised indeed to be another Abington or Nisbett, until she married, poor thing, and died in her first confinement. Her people lived not far from Norwood; and a short time since, walking out from the Crystal Palace all ringing with music, I strayed into a church-yard, and came upon a tombstone bearing the name of my poor young friend. This Richmond day, however, of which I speak, was darkened by no shadow from the future, and we were all very bright and happy.

"Look there!" said my companion, suddenly, and with a joyous laugh. "See how people make love off the stage."

She directed my attention to two figures in a shady little alley of shrubs and trees not far from us. They were Lambert and Lilla Lyndon. She was leaning on his arm; her eyes were downcast, her cheeks were crimson, her step was slow. He bent his tall figure over her; he was pleading earnestly, passionately—that any one could see—into her ear. It had come, then, just as I thought it would. He loved her; and now he was telling her so; and I could not doubt what her answer would be.

Queer pangs shot through me. I was rejoiced at the prospect of the happiness of both my friends. I thought with delight that Lilla would no longer be poor; that she would have a true home to shelter her, a manly heart to lean on; that he would have a life made warm by love; and I longed to congratulate them both, and tell them how sincerely I gladdened in their love and their happiness. And yet the sight brought with it too a keen sense of isolation and loneliness. I had felt for Lilla just that warm and tender friendship which is to love "as the moonlight to the sunlight." She had been a friend to me when friends were most precious and most rare. She had cared for me when I was sick, confided in me always; begged for me, unasked and almost unthanked, of one who probably despised her and me only all the more for it. And now I was about to lose her; the only woman from whom I could expect a greeting that was more than formal, a glance that was at once friendly and sincere. I don't say that this made me sad. I know I was sincerely glad that things were to be so; but it made me thoughtful. I was moody enough to wish to be alone for a little; and ungallant enough to get gradually rid of my fair and joyous companion. I felt a twinge of remorse at the recollection when I came the other day upon the stone which bore the record of her name, her birth, her marriage, her death, and the inconsolable grief of her afflicted husband—who is now alive and merry with his third wife.

I was glad to be alone. I stretched myself on the grass. The evening was glowingly, gloriously hot. I heard the voices of singers not

far away, and the notes of a piano. I saw nothing but the unflecked sky of blue above my head, and the slender spiral vapor of my cigar. Was I happy? Was I miserable? Happy or miserable, those moments were ecstatic. Are not the sensations produced by extreme heat and extreme cold so much alike that the African brought for the first time into contact with snow fancies it has burned him? I think there are pangs of delight and of pain—where the soul is the medium, not the nerves—which are not easily to be distinguished from each other.

I started at an approaching step. Lilla was close beside me; she looked pale and much distressed. I jumped to my feet.

"I have been looking for you every where," she said; "I want you to take me home."

"Home so soon? Are you going home already?"

"Yes. I should like to, very much; if you don't mind leaving so early. Or I will wait longer, as long as you like, if you will promise to leave a little before the rest, and to come with me."

"Certainly, Lilla, when you please. But where is Lambert?"

"Mr. Lambert? I don't know; at least, I saw him not long since."

"Will Lambert not wish to see you home?"

"If you can't or won't come with me, Emanuel," she said, petulantly, "if you must wait on somebody else, of course I must not worry you about me."

"Why, Lilla, my dear girl, you know very well I will go with you when you please. But I only thought—"

"Dear Emanuel, please don't think any thing; at least, at present. Only do oblige me this once; I am so tired, and I want to get away."

"We will go this instant."

"Thank you; that is kind. And I should like to get quietly out, quite unnoticed, if you please."

"This way, then."

I gave her my arm, and I felt her arm tremble on mine; and could feel that her bosom beat heavily as she leaned on me. Violet circles were round her eyes; and every time she spoke it seemed as if she must break into tears.

There were several hansoms at the door, in which some of our company had come. I meant to take one of them, and convey Lilla home in it. Young ladies don't usually go in hansoms, I believe, with young men; that is, where Respectability reigns. We had no such etiquette in our free and gladsome world. One of Lilla's special delights was, or used to be, a hansom.

But the gardens were full of company. There were many parties there as well as ours. Lilla and I, threading our way outward, were always coming on some brilliant group. It was significant of my poor young friend's state of mind, that she did not even cast a scrutinizing glance at the dresses of the ladies. We hardly spoke at all.

I brought her into a narrow side-path between flowers and plants. We were nearly out now. Toward us there came a group of four or five ladies and gentlemen, straggling along as the width of the path allowed them. One voice struck on my ear, and I knew its sharp and strident tone. I knew it to be the voice of Lilla's uncle. Eminently disagreeable I thought such a meeting would be in a place so narrow that recognition could not be avoided. It was now too late to go back, so we drew up to let the group stream by.

Lilla saw her uncle. She colored, and was a little confused. He did not seem particularly delighted at the meeting.

"Why, Lilla, you here?" He gave her his hand rather coldly.

I had been standing silent and stiffly, looking at nothing and feeling highly uncomfortable.

"Yes, uncle; but I am going away now. I have asked this gentleman—don't you know Mr. Temple, uncle?—to take me home."

"Indeed! Yes. How do you do, Mr. Temple?"

I made a formal acknowledgment of his enforced salutation, and in doing so I became conscious that the light of two deep, dark, soft eyes was turned full on me. I became conscious of it—I can use no other phrase—for up to this moment I had positively seen none of the group but Mr. Lyndon alone, and had never looked at the lady who was by his side, and who stopped when he did. But I felt that the light of those eyes was on me, and an electrical thrill ran through me, with which the blood rushed heavily and fiercely to my head, and the pulses of my heart seemed to stand still, and the grass for a moment flickered with changing colors, and the sinking sun appeared to reel in the sky.

And looking up, I saw that Christina Reichstein stood before me.

Not my Lisette! Not my Christina! Beautiful, stately, in the full glow of developed loveliness—no longer a girl; nay, now that the westerling sunbeams fell upon her face, I saw that there was something even of the melancholy beauty of a sunset in her own features and expression. Far more beautiful, far more stately, far more attractive, than when I knew her, but not with the fresh and passionate youth which was her exquisite charm long ago. Long ago! A whole life seemed to lie between that time and this. I thought there was something sad, something even of a prematurely wasted look about those glorious eyes. Youth, and early love, and early struggle lay buried in those lustrous hollows. They were as mirrors to me, in which I saw my own dead youth and disappointed love. I turned toward her, and our eyes met and rested upon each other in an instant of unspeakable emotion never to be forgotten in this world.

Christina recovered her composure in a moment.

"We are fortunate, Mr. Lyndon," she said,

in her clear musical voice, with the old dash of foreign accent still perceptible in it—"we are fortunate in not having left so soon as I wished; for we meet—at least, I do—two unexpected friends. Your niece I know already, though she seems to have quite forgotten me; and in this gentleman I meet a very old friend."

She gave her hand first to Lilla and then to me. Not the lightest, faintest pressure of her glove indicated to me that I was any thing to her but an old acquaintance.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Lyndon, dryly. "I did not know that you were acquainted with this—ah, this—gentleman, Mr. Temple, before."

"Did you not? Oh yes; we were old acquaintances ever so many years ago. How long ago, Mr. Temple?"

"Several centuries ago at least, Madame Reichstein."

"Yes; it must be many, many centuries ago," she said, slightly shrugging her shoulders.

"A good way of evading any confession of the number of years," remarked Mr. Lyndon, with a short dry laugh. "If you are going home, Lilla, I think you had better come with us."

"Thank you, uncle. If you can take me, I shall be very glad; and then Mr. Temple need not be dragged away to take care of me."

"No; we need not trouble Mr. Temple to leave so early. Come, Lilla."

"Good-night, Emanuel," said Lilla, holding out her hand to me. "I am so much obliged to you for offering to come with me; and so glad that I have not to take you away."

"Then I think I shall not go just yet," said Madame Reichstein. "I will go in Mrs. Levison's carriage; she is not leaving for a few minutes. I have not had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Temple for so many years that I can not leave him now, at least until I have exchanged a few words with him, and told him how and when he may see me again. Will you give me your arm, Mr. Temple?"

I offered her my arm without a word. Lilla looked at us both with wondering eyes. This was all the wildest of mystery to her. She forgot for a moment apparently even the trouble that was oppressing her, in the surprise of seeing this unexpected acquaintanceship reveal itself.

"Remember you promised to accept a seat in my carriage," said Lyndon. "We are in no haste; we can wait as long as you please."

"But I don't like the idea of any body waiting for me. No, Mr. Lyndon; pray excuse me this once. Your niece, too, looks quite tired and ill, and I think the sooner you take her out of this the better."

Lyndon scowled and contracted his brow, and looked at Lilla as if he could have found it in his heart to say something rather sharp of her illness, and her presence, and her existence altogether.

"Oh, Lilla's very well," he snarled.—"Are you not?"

"Quite well, uncle.—I am quite well, indeed, dear Madame Reichstein."

"You don't look so, child. No, you must go home, dear; you will come and see me, will you not? I have scolded your uncle before now for not bringing you to me. Good-night, dear." She kissed Lilla quite affectionately. —"Good-night, Mr. Lyndon, and thank you very much."

"Good-night. But you will be at Mrs. Levison's to-night, will you not?"

"Really, I had quite forgotten. Oh yes, certainly—at least, I think so. *Adieu*, then."

Mr. Lyndon saluted me very slightly and formally, and I saw him cast an appealing, disappointed, impatient glance at Christina. It was vain, however. She bowed graciously, smiled sweetly, and then turned and led me away.

All this time I was like one paralyzed of speech. Not even that fiercest stimulus a man's power of self-control can receive, the consciousness that he is making himself ridiculous, could spur me to the mastery of my feelings and the faculty of unmeaning talk. Late-ly, when it had become apparently certain that I must some time, and that soon, meet Christina, I had rehearsed over and over again the manner in which I should demean myself. Sometimes it was to be a dignified and haughty coldness, sometimes an air of polite, genial, easy indifference. But the one way in which I was never on any account to greet her for the first time was just that which I now found myself driven into—confusion, embarrassment, constraint, and awkward silence.

My throat was dry, my lips were parched; the trail of her rustling dress along the walk was the only sound that seemed to reach my ears; the fragrance of perfumes came faintly from around her; her hand rested on my arm. I did not venture to look at her lest I should meet her eyes, and, stricken by them, give out my soul in some wild outbreak of love or anger.

"Emanuel!"

The word came up low, sweet, and thrilling to my ears. It pierced my heart. It seemed as if between that word and the "*Ade!*" I had heard her call from the window years and years ago there was only an utter void.

"Emanuel!"

"Madame—Madame Reichstein."

"No; not that name, Emanuel. Call me by the name you always gave me—long ago. That at least is mine still."

"Christina!"

"Yes. I am still Christina. You must not think harshly of me, Emanuel."

"I do not. Heaven knows I do not."

"You can not judge me, and you must not attempt to do so. I know by your manner now that you think I have injured you."

"Think you have injured me! Think! I look back on so many years of a life worse ten

times than any death, and you wonder whether I think you have injured me!"

"Emanuel, if we begin reproaching, I too have something to reproach. If we begin talking of years of suffering, do you think life has been all a pleasure and a joy to me? If you were disappointed, was not I? If you were deceived, was not I?"

"By me, Christina? Never. I—I—loved you, you only, and with all my soul—"

"Hush, hush, my friend, no more of that. No, not one word. All that is dead and gone long ago. Let it sleep. Why should we begin raking up the past, and reproaching each other, and making each other miserable? I did not wish or mean to do so. I wished that we should meet like old friends long separated, who are friends in heart still. I have heard of your success, Emanuel, and I congratulate you. I heard of it but now in Italy, where, look you, you have friends. Greater success too you will have yet. I was not surprised; I always knew it. And me—look at me. Well, I have not failed."

"No. You have indeed succeeded. You, Christina, have realized your highest dreams; you have all you ever longed or prayed for."

"And you envy me, perhaps? And look coldly at me? And wonder why I have succeeded so much better than others? And will join with my enemies in finding defects, and blaming the prejudiced public which overrates? No; I do not think you would do that. That would not be like you."

"Christina, that you could even suggest it shows that you do not know me. But, indeed, you never did."

"Did I not? But we will not talk of that. Well, then, I have succeeded; and you are just on the verge of full success. They tell me we are to sing together soon."

"So they tell me."

"Yes, I believe so; I suppose it will be. In fact, I will have it so, although Mr. Lyndon does not seem much to like it."

"What right of judgment has he?"

"Well, you know the right he has"—and she shrugged her shoulders—"the right of the man with the money who stands quietly in the shadow behind the manager whose name is on the bill. That right he has. But to me it matters little; I have my own way, or—"

"Mr. Lyndon is a close friend of yours?"

"I suppose so. I have a great many close friends, and I hope I value them all exactly as they deserve. You look coldly and strangely at me, Emanuel," she said, suddenly changing her tone of flippancy and cynicism, for the old friendly pathetic voice, "and you seem as if you too would judge me only by words, and ways, and externals. If you will, I tell you frankly beforehand that you will judge me harshly—as, perhaps, others do—and you will judge me wrongly, and I shall be disappointed. Do not; oh, do not! We shall have to see each other much in the future, and I should like dearly to have one friend and brother."

Voices were close behind us; and I heard Madame Reichstein's name mentioned as if she were sought for.

"This way, Emanuel, please; I see my friends, and I must go with them. Is it not all like a dream that we have met again? Thank you, Mr. Temple; you will come and see me?—Now, dear Mrs. Levison.—Good-night, Mr. Temple."

She gave me her hand, and said in a lower tone, "Good-night, Emanuel;" and left me.

I sauntered vacuously back into the garden. My brain was all in a whirl. I put between my lips the cigar long since extinguished, and was for a while unconscious that it did not burn. A sense of disappointment mingled with all the confused feelings that came up in my mind. The Christina I had found was not like the Christina I had lost. Something of sharpness, of worldliness, of flippancy, seemed in her which jarred and grated on me; and yet now and then some word or tone brought back all the old memories, the ideal Christina, the strong love. I tried to remember and dwell on only the one delicious, pathetic sound which came from her lips when she spoke my name, and to put aside all association of her with the common world—with Lyndon's coarse and purse-proud ways, with the kind of society in which Lyndon strove to be a dictator, with the paltry spites of cliques and the mean jealousies of rivals. I tried to do this; I did my best to succeed; but the sense of disappointment outlived my efforts.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BREAKING-UP.

I DID not want to meet Lambert or any of my friends any more that night; I had no motive for wishing to be home early; I had no motive, indeed, for wishing to do any thing, except to get away from just the place where I was: so I lighted a cigar and took to the road. I walked from Richmond, choosing all the by-ways and circuitous complicated "short-cuts" that could well be found, so that by the time I arrived in town I was pretty well tired. I looked into a theatre, and found it very dull; I dropped into a small and modest club of artists and journalists and young authors, of which I had lately become a member, and listened to some of the ordinary gabble in the smoking-room, about this man's piece and that man's novel, and this other's overdone "business" in the comic part, and somebody else's anger at the malignity of the critics, who don't see the merit of his wife's novel, and all the rest of the kind of thing which one hears in such a place. It was weary, or I was weary, and I hardly talked to any body.

At last it grew late, and I went home. I had resolved to stay out long enough to be certain that I should find nobody stirring; I was disappointed, however. There were lights in the

little parlor; I let myself in with my latch-key, and would have gone up stairs, if I could, without seeing any body. As I passed the parlor-door, however, Lilla's voice called me; I went in, and found her looking very pale and weary and sad. She was still in the dress she had worn that day at Richmond.

"Not in bed yet, Lilla?"

"Not yet; I have been waiting up partly to see you. Mamma is up too. I am going away to-morrow, Emanuel."

"Going away! Going where?"

"I am going to Paris. I am going to have a hand in a school there—in a kind of partnership with a person I know, a very clever sort of woman, a Miss Whitelocke, who took quite a liking to me, and has a very good opinion of my capacity—no great proof of her cleverness is that, certainly."

"But this is very sudden; you never spoke a word to me of this before."

"No. Because nothing was certain, and I hadn't made up my mind; and we both have our secrets, Mr. Temple, have we not? You always spoke of me as your sister, Emanuel; but you seem to have kept something from me which you would not have kept from your sister, and you allowed me once to exhibit myself in a very ridiculous light."

"Lilla, my dear girl, indeed there was nothing to tell. I did not know myself who she was; who Madame—"

"I don't want to know your secrets, Emanuel, and don't look put out about it, for I am not at all angry, and I think you showed only your good sense in not trusting so silly a creature as I have always proved myself to be."

"Indeed, indeed, Lilla, you don't understand me; you can't understand why I could not be as frank with you as I could have wished to be."

"Please let us not talk any more of that just now. I am going away, Emanuel; I must go from this place. I must try to do something for my mother, and make a home for her. Oh, she has need of every help, and she has no one but me—no one. Every one despises her—and us both—and I don't wonder."

"Your uncle, Lilla; does he know?"

"My uncle? Yes, he does. He scolded me to-day, and—and told me we were a disgrace to him; and so we are. And do you know what he offered, Emanuel? He offered to take me into his house and keep me like a lady—like one of his own daughters, he said—if I would leave my mother, and promise not to see her any more, except once a month, or something of that kind. My poor dear, loving, foolish old mother! She has made a slave of herself all her life for me; and little return I ever gave her."

"What did you tell him?"

"Well, I told him what he will remember. I flashed out upon him, and told him just what I felt; not a word did I spare. I told him I scorned his money and his kindness, and that,

please God, I would stand by my mother while she lived; and I am afraid I added that perhaps some day one of his own daughters might be invited to leave him, and might give a different answer from mine. He was quite white with anger. I didn't care—I don't care. I am glad I spoke out; it did me good; perhaps it will do him good."

"Lilla, I always thought you had a fine, noble nature; now I know it."

"Noble nature! nonsense. I am not going to desert my poor mother—now especially—that's all. But I waited up to tell you all this; and I want you not to say any thing to her about the condition my uncle offered, for I haven't told her that; she would worry me to death, poor soul, about sacrificing myself, and stuff. And I want you to back me up; to say that every thing I do is right and wise, and for the best, and all that. You will do this, Emanuel, like a kind, dear fellow, will you not? And don't speak of any thing else, any thing you may know or guess, or that—Oh, you must understand me; but just tell her you think I am doing the most sensible thing possible in going to Paris."

"But, Lilla, tell me—do let me ask you—why are you doing this? Do confide in me. You may do so; I know all."

"All?" she said, flushing up.

"Yes, my dear, all. I know, for instance, what happened to-day. I knew it was coming. Now, why can you not stay and make Ned Lambert—that true-hearted, manly, clever fellow—as happy as he asks to be?"

"Emanuel, you have said you know all. If so, you know my reason. I can not bring disgraceful vexation on Edward Lambert; and to marry me just now would bring disgrace on any man. Oh, I am so unhappy, so wretched; and I have been crying all the evening. I have been silly and deceived all my life through, and filled up with foolish and false notions and expectations; and at last I know the whole truth. It is enough to crush any one." And the poor girl burst into tears.

"Have you told Lambert your reason," I asked; "the reason of your leaving London?"

"I have not, I have not; and I am ashamed to say that I have still idle pride enough left in me to conceal the truth from him."

"But really, Lilla, I must ask you—is the thing so bad as all this? Are you not far too sensitive? You can't suppose Ned Lambert could be affected for a moment in his feelings toward you by the fact that—" I stopped, rather embarrassed. What was I to say of her father? This, of course, was the obstacle and the disgrace of which she had spoken.

"No, Emanuel, I don't. Ah, I know him too well; and for that very reason I will not allow him to be victimized."

"But would you not allow him to judge for himself?"

"No, Emanuel, no, no. Don't speak of it

to me; pray don't. And, oh, I beseech of you, I implore of you, don't tell him! Don't let us seem disgraceful in his eyes. Listen: I have not been brought up well, Emanuel; I need not tell you that. I have not been made to care much for truth and religion, and any thing of that sort; and I am not religious, or particularly good; but somehow I never did see this so plainly as of late, when I came to contrast myself with others—and with him. I don't think I should have been fit for Edward Lambert at my very best. I don't think poor mother and myself are much the sort of people to make a very delightful home for so good and noble a man. But this last thing I have come to know has decided me. Emanuel, have you seen my father?"

"I have. I have known him for some time."

"And known who he was?"

"Yes, Lilla."

"Yes. And you kept it to yourself, because you did not wish to shame me?"

"No, Lilla; because I did not wish to pain you when there seemed no need of it, or no good likely to come of your knowing it. It does not shame you; it can not."

"Not in your eyes, perhaps, for you know us; and you know it is no fault of ours—at least, of mine. Not in your eyes."

"Nor, surely, in his."

"Oh no, no; I know that. But it would bring on him endless vexation and humiliation; and I should be a scandal to him, even though he did not say it, or think it; and I can not bring him or myself to such a pass. I could bring him nothing but disgrace, and that I won't bring him; I think too highly of him. I feel that I am doing right; and I think it is the first time in my life I ever resolved upon doing any thing just because it was right. I have been silly and frivolous enough; but I have my feelings, Emanuel, and my sense of honor, and my pride, like other people."

"Lilla, my own," called her mother's voice from below, "it is late, my dear, and you ought to be in bed."

"Yes, mother, I dare say I ought; and accordingly I am not."

Lilla was going to make—nay, had actually made, and in very spirited fashion, too—a great sacrifice for her mother; but she could not keep from occasionally snubbing her. Good Mrs. Lyndon was sometimes a trying dispensation to a quick, impatient young woman; indeed, she was one of those good people who seem made to be snubbed.

She came up herself presently, looking very shaky and flustered.

"We're going away; we're all breaking-up, Emanuel," she said, looking inquiringly at me.

"Lilla's going in the morning."

"I know, Mrs. Lyndon."

"It seems sudden, don't it? And we were just getting all to rights here, after such trouble and difficulty and work. But Lilla thinks it's for the best." Digitized by Google

"Yes, mamma; we've argued the point already quite enough, I think."

"She won't give in to her uncle, Emanuel; although you know that he's been so good to her."

"Stuff, mamma! Now do stop, there's a good woman."

"And you've heard something else, Emanuel?—Have you told him, Lilly?"

"Oh yes, mamma—yes."

"She's refused him, although he is so good and kind, and so fond of her. Of course he is not what I should have liked, and what I should once have thought only right and proper for Lilla to have. She ought to be a lady, and of course Mr. Lambert isn't the sort of a person one had a right to expect. Oh dear, there was a time when, if any one had told me that a person in his position would have thought of asking my Lilla to marry him, I shouldn't have thought he could be in his senses—I shouldn't indeed! But you know, after all, people must yield to their circumstances; and what I say is, I never knew a better or more worthy young man—and doing so well, too. I do think it's a pity; but Lilla's so willful."

"I suppose I was always willful, mamma, wasn't I?"

"Yes, my own, that you were; and such a troublesome girl, many a time."

"Yet you were always fond of me, you dear old woman."

"Fond of you, my love? Ah, fond is no name for it!"

"Well, then, you will continue to be fond of me still, though I am much more willful now than ever. Besides, if I was always so, it isn't much use trying to be any thing else now. 'What's bred in the bone,' mother; and all the rest of it."

Lilla was doing her best to carry it lightly, sanely off. The effort was not very successful.

"Have you advised at all with Mr. Temple, Lilla?" And the mother threw an appealing glance at me.

"I have, mamma." And the daughter threw an appealing glance at me.

"Yes, Mrs. Lyndon, I have talked with Lilla. I did at first speak to her as you have done; that is, to something like the same effect. I did think she might have married poor Ned Lambert at once, instead of postponing it. But I must say that she has spoken to me in a way which shows me that she has clear and strong reasons, and a feeling that we must not try to counteract. You must let her have her way, Mrs. Lyndon. I think we may trust her that she is guided right; and I hope and believe I shall see her and you, and Ned Lambert too, happy, quite happy, before long."

"If it please God," said Mrs. Lyndon, with a half querulous sigh, which seemed to say that one couldn't always rely upon Providence to do exactly the sort of thing one wanted.

"You don't mean to see him again, Lilla?" I

said, turning back as I was about to leave them for the night; "not in the morning, before you go?"

"Oh no, Emanuel; it would do no good. I don't want him to know until after I am gone. You will give him this little packet, please, from me; it's only a poor little keepsake; and you may tell him, if you like, how sorry I was for going; and you will put it in the best light you can, and make him see that it can't be helped. And you may tell him, if you like, of my gratitude to him, and—and—of my unchanging love."

She fairly broke down at last into sobs, and signed for me to leave her.

I left her with deep regret, and sympathy, and pity. I confess it seemed to me that she was making a needless and Quixotic sacrifice; but from her point of view what she was doing was clearly right, and I could not but admire the quiet, resolute spirit with which she had chosen her way and walked whither it led her. I felt in this regard a thorough admiration for her. A sort of pariah myself, I always feel a special and natural pride in any brave good deed done by one of my caste. It is the business and the inheritance of the Brahmins to be brave and good, and to think no little of their own bravery and goodness; and they do not want the admiration of such as I am. But when the courage and virtue are shown by one of those from whom we do not expect anything of the kind, then I am inclined to wave my cap and cheer. We hear of all sorts of self-sacrifice in books, and even in real life; some of it of a very stony, implacable, and self-tormenting kind, which I at least can not find it in my heart either to love or pity, but only shudder at, and pray to be kept forever out of the presence of its silent icy rebuke and self-assertion. Self-sacrifice is indeed the model and pet virtue of the age; and some of us are always inclined to rebel against models and pets. Moreover, it is almost always exhibited by somebody from whom it is naturally to be expected—the *noblesse* of whose virtue, personal and inherited, obliges its owner to such deeds of devotion; it is done under the impulse of lofty religious inspirings, it is preached up by good and authorized preachers, it is sanctified with holy texts, it is illumined and encouraged by hopes of everlasting reward, and the eternal society of harps and seraphs. My poor little London pagan had no such stimulants and encouragements. Her sacrifice was not made as a slave performs a duty, or as a courtier denies himself now that he may have the greater thanks hereafter. It was altogether the impulse of native honor and nobleness and love—above all, love. It thought of no reward, here or beyond; it was all sacrifice. It was foolish, perhaps, in one sense; but there are some of us in whose eyes even *Virtue* looks most attractive when she is a little irregular and unorthodox in her ways.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THOU HAST IT, ALL!"

So our dreams had come true at last; our wildest hopes had been realized. We had both succeeded. Christina and I sang together during the remainder of that season at the best house. She was the great success and idol of the hour; I was, in my own way, a success too—greater than I had ever expected. Just think of the changes time had worked for me with unthought-of liberality. Only a little while ago I was poor—horribly, bitterly poor; a man to whom the fare of a hansom was an expense to be avoided and fought against. Now I had, for a bachelor, plenty of money, and spent sovereigns heedlessly where even two years ago I dared not lay out shillings. Now I had a name that was known pretty well every where—that is, where people talk about singing. Now I was once more restored to the society of Christina. We sang together; our names were constantly and of necessity coupled. I saw her almost every night. We were applauded together; I led her before the curtain at every recall; I gathered up her bouquets for her. On the stage I was always associated with her; off the stage I could see her when I pleased. We were now in very reality swimming together, and side by side—the success we used to dream of and rave about years ago.

Was ever mortal so blessed of the gods as I?

Let me answer in a sentence. My life was unhappy, and I was sinking every day in my own estimation deeper and deeper. I was becoming demoralized.

I have already said that during my long separation from Christina her memory was my preservation from any thing mean or low or degrading. How did it happen that association with her now seemed to produce just the opposite effect?

To begin with, I could not any longer understand either her or myself. She was no longer my Lisette. All the freshness of her nature appeared to have been washed away. Her soul seemed somehow to have contracted; the brand of the world was on her. The bloom was off her cheek, and, as I believed, off her heart. Yet she fascinated me as she did others; and I clung to her, and walked in her shadow, and was unhappy without her, and unhappy and disappointed with her.

Except when on the stage. There, and only there, I saw my Christina. I have avoided, and shall avoid, a cold and lengthened description of her as a singer and an actress. But she delighted me, and, I could have almost said, she surprised me. Her voice was as it had always been, more remarkable perhaps for its clear, bright, vibrating strength than for the softer and sweeter tones; but the great charm about her was the perfect unity and harmony of her acting and her singing. She did not quite belong to that grand and classical line of singers which seems for the present to have

closed with Grisi; neither had she any thing in common with the school of the pretty musical humming-top, the warbling butterfly, which is just now our pet ideal. Her voice and her style expressed romantic, not classic, passion and love and tragedy. She was always a woman; never a goddess. But her whole soul was infused into what she sung. She was to the grand classic singers what Victor Hugo is to Racine. Into mere piquancy and prettiness she never degenerated.

I admired her greatly, wholly. In every thing she did there was the unmistakable presence of genius. But when I strove to criticise her calmly, putting myself into the position, as well as I could, of the average public, and asked myself, "Will her fame last?" I was forced to reply, "I do not think so."

In the first place, she was not careful of her voice. She exerted its powers with a generous carelessness, a splendid indiscretion. Each time she appeared on the stage she seemed to have said to herself, "This night I will do my very best, no matter what my state of health or strength: let to-morrow care for itself."

But, again, I doubted for the permanence of her noble, natural, thrilling style in its hold on public favor. It was not the lofty, the goddess-like, the terrible, which made other great singers irresistible in their power; and it had nothing to do with the saucy fascinations and joyous little nightingale trillings which set vulgar audiences, no matter how high their social rank, into ecstasies. There was neither terror nor trick about it.

It was difficult for me to criticise even thus far, for I hung upon her voice and her successes like the most devoted lover. The first time we sang together I was almost indifferent about my own success, so completely was I wrapped up in hers.

On the stage, then, she was all I could have expected, the very danger which I feared for her coming only from the truth and integrity of her artistic genius. But the moment she ceased to be a lyric queen and became Christina Reichstein—I could hardly now call her, even to myself, Christina Braun—she disappointed me while she most fascinated me. I had to go away from her in order to bring the true Christina back into my mind.

She coquetted with any body—every body who paid her homage—with, for a long time, one exception, myself. Of course I hung on to her like an idiot; I did indeed still passionately love her; but it was a long time before one glance of encouragement invited me on. Understanding that this in itself was often to me a flattering and a maddening incitement. She seemed, I sometimes thought, to hold me apart from all the rest—seemed to say, "I may flirt with others and play with them, but not with you. We stand on different ground. We must be lovers—or nothing." I now believe Christina acted in this from a high deliberate motive; I do believe she thought the memory of our

past too sacred to be profaned by any contact with the commonplace and frivolous flirtations in which it was sometimes her humor to indulge. Then I thought, according to my mood, that she was resolved to repel me utterly, or resolved to make me her slave; and I sometimes adored and sometimes hated her.

Perhaps I might have taken heart of grace and broken loose altogether from her, and stood up and been free, but for the expression with which I sometimes—only sometimes—caught her eye resting on mine. Old, sweet, sad memories seemed to shine in it, and to bring our hearts together for the moment once again. This happened more often when we were on the stage than at any other time. Always the moment my eye thus met hers she turned away, and her expression and manner changed; and when next I met her she was sure to be colder than ever to me, and perhaps to be more ostentatiously friendly than ever to somebody else whom I especially disliked. There were many whom I disliked on her account, believing one week that she surely cared about them, and finding out the week after that she held them in the most absolute and supreme indifference.

Thus, then, the season mooned away. Thus it came about that, though I had succeeded, was the tenor of the season, and at the best house; sang with Christina Reichstein, helped toward her success, and shared it; saw her frequently off the stage—she received her friends at her lodgings in Jermyn Street on Sunday evenings, and one or two off afternoons in the week—was a constant visitor, and perhaps ought to be very happy—I was distracted, disappointed, and miserable.

What on earth was the reason why I so hated to see Christina acting and singing with any body but myself? What was it to me? Nevertheless I always felt keenly annoyed when the chances of the situation flung her literally into the arms of some stout basso, who probably felt no emotion whatever except anxiety about his own part, and its effect on the audience. She acted with such genuine and artistic effect that I sometimes became ridiculously annoyed. She clasped her operatic fathers and lovers with a clasp apparently as fervent and impassioned as if they were genuine fathers or lovers, or only lay and feelingless figures. She never thought of them at the moment, as I knew well who had to embrace her publicly a dozen times a week perhaps, and knew how utterly absorbed in her lyrical art, and how absolutely indifferent to me, she was all the time.

It would be idle to deny that stories of her past life were whispered about which it was torture to hear, even though I knew that there was no word of truth in them. I was got into a silly row with a fellow who named the very year in which he knew, he said, that she was living, *au cinquième* in a house in the Quartier Latin, with a young artist whom she afterward threw over, and who accordingly took to absinthe, and finally to the Montmartre Cemetery. The

story-teller fixed upon the very year before Christina's father died, and when she was living peaceably and working hard, for a girl, in our quiet old town by the sea—before ever she had set foot on Paris pavement. I hardly ever, indeed, heard any story, good or bad, told about her which my own personal and certain knowledge did not enable me to contradict. One reason for this was, that so far as her recent years—her years of growing celebrity—were concerned, nobody had a word to say against her. Her life had left no opening for suspicion, or even for calumny. But a beautiful and attractive woman in that line of life, who has cruelly sinned by her sudden and signal success, must have done wrong some time or other, you know; and as there is nothing to be said against her during the years which were passed under our own observation and those of our associates, the inference is obvious—the error must have been committed in the obscurer years before we came to know any thing about her. Therefore three out of every four of the stories whispered about her referred to those old dear early days when her life surely was one of the calmest and purest that even a German girl could live.

There was apparently some mystery about her marriage. That she was married appeared to be certain; most people said she was a widow. Ned Lambert did not know; he said he always took it for granted that she had married the Italian who had her educated and brought out, and that he had died, or they had separated somehow. This was the only scrap of mystery—if it was mystery—about her; and she lived an open, frank, and fearless life, absolutely like one who had nothing to conceal. A steady, elderly German woman always lived with her; a woman of some intelligence and education, with a great eye for artistic make-up, and a good business memory—a sort of compound of poor relation, paid companion, and lady's-maid.

Christina never talked to any body of her past life, or indeed much of herself at all. She had a great many friends, and was free, friendly, and joyous with most of them.

I made slight allusions several times to the old town of her early life and mine; but she did not seem inclined to go back to any such memories, although she showed not the slightest embarrassment on the subject. Once, at last, when I had again made allusion to it, she seated herself at the piano and sang, as her only answer—I believe to an air of her own composition—a little ill-humored ballad by a German poetess, whose name I now forget, expressing entire disregard and contempt for all the associations of the poetess's native town and early days, except for the memory of an old tree which pleasantly shaded her childhood. I ceased after that to say any word which might remind her of that past from which she had evidently made up her mind to be wholly severed.

What I detested most was to see her haunted by the presence of Mr. Lyndon, M.P. He was always in attendance on her; and I hated him. He ignored my existence when he could; I avoided meeting him when I could. There was something about his manner to me which was always strangely irritating; all the more so because there was nothing in it on which a man could reasonably found any cause of offense. His manner ever seemed to say, "You are not a person to be received by me as an equal. I know what you were, and that is what I always choose to think you. Others may regard you as a successful artist, and so, being like myself professed patrons of art, may admit you to their intimacy. I don't choose to see your success, or to care about it. You may be tolerated by Madame Reichstein; that is no reason why you should be tolerated by me. I may make myself a slave to her openly and ostentatiously; that is no reason why I should be so condescending to you." I am afraid there was something mean in my dislike of him; my detestation of his cold arrogance, his insolent money-pride, his bearing even among those of our artist's circle whom he specially favored. His very homage to Christina I thought had something offensive in its ostentation. It always seemed to say, "Behold what so great and grand a personage as I can do for beauty and art! I can come down from my serene respectability and be the cavalier in service of a singing-woman."

Christina, however, did not seem to regard his attentions in that light. She encouraged him, flattered him, trifled with him, coquetted with him; sometimes had long and serious talks with him in the corners of crowded rooms. He took her to the Ladies' Gallery to hear the debates on nights when there was no opera. He hardly ever spoke himself, or intended to do so; but he was a steadfast Whig party-man; and people said ministers thought a great deal of him, and that he might have been in office if he liked. He was often on the platform—sometimes in the chair—at Bible-society meetings and missionary meetings; and he was dead against opening places of amusement—or even the British Museum—on Sundays. He had his vices, but they were very quiet and decorous. His looks and his ways with women—the women I usually saw him with—had a cold, consuming sensuousness about them which I thought detestable. He had been married twice, and now had long been a widower; and he had the repute of being the very best of fathers, especially devoted to his younger daughter, who never thwarted him, as her rigidly religious sisters did, on the score of his operas and his singers and his liking for the ballet. I never could quite understand how a man could be greatly devoted to his daughter, and wholly unscrupulous as regarded her sex in general. But it seemed Mr. Lyndon was so. People admired him for the former peculiarity, and thought none the worse of him for the latter. He was

commonly set down as an excellent man, of great ability and influence; and most persons paid court to him accordingly.

He was, I discovered, a great patron of revolution. Refugees from disturbed continental countries were constantly seeking him out and being taken up and patronized by him. Christina, too, seemed always interested in that sort of thing; and they evidently used to have semi-official conferences about it. Observing this, I of course began to detest and despise all continental refugees; to regard them as humbugs, like Mr. Lyndon, and to think oppressed nationalities nuisances and shams. I could not believe that Christina really cared much about such business; and for Mr. Lyndon I set it down at once that he had no other interest in it but that it ministered to his own consequence and importance. In fact, he was a patron, and only kind or even civil to those who approached him as such—except, of course, women, who, when they were good-looking, carried claims of their own about with them which commended them to Mr. Lyndon's attention. Moreover, he seemed to take a sort of pleasure in watching the smallness of human nature even in those he paid court to; and he laughed a short and sharp little laugh over any small humiliation to which his closest favorite might happen to be put.

Thus the man presented himself to my observation. I never knew any thing worse of him than just what I have told or indicated; but I strongly disliked him; and as, thank Heaven, I never approached him as one approaches a patron, or recognized his right of patronage, he never was any thing better than coldly civil to me—and not even that when he could with decency avoid it. If afterward I may have pained or injured the man, not quite without malice, I may at least explain why it was that from the first and to the last I detested and despised him.

Christina sometimes gave suppers at her rooms (please to remember that I am describing the ways of ten or a dozen years ago), and I used to meet some of her sister-singers there, and one or two military men, and a few of the leading critics, whom no actor or singer is ever indifferent about conciliating. I was generally found at these gatherings, chiefly because, although I hated to be there, I could not help myself, and had not the spirit to stay away. They seemed to me entirely frivolous, hollow, heartless. Christina herself appeared to have sunk quite down to the level of her surroundings. The conversation was for the most part mere gabble and gossip and satire. Every one paid court to the ruling artists who happened to be present by sneering at their absent rivals. Hostile critics were denounced and no doubt calumniated. Stories were told of the presents made by such a tenor to such a critic to explain the tremendous puffs with which this or that journal, defying all audiences and musical science and common-sense, flamed in the fore-

head of the morning sky. Counter-insinuations were made about the diamond rings, and other temptations yet more bewitching, with which this or that soprano or contralto had vainly sought to corrupt the impregnable honor of another critic who happened to be one of the company.

The literary gentlemen did not appear to have much more *esprit de corps* than the singers. If the latter babbled all manner of hissing stories against their rivals, the former listened complacently and even assentingly to the keenest insinuations against the honor and the trust-worthiness of brother critics. The critics seemed to have an enormous estimate of their own power; and not an unreasonable estimate, judging from the court paid to them by those who ought to be best able to appreciate their influence. No one seemed to think much about the public at all. It was quite a matter between the artists and the critics. If these approved of and wrote up those, the thing seemed to be done.

From my own point of view it did not thus appear to me. I had always relied on the audience rather than on the critics, and indeed had been somewhat ignored by the latter. I owe them no ill-will on that account. Frankly, they were right. Even then I had arrived at a very fair estimate of my own merits. I knew even then that I had a voice and nothing else. My soul was not in the art; and I felt satisfied that some time or other this must be found out by the public. I was quite aware, that I had not one ray of the inspiration which lighted the soul and the eyes of Christina Reichstein in some of her great parts. I knew that I was little better than a musical automaton; but I was a success with the audiences for all that. The opera-house and the concert-room filled for me; and had my voice only endured I must have made a fortune. The critics could not do much to serve me; and they seemed rather too puzzled by my success to go boldly in for attacking me.

One evening I remember in particular. Some dozen or so supped at Christina's rooms. It so happened that this night she took hardly any notice of me—certainly distinguished me in no way from the most commonplace of her ordinary visitors. Mr. Lyndon sat at her right hand, and paid her devoted and undisguised attention, which she took with a quiet assent that half-maddened me. On her left sat a distinguished critic and *littérateur*, who had written successful plays and successful novels, published capital translations of various foreign works, edited scientific volumes, compiled biographies, and even varied the more laborious occupations of his life by appearing occasionally as an amateur actor. He had an astonishing power of conversation; he could talk with marvelous fluency and vivacity on all subjects, and almost in all European languages. To this gentleman Christina always intimated that she owed a great deal. He had been, it would appear, one of the first

to note and to welcome her success. He was, too, as I afterward heard from her many a time, one of the few who understood that she was something more than a mere singer. Indeed, the criticisms he had published about her did show a deep and genuine appreciation of all those qualities of her voice, her lyric style, her dramatic power, which were most truly great and peculiar. There was nothing in him which was not apparently sincere and manly. It did not even then surprise me that he had manifested no particular admiration for my genius and merits. He had taken my success, such as it was, quietly, and as one whom nothing on the part of the public could astonish; and he had said nothing ill-natured, or satirical, or even distinctly depreciatory of me, only said just as little of me as might be—habitually recorded the fact that I won applause, and so let me go on my way.

Ordinarily I should have felt little of anger toward any body who, like myself, did not think me a great singer. But this particular night I felt altogether out of humor with myself, and naturally therefore inclined to be put easily out of humor with every body else. I was beginning of late (for reasons to be more fully explained presently) to doubt myself, to suspect that I was capable of playing a mean and ignoble part, to look on myself as capable of servile love and low-minded rancor. I was beginning to be ashamed of my slavish hanging after Christina's skirts, and to feel abashed and perplexed by other weaknesses too. I thought I saw myself sinking, and that others too must see it. So I came prepared, despising myself, to resent any slight from another.

I soon became exasperated when I saw that to the critic I have spoken of Madame Reichstein ostentatiously paid special attention this night. She flirted with him in the most fearless and determined manner; it appeared to me, with some definite purpose: whether for the discomfiture of myself or Mr. Lyndon I could not determine. The critic, who had flirted doubtless with all the *prima donnas* of the previous ten years, entered very vivaciously into the game, and of course took it in precisely the spirit in which it was started. But I chose to be deeply offended; and the more deeply I drank for comfort and desperation. I paid extravagant attention to a little Frenchwoman (a new singer) beside me, who was herself drinking Champagne with amazing zest. I either saw, or thought I saw, some smiles passing around at both of us, and especially it seemed to me that a look of surprise and contempt came up on the face of Christina's pet critic. Impelled by Heaven knows what idiotic impulse, I jumped on my feet and proceeded to address the astonished little company. I complained that I had been insulted; I poured out some frantic nonsense, especially composed of denunciations of critics and literary men. I saw Mr. Lyndon raise his double eye-glass, survey me coolly for a moment, and then drop his

glass and resume his conversation with his neighbor, as if nothing I could do ought to be surprising or worth any particular notice. Looks of anger, contempt, pity, or disgust were on every face, and one I could see even then wore an expression of such surprise and shame and sorrow, that it might almost have brought me back to my senses.

I believe I displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting. But I really am not quite certain how the matter ended, except that I was assisted to a cab by a brother artist and the very critic I had been so absurdly denouncing. And I have a pretty clear idea, as shame flashed a gleam of consciousness over me, that I heard the former say to the latter: "Never saw him like this before, I'm sure; can't think what came over him. He is a very good fellow generally, I can assure you."

And the critic replied: "Yes; I have no doubt he is a good fellow, and he has an uncommonly fine voice; but what a confounded fool he must be!"

LEO AND LUTHER.

THERE was joy at Rome in the year 1513, for Pope Julius II. was dead. It was no unusual thing, indeed, for the Romans to rejoice at the death of a Pope. If there was any one the people of the Holy City contemned and hated more than all other men it was usually their spiritual father, whose blessings they so devoutly received; and next to him his countless officials, who preyed upon their fellow-citizens as tax-gatherers, notaries, and a long gradation of dignities. But upon Julius, the withered and palsied old man, the rage of the people had turned with unprecedented vigor.¹ He had been a fighting Pope. His feeble frame had been torn by unsated and insatiable passions that would have become a Cæsar or an Alexander, but which seemed almost demonic in this terrible old man. His ambition had been the curse of Rome, of Italy, of Europe; he had set nations at enmity in the hope of enlarging his temporal power; he had made insincere leagues and treaties in order to escape the punishment of his crimes; his plighted faith was held a mockery in all the European courts; his fits of rage and impotent malice made him the laughing-stock of kings and princes; and the cost of his feeble wars and faithless alliances had left Rome the pauper city of Europe.

And now Julius was dead. The certainty that his fierce spirit was fled forever had been tested by all the suspicious forms of the Roman Church. The Cardinal Camerlengo stood before the door of the Pope's chamber, struck it with a gilt mallet, and called Julius by name. Receiving no answer, he entered the room, tapped

the corpse on the head with a mallet of silver, and then falling upon his knees before the lifeless body, proclaimed the death of the Pope.² Next the tolling of the great bell in the Capitol, which was sounded upon these solemn occasions alone, announced to Rome and to the Church that the Holy Father was no more. Its heavy note was the signal for a reign of universal license and misrule. Ten days are always allowed to pass between the death of a Pope and the meeting of the conclave of cardinals for the election of his successor, and during that period it was long an established custom that Rome should be abandoned to riot, bloodshed, pillage, and every species of crime. The very chamber of the dead Pope was entered and sacked. The city wore the appearance of a civil war. The papal soldiery, ill paid and half fed, roamed through the streets robbing, murdering, and committing a thousand outrages unrestrained. Palaces were plundered, houses sacked, quiet citizens were robbed, murdered, and their bodies left in the streets or thrown into the Tiber. "Not a day passed," wrote Gigli, an observer of one of these dreadful saturnalia, "without brawls, murders, and waylayings." At length the nobles fortified and garrisoned their palaces, barricades were drawn across the principal streets, and only the miserable shop-keepers and tradesmen were left exposed to the outrages of the papal banditti.³

Meantime the holy conclave of cardinals was summoned to meet for the election of a successor to St. Peter. The whole of the first-floor of the Vatican, an immense range of apartments, now no longer used for electoral purposes, was prepared for the important occasion. Within its ample limits a booth or cell was provided for each cardinal, where he lived during the sitting of the assembly separate from his fellows. The booths were distributed by a raffle. A certain number of attendants, called conclavists, were allowed to the cardinals, who remained shut up with them during the election, and whose privilege it was to plunder the cell of the newly chosen Pope the moment the choice was announced.⁴

Before the final closing of the assembly to the world the Vatican presented a gay and splendid scene. All the great and noble of Rome came to visit the cardinals in their cells. Princes and magnates, foreign ambassadors and political envoys from the various Catholic powers, aspiring confessors and diplomatic priests, hurried from cell to cell on that important afternoon, whispering bribes, flatteries, or threats into each sacred ear; electioneering with all the ardor of a village politician for their favorite candidate, or the choice of their mighty courts at home; or indicating in distinct menace those

¹ He was in the habit of using his pastoral staff to punish dull bishops—probably its original design. *De La Châtre, Hist. des Papes. Duquesne Jules II. est terminé son exécrable vie.* Roscoe and Ranke are more favorable to Julius.

² I have assumed that all the usual formula were employed at the death of Julius.

³ Cormanin, *Hist. Popes, Leo X.* See *North British Review*, December, 1866, Art. Conclaves.

⁴ The physician of the Cardinal de' Medici was admitted to attend him.

persons whom Austria, France, and Spain would never suffer to wear the triple crown. At three hours after sunset a bell was heard ringing loudly, and the Master of Ceremonies coming forward called out, *Extra omnes*. The vast and busy throng was slowly and reluctantly dispersed. The last persuasion was offered, the last bribe promised, the last threat of haughty Bourbons or Hapsburgs whispered, and the gorgeous assembly of electioneering princes and ambassadors melted away along the dusky streets of Rome.

The cardinals were now shut up in close confinement.¹ All the windows and doors of the lower floors of the Vatican had been walled up except the door at the head of the principal staircase, which was secured by bolts and bars. By the side of this entrance were placed turning-boxes like those used in convents or nunneries, through which alone the imprisoned cardinals were allowed to hold any intercourse with the outer world; while whatever passed through these was carefully inspected by officers both within and without. Guards of soldiers were posted around the palace to insure the isolation of the holy prisoners, and the anathema of the Church was denounced against any cardinal or conclave who should reveal the secrets of the inspired assembly. To insure a speedy decision, however, a somewhat carnal device had been lighted upon. It was ordered that if after three days the cardinals should have made no choice, they should each be confined to a single dish at every meal; if they remained obstinate for five days longer they must be restricted in their diet to bread, wine, and water alone as long as the session continued.

All the cumbrous forms employed at a papal election have been gradually introduced by the Popes themselves, and were designed to strengthen and complete the supremacy of the Chief Pontiff.² In the early ages of the Church the Popes were elected by the assembled clergy and people of Rome, and the sacred privilege was cherished by the turbulent Romans as their most valued possession. But the pontiffs, as they advanced in earthly power and grandeur, began to disdain or dread the tumultuous throng from whence they derived their holy office; and Nicholas II., in 1059, under the guidance of the haughty Hildebrand, snatched the election of the Popes from the people and placed it in the hands of the cardinals alone. None but the college of cardinals from that time have had any vote in the choice. But France, Austria, and Spain are each allowed to veto the election of some single cardinal. Custom, too, has sanctioned that none but a cardinal shall be chosen, and the bull of Nicholas II. promises or suggests that the successful candidate shall come from the bosom of the Roman prelacy.³

Pope Alexander III. added the provision that a vote of two-thirds of the college should be necessary to a choice; while Gregory X., elected in 1271, called together a General Council at Lyons (1274), where many abuses of the past were reformed, and the ceremonial of election arranged nearly in the form in which it now exists. Each cardinal has a single vote, and his right of suffrage can scarcely be taken from him even by the Pope himself. It is looked upon as a privilege almost immutable. Cardinals covered with crimes and shut up in St. Angelo have been taken from their prison to the sacred college, and then, when they had voted, were sent back to their dungeon. Cardinals convicted of poisoning or attempts to murder have regained, on the death of a Pope, their official privilege of aiding in the election of a successor to St. Peter. But Cardinal Rohan was degraded from all his offices for his share in the affair of the Diamond Necklace; and during the French Revolution two cardinals renounced their sacred dignity, and were held to have lost even their right of voting. Yet the cardinals, the princes of the Roman Church, form an immutable hierarchy independent in some respects of the Chief Pontiff himself; from their body the new Pope must be chosen; to them, on the death of a Pope, falls the selection of his successor; and their elevated position as the creators of the viceroy of Heaven would seem naturally to require that they should display in the highest degree the purest traits of Christian virtue.

In the sacred college that assembled on the death of Julius II. were gathered a band of men corrupted by power, avaricious, venal, unscrupulous, and capable of every crime. One had been engaged in the plot for the assassination of Lorenzo de' Medici. One was a poisoner and a murderer of old standing. Most of them had been educated in the horrible school of the Borgias.⁴ Scarcely one that was not a shame and horror to the eyes of pious men; scarcely one who was not ready with the dagger and the bowl. Ambitious of power, eager for the plunder of the Church, the conclave resolved to choose a Pope who would give them little trouble, whom they could mould and intimidate, and from whom they could extract at will the largest revenues and the richest benefices.⁵ Such a man seemed the Cardinal de' Medici, the second son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, of Florence. He was the most polished and elegant prelate of his time. His disposition was mild and even, his person graceful and imposing, his generosity unbounded, and his love for letters and his familiarity with literary men had thrown around him an intellectual charm which was felt even by the coarsest of his contemporaries. But above all it was believed in the sacred college that his nature was

¹ Mosheim, II. p. 347.

² See Stendhal, *Promenades dans Rome*, for a late conclave, p. 176, 177.

³ Baronius, *Ann. Ecc.*, II. p. 814. *De ipsius Ecclesie gremio*. The language is very cautious.

⁴ Most of them were afterward engaged in a plot to poison Leo X.

⁵ It was said in the conclave that the Cardinal de' Medici could not live a month.

so soft and complying that he would readily yield up the government of the Church to the bolder spirits around him. Yet the contest within the walls of the Vatican lasted for seven days,¹ during all which time the bland Cardinal de' Medici, with the usual policy of his race, was engaged in secretly or openly promoting his own election. He softened and subdued his enemies by flatteries and promises; he was seen talking in a friendly and confidential way with Cardinal San Giorgio, the assassin of his uncle; he won Soderini, the persecutor of his race, by ample expectations; all the cardinals connected with royal families were especially favorable to the descendant of a line of princely money-lenders; the holy college yielded to the claim of the graceful Medici, and a majority of ballots inscribed with his name were found in the sacred chalice. Then a window in the Vatican was broken open, and Leo X. proclaimed Pope to the assembled people of Rome. He was placed in the pontifical chair and borne to St. Peter's, followed by the rejoicing populace, the excited clergy, the holy conclave; and as the procession passed on its way cannon were discharged, the populace applauded, and the long train of ecclesiastics, transported by a sudden fervor, broke out into a solemn strain of praise and glory to the Most High.

Giovanni de' Medici was the descendant of that great mercantile family at Florence which had astonished Europe by its commercial grandeur and elegant taste, and whose founders had learned complaisance and democracy in the tranquil pursuits of trade.² Their fortunes had been built upon industry, probity, politeness, and a careful attention to business. They had long practiced the virtues of honor and good faith when their feudal neighbors had been distinguished only by utter insincerity. The Medici had increased their wealth from father to son until they became the richest bankers in Europe, and saw the mightiest kings, and a throng of princes, priests, and warriors, suppliants at their counters for loans and benefits, which sometimes they never intended to repay. At length Lorenzo, the father of Leo X., retired from business to give himself to schemes of ambition, and to guide the affairs of Italy. His immense wealth, pleasing manners, prudence, and good sense made him the most eminent of all the Italians: unhappily Lorenzo sank from the dignity of an honest trader to share in the ambitious diplomacy of his age, and lost his virtue in his effort to become great. Giovanni was his favorite son—the only one that had any ability; and Lorenzo had resolved, almost from his birth, that he should wear the triple crown.

At seven years of age Giovanni was made an abbot. His childish head was shaven with the monkish tonsure. He was addressed as Mes-

sire, was saluted with reverence as one of the eminent dignitaries of the Church, and was supposed to control the spiritual concerns of various rich benefices. The child-abbot soon showed an excellent intellect, and, under the care of Politian, became learned in the rising literature of the day. All that the immense wealth and influence of his father could give him lay at his command. He was educated in the magnificent palace of the Medici which Cosmo had complained was too large for so small a family, shared in those lavish entertainments of which Lorenzo was so fond, was familiar with the wits, the poets, the painters of that gifted age, and learned the graceful skepticism that was fashionable at his father's court. When Giovanni was thirteen¹ Lorenzo resolved to raise him to the highest dignity in the Church below that of the Supreme Pontiff. He begged the Pope, with prayers that seem now strangely humiliating, to make his son a cardinal. He enlisted in his favor all whom he could influence at the papal court. "It will raise me from death to life," he cried, when the Pope seemed to hesitate. The boon was at last obtained, and the boy of fourteen, the child of wealth and luxurious ease, with no effort of his own, became one of the chief priests of Christendom. The Pope, however, with some show of propriety, required that the investiture should not take place in three years, during which time the young Medici was to give his attention to study. Politian still directed his studies. Giovanni was grave, graceful, formal, ambitious; and at seventeen, in the year 1492, so fatal to the glory of his family, he took his place in the sacred college at Rome, and was received in the Holy City with a general respect that seemed not unworthy of its future master.

Meanwhile, far away in a little hamlet of Germany, a beggar-child was singing mendicant songs from door to door, and living upon the insufficient alms which he won from the compassion of the charitable. It was a delicate and feeble boy, to whom childhood offered no joys, whose youth was a perpetual woe. Luther was a peasant's son, and all his ancestors had been peasants.³ His father was a miner in the heart of the Thuringian forest. The manners of the peasants were harsh and cruel: Luther's parents drove him out to beg; his mother sometimes scourged him till the blood came for a trivial offense; his father punished him so severely and so often that the child fled from his presence in terror; and his little voice, as he chanted his mendicant hymns, must often have been drowned in tears. Yet so sweet and tender was the heart of the great reformer that he ever retained the most sincere love and reverence for the parents whom poverty and their own sufferings had made so severe. He was ever a fond and dutiful son. He wept bitterly,

¹ The votes were taken twice a day, and the ballots burned. Stendhal, p. 177.

² Vita Leonis Decimi, a Paulo Jovio, L. Roscoe, Leo X.

¹ Vix tum tertiumdecimum excedentem annum. P. Jovius, p. 15.

² Tischreden, p. 581. Ranke, Reformation in Germany, i. p. 136.

like Mohammed, over his mother's grave. He was proud to relate that his father won a hard and scanty living in the mines of Mansfield, and that his mother carried wood from the forest on her back to their peasant home; and when he came to stand before Europe the adversary of the elegant Leo, and the companion of kings and princes, he was never weary of modestly boasting that he was a peasant's son.¹

Luther was eight years younger than the Cardinal de' Medici. He begged his education at Eisenach, a small German town, until he was thirteen, and was then maintained by a charitable relative. Afterward his father, who had thriven by industry and toil, was enabled to send his son to the university at Erfurth, and hoped to make him a lawyer.² But now that mighty intellect, which was destined to spread its banyan-like branches over Europe and mankind, began to flourish with native vigor. Luther's rare versatility embraced every form of mental accomplishment. He loved music with intense devotion; his sensitive frame responded to the slightest touch of instrumental sounds; he believed that demons fled at the sound of his flute; and when he had fallen into one of his peculiar trances in his cell, his fellow-monks knew that music was the surest medicament to bring him back to consciousness and activity.³ He was a poet, and his religious impulses often expressed themselves in sacred songs—rude, bold, and powerful—that have formed the germ and model of those of many lands. His love for pure literature was in no degree inferior to that of his elegant rival, Leo X.; he studied day and night the few works of classic or mediæval writers that were then accessible to the humble scholar or the penniless monk; and his craving mind was never sated in its ceaseless appetite for knowledge. Yet his disposition was never saturnine or desponding; as a student he was often gay, joyous, and fond of cheerful company; his tuneful voice was no doubt often heard at convivial meetings at Erfurth; his broad and ready wit must have kept many a table in a roar; and his loving heart seems to have gathered around him many friends. So varied were his tastes, so vigorous his powers, that in whatever path his intellect had been directed he must have risen high above his fellow-men. He might have shone as a lawyer and a famous statesman; he might have been the Homer of Germany, or the author of a new *Nibelungenlied*; his classic taste might easily have been turned to the revival of letters; his musical powers have produced an earlier Mozart; or his rare and boundless originality have been expended in satiric or tragic pictures of that world around him of whose folly and dullness he had so clear a conception.

One day Luther was walking through the

fields with one of his young companions from his father's home in the forest to Erfurth.¹ It was July, and suddenly a fierce storm gathered over the bright sky; the mountains around were hid in gloom; the lightning leaped from cloud to cloud; all nature trembled; when a sharp bolt from heaven struck Luther's companion dead at his side, and left him for a time senseless beside him. He wandered home on his solitary way, oppressed with an intolerable dread; he believed that he had heard the voice of Heaven calling him to repent; he vowed that he would give his whole future life to asceticism and monastic gloom. The next evening, with the impulsive inconstancy of youth, he passed with his young companions in the pleasures of music, wine, and song, anxious perhaps to try if he could drown in the joys of the world the pains of a wounded spirit. But the next day he hastened to the convent of the Augustines at Erfurth, and took the irrevocable vow.² He resolved, by the practice of the severest austerity, to escape the pains of purgatory. He was the most faithful of ascetics. All his great powers, all the joyousness of his youthful spirit, all the abundant growth of his fertile intellect, were shut up in a narrow cell and wasted in the closest observance of monkish rites. And the result was sufficiently appalling. He was weighed down by an ever-increasing consciousness of sin. Despair and death seemed his only portion. His life was agony, and sometimes he would sink down in his cell in a deep swoon, from which he could only be aroused by the gentle touch of a stringed instrument.³

While Luther was thus passing through the rude ordeal of his painful youth his companion spirit, the elegant Cardinal de' Medici, had glided gracefully onward in a career of unsullied prosperity.⁴ His sins had never given him any trouble. His conscience was soothed and satisfied by the united applause of all his associates. The learned Politian, a polished pagan, wrote in the most graceful periods of his piety and decorum. His father, Lorenzo, had never been weary of spreading the report of his early fitness for the highest station in the Church. He was looked upon as an especial ornament to the sacred college of cardinals; and the Cardinal himself seems never to have doubted his own piety, or to have shrunk from the responsibility of holding in his well-trained hands the destiny of the Christian world. For him purgatory had no terrors; the future world was a fair and faint mirage over which he aspired to spread his sceptre in order to rebuild St. Peter's or to immortalize his reign; but beyond that he seems scarcely to have looked within its veil. That future upon which Luther gazed with wild, inquiring eyes, for Leo

¹ Michelet, *Mémoires de Luther*, i. The best account of Luther is that of Walch, *Nachricht von D. Martin Luther*, vol. 24. *Sämmtliche Werke*.

² Audin, *Histoire de Martin Luther*, i. Ranke, *Reformation*, i. p. 318.

³ Ranke, i. p. 321.

¹ Ranke, i. p. 318, somewhat varies the common story. See Michelet, i. p. 8.

² Ranke, i. p. 319. Walch, xxiv. p. 76, gives the various accounts of Luther's conversion.

³ Ranke, i. p. 321. Michelet, i. p. 10.

⁴ P. Jovius, p. 15.

seemed scarcely to exist. He was more anxious to know with Cicero what men would be saying of him six hundred years from now; or more engaged in speculating upon his own prospect of filling with grace and dignity the chair of St. Peter.

At eighteen the young Cardinal seems almost to have attained the maturity of his physical and mental powers. He was tall, handsome, graceful, intellectual. His complexion was fair and florid, his countenance cheerful and benignant. He was famed for the magnificence of his entertainments, his love of display, his unbounded extravagance, his open generosity. He wasted his father's wealth, as afterward his own, in feasts, processions, and deeds of real benevolence. He was the spendthrift son of an opulent parent; he became the wasteful master of the resources of the Church. Like Luther, he was passionately fond of music. He played and sang himself; he studied his art with care; and his leisure hours were seldom without musical employment. Like Luther, too, he loved letters with a strange and surpassing regard. Reading was his chief pleasure, and he seldom sat down to table without having some poem or history before him, or without lengthening his repast by reading aloud fine passages to his literary friends. He had some imperfect sense of the real power of the intellect, and the man of letters was always to Leo a kind of deity whom he was glad to worship or to approach. But his own productions are never above mediocrity, and the real genius that glowed in the breast of Luther was an inscrutable mystery to the ambitious Pope.

Calamity in a magnificent form at length came even to the prosperous Cardinal. In 1492 his father Lorenzo died, and two years afterward the Medici were driven out of Florence. Savonarola,¹ the Luther of Italy, the gifted monk whose fierce eloquence had transformed the skeptical Florentines from pagan indifference to puritanic austerity,² who had preached freedom and democracy, who had inveighed against the vices of the clergy and the despotism of Rome, and whose fatal and unmerited doom must have been ever before the mind of his German successor, became for a time the master of his country. Florence was once more a republic, the centre of religious reform. The theatres were closed, the spectacles deserted, and the churches were filled with immense throngs of citizens who were never weary of listening to the stern rebukes of the inspired monk. But in 1494 Savonarola fell before the intrigues of his enemy, Alexander VI., the Borgia; he was hanged, his body burned, and his ashes cast into the Arno.³ The Church triumphed in the destruction of its saintly victim; but the Medici were exiles from their native city

for eighteen years, and were only restored in 1512, by the favor of Julius II. and the arms of the Spaniards. During this long period of misfortune the Cardinal lived in great magnificence, and wasted much of his fortune. Poverty even threatened him who had never known any thing but boundless wealth. In the fearful reign at Rome of Alexander VI. and Cæsar Borgia he wandered over Europe, visited Maximilian in Germany, and his son Philip in the Low Countries; passed over France, paused a while at Marseilles, and then returned to Italy.¹ Here, at the town of Savona, met at table three exiles, each of whom was destined to wear the papal crown: Rovere, afterward Julius II.; the Cardinal de' Medici, Leo X.; and Giuliano de' Medici, afterward Clement VII. When Julius was made Pope the Cardinal de' Medici returned to Rome, and became the chosen adviser of that pontiff. He shared in the various unsuccessful attempts of his family to regain their control over Florence, was often in command of the papal armies, and shone in the camp as well as the court; saw in 1512 the restoration of the Medici to Florence; and the next year, on the death of his friend Julius II., was enthroned as Pope at Rome—the magnificent Leo X.

In the close of the reign of Julius, Luther visited Rome. The poor monk, worn with penances and mental toil, was sent upon some business connected with his convent to the papal court.² He crossed the Alps full of faith and stirred by a strong excitement. He was about to enter that classic land with whose poets and historians he had long been familiar: he was to tread the sacred soil of Virgil, Cicero, and Livy. But, more than this, he saw before him, rising in dim majesty, the Holy City of that Church from whose faith he had never yet ventured to depart, whose supreme head was still to him almost the representative of Deity, and whose princes and dignitaries he had ever invested with an apostolic purity and grace. Rome, hallowed by the sufferings of the martyrs, filled with relics, and redolent with the piety of ages, the untutored monk still supposed a scene of heavenly rest. "Hail, holy Rome!" he exclaimed, as its distant towers first met his eyes. His poetic dream was soon dispelled. Scarcely had he entered Italy when he was shocked and terrified by the luxury and license of the convents, and the open depravity of the priesthood. He fell sick with sorrow and shame. He complained that the very air of Italy seemed deadly and pestilential. But he wandered on, feeble and sad, until he reached the Holy City, and there, amidst the mockery of his fellow-monks and the blasphemies of the impious clergy, performed with honest superstition the minute ceremonial of the Church. Of all the pilgrims to that desecrated shrine none was so devout as Luther. He was determined, he said, to escape the pains of purgatory, and win a plenary

¹ Jovius admits the eloquence of Savonarola.

² Ut nihil sine ejus viri consilio recte geri posse videretur. P. Jovius, p. 21.

³ P. Jovius, p. 24. In area curiæ fœdissimo supplicio concrematus.

¹ P. Jovius, p. 27.

² Walch, xxiv. p. 102 et seq.

indulgence: he dragged his frail form on his knees up the painful ascent of the Holy Stairs, while ever in his ears resounded the cry, "The just shall live by faith." He heard with horror that the head of the Church was a monster stained with vice; that the cardinals were worse than their master; the priests, mocking unbelievers; and fled, heart-broken, back to his German cell.

On the 11th of April, 1513, Leo X. opened his splendid reign by the usual procession to the Lateran, but the magnificence of his pageant was such as had never been seen at Rome since the fall of the Western Empire. It was the most imposing and the last of the triumphs of the undivided Church. The Supreme Pontiff, clothed in rich robes glittering with rubies and diamonds, crowned with a tiara of precious stones of priceless value, and dazzling all eyes by the lustre of his decorations, rode on an Arab steed at the head of an assembled throng of cardinals, ambassadors, and princes. The clergy, the people of Rome, and a long array of soldiers in shining armor, followed in his train. Before him, far away, the streets were spread with rich tapestry, spanned by numerous triumphal arches of rare beauty, and adorned on every side by countless statues and works of art. Young girls and children, clothed in white, cast flowers or palms before him as he passed. A general joy seemed to fill the Holy City; the sacred rites were performed at the Lateran with a just decorum; and in the evening of the auspicious day Leo entertained his friends at a banquet in the Vatican, whose luxury and extravagance are said to have rivaled the pagan splendors of Apicius or Lucullus.

And now began the golden age of Leo X.¹ The descendant of the Medici ruled over an undivided Christendom. But lately his spiritual empire had been enlarged by the discoveries of Columbus and Gama, and the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese. India and America lay at the feet of the new Pope. In Europe his authority was greater than that of any of his predecessors. The Emperor of Germany, the kings of England, France, and Portugal, became at length his obedient vassals. Henry, Charles, and Francis looked to the accomplished Leo for counsel and example, and paid sincere deference to the court of Rome. He was the master-spirit of the politics of his age, and the three brilliant young monarchs, whose talents seemed only directed to the ruin of Europe and of mankind, were held in check by the careful policy of the acute Italian. With the clergy Leo was still more successful. He was the idol of the priests and bishops of the Continent and of England. In Germany his name stood high as a man of probity and dignity; Luther avowed his respect for the pontiff's character; in England

Wolsey led the Church to his support. A common delusion seems to have prevailed that Leo was either sincerely pious or singularly discreet. The people, too, so far as they were familiar with the pontiff's name, repeated it with respect. Compared with the passionate, licentious Julius, or the monster Alexander, he seemed of saintly purity; while the scholars of every land united in spreading the fame of that benevolent potentate whose bounty had been felt by the humblest of their order, as well as the most renowned.

The age of Leo X. was golden with the glories of art.¹ He was the most bountiful and unwearied friend of intellect the world has ever seen. His most sincere impulse was the homage he paid to every form of genius. Ambitious students and impoverished scholars hastened to Rome with their imperfect poems and half-finished treatises, submitted them to the kindly critic, were received with praise and just congratulation, and never failed to win a rich benefice or a high position at the papal court. Leo read with fond and friendly attention the first volume of Jovius's history, pronounced him a new Livy, and covered him with honors and emoluments. He made the elegant style of Bembo the source of his wealth and greatness. He made the learned Sadoletto a bishop; he cultivated the genius of the graceful Vida. For Greek and Latin scholars his kindness was unwearied; he aided Aldus by a liberal patent, and sought eagerly for rare manuscripts of the Greek and Latin classics. His hours of leisure were often passed in hearing some new poem or correcting some unpublished manuscript; his happiest days were those he was sometimes enabled to spend amidst a throng of his friendly authors. For science he was no less zealous, and mathematicians, astronomers, geographers, and discoverers were all equally sure of a favorable reception at Rome. Leo was always eager to hear of the strange adventures of the Spanish and Portuguese in the unknown lands, to converse with the brave Tristan Cunha, or to listen to Pigafetta's unpolished narrative of Magellan's wonderful voyage.

Thus for eight years Rome echoed to the strains of countless rival or friendly bards who sang to the ever-kindly ear of the attentive pontiff, and a vast number of poems in Latin or Italian rose to renown, were quoted, admired, praised as not unworthy of Virgil or Catullus, and then sank forever into neglect. Of all the poets of this fertile age scarcely one survives.² The historians have been more fortunate. Machiavelli, Guicciardini, perhaps Jovius, are still remembered among the masters of the art. Castiglione is yet spoken of as a purer Chesterfield; the chaste and gifted Vittoria Colonna still lives as one of the jewels of her sex. But it is to its painters rather than its poets that this illustrious epoch owes its im-

¹ Jovius. Auream statem post multa sæcula condidisse.

² Jovius, p. 109.

Digitized by Google ² Roscoe, Leo X.

mortality. It is to Raffaello that Leo X. is indebted for many a lovely reminiscence that aids in rescuing his glory from oblivion. The traveler who wanders to Rome is chiefly reminded of Leo by the graceful flattery with which the first of painters has interwoven the life of his friend and master with his own finest works. He sees the portrait and exact features of Leo X. in the famous picture of Attila; discovers an allusion to his life in the Liberation of St. Peter; or remembers that it was to the taste and profuse liberality of the pontiff that we owe most of those rare frescoes in the Vatican with which Raffaello crowned his art.

All through the brief period of scarcely seven years, so wonderful and varied were the labors of Raffaello, so constant the demands of the friendly but injudicious Pope, that we might well suppose the two friends to have been incessantly occupied in their effort to revive and recreate the ancient glory of Rome. To Raffaello these years were spent in fatal toil. His fancy, his genius were never suffered to rest.¹ Gentle, loving, easily touched, and fired by artistic ambition, soft and luxurious in his manners, unrestrained by moral laws, the great painter yielded to every wish of the eager Pope with an almost affectionate confidence, reflected all Leo's high ambition and longing after fame, toiled to complete St. Peter's, to adorn the Vatican, to perfect tapestries, paint portraits, to discover and protect the ancient works of art, to rebuild Rome; until at last, in the spring of 1520, his genius faded away, leaving its immortal fruits behind it. Other painters of unusual excellence took his place, but an illimitable distance separates them all from Raffaello.

Two great names are wanting to the splendid circle of Leo's court, and neither Ariosto nor Michael Angelo can be said to have belonged to his golden age. They seem to have shrunk from him almost with aversion. Ariosto was the only true genius among the poets of his time.² His varied fancy, his brilliant colors, are the traits of the true artist. He had early been the friend of Leo before he became Pope; he went up to Rome to congratulate the pontiff on his accession; but some sudden coldness sprang up between the poet and the Pope which led to their complete estrangement. Ariosto was never seen at the banquets and splendid pageants of the Holy City; his claims were neglected, his genius overlooked; and the author of Orlando Furioso lived and died in poverty, while Accolti and Aretino glittered in the prosperity of the papal court. Michael Angelo, too, stood aloof from the pontiff. His clear eye saw through the jewels and gold with which Leo had decked himself to the corruption of his inner life. Luxurious, licentious Raffaello might consent to obey the imperious will of the graceful actor, but his rival and master lived in a stern isolation. He preferred the conversa-

tion and the correspondence of the dignified Vittoria Colonna to the luxurious revelry of Leo and his satyr train.

But Leo cared little for the absence of those whose deeper sensibilities might have disturbed the progress of his splendid visions. It was enough for him that he was the Sovereign Pontiff; that he wore the tiara to which he had been destined from his birth. His life was to himself a complete success. It was passed in revelries and pageants, in the society of the rarest wits and the greatest of painters, in the government of nations and the defense of Italy. He was almost always cheerful, hopeful, busy, full of expedients. He lived seemingly unconcerned amidst a band of poisoners who were always plotting his death, and a circle of subject princes who might at any moment overthrow his power. He smiled while the glittering sword hung over his head, and snatched the pleasures of life on the brink of a fearful abyss. To carry out his favorite plan, the elevation of his family to the regal rank, he had done many evil deeds. He robbed a Duke of Urbino of his patrimony through war and bloodshed; had driven the Petrucci from Siena; was the relentless despoiler of the small states around him. Italy mourned that the Medici might become great. Yet so shrunken in numbers was the famous mercantile family that of the direct legitimate descendants of Cosmo, Leo and his worthless nephew Lorenzo were all that were left. Lorenzo, a drunkard and a monster of vice, was the ruler of Florence, and for him Leo despoiled the Duke of Urbino; to advance Lorenzo was the chief aim of his politics. He married him, at length, to Madeline of Tours; he incurred a vast expense to make him great; but, happily for Florence, Lorenzo not long after died, leaving a daughter, the infamous Catherine de' Medici, the persecutor and the murderess; and thus a descendant of Cosmo de' Medici became the mother of three kings of France.

In the eyes of Europe Leo seemed the most fortunate of men, the most accomplished of rulers, a model Pope. The manners and the gayeties of Rome and Florence were imitated in the less civilized courts of England, France, and Germany. The respect which Leo ever paid to artists, scholars, and men of letters led Francis, Charles, and Henry VIII. to become their patrons and their friends. Literature became the fashion. The polished student Erasmus wandered from court to court and was every where received as the companion of kings and princes. Henry VIII. aspired to the fame of authorship and wrote bad Latin. Francis cherished poets and painters. Even the cold Charles V. caught the literary flame. Yet the manners of the court of Rome can scarcely be called refined. Leo was fond of coarse buffoonery and rude practical jokes. He invited notorious gluttons to his table, and was amused at the eagerness with which they devoured the costly viands, the peacock sausages, or the rare

¹ Roscoe, Leo X., ii. p. 110.

² Id., p. 122.

confections.¹ He was highly entertained by the sad drollery of idiots and dwarfs. A story is told of Baraballo, a silly old man of a noble family, who wrote bad verses and thought himself another Petrarch. Leo resolved to have him crowned like Petrarch in the Capitol. A day was appointed for the spectacle, costly preparations were made, and the silly Baraballo, decked with purple and gold, and mounted upon an elephant, the present of the King of Portugal, was led in triumph through the streets of Rome, amidst the shouts of the populace and the clamor of drums and trumpets.² At the bridge of St. Angelo the elephant, more sensible than his rider, refused to go any further; Baraballo was forced to dismount; all Rome was filled with laughter; and Leo commemorated his unfeeling joke by a piece of sculpture in wood, which is said to be still in existence. Leo was also passionately fond of hunting. No calls of business, no inclemency of the weather, could keep him from his favorite sport. He was never so happy as when shooting partridges and pheasants in the forests of Viterbo, or chasing wild boars on the Tuscan plains. To the fine ceremonial of his Church he is said to have been unusually attentive. He fasted often, intoned with grace, and his love for music led him to gather from all parts of Europe the sweetest singers and the most skillful instrumental performers to adorn the Roman churches.

Thus Leo glided gracefully onward, an accomplished actor, always conscious that the eye of Europe was upon him, and always elegant, polite, composed. Yet there must often have been moments when his gracious smile covered an inward agony or a secret terror. His handsome, stately form was always internally diseased; he suffered fierce pangs of pain which he told to few; and often, as he presided at the gay banquet or some stormy meeting of his holy college, he must have mastered with iron energy the terrible agony inflicted by a hidden disease. But far worse even than actual suffering was the constant dread in which he must have always lived. He was surrounded by poisoners who sought his life. His daily associates were those most likely to present to him the deadly draught. It was the holy college that had resolved upon his destruction.

The cardinals formed a plot to poison the Pope.³ He had disappointed them in living when they had looked for his speedy death, and he had never been able to gratify the boundless claims they had made upon the sacred treasury. They were the most resolute and unwearied of beggars. "You had better at once take my tiara," said the weary pontiff when he was once surrounded by the holy mendicants; and he ever after was hated by most of his cardinals. Among them, too, were several who had some private reason for seeking Leo's death. The author of the plot, Alfonso Petrucci, had lost his revenues

at Sienna by the fall of his family in that city, and had vowed revenge. He was a young man, fierce, dissolute, gay, feeble. He was accustomed to proclaim openly among his wild companions his hatred for Leo and his plans of vengeance. Often he came to the meetings of the sacred college with a dagger hidden in his breast, and was only withheld from plunging it in Leo's heart by the fear of seizure. At length he concerted with a famous physician the plan of poison. The most eminent man in the college of cardinals was Riario, Cardinal San Giorgio. He was the wealthiest of his order. He had been a cardinal for forty years. In his youth he had shared in the plot to murder Lorenzo de' Medici, and now in his old age he aided Petrucci in his design against Leo. He hoped on the Pope's death to become his successor. Another conspirator was the Cardinal de' Sauli, who had furnished Petrucci with money. Another, Soderinus, the enemy of the Medici, from Florence. The last was the silly Adrian of Corneto. This foolish old man had been assured by a female prophet that the successor to Leo would be named Adrian, and felt sure that no one but himself could be meant. It was observed that the soothsayer spoke truly, and that the next Pope was Adrian; but not the poisoner. How many others of the college were engaged in the plot is not told. Happily Leo had been watching Petrucci for some time, and intercepted a letter that revealed the whole design. Petrucci was absent from Rome, and Leo, in order to get him into his power, sent him a safe-conduct, and even assured the Spanish ambassador that he would observe it. The conspirator came laughing boastfully to the city. He was at once seized and shut up in the castle of St. Angelo with his friend De' Sauli; and Leo excused his own bad faith by alleging the enormity of the crime.

Pale, agitated, trembling, the Pope now met his cardinals in the consistory. There was scarcely one to whom he could trust his life. He was surrounded by secret or open assassins, and he might well fear lest a dagger was hidden beneath each sacred robe.⁴ He addressed them, however, with his usual dignity; he complained that he, who had always been so kind and liberal to them, should thus be threatened by their conspiracies. Riario, the head of the college, was already under arrest; Petrucci and De' Sauli were confined in horrible dungeons. The Cardinal Soderini fell down at Leo's feet, confessing his guilt, and the foolish Adrian was equally penitent. In his punishment of the offenders Leo showed all the severity of his nature. Petrucci was strangled in prison, De' Sauli was released on paying a heavy fine, but died the next year, it was believed of poison. Riario, the venerable assassin, was also fined heavily and forgiven. Poor Adrian fled from Rome, with the loss of his estate, and was never heard of more. Thus Leo broke forever the power of his ene-

¹ Jovius, p. 92. ² Id., p. 97. ³ Id., p. 83, 89.

⁴ Jovius, p. 89. Gulciard, xiii.

mies, the sacred college, and at the same time replenished his treasury by the confiscation of their estates. Soon after, by a vigorous stroke of policy, he created thirty-one new cardinals; in many cases the office was sold to the highest bidder, and thus Leo was once more rich and happy.¹ He was now (1517) at the height of his power. The Church was omnipotent, and Leo was the Church. His cardinals never afterward gave him any trouble; every heretic had been suppressed or burned; the city of Rome was the centre of civilization as well as of religion; money flowed in upon it from all the world; and the lavish pontiff wasted the treasures of the Church in every kind of magnificent extravagance.

It was because Leo was a splendid spendthrift that we have the Reformation through Luther. The Pope was soon again impoverished and in debt. He never thought of the cost of any thing; he was lavish without reflection. His wars, intrigues, his artists and architects, his friends, but above all the miserable Lorenzo, exhausted his fine revenues; and his treasury must again be supplied. When he was in want, Leo was never scrupulous as to the means by which he retrieved his affairs; he robbed, he defrauded, he begged; he drew contributions from all Europe for a Turkish war, which all Europe knew had been spent upon Lorenzo; he collected large sums for rebuilding St. Peter's, which were all expended in the same way; in fine, Leo early exhausted all his spiritual arts as well as his treasury.²

Suddenly there opened before his hopeless mind an El Dorado richer than ever Spanish adventurer had discovered, more limitless than the treasures of the East and West. It was Purgatory. Over that shadowy realm the Pope held undisputed sway. The severest casuist of the age would admit that the spiritual power of the Church was in that direction limitless. It was nearly a hundred years since Tauler, the German reformer, had suffered martyrdom for denying that the Pope could condemn an innocent man to eternal woe or raise the guiltiest to the habitations of the blest; and from that hour the authority of the pontiff had been constantly increasing, until now he was looked upon as nothing less than Deity upon earth. He held in his polluted hands the key of immortality. But even had a doubt arisen as to the efficacy of the keys, the pious Aquinas had shown by the clearest argument that the Church possessed a boundless supply of the merits of the saints, and even of its Divine Head, which might be applied to the succor of any soul that seemed to require external aid. Leo seized upon the notion of the schoolmen and extended it to an extreme which they perhaps had never anticipated. He pressed the sale of his indulgences. He offered full absolution to every criminal who would pay him a certain sum of money, joined with contrition; without con-

trition, and for a similar payment, he offered to diminish the term for which any person was condemned to purgatory, or to set free from the pains of purgatory the departed spirit whose friends would pay a proper remuneration.³ Over the shadowy land, in whose existence he can scarcely have believed, the pontiff presumed to extend his earthly sceptre—to divide it into periods of years, to map it out in distinct gradations, and to sell to the highest bidder the longest exemption or a swift release. It was a dreadful impiety, a horrible mockery, it was selling immortal bliss for money.

The indulgence was first used by Urban II., in the period of the first crusade, to reward those who took up arms for the relief of the Holy Land. It was then granted to any one who hired soldiers for the war; and was next extended to those who gave money to the Pope for some pious purpose. Julius II. had employed it to raise money to rebuild St. Peter's, and Leo X. sold his indulgences upon the same pretext.⁴ But Leo's indulgence, as set forth by his agents in Germany, far excelled those of his predecessors in its daring assumption. It pardoned all sins however gross, restored its purchaser to that state of innocence which he had possessed at baptism, and at his death opened at once to him the gates of Paradise. From the moment that he had obtained this valuable paper he became one of the elect. He could never fall.⁵ Whatever his future crimes his salvation was assured. The honor of the Pope and the Church was pledged to secure him against any punishment he might merit in a future world, and to raise him at last to the society of the blessed. But probably the most attractive and merchantable part of the indulgence was that which set free departed spirits from purgatorial pains. This ingenious device played upon the tenderest and most powerful instincts of nature. What parent could refuse to purchase the salvation of a dead child? What son but would sell his all to redeem parents and relatives from purgatory? It was upon such themes that the strolling vendors of indulgences constantly enlarged. They gathered around them a gaping throng of wondering rustics; they stood by the village church-yard and pointed to the humble graves. "Will you allow your father to suffer," Tetzel cried out to a credulous son, "when twelve pence will redeem him from torment? If you had but one coat you should strip it off, sell it, and purchase my wares." "Hear you not," he would say to another, "the groans of your lost child in yonder church-yard? Come and buy his immediate salvation. No sooner shall your money tinkle in my box than his soul will ascend to heaven." Thus Leo made a traffic of immortal bliss. There is something almost sublime in his presumption. From his gorgeous

¹ Ranke, *Ref.*, i. p. 385. Robertson, Charles V., book II.

² Sarpi, *Con. Tri.*, p. 4 *et seq.* Palavicini, *Hist. Con. Trident.*

³ Seckendorf, *Com.*, i. p. 14.

¹ Jovius, p. 90.

² *Id.*, p. 92-96.

throne in the eternal city he stood before mankind claiming a divine authority over the world and all that it contained. Kings, emperors, princes were his inferiors and his spiritual serfs. He divided the globe between the Spaniards and Portuguese. His simple legate was to take the precedence of princes. It was the fashion of the churchmen of the day to magnify their office, to claim for it an immutable superiority, as if the office sanctified the possessor.¹ Conscious of their own impurity and hypocrisy, they sought, as is so often the case with immoral priests, to raise themselves above public scrutiny, and to create for themselves a position amidst the clouds of imputed sanctity, where, like their prototypes, the heathen gods, they might sin unchallenged. They looked down with contempt upon the too curious worshiper, who was unfit to touch their garments; they veiled themselves in the dignity of the office they degraded. But the earthly state assumed by the haughty priests was as nothing compared to their spiritual claims. The Popes professed to concentrate in themselves all the power and virtue of the Church. They were its despots.² The evil Alexander and the fierce Julius had condemned to eternal woe whoever should appeal to a council. Leo spoke to the world as its divine ruler. He was the possessor of all the merits of the saints and martyrs, and of the boundless sufficiency of Calvary. He ruled over the future world as well as the present;³ he could unfold the gates of paradise and snatch the guilty from the jaws of hell; his power extended over countless subjects in the shadowy world, whose destiny depended on his pleasure, and who were the slaves of his caprice.

The indulgences at first sold well. But their sale was chiefly confined to Germany.⁴ Spain, under the control of Ximenes, had long before refused to permit its wealth to be drained into the treasury of Rome. France was hostile to the Pope. England yielded only a small return. But over the dull peasants of Germany the acute Italians had succeeded in weaving their glittering web of superstition until that unhappy land had become the El Dorado of the Church. Every year immense sums of money had flowed from Germany to Rome for annats, palliums, and various other ecclesiastical devices; and now the whole country was divided into three great departments under the care of three commissions for the sale of indulgences.⁵ Itinerant traders in the sacred commodity passed from town to town and fair to fair, extolling the value of their letters of absolution and pressing them upon the popular attention. They were followed wherever they went by great throngs of people; and their loud voices, coarse jokes, and shameless eloquence seem to have been attend-

ed with extraordinary success. They are represented as having been usually persons of worthless characters and licentious morals, who passed their nights in drinking and revelry at taverns, and their days in making a mockery of religion; who proved the value of the plenary indulgence by the daring immorality of their lives. They were secure in the shelter of Rome, and had a safe-conduct to celestial bliss.

The Elector Frederick of Saxony was now the most powerful of the German princes. His dominions were extensive and wealthy; he was sagacious, firm, and honest; and he had always opposed with success the various efforts of the Popes to draw contributions from his priest-ridden subjects.¹ Frederick was already irritated against the Elector of Mentz, who had in charge the sale of indulgences; and he openly declared that Albert should not pay his private debts "out of the pockets of the Saxons." He saw with indignation that his people were beginning to resort in great numbers to the sellers of the pious frauds. But the resistance of Frederick to the religious excitement of the day would have proved ineffectual had he not been aided by an humble instrument whose future omnipotence he could scarcely have foreseen. It was to a poor monk that Saxony and Germany were to owe their deliverance from Italian priestcraft. Five years had passed since Martin Luther had returned from his pilgrimage to Rome with his honest conscience stricken and horrified by the pagan atmosphere of the Holy City. During that period the poor scholar had risen to eminence and renown.² He had become professor in the university at Wittenberg, which the Elector Frederick had founded; his eloquence and learning, his purity and his vigor, had given him a strong control over the students and the people of the small scholastic city. Already he had wrought a lesser reformation in the manners and the lives of the throngs who listened to his animated preaching; already he had even planned a general reform of the German Church. But as yet Luther had entertained no doubts of the papal supremacy. He still practiced all the austerity of penance, and still clung to all the formulas of his faith. The Pope was still to him a deity upon earth; Rome, the city of St. Peter and the martyrs; the fathers, an indisputable authority; and although he had learned to study the Scriptures with earnest attention, he yet interpreted them by the light of other consciences than his own. His honest intellect still slumbered under that terrible weight of superstition beneath which the cunning Italians had imprisoned the mind of the Middle Ages.

A shock aroused Luther from his slumber; a shock startled all Germany into revolt. The loud voice of the shameless Tetsel was heard in Saxony extolling his impious wares, and claim-

¹ See *Eccius, De Primatu Petri*, 1520.

² *Eccius* argues that the Church must be a monarchy, II. p. 81.

³ The control of demons is still asserted. See *Propagation de la Foi*, 1867, p. 89, 489. At least Chinese demons. ⁴ *Ranke, Ref.*, I. p. 332-335. ⁵ *Id.*, p. 333.

¹ *Ranke, Ref.*, I. p. 341.

² *Luther's Briefwechsel*, by Burkhardt, 1866. He soon begins to correspond with the highest officials.

ing to be the dispenser of immortal bliss. His life had been one of gross immorality; he was an ignorant and coarse Dominican; his rude jokes and brutal demeanor, his revelries and his licentious tongue, filled pious men with afright. He ventured to approach Wittenberg, and some of Luther's parishioners wandered away to the neighboring towns of Jüterbock to join with the multitude who were buying absolution from the dissolute friar.¹ It was the decisive moment of modern history. The mightiest intellect of the age was roused into sudden action; the intellect whose giant strength was to shiver to atoms the magnificent fabric of papal superstition, and give freedom to thought and liberty to man. Luther rose up inspired. He wrote out in fair characters his ninety-five propositions on the doctrine of indulgences, and nailed them (1517) to the gates of his parochial church at Wittenberg. He proclaimed to mankind that the Pope had no power to forgive sin; that the just must live by faith. Swift as the electric flash which had won him from the world his bold thoughts rushed over Germany, and startled the corrupt atmosphere of Rome. It is related that just after his daring act the Elector Frederick, as he slept in his castle of Schweinitz, on the night of All Saints, dreamed that he saw the monk writing on the chapel at Wittenberg in characters so large that they could be read at Schweinitz; longer and longer grew Luther's pen, till at last it reached Rome, struck the Pope's triple crown, and made it tremble on his head. Frederick stretched forth his arm to catch the tiara as it fell, but just then awoke. All Germany dreamed a similar dream; it awoke to find it a reality.²

Germany was then no safe place for reformers or heretics. It was in a state of miserable anarchy and barbarism. The great cities, grown rich by commerce and honest industry, were engaged in constant hostilities with the robber knights whose powerful castles studded the romantic banks of the Rhine and filled the fastnesses of the interior.³ Often the long trains of wealthy traders on their way to Nuremberg or the fair at Leipsic were set upon by the lordly robbers, who sprang upon them from some castled crag, their rare goods ravished away, their hard-earned gains torn from them, and the prisoners hurried away to torture and dismal dungeons until they had paid an excessive ransom. Often rich burghers came back to their native cities from some unfortunate trading expedition impoverished, with one hand lopped off, and showing their bleeding arms to their enraged fellow-citizens. Even poor scholars were often seized, tortured, and the miserable sums they had won by begging torn from them by the brutal nobles. The knights, like Götz von Berlichingen, boasted that they were the wolves, and the rich traders the sheep upon whom they preyed. But terrible was the revenge which the citizens were accustomed to take

upon their despoilers. When their mounted train-bands issued forth from the gates of Nuremberg the tenants of every castle trembled and grew pale. The brave Nurembergers swept the country far and wide. They scaled the lofty crags, swarmed over the tottering walls, and burned or massacred the robbers in their dens. Noble birth was then of no avail; knightly prowess awoke no pity; the castle was made the smouldering grave of its owners. Yet the knights would soon again renew their strongholds, and once more revive this perpetual civil war. Every part of Germany was desolated by the ruthless strife.

Above the knights were the princes and electors, who preyed upon the people by taxes and heavy contributions. At the head of all stood the Emperor Maximilian, who seized upon whatever he could get by force or fraud. Yet the influence most fatal to the prosperity of Germany was that of the Italian Church. Rome ruled over Germany with a remorseless sway. Heresy was punished by the fierce Dominicans with torture and the stake. The Church, it is estimated, held nearly one-half of all the land, and would pay no taxes. Every church was an asylum in which murderers and malefactors found a safe refuge, and the church establishments in the rich cities were looked upon by the prosperous citizens as fatal to the public peace. They were dens of thieves and assassins. The characters of the German priests and monks, too, were often vile beyond description, and the classic satire of Erasmus and the skillful pencil of Holbein have portrayed only an outline of their crimes.

In such a land Luther must have felt that he could scarcely hope for safety. He must have foreseen, as he took his irrevocable step, that he exposed himself to the inquisition and the stake. He was at once encountered by a host of enemies. Tetzel declaimed against him in coarse invectives as a heretic worthy of death.¹ Priests and professors, the universities and the pulpit, united in his condemnation. He was already marked out by his enemies as the victim whose blood was to seal the supremacy of the Pope. Yet his wonderful intellect in this moment of danger began now to display its rare fertility. He wrote incessantly in defense of his opinions; his treatises spread over Germany; and very soon the reform tracts, multiplied by the printing-press, were sold and distributed in great numbers through all the fairs and cities of the land. The German intellect awoke with the controversy, and all true Germans began to look with admiration and sympathy upon the brave monk who had ventured to defy the power of the papal court. At Rome, meantime, nothing was less thought of than a schism in the Church. Leo was at the height of his prosperity. He had just dissolved the Lateran Council, which had yielded him a ready obedience; his cardinals were submissive; he was

¹ Ranke, *Ref.*, i. p. 348. ² *Id.*, i. p. 348. ³ *Id.*, i. p. 238.

¹ Ranke, *Ref.*, i. p. 347.

the most powerful and fortunate of Popes. From dull and priest-ridden Germany he looked for no trouble, and when he first heard of the controversy between Luther and the Dominicans he spoke of it as a wrangle of barbarous monks. The fierce storm that was gathering in the north was scarcely noticed amidst the gay banquets and tasteful revelries of Rome. But this could not continue long. It was soon seen by the papal courtiers that if Luther was permitted to write and live a large part of their revenues would be cut off; and Leo himself felt that if he allowed his dominion over purgatory to be called in question he must soon cease to adorn the Vatican or subsidize Lorenzo. If he lost his shadowy El Dorado where could he turn for money? The remedy was easy; he must silence or destroy the monk. He issued a summons (July, 1518) for Luther to appear at Rome within sixty days to answer for his heresies before his Inquisitor-General. Soon after, as he learned the extent of his danger, he sent orders to his legate in Germany to have the monk seized and brought to the Holy City.

If this arrogant decree had been executed there can be little doubt as to what must have been Luther's fate. He must have pined away in some Roman dungeon, have perished under torture, or have sunk, like the offending cardinals, beneath the slow effect of secret poison. The insignificant monk would have proved an easy victim to the experts of Rome. But, fortunately for the reformer, all Germany was now become his friend. In a few brief months he had become a hero. Never was there so sudden a rise to influence and renown. His name was already famous from the Baltic to the Alps; scholars and princes wrote to him words of encouragement; the common people followed him as their leader; and the great Elector of Saxony, the most potent of the German princes, was the open patron of the eloquent monk. Germany was resolved that its honest thinker should not be exposed to the evil arts of Rome; and Leo, obliged to employ milder expedients to enforce his authority, consented that his chief adversary should be permitted to defend his opinions before Cardinal Cajetan at Augsburg. It was Luther's first great victory.

Still, however, he was in imminent danger. If Germany was on his side, yet all the Italian Germans were more than ever eager for his destruction. The corrupt priests, the dissolute monks, the fierce Dominicans, the Pope, the Church, even the Emperor Maximilian, were arrayed against the true-hearted monk. He lived in the constant presence of death. Yet his spiritual agonies were no doubt to Luther more intolerable than any physical danger; for he was still only a searcher after truth. His nights and days were passed in an eager study of the Scriptures; he moved slowly onward through an infinite course of mental improvement; he was forced to snatch the jewels of faith from the dim caverns of superstition; he

groped his way painfully toward the light. Yet so admirable was the disposition of this renowned reformer that through all his dangers he was always hopeful, often joyous and gay. Sickness, pain, mental or physical terrors could never deprive his gallant nature of its hidden stores of joy and peace. His clear voice often rose high in song or hymn; he was often the gay and cheerful companion, always the tender friend; his lute often sounded cheerfully in still nights at Wittenberg or Wartburg; and his love for poetry and letters soothed many an hour he was enabled to win from his weary labors. Compared with his persecutor, Leo, Luther's was by far the happier life. His joys were pure, his impulses noble, his conscience stainless; while Leo strove to find his joy in coarse buffoonery and guilty revels, in outward magnificence and idle glitter.

There now began a series of wonderful intellectual tournaments, the successors of the brutal encounters of chivalry and the Middle Ages, in which the true knight, Luther, beat down his pagan assailants with the iron mace of truth.¹ It had become the custom in Germany for scholars to dispute before splendid audiences abstruse questions of philosophy and learning; but the questions which Luther discussed were such as had never been ventured upon before. Was the Pope infallible? Could he save a guilty soul? Could not even councils err? Was not Huss a true martyr? Knights, princes, emperors, gathered round the pale, sad monk as he discussed these daring themes, heard with a strange awe his eloquent argument which they scarcely understood, and were still in doubt whether to accept him as a leader or to bind him to the stake. The first of these noted encounters occurred (1518) at Augsburg, where the graceful Cardinal Cajetan, fresh from the Attic atmosphere of Rome, came to subdue the barbarous German by force or fraud. Luther came to the hostile city full of fears of the subtlety of his polished opponent.² He felt that it was by no means incredible that the Cardinal was commissioned to seize him and carry him to a Roman prison; he knew that Maximilian, who was still Emperor of Germany, was not unwilling to gratify the Pope by his surrender. Yet so poor and humble was this object of the enmity of prelates and rulers that Luther was obliged to beg his way to Augsburg. Sick, faint, dressed in a borrowed cowl, his frame gaunt and thin, his wild eyes glittering with supernatural fire, the monk entered the city. The people crowded to see him pass; he was protected by a safe-conduct from Maximilian and the patronage of Elector Frederick; and he met the Cardinal boldly. Yet it was hardly an equal encounter; for Luther was sick, faint, poor, and in peril of his life, while Cajetan, in the glow of wealth and power, was the legate and representative of infallible Rome. At first, in sev-

¹ Walch, xxiv. p. 484. ² Ranke, Ref., i. p. 437.

eral interviews, the Cardinal consented to argue, but when Luther completely confused and overthrew him, the enraged combatant, with a false and meaning smile, commanded the monk to submit to the judgment of the Church. Luther soon after fled from Augsburg, conscious that he was no longer safe in the hands of his enemies. Leo, in November, issued his bull declaring his right to grant indulgences, and the monk replied, with bold menaces, by an appeal from the Pope to the decision of a council of the Church.

Maximilian died, and an interregnum followed, during which the Elector of Saxony became the ruler of Germany. Safe in his protection the monk continued to write, to preach, to advance in religious knowledge; and a wild excitement arose throughout the land. Melancthon joined Luther at Wittenberg, a young man of twenty, the best Greek scholar of his time, and the two friends pursued their studies and their war against the Pope together. But a second grand intellectual tournament soon summoned the knight-errant of religious liberty to buckle on his armor. It was at Leipsic, a city devoted to the Papacy, that Luther was to defend the Reformation.¹ His chief opponent was Eck or Eccius, a German priest, learned, eloquent, ambitious, corrupt, and eager to win the favor of his master at Rome. He had assailed the opinions of Carlstadt, one of Luther's associates at Wittenberg, and now the reformer was to appear in defense of his friend. The Leipsic university was bitterly hostile to Wittenberg and reform, and Eck rejoiced to have an opportunity to display his eloquence and learning in the midst of the most Catholic city of Germany. It was whispered that Eck was too fond of Bavarian beer, and that his morals were far from purity; yet he was welcomed by the students and professors of Leipsic with joy and proud congratulations as the invincible champion of the Church.

Soon the Wittenbergers appeared, riding in low, open wagons to the hostile city, in the pleasant month of June. Carlstadt came first, then Luther and Melancthon, then the young Duke of Pomerania, a student and rector of Wittenberg, and then a throng of other students, most of them on foot and armed with halberds, battle-axes, and spears, to defend themselves or their professors in case of attack; and it was noticed as a mark of unusual discourtesy that none of the Leipsic collegians or teachers came out to meet their literary rivals. Yet every necessary preparation had been made by the good-natured Duke George for the mental combat. A spacious hall in the castle, hung with tapestry and provided with two pulpits for the speakers and seats for a large audience, was arranged for the occasion; and the proceedings opened with a solemn mass. A noble and splendid audience filled the room.² The interest was intense; the champions, the most renowned theologians

in Germany; their subject, the origin and authority of the papal power at Rome.³ Carlstadt commenced the argument, but in a few days he was completely discomfited by his practiced opponent. The Wittenbergers were covered with confusion. Eck's loud voice, tall, muscular figure, violent gestures, quick retort, and ready learning seemed to carry him over the field invincible. But on the 4th of July, a day memorable for another reform, the interest was redoubled as Martin Luther rose. He was of middle size, and so thin as to seem almost fleshless. His voice was weak compared to that of his opponent; his bearing mild and modest. But he was now in his thirty-sixth year; his intellect, worn by many toils and ceaseless labor, was in its full vigor; and his eager search after truth had given him a strength and novelty of thought that no intellect of the time could equal. He ascended the platform with joy, and it was noticed that the fond lover of nature carried a nosegay in his hand. Luther, at once neglecting all minor topics, assailed the authority of the Pope. With perfect self-command he ruled his audience at will, and princes and professors listened with awe and almost terror as they heard the daring novelty of his argument. From denying the authority of the Pope he advanced to the denial of the supremacy of a council; he unfolded with eloquent candor the long train of progressive thought through which his own mind had just passed; to the horror of all true Catholics, he suggested that Huss might have been a martyr. The audience was appalled; Duke George, startled, uttered a loud imprecation. The discomfited Eccius exclaimed, "Then, reverend father, you are to me as a heathen and a publican."

The Wittenbergers returned in safety and triumph to their college. But the corrupt nature of Eck, exasperated by Luther's bold defiance, led him to resolve on the destruction of his opponent. Nothing would satisfy him but that the brave monk should meet the fate of John Huss or Jerome of Prague. Eck, like Luther, was a German peasant's son;⁴ his persistent malignity now decided the destiny of the Church. He hastened to Rome, and aroused the passions of Leo by his fierce declamations against Luther; the prudent pontiff seems to have been forced into extreme measures by the violence of the corrupt German; and Eck returned to Germany armed with a papal bull condemning Luther's writings to the flames,⁵ and commanding him to recant his heresies within sixty days or to be expelled from the Church. But Luther had already resolved to abandon the Church of Rome forever. He proclaimed his decision by a remarkable act. On the 10th of December, 1520, in the presence of an immense throng of students, magistrates, and persons of every rank, the bold monk cast into a blazing fire, without the walls of Witten-

¹ Walch, xxiv. p. 484.

² Id., xxiv. p. 484-487.

³ It led to this.

⁴ Ranke, Ref., i. p. 444.

⁵ Dated June 15, 1520.

berg, the Pope's bull and a copy of the papal decrees. From their smouldering ashes sprang up the Church of the Reformation.

Leo, enraged beyond endurance, now issued the bull of excommunication, the most terrible of the anathemas of the Church. Luther was declared accursed of God and man. There had been a time when such a sentence would have appalled the greatest monarch in Christendom; when the excommunicate had been looked upon by all men with horror and dread; when he was cut off from the society of his fellows, and was held as an outlaw deserving of instant death. But to Luther no such fatal consequences followed. His friends gathered around him more firmly than ever; men of intellect in every land acknowledged his greatness, and Germany rejoiced in the fame of its hero. Yet nothing is more remarkable in the history of this wonderful man than that he escaped death by poison or assassination; that in the midst of a land of anarchy and crime, surrounded by powerful enemies, cut off from the Church, accursed by the Pope, he should yet have been permitted to pursue unmolested his career of reform, to succeed in all his designs, to baffle all his foes, and finally to die in peace, surrounded by his loving family, in the very town where he was born. Another mighty foe had now suddenly started up as if to complete Luther's ruin. Charles V. had become Emperor of Germany. He was a young man of twenty, cold, grave, sickly, unscrupulous; he had been educated in the remorseless school of the Dominicans, and was the most devoted servant of the Church. To Charles Leo now appealed for aid against the arch-heretic, and the young monarch summoned Luther before him at the famous Diet of Worms.¹

Far and wide over Germany spread the news that the reformer had been cited to appear before the Emperor, and all men believed that the crisis of his fate was at hand. Every eye was turned upon the humble monk. The peasant's son was about to stand before princes, and every true German heart warmed with love and pity for him, who seemed certain to fall before his mighty foes. Luther's friends strove to prevent him from venturing within the hostile city. "You will be another Huss!" they exclaimed.² They suggested the subtle cruelty of the Italians and the implacable enmity of the priests. But Luther seemed urged on by an irresistible impulse to go to Worms and plead his cause before the Emperor, the princes, Europe, and all coming ages. "I would go," he cried, "though my enemies had raised a wall of fire between Eisenach and Worms reaching to the skies!" "I will be there," he said again, "though as many demons surround me as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses!" In his

rapt, half-inspired state he believed that Satan and his angels had encompassed him on every side, and that their chief object was to prevent his reaching the city. It is certain that all the evil passions, every corrupt desire, every immoral impulse of the age hung like raging demons over the path of the reformer.³

Never was there a more memorable journey than that of Luther over the heart of Germany, from Wittenberg to Worms. It was Daniel going to the lion's den; it was a hero traveling to his doom; it was the successful champion of many an intellectual tournament couching his gallant lance against the citadel of his foes. It was spring, and the early leaves and flowers were clustering around the pleasant paths of Germany. Sturm, the Emperor's herald, appeared at Wittenberg, and said, "Master Luther, are you ready?" The monk assented cheerfully, and at once set out. He traveled in a very different way from that in which he had entered Augsburg two years before, begging his subsistence from town to town. Now he was the renowned champion of a new Germany; the harbinger of a brighter era. The herald, clothed in gay attire, rode before him. Luther followed in a low wagon or chariot, accompanied by several friends. By his side was the learned Doctor of Laws, Schurf, his legal adviser, and several theologians. As he passed the population of the cities came out to meet him; princes and nobles greeted him on every hand, and pressed money upon him to pay his extraordinary expenses; even hostile Leipsic offered him as a pledge of hospitality a draught of rare wine; at Weimar the good Duke forced gold upon him; at various places he was forced to preach before immense congregations. Yet in every city he saw posted in the public streets the bull condemning his writings to the flames. He paused a while at Erfurth, and wept as he revisited his little cell, with its solitary table and small garden, and remembered the wild July morning when the angry lightning-flash had won him from the world.⁴ He passed through Eisenach, was taken very ill there, and had nearly died in the town where, a beggar-child, thirty years before, he sung his mournful melodies from door to door. He saw his relatives from Mansfield, his peasant family, and parted in tears from the well-known scenes. And thus, as if to prepare him for his doom, or to arm him for the fight, in this memorable journey, Luther's vivid mind must have pictured to itself a perfect outline of his by-gone life.

On the 16th of April Luther saw in the distance the towers of Worms. The fiery furnace lay before him.⁵ He firmly believed that he was going to his death, but his only fear was that his cause might perish with him. Tradition relates that, as he saw the city afar off, Luther rose up in his chariot and sang, in a res-

¹ Walch, xxiv. p. 459. Audin, il. p. 101, and Mich-
elet chiefly follow Walch.

² Walch, xxiv. p. 460. Seine gute Freunde rietten
ihm von der Krächelung ab und stellen ihm Hussens
Exempel vor.

³ Walch, xxiv. p. 462.

⁴ Audin, il. p. 101-106. He "rallied at monks and
priests on his way," says Audin.

⁵ Walch, xxiv. p. 463.

onant voice, a noble hymn which he had composed on the way, "God, our strong tower and defense, our help in every need." It is a poetical thought; it stirs the fancy as we narrate it. The venerable city of Worms was now thronged with all the great and powerful of Germany: the Emperor, the bishops, the papal legate, the princes, and a host of armed men, citizens, and priests. As the monk approached in his wagon he was met by a wild enthusiasm greater than ever princes or bishops had awakened. He was surrounded by throngs of people; the roofs of the houses were covered with eager spectators; his pale, worn countenance must have been brightened by a sentiment of gratitude and triumph as he felt that the people were his friends.¹ He was taken to the lodgings prepared for him by the careful Elector Frederick; but even there he could have found little repose from the constant throng of visitors of high rank who pressed in to see him and cheer him with encouraging words.

The next day toward evening the setting sun flashed his last rays through the great hall at Worms over an assemblage of the Emperor and princes of Germany. On a throne of state, clothed in regal robes, a collar of pearls around his neck, the insignia of the Golden Fleece glittering on his breast, sat the youthful and impassive Charles. Every eye in the splendid assembly had been turned with eager interest to his grave, young face, for to his narrow intellect was committed the decision of a cause that involved the destiny of ages. On his right sat a dignified array of the electoral bishops of the empire.² Each was a lesser pope, a spiritual and temporal lord, the firm opponent of heresy, the persecutor of the just. The bishops in gorgeous attire, their red and blue robes bordered with ermine, with all the imposing decorations of their order, assumed the highest places next to their imperial lord. On the left hand of the Emperor the temporal electors, mighty warriors, and imperious rulers had their seat. They, too, wore robes bordered with ermine, and glittered with diamonds and rubies; but the lustre of their almost regal power and ancient state was more imposing than any external pomp. Among them was seen the calm, firm countenance of Frederick, Elector of Saxony. On lower seats were gathered six hundred princes, lords, and prelates. There were fierce Dominicans from Spain, with dark, menacing eyes, the sworn extirpators of heresy.³ There were brave German knights, renowned for valiant or cruel deeds, seamed with the scars of battle. There were juriconsults in black; monks with cowl and shaven heads;

abbots, orators, and priests. There a mighty throng of all whom Germany had been accustomed to fear and to obey awaited in stern expectation the approach of an excommunicated monk. But the spectacle without was far more imposing; it was a triumph of the mind. Every roof, tower, or convenient place was covered with people waiting to see Luther pass. A great multitude had gathered to devour with eager eyes the form and features of one whose humble brow and shaven head were made illustrious by the coronal of genius.

So dense was the throng that Luther was obliged to go through gardens and private ways in order to reach the Diet. As he entered the magnificent assembly he heard friendly voices on all sides bidding him God-speed. He pressed through the throng; he stood in the presence of the Emperor. Every eye was turned away from Charles and fixed upon the humble monk; he seemed confused by the scrutiny of the princely throng, and his voice, when the proceedings began, was faint and low. Little was done at the first meeting; Luther was required to admit that he was the author of the writings published under his name, and to recant his heresies. By the advice of his counsel, Schurf, he asked for time to reply to the demand. The assembly broke up, to meet again the next day; and the Emperor, deceived by Luther's modest bearing, said to his attendants: "That man will never make me a heretic." In his old age Charles V. was suspected of having adopted the opinions of the reformer whom in his youth he had despised. That evening Luther's room was again filled with princes and nobles, who came to press his hand and congratulate him upon his courageous bearing. He passed the night in prayer, and sometimes was heard playing upon a lute. But the next afternoon, about six o'clock, when torches had been lighted in the great hall and flashed upon the glittering jewels and stern countenances of the assembled diet, Luther arose, in the conscious pride of commanding eloquence and a just cause, to defend the Reformation. He was assailed and interrupted by the constant assaults of his opponents; he replied to every charge with vigor and acuteness; he spoke with a full flow of language, whether in German or Latin.¹ "Martin Luther," said the imperial counselor, "yesterday you acknowledged the authorship of these books. Do you now retract or disown them?" Luther fixed his inspired eyes upon the Emperor and the long array of dignitaries around him, and replied:² "Most serene Emperor, illustrious Princes, most clement Lords, I claim your benevolence. If in my reply I do not use the just ceremonial of a court, pardon me, for I am not familiar with its usages. I am but a poor monk, a child of the cell, and I have labored only for the glory of God." For two hours he spoke upon conscience and its privileges, of its superiority to the claims of Popes

¹ Walch, xlv. p. 463; xv. p. 2192. Luther's own account of his journey.

² See list of persons at the Diet. Walch, xv. p. 2227.

³ The Spaniards always boasted that there was no heretic in all Spain. See *Muerte de Diaz, Reformistas Antic. Esp.*, vol. xx. When Alfonso Diaz assassinated his heretic brother his countrymen approved the act.

¹ Walch, xv. p. 2231.

or councils, of the right of private judgment, of the supremacy of the Scriptures. The assembly listened with eager interest to his wonderful voice as it rose and fell in natural cadences, reflecting the varied novelty of his thoughts. The honest German princes heard with pride and joy an eloquence which they could scarcely understand. Erick of Brunswick sent him a tankard of wine through the press of the crowd.¹ "How well did our Doctor Luther speak to-day!" said the calm Elector Frederick, in a moment of unusual enthusiasm. But to the Emperor and his papal followers Luther had spoken in vain. They said the monk was imbecile; they did not know what he meant when he appealed to conscience and the right of private judgment. Meantime the torches were burning low in the great hall, and night gathered around the assembly. Luther's enemies pressed upon him with new violence; they commanded him to retract his heresies in the name of the Pope and the Church; they threatened him with the punishment of the heretic. Then the reformer, once more confronting the hostile Emperor, the persecuting bishops, the frowning Spaniards, and the papal priests, said, in a bold and resonant voice: "Unless, your Majesty, I am convinced by the plain words of the Scriptures I can retract nothing. God be my help. Here I take my stand."²

It was the voice of awakening reason; the bugle-note of modern reform. Never since the days of the martyrs and the apostles had that noble sound been heard. Never had the right of private judgment been so generously asserted; never had the apostolic doctrine of conscience been so distinctly proclaimed. Luther's bold words have since that time been ever on the lips of good, great men. Latimer and Cranmer repeated them in the midst of the flames. Hampden and Sydney followed in his path. The freemen of Holland and America caught the brave idea. The countless victims of the inquisition, the martyred foes of tyranny, the men who died for human liberty at Gettysburg, as well as the men who died at Bunker Hill, a Warren or a Lincoln, have said in their hearts as they resolved on their path of duty, "God be my help. Here I take my stand."

Luther left the assembly resolved never to enter it again. He was now in great danger of his life. The Spaniards had hissed him as he left the diet; he heard that the papal agents were urging the Emperor to violate his safe-conduct and try him for his heresy. Nor would Charles have hesitated a moment to destroy the reformer and gratify the Pope had he not been held in check by the menacing array of German princes and knights. They at least felt that it was Germany, not Luther, that had been on trial at the Diet of Worms. They declared that if the reformer were burned all the German

princes must be burned with him.¹ The knights and the peasants formed a secret league to defend Luther, and the Emperor and his courtiers trembled in the midst of the excited throng. He was suffered to leave the city unharmed. A sentence of condemnation, however, was forced through the assembly; he was placed under the ban of the empire, together with all his friends and adherents; his works ordered to be burned; and a severe censorship of the press was established to prevent the publication in future of any heretical writings. But Luther was now hidden in his Patmos, concealed from friends and foes.² As he was traveling cheerfully toward Wittenberg, defiant of both Emperor and Pope, in a thick wood near Eisenach, he was set upon by a band of armed men with visors down, who carried him away to the grim castle of Wartburg, where he remained in a friendly imprisonment until the danger was over. It was a prudent device of the sagacious Elector Frederick.

Once more, in December, 1521, Rome rejoiced over the death of a Pope; once more the Cardinal Camerlengo had risen from his bended knees to proclaim the certainty of the event. Again the great bell on the Capitol tolled heavily, and riot and disorder reigned in the sacred city. Leo was dead. An inscrutable mystery hangs over the last days of his life, and it is still in doubt whether the poisonous draught which his cardinals had prepared for him in the opening of his reign did not finally reach his lips. His people, impoverished by his excesses, exulted in his death. "Oh, Leo," they cried, "you came in like a fox; you ruled like a lion; you died like a dog!" Posterity has been more favorable to his memory, and men of intellect have ever looked with sympathy upon that graceful pontiff who was the friend of Erasmus and Raffaello, and who, if he had lived in a less corrupt atmosphere, might have yielded to the reforms of Luther. But the golden age of Leo X. is chiefly memorable as the period when the magnificent Church of the Middle Ages began swiftly to wane before the rising vigor of the Church of the Reformation.

THE TRAGEDIES OF A FEATHERED FAMILY.

THE other morning a cry of lamentation, loud and long, broke in upon the self-imposed quiet of my early hours, to my instant excitement and vexation—for I may as well confess that before breakfast, and occasionally after that mollifying meal, I am the least in the world cross, or, to use a word that sounds better, *nervous*.

This time, if I did not "do well" to be startled, there was at all events a justifying cause: "Oh, mamma! Dandy Jim is dead under the big cherry-tree!"

Alas! alas! that beautiful little Fuss-and-

¹ Audin, II. p. 129. Ranke, Ref., I. p. 538.

² Ranke, Ref., I. p. 590.

¹ Ranke, Ref., I. p. 538.

² Walch, xv. p. 2827.

Feathers, so saucy on my window-sill the evening before, was brought in cold and stiff, the keen eyes closed, the pretty "double-rose" comb dull and drooping, the long, flashing plumes "sorrowfully trailed in the dust."

Dandy Jim—so called because the most finished coxcomb of the walk that ever strutted before admiring pullets—was a bantam rooster, after the Seabright persuasion. He was remarkably small, exquisitely feathered (black and gold and green, with a thousand *bizarre* pencilings), and so full of conceit, jaunty capers, and Bean Brummel airs, that from the first he took all our hearts by storm.

But the little fellow was doomed! If he ever had a serious moment he must have been conscious of an impending fate, handed down to him as an heir-loom. The taint of violent death lurked in his blood, and I doubt not lay at the root of every precious pin-feather that padded his plump body. And yet, for all, to think how dashing he carried it off!—how he crowed and capered, with emblazoned wings coquetishly drooped, and that bright banner of a tail, swaying the least bit to the left for very vanity! It is almost as provoking as sad to reflect that while our coarse denizens of the poultry-yard, devoted to spit or gridiron, live on, and, like the geese in the ballad,

"Accumulate much grease, eating corn, eating corn!"

this pet of the parterre, with nothing to do but to be merry and multiply his prettinesses, must needs fall or fly from his roost, and die of no one knows what—not so much as a ruffled feather to declare the mystery. Nothing indeed but, as I said before, the fatality in his family.

How many victims to this fell destroyer may have suffered in past generations I shrink from even surmising; my experience dates back only so far as Dandy Jim of Caroline's grandfather, known in his own social sphere as Billy.

This bantam cock, far less distinguished for personal brilliancy than his fascinating but somewhat degenerate grandson, was nevertheless no mean example of that fidelity, pluck, and gallantry for which his race is conspicuous among all the feathered peoples. He and his little white hen, Biddy—with her bright coral comb, ivory bill, and one tiny black feather on her left wing—were our original stock, a present from among the pet chickens of a farm.

This conjugal pair roamed the Eden of a flower-garden (under the rather sentimental tradition that bantams "do no harm") like another Adam and Eve, all constancy and connubial content. Billy industriously scratched and called his pretty mate at every fresh discovery of grub or grain, and Biddy as punctually rewarded his exertions by the evident relish with which she swallowed each pleasant morsel. But this interesting little drama of wedded bliss came to a sad and sudden termination one midsummer day. Biddy was going her solitary rounds in the accustomed haunts; no cheerful call saluted her willing ears, no skillful toes

scattered the mellow soil on every side that she "weel might fare." Such a state of things could not fail to rouse the alarmed attention of the family. For three days, in spite of search, conjecture, and inquiry, no trace of Billy. Then we learned his melancholy fate: in flying upon or over the well, he had fallen into its depths. Dead and dripping he was pulled up in the "moss-covered bucket," and laid away in the orchard where he had spent so many happy hours.

The little widow consoled herself by "stealing" a nest, cunningly hid between rose-bushes and a grape-vine that climbed a western wall. There she laid five delicate white eggs, scarce larger than a pigeon's, and in due course of time, which means just three weeks and a day, two small chicks crowned her patience and delighted her friends. One was pure white, the other black as any crow; wonderfully alert, quick-witted, and self-reliant, although such wee mites of chickies. The usual precautionary measures were taken: Mrs. Biddy, nervously clucking, every feather rustling with fussy importance, anxious, but too intelligent to be alarmed at our interference, was installed in a slatted box, with every convenience for the successful rearing of her young family. Fresh "salt hay," warm feed, pure water in abundance, and crisp, tender grass up to her very front-door. What more could hen-mother's heart desire?—unless, indeed, the free range of the garden, and that was allowed her after the first week of precarious chickenhood.

Now if it had not been for the Wise Man of our family we should never have known that the black chick was a rooster, and the white one a hen; and we were the more indebted to him because it promised us an exact reproduction of the first pair, for the black male bird undergoes several changes and additions of color to his sombre plumage, till he becomes often positively brilliant. This little couple were entering upon the satisfactions of their sixth week, perhaps, when the family fatality laid low their filial hopes. Whether the bereft Biddy, now that her maternal duties were almost ended, was re-attacked with passionate grief for her lost lord, or whether "railway accident" claimed her, in common with so many victims, does not appear; certain it is that for one mad moment she left her infants and walked out of the garden gate, out upon the iron track that stretched its cruel length miles and miles up and down. Here, with dejected deliberation, she strolled along, pecking, with the idle stupefaction of grief, at the bits of coal strewed between the "sleepers."

Suddenly a rush as of a whirlwind—a mighty roar and clatter—a whizzing, whirling flash—a piercing yell from the engine—the 1.30 express! Alas, poor little Biddy! A tiny handful of torn white feathers just outside the rail; and in a moment all is quiet, green, drowsy noonday as before.

A sad story to tell the little fellow, who from

his school windows has seen the train dash by, when he comes home in the boisterous glee of a country school-boy. I don't know whether you will appreciate that affectionate forethought in his mother which prompted her to forbid any blabbing of the news until he had voraciously enjoyed his dinner, pie and all; but reflect how severe the pangs of youthful sorrow, superadded to those of an empty stomach! The orphaned chicks peeped loud and shrill for several days after this calamity, standing around in chosen spots of lamentation on tip-toe, with necks outstretched; and then, beautiful to see! the little white "hen" took her black brother under her wing, so to speak, and played mother to him, scratching, picking, and calling him at every step. The Wise Man was duly apprised of this phenomenon. He took an early observation. "It was a pretty conceit of yours, my dear, that 'playing mother' fancy; but the fact is, plainly (strange I should have made such an absurd mistake!), that the white chick is the rooster, and the black one the hen. See, now, as they run together, how quickly the little hen responds to his call, and how dependent she is upon him!"

Our Wise Man's infallibility being in all respects equal to that of the "lady from Philadelphia," we unhesitatingly accepted the above oracle, and transferred our sympathies accordingly. Finding our consolation for the loss of their parents in the daily development of these young innocents and their mutual loves, we gradually became reconciled to their sudden change of sex, and to the even more awkward change of names.

To what lengths embittered discussion and divided opinion might have run in some heretical households, refusing allegiance to either Wise Man or Quaker City lady, it would be more painful than profitable to picture. If, after the Oracle had spoken, there *could* have been a doubt in any loyal mind, confirmation was near at hand.

On the —th day of the —th month, at exactly twenty minutes before twelve, the black and white chicks—being both in the middle of the path on this side of the grape-arbor, and consequently nearest the house—did, then and there, at one and the same instant of time, crow!—a cracked, creaking, spasmodic somersault of sound, doubly discordant as it issued from the two distended throats, but a genuine "crow" for all that. This mighty effort, involving a new revelation, came near upsetting *their* centres of gravity, and quite overturned ours. The Wise Man, who was at the moment attaining the solution to that domestic problem, "What becomes of the pins?" rushed out of doors in such hopeless hodge-podge of ideas that the world of husbands must forever remain the poorer, and "pin-money" remain an immutable institution!

As for the rest of us, we simply stared at each other for one brief second of vacuity, and then "brought down the house" with peals of laughter. "All our pretty chickens," "counted" after the manner of the silly milkmaid,

"Gone at one fell swoop!"

No such revolution in the feelings of the fraternal friends; in peace and harmony with all fowls and men, they continued with one accord to grow fat and feathery. Tails, long and gracefully curving, imparted elegance to every movement, and scarlet head-gear a dignity quite martial. The "White Biddy" was rechristened Tippy; although henceforth only a friend and brother, nothing could exceed his self-forgetful devotion; it was in vain you tempted him, alone, with yellow grains or Indian-meal strabout—not a morsel would he touch till by impatient calling, and busy running to and fro, he had coaxed his shyer chum to the treat.

As Billy grew older his traits of character were in marked contrast with those of his simple-hearted, affectionate brother. While the one was the universal pet, as tame as the kittens and almost as accessible—taking his daily ride on the Wise Man's shoulder as he discussed his morning pipe under the grape-arbor, saucily pecking his mustaches, or even chasing him up and down like a playful pup, when wisdom stooped to folly—no endearments could familiarize the other; from his birth he was possessed with a wild, defiant *hauteur* that repelled every advance, and yet with enough audacity to forbid any imputation of fear.

It is painful to record of two such loving brothers that the day came which witnessed a bloody battle between them. But nature, like murder, will out; and in this case it came very near being murder. Tippy was rescued in the nick of time; dejected and wretched enough—his crowning "roses" bleeding, his beautiful, dazzling whiteness bedaubed and dragged. I bore him from the field of combat to my own chamber, bathed his wounds, refreshed him with sympathy and cold water, and left him to sorrowful, but I trust not altogether hopeless reflection—his little lead-colored toes wrapped around the back of a chair. Billy doubtless rejoiced in his victory, but with such measure of meek moderation as convinced us he was half ashamed of the whole affair. I think it was long before Tippy recovered from this shock to his profound fraternal sensibility; forgiven, I am sure it was, at once and freely. The outward signs of good-will were restored, but one could see a "difference;" besides, as cunning little mates had been procured for each, their paths in life were necessarily more and more divergent.

Another spring, and brother Billy was indeed still black, but exceeding comely. To increased elegance of person he united all the indomitable valor and pride of birth peculiar to the African bantam. No cock, were he twice a Shanghai, could for a moment intimidate this tiny embodiment of pluck; nay, the very watchdogs of the neighborhood, who at one mouthful could have crunched his strutting majesty, ran ignominiously before his fierce assaults. You will not be surprised to hear that his bravery was quite equalled by his devotion to the little

hens who followed close whithersoever he led by day, and nestled in a snug row on either side at night. Watchful, tender, and true, he was in all respects a model head of a family.

But again the hereditary fatality must step in—this time taking a more dread shape than heretofore. On a Sunday afternoon, peaceful and lovely as all Sunday afternoons ought to be, the Wise Man strolled out upon the lawn, and regaled the pet banties with some feed of which they were passionately fond. As they flew about his knees, scrambling and picking, Billy, in a sudden impulse of greediness, attacked his brother; but he was promptly “shooed” into apparent tranquillity; and the meal over, they were both playfully driven down the garden walk.

What was our astonishment to see them, the next moment run furiously at one another, clinching in deadly combat! Before we could speak the black bantam had dealt the fatal blow—his spur had cleft Tippy’s comb—our poor pet rolled over once, a slight spasm stirred all the snowy mass, and he was dead!

Lest you should too hastily condemn this fraternal homicide, let me tell you of a curious and pitiful circumstance: for days after the fatal result of his passion (as unexpected and distressing no doubt to him as it was to us), Billy would leave his hens and go to the very spot where Tippy died, and stand there, wistful, lonely, remorseful; or as if, missing his life-long companion, he instinctively looked for him where he had last seen him.

I am not sure there were not some tears shed over Tippy; but I am sure no one need have been ashamed of them.

Billy still lives, the terror of intruders; but since his brother’s departure somewhat of that gentle spirit seems to have fallen upon him—at least in regard to us; for he is now confiding and approachable. He has chosen a window-sill whereupon he holds gracious audience with the household, rapping smartly on the glass when his own imperious appetite and the wants of his family have not been duly attended to. This is his favorite feat of a winter’s morning—as he refuses, like common fowls, to wander abroad on an empty stomach; if the sash be indulgently raised he will not hesitate to enter, no, nor to invade the very breakfast-table, where his preference for butter, at its present high figure, has to be mildly but firmly put down.

A closing paragraph or two must introduce you to the pretty little hens, who, as befits their sex (or did befit it some years ago), have modestly remained in the back-ground.

There’s the white Biddy, the image of her ill-fated grandmother, even to the tiny black feather in the left wing; and the black Biddy, a little round ball of glossy darkness; the pale yellow hen, flecked with creamy tints, penciled here and there on the neck, tail, and wings with black; the old Speck, as distinguished from her daughter, young Speck, both perfect beauties, as to shape and plumage—especially

small, with heads like a partridge, and eyes keen as a flash—feathers all black, curiously spangled and bordered with pale gold, overlapping with exquisite effect; and lastly, the dark yellow hen, who has black feathers in her tail.

I wonder if it ever occurred to you that to chickens (as well as other purely domestic fowls) the peculiar privilege often belongs of having two of the very best gifts bestowed by the Heavenly Father; while a little boy or girl, “better than many” chickens, can never have but one. I confess I never thought of it till to-day. Do you give it up? Mother, of course: very many chickens have two, and I think it would puzzle even the Wise Man to decide which is the true mother of the chick—she who lays the egg, or she who hatches it.

Now darling little Dandy Jim was one of these doubly-blessed; he had two mothers; and if it had taken ten instead of two to bring him to such perfection, no one would have thought their pains thrown away.

Old Speck was his mother No. 1—there was no mistaking that exquisitely proportioned little egg, different from all the rest, white and polished as alabaster. White Biddy was mother No. 2, for she cuddled it under her white downiness, with six others, till it hatched, in a nest of raw cotton made in a basket, and kept in the kitchen for warmth. It was her first brood, early in the season called spring—but alas! for the snows and biting winds.

We had much to teach her, being a giddy young flirt, capriciously inclined for a week to give the whole thing up as a very unnecessary bore.

But the Wise Man put his mind to the case, and we succeeded in getting her to do the same—I need not add, if you know any thing of setting hens, that with *that* the battle was won; nothing less insignificant than an earthquake would have moved her. And the day she stepped out of that wadded basket with her seven little ones—black, yellow, and white—and walked straight into the breakfast-room to show them to us, could there have been a prettier sight?

The Wise Man said “No.”

LUCY'S CHOICE.

I.

ON a bright fair day in April, 1854, the bark *Polly*, 400 tons burden, lay at her wharf in Nantucket Harbor, preparing for sea. Huge piles of cordage, heaps of spars, harpoons, blubber-spades and knives, empty oil-barrels, barrels of water and of salt junk, boxes of hardware, and other stores, lay around or were being rapidly stowed aboard. There were supplies for years, as it seemed. And all would be needed, for the *Polly* was bound for the arctic seas, where, amidst snow and ice, she was to cruise for whales and trust to Providence for luck. All day long the toilers labored, as they had for many days before, but the task was

nearly done. And when, night descending upon the town, her Captain turned to go, leaving the greasy tub that held his fortunes to the careful watch, he rubbed his hands, and said to me that in three days more we should bid the old town good-by for many a long month.

Captain John Hoskins was an old friend of my father's, and many a trip had they taken together in former days; but my father's last voyage was over, and after growing gray amidst wild scenes of stormy seas and crashing icebergs he had laid him down peacefully at last, his perils ended, his rest that should have no end begun. I, Abner Skidmore, inherited the Captain's affection, and in my turn had become his shipmate. His home and my mother's—I was her only child—were almost close together, so close that the little patches belonging to each, and where grew the few light crops possible to be raised in that sterile region, nearly touched. It was not an actually lonely spot, but there were few neighbors, and my mother was glad enough that her sister and her sister's husband lived with her. They have nothing to do with the story, however. As was her household during my father's long absences and now mine, so was the Captain's. He was a widower, and he, too, had but one living child, a girl, Lucy, of whom I have much to tell. She is—well, she was then—just eighteen. I thought her an angel. Her aunt and guardian didn't, I suppose, for she called her cross names sometimes, which seemed to me absolutely wonderful. That pretty Lucy, with her blue eyes and rosy cheeks and golden hair and delicately rounded figure, could be other than the best as well as the loveliest of God's creatures appeared to me impossible. I knew that she was thus excellent. Well, for that matter, I think so still; for I was in love, as may be imagined, and am not cured of that complaint yet. Did she know it? How could I tell? Her father's laughing eyes would often rest upon us when we were together, and I fancied that he would not frown upon a match between us; nay, I felt so sure that he read my secret that I could at such times hardly meet his glance without a blush. You see, we were simple people, more used to old Neptune's ways than those of women, and I the simplest of them all. On that April evening, in fact, I thought rather bitterly that I had been an absolute fool. Here was I to leave her in three days, not to return perhaps for two and perhaps for more than two years, and had never yet found courage to speak plainly to my dear one or to her father. I dare say I showed something of this uneasy, mortified feeling as we came in sight of the two cottages, for the Captain turned half round and looked at me with a sort of inquiring wonder. Then and there I made up my mind.

"Captain Hoskins," said I, abruptly, "I want to speak to you."

"Why, speak away, lad. Something particular, I suppose, to be called speaking, and different from conversing, which we've been

doing more or less all day;" and he laughed heartily.

"Yes; something that I've thought of for years. If Lucy—"

"Ay! the wind's in that quarter, is it, my lad? Well, I've not been blind; however, heave ahead."

"What you say makes it easier for me, and I am very grateful. May I hope that if she likes me well enough you will not object to our marrying some day? There, Sir; it's all out, and I'm glad of it, for I have been miserable long enough, keeping my secret."

"Abner," replied the Captain, "so far as I am concerned, you have my good-will and best wishes. But how do you think she feels about it? You say if she likes you enough—you mean loves you enough, of course?"

"If I dared I would say that," I answered; "but I am not sure of it."

"You've never asked her?"

"Never. How could I without getting your permission?"

"Quite right, lad; young people ought to have some regard to the opinion of the old folks. Though, for that matter, when Lucy's mother, poor dear, and I had our first talk I doubt whether her father—but that's no matter; you have acted like the honest young friend I have always known you for. When will you speak to her? It's as well to sail with an easy mind, d'y'e see."

"To-night," I replied, manfully. But though there was no uncertainty in my tone, I was not altogether easy as to the result. There was a neighboring family named Strong. Jacob, the eldest son, was, like ourselves, a whaler, and a fine, handsome, open-hearted fellow as any one could wish to see. He was a very frequent visitor, not only at the Captain's house, but at my mother's; and I knew that he admired Lucy, to say the least. He and I were friends, and he had told me as much. There might be a possibility that he was more favored than I; and certainly she seemed to be as well disposed toward one as the other, though I was sure of her father. Very likely he might fancy that the coast was clear, for, as I have said, I had not made my hopes very apparent even to Lucy, and not at all to him. What is it, stupidity, or shyness, or blindness, that keeps many men silent when a word would secure their happiness? How is a girl to judge between a silent lover and one that compliments and pays court to her? At all events, not another sun should rise before I knew my fate—not the best frame of mind in which to seek it, you will say.

It was not a very propitious circumstance that when the Captain and I reached his house Jacob was there; and it looked rather squally for Lucy to run out at one door of the parlor when we walked in at another. Jacob's face, too, was not so calm as usual. He was flushed, nervous, and showed, in fact, that something had happened. There passed round us three, like lightning, a sort of questions and answers,

like what in these later years I should call an electric telegraph of our inmost thoughts. The Captain seemed struck all of a heap.

"Well, Jacob," he said at last, "I didn't think to see you to-night; but you are welcome, as you always are. What's gone with Lucy? Have you frightened her away, or have we?"

"Neither, I hope," replied Jacob. "But I came over, Captain, to make an inquiry. She couldn't furnish the information, and so I'm glad you have come. You may be able to tell me what I want to know."

"Captain—Jacob," I interrupted, suddenly, "don't let me be in the way. I wasn't going to stay. I'll just step over to mother's, and be back in an hour or so." And, stupid-like, I was gone before the last word was well out of my mouth.

Of course I knew what was the matter. Jacob had been beforehand with me. I had lost my stake before I had staked it. There was no more use in striving further than in fishing for ropes and harpoons carried off by lost whales. And yet "the information" was not given to him either! What he had confessed to her I could guess, but it didn't look as if she had responded with any confidences of her own! It might be—yes, it might be, that I had a chance!

Two hours passed; they seemed like two years. Then I went back to the Captain's. I found him and Lucy and Jacob in the parlor together. "Abner," said the Captain, the moment I entered, "here's a worse coil than I looked for. It seems that Jacob here has been pretty much like yourself in regard to Lucy. Now I want fair play in this. I love you both, for good lads, and you don't need be told how dear Lucy is to me."

Of course we knew it, and could only murmur our belief. "Now," he continued, "Jacob has spoken to Lucy, and she's given him no answer. I've told her what you have said to me, and I can get no answer either. She likes you both, and that's the extent of it. Now what am I to do?"

What was he to do? Neither Jacob nor I could tell. The Captain was clearly vexed, and as for Lucy, she looked even in my love-dimmed eyes rather foolish. We were all silent.

"Well, then, let's put the matter into ship-shape at once," said her father. "Now you both love her, and can't both have her. That's number one. She don't want to lose you both, and would have taken either, if t'other hadn't come along. That's number two. Neither of you wants to give her up. That's number three. And when I add that she don't know her own mind, and ought to find out, that's number four, and all told."

"Nay, father," interposed Lucy, tearfully, "I only said that I wished for time to question my own heart. I am foolish and to blame, I know, but all this has come upon me suddenly, and I was not prepared for it. I am sure"—

and here her voice faltered—"they must both think me fickle, vain, and trifling. But I do not mean to be so. I hope they will forgive me, and—and—think of me no more." And she burst into a passion of tears, greatly to her father's and our distress and embarrassment. Jacob spoke first.

"Abner," said he, "you and I have been fast friends, and however this may turn out, I for one would have us remain so. Can you shake hands like a man upon that?"

"I can, with all my heart," I replied, instantly, suiting the action to the words.

"Then," he continued, with a quiet smile, "some of the difficulty is cleared away. Now listen, all three. I confidently hope that Lucy may accept me after a while, and so does Abner. Now he's off on a cruise, and I was not going to sail till next season, as you all know. I will not take the advantage this gives me. No man on earth shall say that I acted unfairly; and I offer, Captain Hoskins, to join your ship, to share your cruise with Abner; and when we both return we will once more ask Lucy the question she can not answer now. Are you agreed, Captain? Are you, Lucy?"

"Well," said the Captain, "I like you all the more for the offer, lad; and go with me you shall. Lucy need not have a word to say about it; in fact, I forbid her."

"But I have," said I. "I will not be less generous than Jacob; he shall not leave this port in my company."

"That," quietly answered the Captain, "is for me to decide. Abner, you've signed articles; so *your* business is settled. Jacob will sign, with me—you understand, with me; and if I choose to ship him aboard the *Polly* I don't know as you've got to be consulted. Nay, not another word. Give me my pipe and a jug of cider, Lucy. The whole subject's laid on the table, as our Congressman would say; and it is not to be lifted till the *Polly* sights Nantucket Harbor—maybe this time two years, maybe less, maybe more. You'll stay supper, lads, of course. Cheer up, my lass; your trouble's over for a time."

It was no use trying to open the discussion again. He would not even listen to a whisper from her, and we were fain to be content. Nor that night, nor next day, nor the next, did either of us recur to it.

And on the day after that—it was on Wednesday, the twelfth of April—a group of women stood on the wharf waving their handkerchiefs and watching with streaming eyes the bark *Polly* as she was working her way out to sea.

II.

Life on a whale-ship is not like life any where else. It is of grease, greasy. The *Polly* was an old tub whose every timber was soaked with oil—oil that had been stowed in every part of her except among the ropes and spars under decks or aloft, and would, as we hoped, be so

again. How many millions of cockroaches we carried Heaven knows; but they too swarmed every where—big fellows, too, that would eat a man's toe-nails off before he would wake out of a snooze. Rats, too—huge, ferocious-whiskered creatures, that would look at you as if they owned the ship; and fat—well they knew what barrels of oil were, and profited by the knowledge. And, what with grease, and cockroaches, and rats, and close quarters, the cabin and the forecabin weren't exactly like a lady's parlor, as may well be imagined. But the whaler combines sport with profit, and can put up with trifles. This is how the *Polly* was manned: There was the Captain, and three mates—myself the third. Jacob was entered as a supernumerary on shares, which made four. There were four boats, and consequently four boats' crews, of six men and a steerer each. A couple of negroes were cook and such, and two boys made up the lot—thirty-seven souls in all. Of these the officers and steerers were Americans, the rest a motley crowd of all nationalities, but all tolerably experienced hands.

There was nothing unusual to note for some weeks. We made about an average run, and got to Baffin's Bay in the second week in June. We had caught a glimpse of a spouter, hooked a blue shark, and seen icebergs in plenty, getting more and more numerous as we drew nearer the arctic seas, which were our cruising-ground. I may as well mention that, by common consent, we never spoke of Lucy, at least never of the events which had brought Jacob and I together. It was a point of honor with us, you see.

At length we were fairly within the region of snow and ice, and began to look in earnest for fish. We were lucky. In three weeks we had captured and cut up five whales and melted down the blubber. On Monday of the fourth week, at ten of the forenoon, another was sighted three miles away on the starboard bow. Not a moment was lost in manning and lowering the four boats. In less time than it takes to tell it we were pulling in a wide half-circle for the doomed monster. Jacob was harpooner in one, I steering in the same. I remember the scene as well as if 'twas yesterday. The wide waste of waters, still as a lake, with here and there the huge fantastic forms of icebergs, their lofty crags and pinnacles glittering in the arctic sunshine; the four boats gliding swiftly and noiselessly on, with a man in the bow of each with poised weapon, and part of the coiled line upon his arm, waiting for the moment to strike; and, growing in bulk as we drew nearer and nearer, the great mound of inert matter rising above the surface of the water. At last the word was given. From the first boat the harpoon flew swift and true, and buried itself to the socket in the fish's side. Then, as he felt it, with a plunge that sucked the water into a whirlpool, down he went, while the line ran out seventy yards, in a cloud of friction-born smoke, over

the gunwale, and dragging the boat along like a race-horse. A pause, then once more the monster rose to breathe, only to receive another mortal blow, and again to dive, leaving the waters crimson as he vanished out of sight. Now came all the excitement of the chase. Five harpoons had done their work, and their lines held fast. The last dive had hidden him for a while, and now he lay helpless upon the surface. More venturesome, as whalers are apt to be, from the excitement of the moment, all four boats approached near enough to hurl lances at the creature, and one even to strike at it with a boat-hook. But that piece of temerity was followed by what is always, or nearly so, looked for—the "flurry" of the whale. With a sound that resembled a huge bellow, and yet not that, nor yet the blowing off steam of a boiler, but something between the two, the whale suddenly rolled furiously, beating the waves with its broad tail until they were lashed into a sea of foam. "Back, back!" shouted the steersmen, and every man bent to the oars on the instant. Too late. Too late for one boat, at least. For, with a single blow, the whale dashed it into atoms, leaving every one of its crew struggling in the water. Two men sank like lead—never to rise again until land and sea shall give up their dead. One floated, stunned, for a moment, and then he too went down. Amidst a wild scene of wild shouts and throwing floats and rowing to and fro the rest were lifted out and saved, just as the whale slowly turned on its side until its white and slippery belly glittered in the sun.

"Hark! what is that? A gun from the ship!" shouted Jacob, as he suddenly turned to look at her. The dull boom had reverberated heavily along the water, and in the excitement few noticed it. We were at least five miles away from her.

"Something's wrong," said I.

"Must be," said he. "We'd best pull back at once."

After a hasty word or two with the crews of the other two boats, ours, that is, the one in which were Jacob and myself, began to row back as quickly as we could, leaving the others with the whale. Three men were lost, but why abandon the prize? As I have said, we were five miles away. We rowed with a will, be sure, turning to look at the *Polly* as she lay motionless in the distance. And what did we presently see? A heavy cloud of smoke rise from her decks, rise thicker and thicker with every moment, until it hid masts and rigging from our sight, and lay all around her like a curtain, black as night.

The other crews had seen it too, and with a yell were making the water foam as they plied the stout ash oars until they bent like willow wands. For our lives we strained—for ours? Nay, for those on board the *Polly*. God! that with all our efforts it must be so long before we could reach her!

Not a word spoke any of us. The horror upon us was too great. The ship, saturated as

she was with oil, must, we knew well, burn like gunpowder almost.

I at the helm watched her. Ah, how I watched her! Ere a mile was passed I saw the red flames mingle with the smoke, darting up now and then like fiery pillars. Speechless, with my heart standing still, I saw the fiery tongues running along spar and shroud and stay. I saw red gleams shoot out from her ports and flutter upward. I saw the flames grow fiercer and fiercer, until, with a rattle like musketry, they wrapped hull and all aloft in one embrace of fire from stem to stern. And then, God help us all! a dull roar told that the magazine was reached. Flying through smoke and flame, far and wide, and high into the air, went burning fragments; and in an instant after she reeled once or twice and went down. Nothing was left but a cloud of steam and smoke where but a short time before the *Polly* rode secure. And of those aboard of her not one was left. Like men distraught we rowed round and round where she had been, gazing for any poor soul that might rise in one last despairing struggle. In vain, in vain!

And we were all silent for a long time, some with clasped hands, and some with heads bowed in speechless horror. Only by slow degrees did we realize all that had happened, with its consequences. It was only as one and another found voice did we remember our own desolation. Desolation, did I say? There is no word strong enough to meet the case. Three boats with thirty men in them drifting in the arctic seas without provisions, scarcely any water, almost without hope. Not a sail in sight, nor perhaps ever to greet our anxious eyes. We must consult what had best be done, certainly that, but to what end? The nearest land was two hundred miles away. We had no compass nor chart. Surely some of us thought that the fate of our mates in the burned ship was scarcely less awful than our own.

Well, Jacob was the most practical man—he spoke first. Few words were needed as to the lost ship. Reverently and with many tears he offered up a prayer for the lost ones, in which all joined, though some were strangers to such utterance until now. Then he called for opinions upon the first question—were the boats to keep together? Some judged one way, some another. "Well, you have had your say; here's mine," he continued. "I am for separating. We may fall in with some vessel if together; but the chances are greater if each crew takes its own course; and if a sail does heave in sight, and it is saved, the other two may be looked for, perhaps."

I need not describe the argument, but Jacob's advice was taken; so first pulling back to the still visible whale, and cutting as much flesh as we each could stow aboard, we parted company, and soon three specks upon the water, far distant from each other, were all that was left of the *Polly* and her men that the glittering stars shone down upon.

Of course amidst all this horror there was one the thought of whom was agony to Jacob and me. With the first knowledge of his desperate strait we had looked at each other without uttering a word of him—we somehow could not. But now we might speak. No matter what our conversation was. I don't like to say any thing more than that our agreement before sailing was forgotten as far as our hopes of our own were concerned. One resolve alone filled us, that we would be to her the friend and protector for life. Out of our great pity came this—but alas, alas! Only if we were spared. Whereaway now, was the business of us lonely castaways. Our fate was next to hopeless. As I before described, we had separated with a view of covering a wider track of observation in our efforts to steer southward. All three boats must be guided by the stars at night and the sun by day—that is, for the few, very few days life could hold out. And we began our part of the programme without much words about it. There were six of us besides Jacob and myself, and we pulled all that day and all the next night by turns. It is no use describing our sensations as they were at first. All through the darkness, which, as you know, is not darkness actually, we labored. When morning broke, what every one of us expected took place—not a sail to be seen, only the horrible icebergs, and packs ridged about with "buckles" like rugged lines of hills. Hunger and cold—raw blabber for the first, hard work for the last. And thus the next day and night, and the next.

Then what little water we had gave out. Hunger kills by exhaustion, but thirst drives men mad.

One of our men went mad the day after that, and, with a horrid shriek, plunged overboard. We tried to haul him in, but could not. The same night another died, quietly enough, for we found him as we thought asleep. Then, it might have been a day, or it may have been two days after, there was absolutely nothing left to eat or drink, and death seemed close upon us. What followed is like a dream. I have visions to this day of a gleaming knife and a rush of blood and a wild struggle to tear each other like wild beasts, and of Jacob lying insensible at my feet. And I, too, was soon like him.

Strangely enough, as it seemed to me, I revived, though not to full consciousness. It was as if I had awakened out of a dream. I did not realize my situation in the least, but sat drowsily looking at Jacob, and, if I thought at all, wondered he should be so still. And this continued for I know not how long. Unutterable content, as it were, had stolen over my whole being—that I *do* know. And so the end came.

The end, but not as I had expected. There rose up out of the horizon a sail! I looked at it without even curiosity. Tall masts crowded with canvas grew into sight, but I was past

thinking that here might be hope. The hull of a ship drew out of the offing, but if it were ship or iceberg, indifferent. The ship came over the waves toward me, look-out men aloft gazing, I knew, at my frail tub, but why they looked I did not even dream. They told me afterward that I laughed when they hailed me. Perhaps I did. I do not know.

So I was saved—I alone of all the *Polly's* crew. Oh God! Death had been busy with us poor creatures. When I came to myself, not until after many hours, I learned the fate of all. There was a story of a boat crushed to atoms by a "nip"—the meeting of two floes of ice—and one mangled body, and that was all. The other boat was never heard of more. Jacob lay at the bottom of the sea, as they told me, not without tears, for sailors are tender-hearted as they are brave.

All this has been stated very briefly, for I don't like to dwell upon it overmuch. I pass over, too, my slow recovery, and only pause to add, that if ever men were angels of kindness, the men who had saved me were. It happened that their ship was full—it was the second season of her cruise—and she was homeward bound for Nantucket. Her captain knew me, but him only on board. And in the middle of October we fetched the lights off the Shoals on the way home.

Home! I shuddered at the thought and the task before me. The fatal news that I brought—alas! would it kill the poor women who should hear it?

Well, we were signaled, and when we ran up to the wharf there was crowd enough to meet us, be sure. All my own folks among the rest. The Captain had heard all my story, and I had consulted with him as to how they were to hear it too. As agreed upon, I was helped ashore by him, and placed in my mother's arms, he telling her that I had come back sick—which I was, and very weak—and must get home at once. When Lucy, and her aunt, and Jacob's people pressed round us for news of their loved ones he hurried on board, saying that I would tell them all, and they had best go along with me. And so they did, in a procession of tenderness for me and of expectation. Arrived indoors, I was soon lying upon a lounge, the centre of a crowd of questioners.

"Friends," said my mother, "don't all talk at once. My boy's back, and I am thankful. Lucy Hoskins has the first right to make inquiries."

All of a tremble, she asked me, "You left father at sea with the *Polly*?"

"I did, with the *Polly*."

"And he was well, my dear father?"

"He was—well."

"Now my turn," interrupted Mrs. Strong.

"My Jacob, was he well too?"

"He was."

"Well, that's good tidings, Abner. Captain Hoskins and my son and all of them well and hearty. That's good—good. The Lord be praised!"

"Amen! amen!" returned many voices. But even while they sounded in my ears a new expression dawned upon Lucy's face—a sort of indefinable doubt or apprehension. "Are you sure, Abner," said she, almost in a whisper, "that they were indeed and in truth all well?"

"Indeed and in truth I believe that it is well with them all," I answered solemnly, and then bent my head in utter misery and anguish. And a great fear came upon them—a speechless, dreadful fear. "Abner Skidmore," screamed Mrs. Strong, immediately after, "you are not telling all; you are holding something back; in the name of God, what is it?"

But I could not answer, and there was no need. For from the wharf came such cries of agony and grief that with wild shrieks, as though with prophetic insight they knew what was the terrible cause, they all rushed forth to where the crew of my preservers were relating to a horror-stricken multitude of how the *Polly* had been burned in the arctic seas, and how all hands had perished save one.

I was spared the witnessing of what followed, for a dead faint came over me, and that was succeeded by delirium. For many days I lay tossing to and fro in burning fever. When reason again dawned, the intensity of my poor friends' grief had calmed somewhat, and they could hear from me the terrible story. Ah, how Lucy wept when I told it! and truly I wept with her.

Of course there could be no allusions to our bargain, for a long time, if ever. The Captain's circumstances were good, and his daughter and her aunt were provided for. Henceforth they must be two lonely, mourning women, upon whom my hopes could not be intruded without offense, even cruelty. Without a hint or a murmur, therefore, I assumed the position of friend and brother, and was so, tacitly, accepted. And a year passed away. Then came up thoughts of going to sea again, and I casually, as it were, mentioned the subject to Lucy's aunt. It was one evening when she sat with me on the porch, Lucy being inside the house. To my surprise, rather, the aunt strongly opposed my project.

"Why can not you settle your home at once, right here?" said she.

"Because a home without a wife is none; and a wife I shall never have," I replied.

"I don't see why. See here, Abner, I have never spoken of it before, but you may as well know that I am aware of all that took place before you sailed on that terrible voyage," she answered.

"And how can I revive the subject now?" said I. "It would be the height of cruelty to mention Jacob's name to Lucy, the name of him who perhaps she mourns as her dead lover. No, I will not be so inconsiderate. I have no sign from Lucy either. Let it all go by. I shall never marry."

"Do you love her, Abner, still?" questioned she, with a peculiar smile.

"As I do my life!" was my fervent reply.

Wonderful to relate, a little hand was placed on mine as a form, that I did not know was so near, came to my side. And suddenly aunt vanished. "I loved you, Abner dear, all the while, but did not know how much until it was too late to call you back." And with a few tears, partly of sad recollection, and partly of joy, she laid her head upon my breast.

There is little more to be told. We were married. We live in the same house with my mother, and Lucy's, now my, aunt. We are very happy, although at times Lucy's tears will flow silently as she thinks of her dead father, and of the young man who went to his death because she did not know her mind.

3 DIANA POLVILLE'S PRISONER.

ABOUT the time that the *Mayflower* left the shores of England there was, as every body knows, a sort of centrifugal force at work generally in the old country which began to send the worshipers of unfavored sects hither and thither to find a better home than their own land promised to afford them. It was not very long after the Pilgrim Fathers of fame made their way across the Atlantic that another shipload of Pilgrim Fathers, to whose names fame has been less liberal, set out likewise on a westward voyage, but got no farther than the south coast of Ireland. There they landed, and pushing a little inward, founded an Anglo-Protestant colony, which retains some of its peculiar and distinctive features up to the present day. The traveler of a few generations ago, journeying through the south of Ireland, was a good deal surprised (supposing he had brains enough to observe any thing and not knowledge enough to be previously acquainted with the condition of things) when he found that he suddenly plunged from a population of Macs and O's into a population of Pols, Tres, and Pens—from Celtic and romantic O'Connors and O'Donoghues into prosaic Browns and ordinary British Robinsons. For the little English Protestant colony walled itself up exclusively into a town of its own, and enjoyed itself in true British fashion by keeping a solemn and rigid retirement in the bosom of its own set and sect. In the early days of this little settlement nobody's notions of religious liberty had advanced much beyond the idea of liberty for himself to practice his own religion to the restriction of every body else. Liberty then had not presented itself to the ordinary mind as something capable of being supplied to all people without limit or expense, which every body could enjoy to the full for himself without restricting or begrudging his neighbor's enjoyment. It seemed rather like some precious thing of very limited supply which you must either clutch and hold for yourself or let your neighbor carry it off to your utter privation. It is not therefore surprising that the Anglo-Protestant colony in the south of Ireland, having come there for the sake of religious liberty,

should distinguish itself by a narrow illiberalism and bigotry which even in that day were regarded as remarkable. Dropped down in a strange and hostile country (passively hostile at least), these Anglo-Protestants could not persecute; they could only exclude. This they did very rigidly so long as they could; and their exclusion was not merely applied to the heterodox in religion, it also applied to the ungenteel in business. Old residents who were alive but the other day could tell with a mournful pride of the bright years when the walls of the town (it really had walls) inclosed neither a Papist nor a trader. Degenerate days, however, began to grow upon the colony. Service was no inheritance then any more than now; and the John Thomases and Mary Janes who had come from Middlesex and Surrey and sweet Devonshire and wave-washed Cornwall had a way of taking up with the Papist Irishry outside the walls, and vanishing thereupon into the extramural spheres of existence. For many and many a year had English law striven by cruel and hideous penalties to keep the British soldier from laying down his arms when summoned to surrender by the dark eyes of some Papistical Irish girl; and the penalties were even more vain than they were abominable. It sounds strangely now, but it is none the less certain, that there were whole broods of families, born of English fathers, who could not speak one word of the language of Milton; and at one time there seemed good reason to fear that the English tongue would cease to be spoken any where in the land. Of course, about the time this colony I speak of had begun to thrive, this struggle of race was over, and it was clear that the tongue of the Anglo-Saxon, though not his religion, was to prevail in Ireland. But do what the lordly, ruling race might, there was no preventing the love-making and the intermarriage of English and Irish. The same strength of affinity or destiny, or whatever it was, which enabled the great Hugh O'Neil, the renowned rebel Tyrone himself, to win for his wife the sister of the very commander sent over by the English Government to crush him (and whom he crushed despite the bond of marriage that made them brothers-in-law), that same power exerted itself in humbler ways among the Protestant colonists of the south to deprive the town of many of its natural and legitimate inmates. New servants and followers, new butlers and grooms and cooks and Abigails, had to be sought somewhere, and they could only be taken from the native and idolatrous population outside. Gradually, therefore, it came to pass—the Anglo-Protestants steadily dwindling and the Irish Papists increasing—that all the laborious and menial work of the town was done by Irish hands. So the colony became divided into two distinct classes—almost as distinct as the masters and the slaves of Old Virginia. Trevanion or Baldwin, or even Johnson or Brown, was master or mistress;

O'Brien or MacMurrongh was servant. The former was Protestant, the latter Catholic—*celu s'entend*. But then outside the walls you had the native race, numerous and clan-nish and proud; and with them O'Sullivan or O'Donoghue was a name of dignified and lordly association. The name which to regular residents within the walls, wrapped up as most settlers are in their own ways and ideas, suggested only poverty, menial service, and utter inferiority, spoke to the population outside the walls of a chief and a tribe, and a grand, mournful history. Mention the name of O'Neil to one of the colonists and he would only think of his saddler or his gardener, while the saddler or the gardener despised his master in his heart as a vulgar Sassenach upstart, and was proud of bearing the family appellation of the great Hugh who demeaned himself by consenting to become Earl of Tyrone. Send an Irish servant with a message to some one named Brown or Jones, and he would go to the place and ask simply for Mr. Brown or Mr. Jones. But if he had to make inquiry for a M'Carthy or an O'Rourke, he would always ask if "one of the M'Carthys" or "a boy of the O'Rourkes" was there. That is to say, not an obscure, isolated amounting-to-nothing individual named M'Carthy or O'Rourke, but a recognized member of the great and noble tribe and family of M'Carthy or O'Rourke, sharing in all the dignity and entitled to all the support of the whole connection.

It would be superfluous to say that during the troublous times which followed the outbreak of the French Revolution the sympathies of our colonists went wholly and ardently with the cause of Law and Order, the Crown and the Throne. Nowhere was "Boney" more detested than in this loyal town; and after Napoleon the man most abhorred was probably Charles James Fox. When the Irish Rebellion broke out, with the unsuccessful attempts of the French in Bantry Bay and Killala, a great many loyal persons in the town were honestly of opinion (as a great many loyal persons in London were likewise) that Fox was one of the principal instigators of the wicked Irish, and that the good King George the Third ought to have had him executed out of hand. To increase the fervor of loyalty the town was filled with soldiers, and the officers were billeted among the principal families, who received their red-coated guests with delight. The ladies of the town, especially the unmarried ones, loved the military quite as much as the Grand Duchesse did; and some of them would have been well content that civil war should be prolonged forever, if it secured to them the delightful society of the handsome young officers at ball and rout, for walks and rides. On the other hand, it is perhaps almost unnecessary to say that if Miss Trevelyan and Mrs. Polville delighted in "the officers" and detested the rebels, Bridget O'Hanlon and Nelly Maguire, the serving-women, took a different view of the situa-

tion, and in their secret hearts detested the officers and delighted in the rebels.

Mrs. Polville had special and extra reasons for loyalty and for hatred of rebellion, as well as those reasons which were common to all her sex. She was the widow of Colonel Polville, who had borne arms honorably in the service of his gracious Majesty, and had been with General Wolfe at Quebec. A lady, therefore, who was actually receiving for herself and her two daughters his Majesty's pension, was engaged by every principle of duty, honor, morality, virtue, and religion to abhor rebellion, especially when that rebellion, iniquitous in itself, was made yet more guilty by the odious favor of France. Moreover, her eldest daughter, Ada Polville, had been for some time engaged to the gallant young cavalry officer, Captain Edwardes, now quartered in the town. Now Captain Edwardes was a very eligible personage. He was tall, he was handsome, he was of good English family, he had a considerable fortune of his own; and he seemed to be much in love with the tall, handsome, showy Ada, whose flashing white teeth alone ought to have bitten into any susceptible bosom, to say nothing of the brilliancy of her eyes, the captivation of her curls, the symmetry of her ankles—and at that stage of fashion ankles counted for a good deal in a girl's *tout ensemble*, for the dresses recognized the existence of lower limbs, and were made to display them. Diana Polville, the younger sister, had not yet, apparently, succeeded in captivating any one in particular, although she was the favorite of every one, and had harmlessly flirted with whole battalions of his Majesty's officers, and even with various of his Majesty's Hessian allies, of whose language she could not speak three words. Girls in England, Ireland, and America had not got into the way of reading Schiller and doting on Heine then. Indeed, one reason for their not doting on Heine may have been that Heine then was not born.

It would be hard for us here thoroughly to understand how dear and precious to the woman-kind of the town I am describing were the friendly attentions and services of "the officers." The whole south of Ireland was under martial law. You could hardly cross your own threshold without military authority; you had to give the countersign half a dozen times before you got from the pump in the square to the finger-post outside the walls. When night set in the military precautions and restrictions were of course doubled—quadrupled. If Diana Polville wanted to send her maid across the street with a message to the friend of her bosom, the lass had to trip it under the protection of a military guard. Unauthorized persons wandering about at night were liable to be arrested, and indeed dealt with exactly as it might happen to suit the humor of the nearest officer in command. Bayonets glittered at every street corner; muskets clanked on every paving-stone. In the midst of all this the little

town beamed and sparkled with revelry. Balls and parties were given every night every where—it was, who should do most to manifest loyal devotion to the martial representatives of British authority. One can have little idea now how delightful all this was to the girls of the place; how exquisite was the pleasure of being escorted to and from a ball by a handsome military guardian through files of saluting soldiers, who would have instantly arrested any body less favored and marched him or her off to Heaven knows what vileness of durance. Then the delicious and perpetual excitements of pass-words and countersigns, of marchings in and marchings out of sentinels and troopers encountered every where, of fearful stories about new landings of the French and new musterings of the rebels; and in the midst of all this to have the sublime protection and the brilliant society of the young heroes in scarlet jackets who were the gods of the situation, controlling and lordling over every thing, and who never seemed one bit afraid or in doubt about the satisfactory conclusion of the whole business.

Yes, Ada Polville was indeed a girl to be envied. She was actually engaged to the handsomest and richest officer in the garrison—an officer who was often, too, in important command. But Diana, the younger and smaller sister, although not engaged to any body, was likewise to be envied, for as Ada's sister she had strong claim to Captain Edwardes's attentions; and there was not a subaltern in the garrison who would not have been proud to devote himself, body and soul, to the carrying of her fan in safety from one end of the town to the other.

Ada Polville and her sister were riding out one day with Ada's lover. The lover of course kept close to Ada's saddle. A couple of miles from the town there lay, on the left of the road, a deep valley, and out of the valley, far away, rose sheer and sharp a hill which was crested by a heap of ruins. There was a keep or square central tower, quite in ruins; there was a more modern building, partly unroofed and looking more dreary than the keep, because it seemed like a house which modern people might have lived in and yet was miserably dilapidated; and there were some mouldering walls and broken towers. The whole mass stood out now against the violet evening sky, and was picturesque, striking, and sad.

"What a dreadful old tumble-down place!" said Captain Edwardes.

"Did you never notice it before?" asked Ada, surprised at the kind of curiosity with which her lover seemed to regard a ruin so very familiar to her.

"Don't know that I ever did."

"And you have been living here ever so long, and must have passed it ever so often!"

"Dare say. But I didn't notice it, somehow. It's the sky to-night, or the sunset, or something, that shows it off so clearly. What is it? Nobody lives there, surely?"

"Oh no; nobody lives there. It's O'Dwyer's Castle."

"Yes? Who's O'Dwyer?"

"Oh, well—O'Dwyer; *the* O'Dwyer, you know."

"Dear child, I haven't the least notion. Who is the O'Dwyer? and why doesn't he have his castle repaired? It's a capital site, you know. He might make a very nice place of it. But it would mop up an awful lot of money to put it to rights."

"Dear stupid Fred! The O'Dwyer hasn't any money; and it's gone to rack and ruin, and he's out of the country this ever so long."

"Cut and run from the creditors, I suppose. Poor old boy! Perhaps it comes hard upon him to live far away."

"But, Fred," broke in Diana, "he isn't old. He's young; and very handsome, I have been told. He was dreadfully poor, and the castle all went to ruins, and he couldn't do any thing; and he went abroad, and is in the French or the Austrian army. One of our servants has often told me all about him; she says she is a twenty-fifth cousin of his, or something of the kind; and I think mamma knew him when he was a boy. Mamma can tell you all about him; but she shakes her head sadly over him."

"Thank you, Di; but I don't think I much care to hear any more about Mr. O'Dwyer."

Both the sisters broke into a pretty, merry laugh.

"Now then, girls, what's the fun?" asked the good-humored soldier.

"Oh, Fred, you know," said Diana, "he isn't Mr. O'Dwyer."

"Isn't he? Surely he isn't Mrs. O'Dwyer?"

"Nonsense."

"Well, I don't know his present rank. *M. le Capitaine*, or *der hoch-und-wohl-geborne Herr Hauptmann*—any thing you like."

"Oh, I don't mean that! But it would be a dreadful offense to call him Mr. O'Dwyer. I only wish my maid Nelly heard you! He is *The* O'Dwyer—the one O'Dwyer, the Chief O'Dwyer. To call him Mr. O'Dwyer is far worse than it would be to call you Corporal Edwardes."

"Then I beg *The* O'Dwyer's pardon, and I am sorry for offending him—especially as he is hard up, poor fellow."

So the O'Dwyer dropped out of the conversation for the time, and was forgotten. Captain Edwardes did not apply to Mrs. Polville for information on the subject: it was easier to start Mrs. Polville with a theme than to stop her, once started.

Mrs. Polville gave a ball a night or two after this conversation, and every body worth having was there. Mrs. Polville was herself the author of a proposition having for its object the limiting of invitations to such balls by the adoption of a rule that nobody should be asked who had what she called any visible means of subsistence. But the rule did not work, inasmuch as it excluded the banker of the town, whom three-fourths of the gentlemen had the best

possible reasons for desiring to conciliate; and it admitted a wandering swindler from Dublin, who made love to several marriageable girls, very nearly succeeded in carrying off one of them, and actually did succeed in carrying off a silver tea-pot and three gold chains. But although Mrs. Polville's proposition did not work, it still demonstrated what a great genteel soul the woman had, and the mere conception entitles her to our respect and sympathy. To do her justice, she always endeavored, to the utmost of her ability, to realize the bright ideal she had set up; and the great majority of the guests at her ball did, in fact, consist of persons whose incomes were of what she regarded as invisible origin, that is, were not derived from trade, or commerce, or salaries, or other such ignoble obvious sources.

Captain Edwardes was in the third figure of the first quadrille with Ada Polville, when a message from the barracks was brought to him. Some prisoners of unusual importance had been taken, and he was the officer highest in command who could then be got at. The barracks were only just across the way, so to speak; and Captain Edwardes, having finished the quadrille and grumbled at the harsh duties of warlike times, hastened away with a promise to return immediately. He came back very soon, and told his *fiancée* that the prisoners were, in one sense, persons of some importance: they were four French officers, waifs of Hoche's luckless expedition, who had been endeavoring to make their way back to the sea-coast, and had fallen in with some cavalry, and so got taken.

"Poor fellows!" said Ada; "must they be shot?"

"Not likely," replied her lover, with a broad smile on his manly countenance. "Only prisoners of war, Ada. We keep them until they can be exchanged, that's all; there will be opportunity enough, I dare say. Meanwhile we must treat them as gentlemen—which they seem to be in every way, and denced nice fellows too. The worst of it is, one doesn't know what to do with them. Isn't much amusement to be had at our confounded old barracks yonder—and then hardly any of our fellows can talk to them. I can get on pretty well when they go slowly; but, hang it all, when they get to talking their Parisian jabber too fast, I can't keep up with them."

A bright idea struck Ada. As they were not in chains (which she at first supposed they would be), and as they were not to be shot like dogs or Croppies, why not bring them here—over here, to the ball? Frenchmen all danced and were delightful; and then Diana and she could speak French like any thing. To be sure they were enemies—

Captain Edwardes laughed at the notion of carrying enmity into one's relations with a gallant and gentlemanlike prisoner of war; and he quite caught at the idea of bringing his captives straight away into pleasant society. Mrs. Polville assented cheerfully, thinking the presence

of four French officers, just made prisoners of war, would be a striking and splendid feature of the ball. In brief, the prisoners were invited, and came, under the special escort of a subaltern officer and a guard.

The prisoners were four—two elderly, grizzled and gray; two young. Of the two young, one was short and boyish-looking; the other tall and stately, with a fine drooping mustache, then rather an unusual ornament, at least in society of the south of Ireland. They were all gentlemanly and agreeable; they all danced; one of them played the guitar delightfully; another sang such exquisite, airy little French ballads (people sang in society in those days), and they soon became highly popular among the company. To be sure the attentions of some of the ladies were limited to smiles and the word "*oui*," while some of the gentlemen could do nothing more to demonstrate their hospitable wishes than slap the captives on the back and point to the supper-table and Champagne bottles. But the Frenchmen (none of whom seemed to know a word of English) took these attentions as genially as they were meant, and responded with demonstrations of equal cordiality. Three of them became soon as joyous as if they were really at home. The fourth—the tall young man with the drooping mustache—was less cheerful than his fellows. He did not sing; he did not play; he danced but little; he drank but little. His captivity, soft and silken though it was now, seemed to weigh heavily on him.

Now Diana, having done her very best—and it was a great deal—to make all the four happy, was especially taken by this one. His face, his dark melancholy eyes, his form, his expression, the bright beaming smile which sometimes lighted up his features in acknowledgment of her efforts to please; his conversation, which was full of feeling and variety; his evident enjoyment of her society—all this attracted and impressed her immensely.

She made him dance with her, and told him he must sit by her side at supper. In those days the supper was an event toward the happy bringing about of which it behooved the ladies of the family, at least in a small country town, to give some personal attention. Diana knew that her mother, as hostess, would have to remain in the room with her guests, and she would not have her sister Ada withdrawn, even for a moment, from the society of her lover. So she stole away to the supper-room to see how things were looking.

On her way thither she was encountered by her maid, Nelly, who came up to her with looks of profoundest mystery and alarm, and laying a plump finger on red lips in token of awful secrecy, drew her young mistress into the shadow of a window-curtain.

"Holy Virgin, Miss! do you know who that is you've been dancin' with there?"

"That French officer, Nelly? I don't know his name—"

"Arrah no, Miss! Sorra' a Frenchman is he, God protect him! It's the O'Dwyer himself!"

"Nonsense, Nelly; it can't be."

"It is, Miss Di—it's himself! Sure I ought to know, and I knew him the first moment I saw him. Oh, the Lord defend us!"

"Well, Nelly, what matter even if it is the O'Dwyer?"

"Why, Miss, he'll be shot or hanged!"

"No, you silly girl. Captain Edwardes told Miss Ada they never shoot prisoners now. They will all be exchanged."

"Ah, yes, Miss Di, the French prisoners will. But sure the O'Dwyer, he's a rebel, you know, not a Frenchman. Small chance of his life if once they find him out! Oh, I'd give my life to save him if I could."

"Had I better speak to some one—to Captain Edwardes?"

"Oh, Miss Di, don't say a word to any one, for your life. Sure it would be the Captain's duty to send the O'Dwyer to be tried as a rebel—"

"Why, Nelly, you seem to know all about it."

"God bless us, Miss Di! one can't help knowing all about it these times, what between the boys that are 'out' (i. e., in rebellion) and the soldiers one hears talking it all over. No, Miss Di—not a word about the O'Dwyer to the Captain or herself" (the mistress of the house, herself *par excellence*), "or even Miss Ada; but I wonder, Miss, if you and I between us couldn't manage to give the O'Dwyer a hint and get him off some way?"

Diana thought she certainly would like to try. The idea of that handsome, graceful, gentlemanly creature with whom she had talked and danced being liable to the death of a felon or a dog struck her as unspeakably hideous, and her soul was all on fire to prevent such a horror. The first thing was to find out whether the O'Dwyer, supposing it were really he, stood in so much danger as Nelly supposed. A quiet question or two, put as if out of mere curiosity to Captain Edwardes, soon made that clear. A French officer was an enemy, not a rebel; for a rebel, even though wearing a French uniform and bearing a French commission, a capital trial was inevitable. Any British born subject taken in the ranks of the French invaders was simply a rebel. Some of my readers may remember that Wolfe Tone wore the French uniform, and was captured along with several French officers, and that his comrades endeavored to conceal his nationality, and so, too, did some even among the loyal officials who suspected who he was; but a careless or ill-natured person who recognized him openly called him by his name, and Tone, scorning further subterfuge, acknowledged himself, and so was sent off to the prison, where his own hand anticipated the doom of death pronounced upon him.

Diana then sought out again the object of her interest and leaned upon his arm. She complained of the heat, and made him con-

duct her through room after room until they came into one which was deserted. Up to this time they had been speaking in French, and she had not intimated in any way her knowledge of his identity.

The moment they were alone she began, in English:

"Oh, Sir, why are you here? I am speaking to the O'Dwyer, am I not?"

Her companion started. But he came of a proud old stock, whom danger was not supposed to startle out of composure. He smiled, and calmly replied:

"Yes, Miss Polville, I am the O'Dwyer. I did not, I confess, expect to be recognized by you. But I am in my right place, at once as a French officer and an Irish rebel."

"You know your danger? You know that you are not like the others?"

"Surely. I am a rebel against your gracious sovereign, and if I am recognized I shall be sent to death. I knew the risk, Miss Polville, before I made the venture, and I am prepared to pay the penalty."

"You sha'n't pay the penalty! You shall be saved!"

He looked down with a smile of admiration at the enthusiastic girl, who looked up into his face with sparkling eyes and flushing cheeks. Then he shook his head.

"I don't mean to proclaim myself, Miss Polville. I am not Quixotic enough for that. I appear here as a French officer, and a French officer I am. But I say, frankly, I don't think it would be possible for me to remain many days in this part of the country without being recognized."

"You sha'n't remain! You shall escape this very night!"

"Impossible. Miss Polville, I can not tell you how deeply I feel your generous interest; but the thing is impossible."

"Not a bit of it! Listen to me—and there is no time to be lost. Give me your arm again. Come boldly out into the shrubbery with me—to look at the stars. Mamma will warn me against cold, and you shall take one of the cloaks of the soldiers in the hall, as if to wrap round me. I'll bring you to the stables; you shall mount the best horse there. I know the pass-word, and countersign, and all the rest of it. You shall ride to the coast; any cottage there will shelter you until you can find a fisherman willing to put to sea and land you on the shore of France. The first fisherman you meet will do it with delight when you tell him you are the O'Dwyer escaping from Sassenach law. Come—don't waste a word—come, come!"

She was actually dragging him on.

"Miss Polville, I shall never forget your generous kindness. But it is useless. I am here on parole. My word of honor was given to Captain Edwardes that I would not attempt to escape."

"That was as a French officer."

"And I am a French officer."

"Yes, but you did not give your parole as the O'Dwyer."

"No; and if the O'Dwyer could escape without taking the French officer along with him it would be all right. But I don't quite see how that can be done. No, Miss Polville, neither the O'Dwyer nor the French officer can break his word of honor, or palter with it in any way."

"Hush! here is some one coming."

The O'Dwyer became a French officer, unskilled in English again.

The difficulty about the parole had not occurred to poor Diana. Now that it was presented to her she had sense and spirit enough to see that it was insurmountable. So, instead of giving in at once, she sat herself to work to think of some other plan, and before supper was half over she had devised and communicated to her devoted Nelly a scheme as wild and apparently as chimerical as even two enthusiastic women ever attempted to put into practical operation.

Before the company separated Diana had filled the minds of her mother, her sister, and Captain Edwardes with projects for entertaining the foreign captives next day. She was herself all for a row down the river, a beautiful, broad stream, or rather estuary, of seven or eight miles, with the sea at the other end of it; her mother and sister were for riding and driving; the French officers seemed rather inclined to avoid the water. Diana pouted.

Would no one take her for a row on the water? She had set her heart upon it. Surely M. le Capitaine—she bungled over the name—would not refuse to go with her? She looked to the O'Dwyer. His face brightened with delight at the prospect of being her companion. Mrs. Polville made no objection. Larry and Tim, the boatmen, would row; Diana would take Nelly her maid with her; it would be delightful!

Although it was daybreak when the guests separated, the boat lay at the little quay by nine o'clock, and the O'Dwyer handed in Diana, who looked fresh and bright as the morning itself. Nelly came with her. Larry and Tim stretched to their oars, and the boat went swiftly down the river. O'Dwyer was in an ecstasy which left him little thought of past or present danger, except, perhaps, a sort of pride and delight in the peril which had awakened even a momentary interest in the heart of the girl who sat beside him.

Alas! a dreadful discovery was made. The boat had sprung a terrible leak somehow, and was filling fast with water. The awkwardness of Tim and Larry and Nelly seemed to make the leak worse and worse as they tried to mend it. They were now near the mouth of the estuary, and sheer, steep rocks rose on either side! They might have been drowned then and there, only that there came rushing and plunging after them a heavy fishing-sloop, called in that part of Ireland a "hooker"—a strong, stout sea-boat, well furnished with sprit and fore sail. The "hooker" came to their res-

cue, and took them promptly on board. By the oddest coincidence the two men who were managing her turned out to be Nelly's cousin and Larry's brother, both devoted henchmen of Miss Diana. The wind was now too strong for them to think of beating up the river again; but they would land the party at a little village on the coast, from which they could easily get home in a few hours on horses or in a cart. Tim was left to get the boat in to the shore as best he might; to him it would be of no consequence, even if he had to swim and push the leaky craft before him. He was to beach it somehow, and then scramble up the cliffs and get home as fast as he could and reassure the mind of Mrs. Polville.

To the O'Dwyer the whole adventure was delightful. It could not well be too long for him.

One of the boatmen—an experienced old "salt"—recommended a "taste" of whisky and water to the whole party. Diana refused the treat for herself, but insisted that "the French officer" must drink some of her mixing. O'Dwyer would have drank any mixture, however Circcean, which she presented, although he was a little surprised at the nervous eagerness with which she pressed him. She mixed some spirit and water with her own hands under the shelter of the sail, Nelly assisting her. They were not very dextrous grog-makers, apparently, for the mixture was a considerable time in process of composition.

O'Dwyer drank off the whole at a draught, with a toast, after the fashion of the day, to the lady from whose hand he had taken it. How queerly it tasted, and how strangely he felt! So languid, so sleepy, that he could hardly speak.

In a few moments he was buried in a deep sleep, and the hooker was flying across the waves with all sail she could bear clapped on. In fact, the two girls had taken the O'Dwyer prisoner, and were carrying him off to France. As he would not himself escape from the custody of the English officers, these two audacious young women had resolved that he should, *volens volens*, be taken away. The boat had been made to leak; the hooker was in readiness by previous and rapid arrangement; the sleeping-draught seemed to Diana absolutely necessary, in order to get rid of untimely arguments, scruples, and protests; for the heroic girl had determined that at any risk the life of the O'Dwyer should be saved by her.

It was well on to the dawn of the next morning when O'Dwyer awoke. Still confused and heavy-headed, he turned and tossed a good deal before he began to recollect the previous day's adventures, and to know where he was. He was lying in the rough hold—it could not be called a cabin—of the boat. He staggered to his feet, and making his way to the deck, saw two female figures sitting close to each other and wrapped in shawls. Diana sprang up all flushed and crimson, though the skies of dawn were chilly, as he approached.

"Miss Polville, where are we? What has happened? How do we come to be far out at sea?"
Land was nowhere visible.

"Only because you are my prisoner, O'Dwyer. I command in this boat, and Nelly is my first lieutenant. Any one who mutinies shall be put in irons—eha'n't he, Nelly?"

"Indeed an' he shall, Miss Di," said the beaming Nelly.

"We have rescued you in spite of yourself, and we are carrying you to France."

"Hurroo for the O'Dwyer!" shouted Nelly's cousin, Larry's brother, and Larry himself.

"Good God, Miss Polville—and you have done this for a perfect stranger—and, I had almost said—an enemy!"

"If you serve those that love you," said Diana, with a smile on her lip and tears full in her eyes, "what thanks have you? Not another word, O'Dwyer! Nelly and I are going to prepare breakfast."

Diana Polville landed her prisoner in safety on the shore of France, and she returned to Ireland as she had left it. Twice, therefore, she crossed the always rough and tossing Channel in a fishing-boat, and she thought nothing of it. Her *escapade*, wild as it was, did not make much talk or get widely known. The faithful Tim, who was sent back after the "hooker" had received her passengers, bore to Ada Polville a few lines from her sister, which enjoined secrecy; and the only persons, therefore, who knew all about the matter were those who were least likely to babble it abroad. Captain Ed-

wardes was admitted into confidence, and he laughed loud and strong over Diana's daring adventure; and, to do him justice, was very glad the O'Dwyer had been spirited away before he, the Captain, representing British power, had been compelled officially to know any thing about the identity of his prisoner. "But I say, Ada—haw, haw!" he added, with a fresh laugh—"you may look out for a rebel brother-in-law; and you'll find that Di will live in France one of these days."

The O'Dwyer rose in the service of France. He became at last a General, and was the representative of France, during days of peace, first at Athens and afterward at Madrid. He had a handsome, brilliant wife, Diana by name, who made quite a figure at both courts and in Paris. He was living—and so was his wife—only, one might say, the other day. But a few years have passed since I saw him, a hale, majestic old man, with a white mustache, driving down the Champs Elysées, with a noble-looking, bright-eyed old lady by his side. Well, it may have been, perhaps, some dozen or fifteen years ago, and they both died soon after, within a few months of each other. But it is certain that Americans who visited Paris at the time of the first great International Exhibition there—the one which followed the London Exhibition of 1851—might still have seen General O'Dwyer and his wife Diana, fresh, hale, and active, and as devoted to each other as they were when she carried him off to the French shore in the memorable days of Ninety-eight.

BRITISH WILD FLOWERS.

BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL.

Lines composed at Chilworth, near Guilford, Surrey.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the banks and hedgerows of Old England in May and June. The ground is covered by flowers of all forms and every hue. After the long winter wild flowers may be even more plentiful in America. It may be interesting to some of your readers to compare these lovely gifts of Nature with those of the old country. One day last spring I resolved, within an hour's ramble among the beautiful hills of Surrey, to gather as many varieties as I could find, and not only make them into a nosegay, but string their names together by the help of rhyme. The following is the result. Of course these lines make no pretensions to poetry; they are mere doggerel; yet a piece of very common thread may serve to combine into a necklace beads of beauty and value.

THIS morning I climbed up St. Martha's Hill,
Of rural beauties to take my fill,
And a nosegay I gathered in less than an hour,
Of which I will try to mention each flower:

The *Daisy's* bright glances illumine the lawn,
As its eyelids it opens to welcome the dawn;
While *Butter-cups* yellow and *Sorrel* so red
Their mingling tints o'er the green meadow shed.
Ground-ivy its purple and green intermingles
With *Do-not-forget-me's* to carpet the dingles.
The *Stitch-wort*, like stars, we *Stellaria* call,
White-flowering grass, so graceful and tall,
Also called *Satin-flower*, wherever we go,
Bedecking the banks with gems white as snow.
Dear old *Ragged Robin*, so rough and so wild,
And *Campion Red*, almost a twin child,
But somewhat more orderly, tidy, and trim,
And often, I fancy, mistaken for him.

Bladder Campion, too, which is *Campion* white,
Inflated in flower-cup, plain to the sight.
Wood Strawberry blossoms trail over the bank,
Whose fruit, red and sweet, eye and tongue soon will thank.

The *Tufted Vetch* is purple and red,
As under the hedgerows it lifts its head;
And the *Meadow Vetchling* is yellow, and grows
Not so much in tufts as in rows.
The *Hawkweed's* a sort of refined *Dandelion*,
Which the bird of terror, they say, does rely on;
Its lemon tint and its petals fine
On the soft, downy turf so pleasantly shine.
The *Yellow Broom* illumines the banks
With *Foxglove* in gracefully nodding ranks.
And *Golden Gorse*, at which *Linnaeus* knelt
In praise to God for the great joy he felt.
The *nightingale* is singing now
Above the fragrant *Hawthorn* bough;

The thrush is trilling where the *Rose*
 In wanton wildness sweetly blows,
 And mellow blackbirds charm the bower
 Made by the *Elder-berry* flower.
 The *Dead-white-nettle* now I take;
 No stinging will make the finger ache
 Like it, the *Yellow Weasel Snout*;
 Why named, on smelling you'll find out.
 The *Ox-eye* is a daisy giant,
 With stem tough, strong, and tall—defiant.
 The *Creeping Cinquefoil* is pale yellow,
 Named also *Potentilla*; follow
 To the lovely *Silver-weed*,
 With silky leaves that shine indeed.
 Wild *Parsley* spreads its flowers profuse,
 White, straggling, tall, unfit for use.
 Blue *Hyacinths* are lingering still
 In a shadowy nook beneath the hill,
 Where oft is heard the cuckoo's shout,
 And rabbits are frisking in and out.
 In hedges *Honey-suckles* twine,
 And the *White Bryony*, like the vine;
 The *Purple Trefoil*, known as *Clover*,
 Scents the air the region over.
Malva Silvestris, wherever you rove,
 Is known as the *Mallow*, its color as mauve;
Herb Robert, *Poor Robin*, or *Crane's-bill*, named
Wild Geranium also, for beauty is famed.
 The memories of childhood fondly linger
 With *Lady's Slipper*, or *Lady's Finger*,
 Called *Bird's-foot Trefoil*, as I suppose,
 From shape of the flower and leaf as it grows.
Hedge Wound-wort, with its purple spire
 And downy leaf, we next admire;
 Once highly prized for power to heal,
 And from the wound the pain to steal.
Wood Loosestrife (yellow Pimpernel),
 Used by *Lysimachus*, they tell,

Upon the yokes of oxen wild,
 To make them tractable and mild;
 Thus, by translation of his name,
 This feeble flower prolongs his fame.
 The trailing blossoms of the *Brambles*
 Foretell our jolly Autumn rambles
 In quest of fruit for jam and cakes,
 Which *Bridget* oft for supper makes.
 Its stem erect, the *Bugle Blue*
 As *Carpenter's herb* our fathers knew,
 With power to heal; along the ground
 Its creeping shoots are always found.
Musk Thistle derives from its odor its name,
 Thistle in form, but more smooth than the same;
Shepherd's Purse or *Pickpocket*, its three-cornered pods

Full of seed, for small change, exultingly nods;
 And *Calamint* od'rous, oft used as *Bohea*,
 Its tiny blue trumpet holds out to the bee.
 Amid the corn the *Burridge Blue*
 And *Pimpernel* so scarlet grew,
 The *Poppy* waved his pennon red,
 All up the bank the *Wild Thyme* spread,
 And pink *Convolvulus* displayed
 The vase-shaped flowers that shun the shade.
 In my nosegay of flowers, composed of so many,
 The last and the least, but as lovely as any,
 Is the *Cat's-eye* or *Speedwell*, with three petals equal,

The lowest is smaller, and makes up the sequel.
 How smiling and cheerful it renders the banks,
 And bids the beholder to pour forth his thanks
 To Him who by flowers proclaims He is Love,
 And through Nature directs us to heaven above!
 Praise we then the God of flowers,
 Tinted banks and fragrant bowers;
 Hallelujah! praises bring
 Unto Christ, Creation's King.

My nosegay consisted of forty-six flowers, which I have here enumerated. I must really crave the reader's indulgence for the roughness of the rhymes; but really it is not easy to bring in all the common names with some of the characteristic features of so many flowers. Doubtless many are known in America by the same names. But you must have many which we know not, and perhaps some of ours are unknown to you. But there are some which link together the sympathies of all nations. The daisy is found every where—in all climes, in all regions, in the garden, the forest, the prairie, beneath the tropical sun, on the rocks of Greenland, on the edge of the glacier, high up on Alpine peaks. And the primrose, I should think, is to be found almost every where. It began to flower with us at the end of January. My little garden has been radiant with these gently-shining stars of spring these last six weeks, and their light will not be quenched for six weeks still. I was bringing home some roots from a ramble in the Surrey woods the other day, and amused myself while in the cars with stringing together the following rhymes:

THE PRIMROSE.

I love the early primrose
 That lightens up the lane—
 So radiant in the sunshine,
 So cheerful in the rain;
 "Good-by" to dreary winter,
 How gladly doth it sing,
 And tells of milder weather
 And hopeful, happy spring.

I wish that, like the primrose,
 My life was always bright,
 And shone in darkest pathways
 With mild and constant light;
 I wish that I reflected
 Each sun-ray from above,
 I wish that 'neath the storm-cloud
 I always smiled with love.

I wish that in the valley,
 As on the swelling hill,
 Seen or unseen, with beauty
 I did my task fulfill;
 In life's retired copse
 As in the garden gay,
 Beside the forest foot-track
 As by the broad highway.

I would be ever showing
 That winter's reign is o'er,
 A happy pledge and promise
 Of joys for evermore:
 I would be like the primrose,
 And sing in sun or shade
 Of spring that's everlasting,
 Of flowers that never fade.

PAWNBROKERS AND. LOAN-OFFICES.

THE use of both real and personal property as security for the payment of debt seems to be founded in the "very nature of things;" and the necessary distinction between such use of the real and the personal seems also to have been well understood from the earliest ages, as is evidenced by what fragments have been preserved of the most ancient laws. The Mosaic law may be instanced as a clear example. From time to time, however, the more powerful interests involved have directed the attention of law-makers primarily to the regulation and protection of loans on real estate, and afterward to such as could be classed as commercial securities and loans; while comparatively little care or study has been given to the methods and customs which only touched the welfare of those classes, however large numerically, who had no claim to political or commercial importance. In some of our most enlightened Christian countries to-day—as for instance our own—no more, or more intelligent protection, is accorded to those who borrow money simply because they bitterly need it, than was given by the Jews on their Emancipation, or by the Chinese before the beginning of the Christian era. It is doubtless true that much of this apparent spathy has been caused by the deep-seated prejudice which has from all time existed against usurers and their practices, and in later days against pawnbrokers especially; and this very repugnance has not only prevented discussion and legislation, but has forced a business, whose proper and merciful performance deeply concerns the welfare of the poor, into the exclusive control of a class of men whose social and commercial position has been only removed by their wealth from that of outcasts. Indeed, even if he displayed every possible distinguishing mark of good citizenship, the pawnbroker has never been able thereby to relieve himself from the stigma attached to his profession. The "three balls" have been far worse to be carried in any escutcheon than the "bar sinister" itself.

The system of pawnbroking established among the Chinese is of unknown antiquity, and may be carried on only by persons of fair character and known solvency, under licenses prescribed by law. One of their regulations provides that, while in summer three per cent. a month may be charged on articles of wearing apparel, only two per cent. is lawful in winter, "in order that the poor may the more readily redeem." It will be noticed in this article that the rates of interest charged by legal pawnbrokers, as well as their customs and methods, are singularly in accord the whole world over. The systems prevailing among the Greeks and Romans are involved in controversy; but for nearly thirteen hundred years after the coming of Christ the Christian world groaned under uncontrolled exactions, which must have been even worse than

those practiced in the United States at the present time.

The exact date at which the first intelligent effort was made for relief is involved in some obscurity. Bavarian authorities claim that the first "Mont de Piété" was established in the town of Freisingen in the twelfth century, and that this was the germ of all subsequent institutions of the kind. It is reasonably certain, however, that we are indebted for the idea and its practical application to the benevolent monks of the religious orders, whose pious labors among the poor, as well as their acquaintance with the occasional necessities of the middle and upper classes, made them better informed than other men concerning the cruel extortions practiced by the Jews, Lombards, and other professional usurers.

In the latter half of the fifteenth century, by the efforts of the venerable Father Barnabas of Terni, such an institution was established at Perugia, in Italy, and the name of the hill, "Monte di Pieta," upon which it was situated became a sort of generic term for that and the long list of similar creations which followed it. One was attempted in Parma in 1488, but does not seem to have flourished, and the greatest authentic antiquity of any now in existence belongs to that of Padua, which dates from 1491. At about this time also they were introduced in the Netherlands by an artist named Wenzel Coeberger, who became acquainted with their workings during his "artist life in Italy."

These original Monts de Piété were purely benevolent, furnishing loans without interest, and were at first sustained in part by the state in some places, but mainly by the contributions of the charitable. It was not until time and experience had shown the wisdom, if not the necessity of so doing, that they were made self-supporting, and even a source of moderate revenue. Their present development and management is the result of centuries of growth and experience, and will be more fully described.

The Mont de Piété at Rome is variously ascribed to Pope Leo X., 1513 to 1521, or to Pope Paul III., 1544 to 1549, and has been perhaps the most remarkable perpetual museum of all the movable works of men's hands of all nations that the world has known, so natural has it seemed for pilgrims to become "hard up" during their stay in the Eternal City. Some of the other important existing institutions date as follows: that at Amsterdam from 1568; Augsburg, 1591; Brussels, 1691; Antwerp, 1620; Ghent, 1623; Rheims, Lyons, Marseilles, and some other French cities about the middle of the seventeenth century.

Nowhere has the Mont de Piété been more thoroughly systematized than in France, though now fully established all over the continent of Europe; and its management there may be taken as a fair example of the whole, though, unfortunately, the very latest official reports do not seem to be obtainable in this country. The institution was founded in Paris in the year 1777,

and was opened for the transaction of business on the 1st of January, 1778. It languished at first for lack of sufficient funds, but in 1779 was authorized to contract a loan, guaranteed by the revenues of the *Hôpital Général*. From this time it met with fair success during a few years, but was closed during the "Reign of Terror," a shock before which all institutions alike seemed fated to tumble. In 1797 it was re-established, but did not get fairly under way until 1803, when its reopening was hailed with loud acclamations by the people, who looked to it for relief from the exactions to which they had been subjected in the interim. In 1804 it obtained a government monopoly of all pawnbroking business, illegal transactions being forbidden under severe penalties. In 1831 it was placed under the charge of an Administrative Council, the President of which was the Prefect of the Department of the Seine. From this time forward it continued to be regarded erroneously as a charitable institution, although it had become fairly and legitimately self-supporting, until the year 1851, when it was separated from the other "hospitals," and has since been looked upon in its proper light, as a financial institution, under government supervision like others, but devoted to supplying a peculiar class of banking facilities to those borrowers whose securities were other than "commercial."

The money employed is derived from the contributions of shareholders to the capital stock, from the surplus funds of public charities, and from the "security money" deposited in the French national treasury by government employes, but mainly by a system which may be described as follows:

The *Mont de Piété* is made to partake of the character of a savings-bank, and receives deposits in sums of 250, 500, 1000, and 10,000 francs; for which it gives its notes at twelve months, with 3 per cent. per annum interest. The depositors are for the most part small tradesmen, who prefer these notes to temporary investments in the public funds.

Not only are a large number of agents and sub-officers employed in Paris itself, but the system has been gradually extended to the rural districts, until there are now more than fifty "*Monts de Piété*" in the "cantons." The business of these has not yet, however, obtained a fair proportion to that of the capital. It may be mentioned, by-the-way, that the small territory of Belgium contains twenty, while the prudent and careful Hollanders sustain more than a hundred.

The borrowers are of all classes, and frequently to very considerable amounts, though the greater number of them, of course, are to be found among the very poor. Loans are made on all classes of goods to the amount of two-thirds of their cash or "sacrifice" value, except on articles of gold and silver or precious stones, on which loans of four-fifths are permitted. One year is allowed for the redemption of pledges. If not then redeemed the pledges

are sold at auction; and the surplus, if any, after payment of principal, interest, and slight charges, is held three years for the benefit of the owner. If not called for in that time the surplus is considered totally forfeited, and goes into the treasury of the institution. Interest is charged at the rate of 1 per cent. per month, and no variations from this are made for different classes of merchandise or of borrowers.

So far back as 1833 the *Paris Mont de Piété* kept in continual use about \$2,500,000 in gold. The average number of articles pledged per annum in Paris alone, for the fifteen years ending with 1852, was 1,313,000; total number for the same time, 22,860,000. The average loan for the same period was 17 francs 40 centimes. In 1847, in all the French Departments, the total number of articles was 3,400,887, valued at 48,923,251 francs.

The proportion of pledges unredeemed varies very much in different localities, according to the character and employment of the inhabitants, and also with the condition of the current business year. The managers report that, at 1 per cent. per month, which is the equivalent of 2 per cent. in the United States, no loans of five francs and under (one dollar) pay the expenses of record and handling, and a very brief examination suffices to show that this must necessarily be the case. These and other losses are made good by the surplus profits arising from loans of a larger amount, and which remain on interest for a longer time. The average number of loans per day is a little more than 4000, but on Saturday this rises to 5000, and frequently to 6000. It is vaguely reported that the business, not only in Paris, but in the cantons, has largely increased of late years, with the increase of population, wealth, extravagance, and the increased pay and luxury of the skilled mechanic classes.

These, and similar institutions all over Europe, as they have been managed, seem to have been singularly exempt from the effects of all financial panics and political revolutions. Except in the single case of that of Paris during the Reign of Terror they have been respected even by the mob, having every where secured and maintained the character of popular institutions and friends of the poor. Their self-supporting properties have been also fully established, and, although by no means so profitable pecuniarily as might seem from a hasty examination, they can not fairly be regarded as in any sense "charities." They are simply financial institutions founded on sound principles, conducting their business in a legitimate manner, and answering a great and fully-recognized social necessity.

While all this has been accomplished on the continent of Europe, England, with her proverbial indisposition to adopt any thing new, has remained almost stationary. Abortive attempts were made by benevolent citizens, at quite an early period, to introduce the Continental system, but with little encouragement,

In Glasgow and at Limerick, in 1837, a good beginning was made, and it is understood that at other points in the United Kingdom very respectable institutions are now flourishing; but their growth has been slow compared with those of France and the Netherlands.

In the year 1800 the various conflicting English statutes were consolidated and amended, so that the business of pawnbroking is now conducted under the provisions of a special Act, 39th and 40th George III., July 29, 1800. Such municipalities as are so permitted in their charters are allowed to grant licenses subject to the restrictions of the Act. The rates of interest are minutely adjusted on a graduated scale, but on all the smaller sums average about 1 per cent. per month, "with expenses." The time of forfeiture is one year, and the net surplus is held, subject to the owner's order, for three years. The well-known emblem of the "three balls" had its origin in England, not, as has been humorously suggested, in the idea that "it was two to one if the pledge was never redeemed," but in a set of Lombard merchants, whose "coat of arms" it was, and who first introduced pawnbroking into London as a distinct business, giving their name also to the since famous thoroughfare of Lombard Street. Usurers in general were for a long period denominated "Lombards" in England, the epithet being considered in a high degree opprobrious.

Coming now to the United States we find that we are worse off than England is now, or than even our wise friends the Chinese have permitted themselves to be since a time when the records of the mandarins do not specify. Not only are we without a general Act for the nation, but, to all intents and purposes, for any one State. Our system, or rather our want of any, must have been imported from England, as most of our legal institutions were prior to the year 1800, and we are about where the mother country was then.

The several States have been contented to leave the matter to the local governments of such towns and cities as are duly authorized for the purpose in their several charters. The result has been a wide diversity in the rules and regulations provided, as well as in the rigor of their enforcement; and in not a few important municipalities the business has been left entirely to such enterprising operators as will be shortly described, and who have boldly emancipated themselves from all laws whatever.

Thus while Albany, in this State, lets the pawnbrokers pretty severely alone, Buffalo allows (or did a short time since) the collection of 3 per cent. per month, with a forfeiture at one year. Rochester restricts the interest to 20 per cent. per annum, but allows a forfeiture at the end of six months. Baltimore not very adroitly strives to dodge the woeful enormity of exacting usury by a funny device which fixes the interest at 6 per cent. per annum,

but forces a renewal of the pawn-ticket every month, and the payment of a "ticket fee" of 6½ cents for each ticket under \$3; of 9 cents for \$5 and under, and so on up, in a gradually diminishing scale, as the sum climbs out of the reach of the really starving poor. By this system a loan of a dollar pays 6½ per cent. per month, with a forfeiture and sales at the end of six months, the surplus, "if any," to be held for the owner. Philadelphia somewhat resembles Baltimore in various respects, and allows 3 per cent. additional on sums of one dollar, with sale and forfeiture at the end of one year.

In the State of New York the Revised Statutes provide generally for about the same amount of privilege and supervision as is specified in the case of the city of New York by its charter and the several confirmatory and amendatory acts. By sec. 2 of the Act of April 2, 1803, the Mayor and Commonalty of New York were authorized to make laws and regulations to govern the business of pawnbroking within the specified limits, and the same provision is more elaborately repeated in the Act of April, 1813, secs. 263-4-5. The Mayor may be empowered to grant a license, exacting a license-fee of not over \$50, with bonds of not over \$1000, for obedience to the city ordinances. Interest is restricted to 26 per cent. per annum, and loans on each article are not to exceed \$25. In pursuance of the authority thus given, various action was taken from time to time by the city government; but all was amended and consolidated in the Ordinance of 1859, which provides, chap. 43, that:

"The Mayor shall grant licenses to persons of good character only.—That the license-fee shall be \$50.—That two securities shall be given, in the sum of \$600 each, that the party obtaining the license shall abide by the several provisions of the ordinance.—That he shall keep a proper record of the deposit and redemption of all pledges.—That he shall give to each pawnor a proper descriptive ticket.—That the said record shall be continually open to police inspection.—That a fine of \$25 shall be paid for each violation of the provisions of the ordinance.—That no more than 25 per cent. per annum interest shall be charged.—That no more than \$25 shall be loaned on any one article, and that no article shall be artificially divided for the purpose of increasing the amount loaned.—The sale of pledges under one year's time is forbidden.—Such sale must be by auction.—The surplus, if any, must be paid to the owner of the pledge, *less expenses*."

In pursuance of this ordinance there are now no less than *seventy-one* licensed pawnbrokers doing business on Manhattan Island. Their business is with the very poor, for the most part, and while it is impossible to obtain minute and correct data of its amount, it is well known to be very large. Fair justice to the pawnbrokers, however, makes it right to say that it does not appear that their profits are altogether exorbitant or unreasonable, as compared with other legitimate business. It is generally understood that the capital of these concerns is furnished by parties of greater financial reputation and social position than belongs to the agents and managers who perform the actual drudgery of

the business. The following is a copy of an ordinary pawn-ticket:

TIME OF PLEDGING.	DESCRIPTION OF GOODS PLEDGED.	AMOUNT LOANED AT 25 PER CT. PER ANNUM.	
1867. 12th Oct.	<i>One Ring.</i>	DOLLARS.	CENTS.
No. 738/79		4	50
NAME AND RESIDENCE OF PERSON PLEDGING.			
<i>Israel Smith, 10 Brooklyn Ferry.</i>			
ABRAHAM LEVI, 10 Great Fourth Street, New York.			
Not accountable for Loss or Damage by Fire, Robbery, or Moth.			

On the reverse is, nowadays, a United States Internal Revenue stamp, of five cents, the cost of which does not come out of the pocket of the pawnbroker. Thus, if a poor washer-woman pawns her flat-irons for a month, she pays the dignified treasury of her country more than twice the amount which she pays as interest to the sign of the "three balls." Why this should be so does not come within the scope of this article to discuss.

During the summer months the business of the pawnbrokers, though good, is not by any means pressing. The laboring classes are then, for the most part, well and profitably employed, and if it were not for rum, idleness, and real misfortune—such as sickness—there would be comparatively little for "my uncle" to do. As winter comes on, however, one source of employment after another is closed, expenses increase, while, curiously enough, miscellaneous crowds with slender resources flock in from the country. In this city the stream of people from over-sea furnishes a never-failing supply of business to the pawnbroker, and these people seem to hold off wonderfully until the approach of cold weather. Then, however, his shelves begin to fill up. All the early summer they grew thinner, as one pledge after another was redeemed by those who once more found a remunerative demand for their time and labor; but now even the rapidly accruing "forfeits" do not make room enough for the fresh offerings.

Bits of jewelry; furniture; clothing of all kinds; relics of better days; odd mementoes of far away lands beyond the sea; articles of domestic use beyond mention—or unmentionable—all is fish that comes to his net, if only it have a market value, or, in his opinion, a reasonable prospect of ultimate redemption. Hardly an article is offered upon which the pawnbroker is not begged to advance "more," but his trade hardens him, and he invariably decides in accordance with what he considers his own interests. These, be it understood,

prompt him to loan as much as he safely can upon each item, for a forfeit is by no means an invariable profit. He sees before him, all day long, and all the year round, the improvident, the reckless, the vicious, and the victims of unutterable misfortune. It is not his fault that he becomes hardened, and yet he fills an important and useful place in society—a place that must and will be filled, and that always has been filled.

Society, as represented in power at Albany and elsewhere, has ordained that the necessities of the poor shall be thus supplied, and in no other way, and, for the lucre set before him, the pawnbroker consents to be the humble instrument of that enlightened and public-spirited fiat. It is no matter of his concern that every nation of Christendom, except America and England, long ago rebelled and instituted a better order of things; he takes things as they are, and stolidly collects his two per cent. per month, *with expenses*, and takes care that the latter shall make good any deficiencies, real or imaginary, in the rate of interest.

It is not so often as is popularly supposed, perhaps, that the licensed pawnbrokers are brought under the eye of the legal authorities as receivers of stolen goods. Not only does their accountability to the police exercise a wholesome influence, but their liability to the lawful owners of goods fraudulently obtained has a tendency to render them careful, even if they were otherwise disposed to be unmindful of their duties as citizens; and their acquaintance with certain grades of our criminal population is such that they are not likely to be made the unwitting accomplices of even petty theft. Moreover, the spoils obtained by the more active thieves of the metropolis are generally of a nature and value to call for the services of a different class of men, some of whom may be herein mentioned.

It is a fact which none are more ready and willing to substantiate than the pawnbrokers themselves, that they do but a fraction of the business of loaning money on pledge of personal property in the city of New York. Most of it is really placed beyond their reach by the law. At least two-thirds of all such business is done by men who pay for no license as pawnbrokers or tax of any kind, are amenable to no law, give no bonds, and are only governed in their rates by the necessities or ability of the individual applicant. The daily papers teem with the advertisements of these men, and their offices may be found, at frequent intervals, throughout all the business portion of the city.

They are keepers of "loan offices," diamond brokers, auctioneers, lawyers, who have on hand funds to dispose of for their clients; and they even nestle among the more aristocratic neighborhoods without any external "sign" of their calling. In fact, nothing is really easier than to evade the law, if the attempt be made with sufficient effrontery, and a good knowledge of the position.

We will suppose that a gentleman from the rural districts has been imprudent in his expenses, and desires to use his watch as a collateral for a small loan—say fifty dollars. As he saunters up Broadway, wondering how his desire may be best accomplished, and with more than a little half-concealed nervousness concerning the business in hand, his eye falls upon a sign which announces that “So-and-So, Diamond Broker,” makes advances on precious stones, watches, etc. Evidently here is his man. As he steps into the office the dapper young man behind the counter reads him at a glance, and his application for a thirty-day loan is at once assented to, as a matter of course. The money, a trifle less, perhaps, than he had expected, owing to the somewhat old-fashioned character of his time-piece, is counted out to him, and he again descends to the street, with his receipt in his hand.

Now let him examine that same paper. No mention is made of any deposit or sale by himself to the gentlemanly “broker,” but he holds in his hand an agreement from that person to sell him thirty days from date, at a price named, a watch whose number and description are only too familiar, while the barest trifle of simple arithmetic enables him to see that the transaction nets the “broker” fifteen per cent. per month for the use of his money. There is no use whatever in storming. Even the lawyers and the police can not help him. *He has sold his watch*, and though he can buy it back again at any time within the thirty days, he can not hope to obtain it for one dollar less than the price specified in his written contract. If his necessities continue, and the contract expires, he has no help whatever in the law against illegal pawnbroking, and his watch is *gone*. But he may have been an old customer of that same broker. He may have brought in many watches, of various patterns and values. Some of them he may have redeemed, and others not. His very personal presentation of a security may be a reason for its speedy disappearance on his departure. Nothing need be said; but on his failure to redeem, that watch will hardly find its way again into the regular channels of trade. The cases go to the melting-pot, and the works make their second appearance long afterward in such a guise that their own maker would not know them.

With diamonds and other precious stones there is even less difficulty. The settings are of comparatively little account, and are melted up at once, while the gems themselves are promptly invested with new clothing, unless any peculiarities render a trip beyond the seas advisable—and is there not a good market in Europe? Does not Europe find America equally convenient for similar purposes? But, as the diamond brokers and watch fanciers can not properly attend to all the departments of this interesting business, a good deal remains for the “auctioneers.”

No pawnbroker will or can make a satisfac-

tory advance on your piano, and, as the instrument is a good one, you really do not wish to have it sold until you have had a chance to recover yourself. Nor need you, for there are plenty of establishments where you can obtain a temporary “advance” by giving the auctioneer a written power to sell at a dayspecified. Should you return the said advance, and demand your property, before that time, you will only be required to pay the commissions, fees, cartage, storage, and other expenses, specified in the document you have signed, with lawful interest for the use of the money advanced. Well for you if it all does not look and figure up singularly near to fifteen per cent. per month. This thing is well known at the Mayor’s office and in the courts, but sharp as our lawyers are they have declared it beyond their reach.

You have a life insurance policy which has been maintained, with necessary payments, until it has acquired what the companies denominate “a surrender value,” and you wish to obtain a loan upon it. The Company in which it is held is forbidden by law to accommodate you; money is scarce, and you are driven to answer an advertisement which you fortunately saw in the morning paper. The loan agent tells you that he is only employed to invest the money of other people. He will ascertain if it is all right at the insurance office, and let you know in the morning. When the morning comes he will by no means violate the law against usury, but if you will transfer to him the policy for a certain sum he will agree to re-transfer it to you at a given date for another and somewhat larger amount. If your necessities compel you to accept, be sure that no Actuary of any Insurance Company ever took a keener glance at your bodily promise, for if you do not redeem, and are hopefully sickly, he may keep the policy good until the day of your death. If not, the “surrender value” amply secures him against possible loss.

It would, however, be a useless and ungrateful task to follow the almost innumerable thoroughfares by which those who are so disposed drive whole “Santa Fé trains” through the jumble of State laws and city ordinances with which the subject of illegal pawnbroking is so hopelessly hedged. A few more kindred statutes would compel Mrs. Partington to retire with her broom in confusion from the shores of any imaginable Atlantic. Even to a greater extent than is the case with the licensed pawnbrokers the capital of the “loan-offices” is understood to be furnished by men of means, whose names do not appear on their gilded signs, but the amount is ample, and is always forthcoming to good security and satisfactory returns. It is not to be understood, of course, that all who loan on plate or jewels, or who make advances as auctioneers, are alike lawless and extortionate; for these occupations are also carried on by many of our best citizens.

Sundry inquiries instituted among the establishments thus described have elicited curious

facts, other than those which relate to the disposal of goods whose ownership is doubtful. The "agent," as a general thing, prides himself on his "honor," and though he has given no securities, and is hard to reach by any process known to the law, comparatively few cases are reported by the police in which the property so singularly pledged has failed to be forthcoming, if called for, on the day appointed. This is the more remarkable when we reflect on the opportunity and great temptation given for out-and-out robbery. Now and then, however, something occurs in the way of a "failure in business," or a sudden disappearance, and such things are regarded by "the trade" as in the last degree injurious and unfortunate, as tending to interfere with the confidence of the public, and therefore with the amount of their business.

Among their clients, too, as they will sometimes freely relate, without divulging names confided to them, are not seldom to be found some who are hardly suspected by society of resorting to such means of raising the wind. More than one fashionable leader has been known to procure the means for her summer trip to Newport or Saratoga by depositing with a "broker" or an auctioneer such articles of value as she would not require in her absence; trusting to luck, or her husband's liberality, for their redemption on her return. Parties in the winter time have been provided for in the same manner; and such loans are made with the greatest readiness, on the double pledge thus given of "good security" and the family honor. If the thing should be discovered by the husband or father, he may storm at home, but he will surely redeem the pledge, even if his bank account is severely pinched thereby.

Some of the articles most available for loans in these various establishments may be thus enumerated: diamonds and other precious stones, set or unset; watches and jewelry of all kinds; gold and silver plate; carriages and harness; pianos, and valuable furniture generally; dry-goods in the piece; furs and expensive wearing apparel; life insurance policies; stocks and bonds which have a value, but which are not available at bank; notes of hand which no bank will take, but which the "agent" has good reason to believe will be met at maturity—a very delicate branch of the business; and, in short, any thing which can be readily turned into money at some price.

It is self-evident that the business of loaning on pledge of personal property will always bear a direct relation, not only in its gross amount, but also in the average of the sums required for the several loans, to the general prosperity and population of any community, the habits of its individual members, and the stability of the popular finances.

In a city like New York, therefore, and many other American cities, with an ever-shifting, restless population, drawn from all parts of the country and the world; fond of dress and ornament in their persons and display in their style

of living; subject to almost periodical fluctuations in their pecuniary circumstances; the field of the money-lender, untrammelled by any law for which he cares a button, is almost unlimited. The only other city in the world which can be compared to New York is Paris, and even the French metropolis is believed to be not at all in advance of the feverish American. The 85,000,000 francs kept in constant use by the Paris *Mont de Piété* would as readily be absorbed in the business of a similar institution among ourselves.

It would hardly seem to require any extended argument to show that all this oppression of the unfortunate and stripping of the improvident, this systematic and wholesale disregard of law—which may indeed be regarded as almost compulsory—is fraught with the very worst consequences to the well-being of society. And society feels the drain, too, in a sleepy and unreasoning sort of manner, and vents its instinctive resentment for the injury done in an increasing bitterness of its narrow prejudices against all who undertake to loan it money on its time-piece or its diamonds. So fixed and spiteful is this feeling, indeed, that they must needs be bold and strong men who shall attempt in any manner to stand up against it, even for the public welfare.

If now we turn once more to France, we shall find that certain business principles have been well established by long experience and careful study. The savings of the prudent and industrious are employed, on safe security, in relieving the wants of what may be termed the borrowing class. The amount is only limited by the security offered, that as little field as possible may be left to illegal operations. The interest charged is reduced to the minimum of soundness and remuneration, and no advantage can be taken of instant and pressing necessity, for the rate is uniform. Extortionate "charges and expenses" are done away with, so that the surplus, after forfeiture and sale, is actually, as well as theoretically, "held for the owner." Security is given against loss by fire or theft.

The machine is a great automaton, alike without pity and without greed, moving on regularly within its defined limits. The person who assesses the value of any pledge tendered through the receiving-clerk, and declares the limit that may be loaned thereon, never sees the person who brought it, and can not be reached by any pathetic appeals for "more." His judgment is final, and still another official hands over to the "pawner" the amount that is loaned him.

The functions of these three men, the receiver, the assessor, and the cashier, in this country are invariably consolidated in one person, and this of itself is an evil in many ways.

If we examine carefully the history of the laws relating to the employment, as security for loans, of such personal property as may be denominated strictly "commercial" in its character, we shall find that it was not until such

use became a general necessity with a large and reputable class, and acquired considerable volume, that it was emancipated from narrow and vulgar prejudices. The business of supplying capital for such loans, however, though carefully restricted by jealous laws, has become the special care of nations, and is in the front rank of honorable employments, while, with a degree of contemptuous prejudice that would be almost ludicrous but for its fearfully cruel consequences, the business of supplying loans on "uncommercial" security has been placed under the ban of society, or altogether beyond the control of the laws. Meantime the interests affected are assuming such enormous proportions, and involve the well-being of such vast and increasing numbers, that every man who does not willfully shut his eyes to the truth readily admits the necessity for some action that affords a promise of relief. That such relief can not be attained by any species of prohibitory enactment is too clear to call for any argument. The people whose necessities compel them to borrow money *must* go to the only sources from which they can obtain it, whatever those sources may be. As a general thing no time is left them to "pick and choose" for advantageous terms. They would gladly borrow this money at low rates and on long time; for no man ever *prefers* to pay usury; but no such privilege has in this country been provided for them. The laws curtail the power of even the licensed pawnbrokers to furnish the required assistance. Moreover, on these larger loans, 2 per cent. per month, "with charges and expenses," is altogether too much, while the legal rate may at the same time be insufficient to tempt capital to such uses. In practice it has been found so. The uniform rates of the *Monts de Piété* seem to have solved this difficulty. The reason of this may be found in the fact that a "pawn" is not in the nature of a mortgage; the pawnee acquires no property or use in the article pledged, and is bound to retain it in his possession. He can not re-employ it as a means of obtaining further capital, and his "banking" may thus be said to be reduced to "single entry."

So strongly has the state of things set forth in this article been brought home to the minds of our more intelligent financial men, that, at the time of writing it, a charter is pending before the New York Legislature for the incorporation of an institution for this city, framed on the model of the Parisian *Mont de Piété*, though embracing even more liberal provisions for the protection of the interests of the poor. The parties engaging in the enterprise are second to none among our reputable and responsible citizens, and may be safely intrusted with the development of their important undertaking. At the same time similar movements are understood to be organizing in Boston and Philadelphia. The special charter system, however, ought no more to be applied to this business, except during its experimental era, than to any

other species of banking; but as speedily as possible a scientific system should be developed which will admit the application of a general act, that the expansion of facilities may be in proportion to the demands of the people, and that any thing like monopoly may be shunned. It is a marked feature of the charter in question that it assumes the form of a "Mutual Savings Institution," with all surplus profits divided among its depositors—a plan which has already been found to work admirably well in practice.

The adoption of some such remedy is and can be only a question of time, even if the present effort should prove unsuccessful. We are far too shrewd, as a people, to long insist that our most needy classes shall be the worst protected, or that our laws should be left in a shape which renders their infraction morally compulsory. So long, indeed, as only the flat-irons and cheap watches were involved, and we imagined that the whole business passed under the sign of the three balls, in insignificant dribblets, we might have snubbed the whole question with supercilious contempt; but now that the French statistics have given us some fair hint of what our own must be, and the columns foot up with millions on millions of gold, paying interest at from thirty to one hundred and eighty per cent. per annum, and with forfeitures which call to mind the snap of an alligator's jaws, the whole thing assumes a different aspect, and we shall be willing to "do something."

Nor will it be hard, either, for "so shrewd a people," to ascertain that there is but one thing to be done, and the experience of Europe will be acted upon. An unlimited supply of money at a low rate will enable the borrowers to laugh at all attempts at extortion, and the shattered laws will have a fair opportunity to recover their self-respect, if not that of the people.

The legitimate business of the licensed pawnbrokers will be but slowly affected by the introduction of the *Mont de Piété* in America. The real execution will be done among the illegal dealers. So well do the former understand this that as yet but little jealousy has been expressed on their part. The new system will necessarily be of somewhat slow growth, for it is an exotic, and must gradually become accustomed to our soil and climate. All who pity the poor in their distress, or the victims of sudden misfortune, or even of their own folly, will hope for the success of the proposed reformation.

THE PRIMER OF THE WORLD.

SOMETIMES there is discovered an old vase or stone, covered with strange characters that are not to be found in any books now read. But men compare them with other stones engraved in characters that have been read, and by putting this letter and that together, make out, perhaps, the name of a king, his battles, and his captives, who had all been forgotten hundreds of years ago.

Now yesterday I saw a leaf from the book of the old world, and on it was written the history of millions of lives and deaths that happened under the waves in a sea-city. The little sea-people are all dead, but there were their houses, packed together by millions, as I tell you. It told also a yet more surprising story, of how this sea-city and many others like it had been lifted from the very bottom of the sea to the tops of the highest mountains. If you would like to know the name of this leaf it was a limestone rock; and I read this story something as men make out the characters on the old stones and vases. It was not written in our A B C's, you may be sure, but the same characters are still used on earth by two mighty workers, Fire and Water. And by studying their handwriting you will recognize it wherever you meet it as certainly as though it was written plainly—Fire, his mark, or Water, his mark.

If you would like to know more about this old world book there are sure to be bits and shreds of it in all your houses. For instance, in every lump of coal is written a story, prettier even I think than that of the limestone—a story which I should like to tell you by-and-by. But the book itself is the solid earth. We may call the ground on which we walk the cover, ornamented with cities, mountains, and seas. The leaves are beneath, laid regularly in such order, one over the other, that we come in digging down first to the last leaf, and reach the first leaf last. These leaves are of rocks of different kinds, as granite, limestone, and chalk, or of coal, or of different clays and sands, mixed in with corals, pebbles, and shells. Some of these rocks are made up of thin layers or slices placed one over the other. In some we find bones, shells, and skeletons of strange animals. Some are made wholly of shells, the houses of the little sea-people of whom we were talking. All of them are written thick with the history of how God made the world.

Should you like to understand this writing? To do that, then, we must try and find something that builds now in layers of mud and sand, and piles up pigmy cities in rocks, and hides shells and skeletons in solid rocks.

If you live near the shore, no doubt you have seen, especially in a storm, how the water is thick and colored by the mud it has scraped from the banks. If you live in the city, you know that the water brought into your houses is apt to be muddy, showing that the river wears on its banks just as the waves do on the shore. Or, if you are near a brook, you will find, wherever there is a great rock or a heap of pebbles in its bed, a little layer of mud and sand which the water has brought there, and to which it adds every day. Water carries the soil that it digs and scoops from the land, as you might run with your hands full of parcels. But when the brook enters a lake, or the river an ocean, or it finds any obstacle to check its swift current, the mud falls to the bottom, as your parcels would be apt to drop from your hands if

you were suddenly stopped in your running. There at the bottom the soil spreads out in a thin layer or slice of mud, mixed with fine gravel, perhaps, or broken shells, as the case may be; and above this other layers are piled, sometimes into high banks, like those through which the Mississippi cuts its way, which still show the different colors of the many layers of which they are made.

So it is water that builds in layers or thin slices. And we must believe that the water-mark is on all those rocks in our old world book that have plainly been piled up in this manner, because we see water now building every where in precisely the same way.

But does water now hide shells and skeletons in what will ever become solid rock? Let the river Ganges answer that question. As it comes rushing down from the mountains it tears out, and takes whirling down with it, a tree perhaps. The tree is caught somewhere and held fast, and the great river leaves on it every day a little of the mud and sand that it brings down, as your brook does about its rocks and pebbles. The pile grows in the bed of the river. The water is cramped for room, and digs itself a way by tearing out its banks, leaving some of the mud thus scooped out on the little island. The air brings it the down of plants, and the water brings it seed. Reeds and long grass begin to grow upon it. More trees and branches are caught there; more mud and sand piled upon them; and as its thickets grow, tigers, deer, and buffalo come to lurk in them, and to dwell there.

But now comes a high spring-tide and a strong wind, forcing, you may say, the water back, and making the river overflow its banks. Houses and cattle are swept down in the flood; and if our little islands are not torn out by the roots, the raging water carries its inhabitants struggling down, and buries them in the ocean perhaps, or deep in mud and slime. Now the river is always building, and tearing down, and burying in this manner. And between these many additions and alterations it might happen that the men who live in the year five thousand, coming to the Delta of the Ganges, which is now a woody marsh, full of lions and tigers, might find instead firm ground covered with cities; and digging down to what is now mud and slime, would find rocks—new leaves added to our book of the earth—and breaking open these rocks, might discover, fast in them, the bones and skeletons of lions and tigers, which the river had buried in the slime thousands of years before, and which by that time might have disappeared from the earth, just as the wild-cat and the beaver are disappearing from our own country. Here, then, would be rocks telling the same story and made in the same way as those about which we are asking; and the river Ganges is busy building them to-day.

And for the pigmy cities piled up into rocks!—why, every where, water is a merchant, and its oceans are great markets, to which come

millions of tiny builders for lime and building material. I need not remind you of the coral insect, building up its reefs into islands. But in Bermuda are deep basins of water called lagoons. The bottom of these lagoons is covered with a thick, soft, white mud, which, when dried, can not be distinguished from chalk; which makes a large leaf in our old world book. And this soft white mud is entirely made of little shells—broken, deserted houses of little ocean-dwellers. Just such building, we must believe, went on in the old times; only in those days the water must almost have possessed the earth. For the Bible tells us “that the earth was without form and void, and that the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters.” And in some of the lower leaves of our book there is no handwriting but that of water. Water, his mark, every where.

Under those dark and ancient seas, then, where now stand continents covered with cities, millions of little workers called Nummulites built the Pyrenees; for many of the mountains of that range are made entirely of their shells. So is the rock out of which was hewn that great pyramid which stands half choked in sand, under the rainless sky of Egypt. The cities built in this way under the waves are perched on some of the loftiest mountain peaks; and we should find the handwriting of the sea on the walls of many of our own houses and churches if we knew how to read it.

But if water builds, it builds like a child at play, to tear down again. Over and over again, on our leaves of rock, is written how water overflowed the land, and held it for years beneath its waves; and we see now, on every side, water perpetually wasting and destroying. All other things rest, but water never sleeps, never is tired. If you wake at midnight you will hear the waves grinding on the beach, or the brook roaring over its rocks, just as they have done, without once stopping, ever since the world began. And what is this worker who is never tired doing, do you think?

Why, eating at and wearing away the land!

The fingers of every little brook are busy pilfering mud and sand. The hands of the great Irrawaddy River seize on sixty-two feet of earth every second and carry it down to the sea. The Ganges in a few years has scooped out twenty-six thousand acres in one place. The Mississippi is raising the bottom of the sea. The ocean is beating down the coast and tearing out the heart of the rocks. The Shetland Isles are built up of hard porphyry rocks. But the Atlantic digs them out in caves, and scoops them out in arches, and wears the great bluffs thin and sharp, till the solid cliff is broken up in pointed towers, standing apart as if the hard porphyry were so much chalk and the waves were iron borers.

Again, on the old maps of Yorkshire, England, are set down the towns of Auburn and Hyde. But the waves have taken away the ground on which their houses stood, and there

are only sand-banks in their place. And there was Ravenspur, once a great sea-port, from which Edward Baliol sailed to invade Scotland! If on that day some one had told the men of Ravenspur “there will be no sign left of your town in the year 1869 except a wide sand-flat seen at low water,” how they would have stared at him! But the water has torn down its shore, and carried away its houses, and overflows Ravenspur and possesses it. Or you may have read of St. Michael’s Mount in Cornwall. It is a rock, washed on all sides by the hungry ocean. But its old Cornish name means the “Hoar Rock in the Woods.” And under its sands are rotting roots, and branches, and hazelnuts, that fell from trees that Cornish boys and girls used to watch, no doubt, as you do the chestnuts in nutting-time.

Now we know that God holds the earth in “the hollow of his hand.” And that when he called the waters together into seas he set bounds for them, and said to the ocean, “Thus far shalt thou come, and no further.” But we can see that God works with means that we may call machinery. He uses fire and air and water, gases, metals, and minerals. Indeed, what we call science is only finding out a very little of his wisdom, and our wisest men are only spelling out a little here and there in his wonderful book of the world, as you might make out a verse or two in some of your father’s volumes. So, when we see that water every where makes war on the land and conquers it, and that we should not have a foot of standing room left if something did not rebuild and uphold the earth, we ask, what holds it up? And when water ruled over the earth what raised the land above it, and lifted the sea-cities to the mountain peaks? And, finally, what in the beginning supplied Water, the builder and merchant, with material, and so in reality laid the foundation of the world?

To answer these questions I must tell you now of a great magician who changes every thing that he touches. He can turn a hard, white substance of no value into agates, opals, and jaspers; and a metal not worth so much as silver into sapphires and rubies. He can hide himself in a match, and can raise a whole chain of mountains in one night. He is in all your houses, and familiar to every one, and yet few people really know any thing about him, for he is continually called a devourer, when the fact is that he never devoured any thing in his life. And you will often hear him spoken of as a destroyer, though he is the greatest builder and manufacturer in the world.

This magician has a master who is a spirit of the air, and full of contradictions. He is so thin and colorless that he is invisible, and of such airy make that the very lightest gas will pass through his body. Yet he is so strong that you may squeeze him with a weight of twenty tons to the square inch and he will never feel it. He is of such a fierce and fiery nature that iron burns like tinder in his breath, and he goes

loaded with chains lest he should set the world on fire, of which he is quite capable! Yet this active, fiery spirit is always asleep! And no voice but his servant's voice can wake him. The name of this spirit is Oxygen; and the magician, his servant, is Fire.

Oxygen, as very likely you know, is a gas that makes about one-fifth of our air, four-fifths of every plant, one-half of the solid rocks, and eight-ninths of all water. I told you that it was always chained, because, though it is locked up so fast in plants, rocks, and water, and is so weighed down by gases and vapors in the air that we handle, and breathe, and drink it without harm, it is really the fire-element. Put a diamond or an iron spring in a jar of pure oxygen—that is, oxygen that has been freed from its chains—and it will burn like tinder. And I said that Fire devoured nothing, though you can see that it burns up whatever it touches, because burning is only a change of form.

Perhaps you are surprised at that; but let us see what really happens in the burning of a log of wood. And the better to do that, you must let me present you to two more wonder-workers, known as Carbon and Hydrogen.

In your mythologies you may have met one Proteus, who could wear what shape he chose. Carbon is the real Proteus. He is an invisible gas, floating in air. He is also a dweller in the water and in the rocks. He is the substance of coal and of the diamond, and you must thank him for all the books that have ever been printed, for he is at the bottom of all printers' ink. Carbon is also the soul of honor. What you confide to him he never gives up; and although he has so many forms, in one sense he is unchanging. Examine charcoal, even through the microscope, and you will find, although it has been red-hot, the most delicate rings and cells of the wood from which it has been taken unharmed. A sort of salamander, in the fiercest flame Carbon never melts. If it did, the coal would run out in liquid form from our grates and furnaces, and there would be an end of our fires. And though Carbon is on intimate terms with Water, and even lives in it, he has never yet given up a single letter on any printed page to dampness. The letters in a Bible printed four hundred years ago are as black as on the day they were printed. Nor will our friend Carbon yield to the sharper persuasion of any liquids like ether or alcohol, and dissolve in them. And we should be very much obliged to him for the care he takes of our printed records, for you can see how much mischief might be done if books could be so easily altered or defaced.

As for Hydrogen, he is one of the most subtle, penetrating, and airy of sprites. He can slip through paper or leaves of gold or silver. Direct a stream of this gas against one side of such a leaf, and you can set fire to it on the other. Give him a burning taper, and he will instantly blow it out. Let him meet Oxygen, and he strikes fire. And talking of Oxygen, he

is a partner with Hydrogen in all sorts of enterprises; and yet you often find Oxygen, though chained himself, acting as Hydrogen's jailer; and the only way of setting Hydrogen free is to offer his jailer something that he likes better. For instance, Hydrogen is obtained from water by forcing the water through an iron tube, filled with iron shavings, and red-hot. Heat rouses the sleeping Oxygen. He throws off his chains, seizes on the iron, and lets Hydrogen go free.

And now, I dare say, you are wondering what has become of the log of wood that we left behind us. Patience, little friends! Wood, oil, wax, and most other burning material, are made up chiefly of some oxygen and hydrogen and carbon. Now you bring fire to the wood. Fire calls on Oxygen, who on the instant is as lively as the ogre who scented the blood of an Englishman. He smells hydrogen. Carbon he likes, but hydrogen is better. Hydrogen, finding that Fire means to turn him out of the pores of the wood, seizes on a solid particle of Carbon, perhaps as a sort of heavy reserve, but in vain! Oxygen seizes on it, and they come together with a fury that strikes out a white heat. The Carbon, which you can imagine as innumerable little points of charcoal, goes free for a moment, but warmed by the white heat of the battle glows in what we call flame. Meantime Hydrogen is immortal, and Oxygen can not make an end of him; but he can change him into a watery vapor; a spirit of the mist! He does so; and Hydrogen, as fast as he is let loose, floats up the chimney in vapor of water. That done, Oxygen is ready for Carbon; pounces on him, and sends him also up chimney as carbonic acid—a colorless gas; and so on, in turn, till the burning is done.

Now you say the log is burned. The smoke, which is made of little particles of carbon not wholly consumed, has escaped. And there is only left a little ash on the hearth. But are you quite sure of that? Suppose, instead of allowing the smoke and vapors and gases to escape, they were caught and weighed with the ashes. What do you think would be the weight? About half that of the wood? No. Fire has only changed the wood; into very different shapes, it is true, but all its parts are there, and the weight will be greater than that of the log, because oxygen has been added to it. All burning is simply change. Remember that, and you will more easily understand how the destroying Fire is in reality a builder and manufacturer.

In examining our book of the earth we find water bringing lime to the sea-dwellers, who built it up in their cities. I have already told you how the Pyrenees, among many other mountains, were built under the ancient seas; and our own peninsula of Florida was raised almost wholly by the coral-builders, to whom the Mississippi brought lime from the lime deposits of the Western States. But water never makes lime. You find sandstone rock, brought together by running water, from grains of sand.

But water never manufactures sand. There are great beds of clay piled up by water; but where did it find the clay? And there are rocks, like granite, that were never built up in layers, and with which water has never meddled at all. What produced them? Here is a new handwriting, and we must look for a new worker.

If there were only one man in the country who knew how to manufacture a watch, when you saw a watch you would say at once that it was made by him. Just so we say that here is the work of Fire, because he is the only mineral-maker now. There is a metal called "calcium." It is very abundant (though always hidden in what are called its ores), and somewhat resembles lead. You remember that all burning is change. You must remember, also, that the change is not always into gases and vapors. Fire changes this yellowish white substance into lime—common quick-lime. There is another substance, called "silicon," also very abundant; and Fire changes this silicon into one of the hardest solids known, and makes out of it quartz, rock-crystal, agate, jasper, opal, and many other minerals; and their grains make sand. You know what a large proportion of lime there is in our book, and the different sorts of silica make up one-half of its leaves. There is a metal called "aluminum." It is brilliantly white, and in the fire sends out a vivid light. Out of this aluminum Fire brings sapphires and rubies. Emery is a rougher form of it. Unite now silica and aluminum and you get clay. There is another element called "potassium," so light that it will swim on water, and so fiercely eager for oxygen that it will break the bolts and bars that shut up oxygen in water and burst into flame. Fire turns potash, alumina, and silica into a mineral called feldspar, or into another named mica, according to the proportions in which you mix them. And now jumble quartz, feldspar, and mica together, and Fire will transform them into the different varieties of granite rock.

These, and many more changes that I have not time even to name, the chemist can compel Fire to work to-day. And though here is a very small specimen of Fire's manufactures presented to you, you can imagine that as the chemist calls his working-room his laboratory, so when God commanded Fire to lay the foundations of the earth, he made the world his laboratory. We can not tell how God created the metals and minerals, the gases and vapors, of which the earth is composed. But we must suppose, seeing how his servants Fire and Water work now on the earth, that he brought them together in a heat so great that solids like iron flowed liquid as water, and that the vast quantity of water now gathered into oceans floated as fine vapor. Fire to-day will bring you out of lumps of coal-light for your cities, beautiful dyes for your silks, that wax-like substance called paraffine, and the grimy coal-tar with which we pitch our roofs. What could not Fire have wrought then? Diamonds, sil-

ver, gold, opals, rock-stuff, the granite ribs and foundations of the world, whatever the wisdom of God foresaw that we needed. But in these days Fire and Water work together, from the building of our fires to the turning of every wheel and the dragging of every railroad train in the land. And if we are correct in our world-making it seems likely that Fire and Water worked together then also. If this burning mass revolved among the planets, as the earth does now, after a time it would begin to cool. The atmosphere around our earth is a sort of blanket which prevents us from losing all our heat. Beyond this there is nothing like what we call air in the spaces between the planets. Heat there would be lost in space, and the cold must be greater than any thing we can conceive.

Chilled, then, by this cold, the water would in time draw together in drops and fall in rain. And though the glowing earth might at first send it back in steam, you can see, as the earth cooled more and more, the waters would prevail more and more, till the ocean finally covered the whole great furnace, where Fire had been manufacturing on such a monstrous scale. And then would commence the work of Fire, and Water, and gigantic disturbances, to the signs of which we are come in our book.

The leaves of which we have been talking are arranged one above the other in very nearly the same order all over the world—in some places laid out smoothly, in others wrinkled and bent as if some monstrous hand had suddenly crumpled them together and shut the book. In some places they are in waves; in others the lower leaves are pushed quite through the upper ones. There are great forests buried under slime and shells of the sea. Sea bottoms and rocks laid by Fire on the very foundations of the world raised on the tops of the highest mountains. You recollect that these leaves are layers of solid rock that cover hundreds and thousands of miles. To have been so crumpled and bent the earth must have been shaken and torn. To have been raised and lowered whole countries must have been lifted from the waves, and other countries must have sunk below them; and I dare say that seems to you impossible. But let us see if any thing of the sort is being done in our day.

It is difficult to believe that the firm earth's surface should be altered, or that such a mass as a mountain can be raised suddenly and at once; but in one night the coast of Chili, and of course the Andes with it, was raised from two to four feet! (What do you think of the power which could lift the Andes four feet?) And the fishermen thought that the ocean had retired, because acres of flat land that was always under water was now laid bare, covered with dead shell-fish, and beds of dead mussels were found ten feet above high-water-mark. In the interior the whole country was raised from five to seven feet, as much land as the half of France being thus moved upward in one night.

In one of the Canary Islands, in the year 1730, the earth split open suddenly, and a great hill was thrown up in one night. A stream of lava followed, and a monstrous rock, thrown up with a noise like thunder. The disturbance thus commenced lasted five years. A high hill was thrown up and fell back, and from three new openings poured out sand, ashes, and horrible vapors which suffocated the cattle. The lava poured out into the sea with a dreadful roar, so that the water was covered with dead and dying fish, and a new island was formed, and the flourishing town of St. Catalina was buried under hills four hundred feet in height.

In Java there was a mountain covered with trees and vines. All about it were fertile plains and swarming villages, not in the least afraid of their neighbor the mountain, for the oldest man among them had never heard that it was a volcano. But in July, in the year 1822, suddenly streamed up from it columns of hot water, boiling mud, burning brimstone, and ashes. The rivers were choked with hot water and mud, and overflowed, carrying away people and cattle. Streams of bluish mud overflowed the villages; the whole face of the mountain was changed; two rivers were turned out of their course; and new hills and valleys were formed. Four thousand people and one hundred and fourteen villages were destroyed.

Here are three accounts, which I have taken almost at random from the long and dreadful list of earthquakes. In them you have a whole range of mountains and a considerable country raised in one night; hills made, valleys opened, rivers turned aside; men and cattle buried in mud, in which now their bones might be found; layers of ashes, lava, and sand laid over a fertile country of fields and vineyards; rocks made by Fire deep in the earth thrown up; islands formed, and cities buried under great hills; and the work of change continuing for years—all the work of three earthquakes, by no means the most remarkable that have occurred. In these disturbances the land was raised; but in many other earthquakes towns and large tracts of land have suddenly disappeared, and been replaced by water. In a violent earthquake in the Delta of the Indus the eastern channel of that river, which had been fordable, was deepened so much that there was eighteen feet of water at low-water. The fort and village of Sindree sank in the water to the tops of the houses, while about five miles away rose up suddenly out of a level plain a mound of clay, filled with shells, which they called the Mound of God. Then again in Jamaica, in 1692, the ground swelled and rolled like the sea, and bursting open in awful cracks, people sank through, and were caught in the middle or by the head as the earth closed again. The store-houses on the harbor side sunk, and afterward their roofs could be seen from boats which sailed over them. One thousand acres of land about the town went down, and the sea rolled in; and in the north of the island plantations

disappeared under lakes, which, on drying up, left nothing but sand and gravel. Here are but five examples, all told, out of many hundreds; but I think you can begin to understand how it is that men find forests under the dried beds of seas and lakes, and the bones of fishes on mountain-peaks.

I think it is as difficult to believe also that the earth is raised or lowered gradually, and without any help from earthquake or volcano; perhaps more difficult. Yet such is actually the case in many places. For instance:

Near Puzzuoli, in the year 1750, there was discovered, almost hidden under bushes and soil, a splendid temple, supposed to have been built in honor of Jupiter. The pavement was still preserved, and it was supported by forty-six columns. These columns were cut from a single block of marble, and were forty-two feet high; and on these columns was written a wonderful story. It said that this temple, which of course had been built by men on the land, and which now stood twenty-three feet above the level of the sea, had also at one time been sunk below the waves. This story was written over about nine feet of each column, and the letters were small pear-shaped holes, which a shell-fish, called the *lithodomus*, had bored for itself. In these holes were also many little shells, such as are commonly found in the holes of the *lithodomi*, and it was plain that the temple had remained some time under water; for as the *lithodomus* grows larger it enlarges its house. The temple had been lowered under the sea and raised again, if you are to believe the little sea-workers on the columns. But this is not all. An artist named Nicolini used to visit the temple in 1807, and remain there all day to sketch; and at that time the pavement was never overflowed except when the south wind blew violently. But coming back there, sixteen years later, he found the pavement overflowed by the tide twice a day, and caught fish where in calm weather there never was a drop of water. Since the beginning of our century the ground on which the temple stood had been lowered two feet.

On the other hand, the country of Sweden and Norway is rising, and the story is told as plainly as the story on the columns of the temple of Jupiter. All along the coast is a thick fringe of many rocky islands. Between these islands and the main land boats and little vessels make their voyages; and as the channels wind in and out among these rocks, you will see that the stout old sailors must know by heart every rock and turn to voyage in safety. Now these channels and islands are constantly changing. Rocks which were only seen through the clear water are now bare. What were dangerous, sunken reefs are only half covered at high tide; and these rocks grow in height and breadth. What was only a smooth, round hump grows into a ledge, thick with sea-fowl. The ledge stretches into an island, with a few mosses and blades of grass, and from that it grows into a plain cov-

ered with fir-trees—all within the memory of men who are living now. Artificial marks prove also that the land is rising or the sea is lowering, whichever way you choose to put it.

If you ask me how this is being done, I can only tell you what we believe and suppose. The old Greeks had a story of a lame god called Vulcan, who was a blacksmith. They said that his forge was underground, and that the volcanoes were his chimneys. In the same way we imagine that our great worker, Fire, has his work-shop in the centre of the earth. We think so because we find that at a certain distance underground the heat is always the same summer and winter; and, digging below that, that it increases at a wonderful rate: one degree of heat, I think, for every sixty or seventy feet. If this increase of heat goes on it must be so hot at the centre of the earth that the hardest rock and minerals would melt. This, then, would be the work-shop of Fire, and ready at his hand are, as we know, metals, minerals, gases, and large bodies of water, scalding hot, or turned into steam, all packed down under the enormous weight of rock and soil above. You remember how the land is worn away in some places, and how the bed of the sea is piled up in others. If now you had a round ball, and its covering in some places was very much thicker than in others, the thin places after a time would be apt to crack, would they not? That is what seems to happen on the earth. There is a crack in its crust. The land goes down on the heavy side, and up on the light side; and just as water oozes up through a crack in thin ice, the gases and steam burst up, only with a terrible explosion, tearing out rocks, and forcing up through the volcanoes showers of melted earthy matter, sand, and ashes; and, terrible as are often the consequences, you can see that Fire and the earthquake are yet necessary to rebuild the land, and hold it up out of reach of the devouring water.

Here I must tell you good-by. But remember. We have not read the Book of the World—only spelled out a few chapters in its primer.

WILLIAM BRADFORD'S LOVE LIFE.

I.—ALICE CARPENTER.

"ALICE, will you give me your answer? I have traveled many leagues and run no little risk to ask this question."

"And after all may get no answer at all," interposed Alice Carpenter, pouting her pretty lips, and glancing mutinously into the grave face bent toward her.

"Nay, child, be not froward, nor trifle with what is or should be solemn earnest to both of us. I have already told you that this is the only hour I can call mine own while we remain in England. It is true, I accepted the mission with the full intention of seeing you while here; but, having accepted, I must fulfill it, and to-

night's sunset should see me far on the road to London."

"Why wait for sunset, Master Bradford? If your London business is so pressing I marvel that you should delay it for the sake of a silly maiden, who in truth knows not her own mind as yet."

And the spoiled little beauty turned to chase the tiny greyhound who leaped in sport upon her.

William Bradford stood moodily watching the game of play which followed, and making for himself, all unconsciously, a picture of the scene never to be forgotten amidst all the vicissitudes of a stormy life.

It was the garden of an old English manor-house dating from the reign of Elizabeth—a date proven no less by the formal architecture of the latter than the quaint ordering of the former, with its yew-trees sedulously clipped in shape of towers and ships, falcons, peacocks, and rampant lions; with its great beds of roses, cultivated not only for their beauty, but as material for conserves, rose-water, and scent-jars; trailing honey-suckles and sweet-brier ran riot among clumps of heart's-ease, garden lilies, love-lies-bleeding, prince's feather, marigolds, and hollyhocks. The northern limit of the garden, near which William Bradford stood, was defined by a high wall built of the same hard, red bricks as the house, and upon the southern face of this was nailed a long range of espalier fruit—black-heart cherries, peaches, pears, and great golden plums, celebrated throughout the country for their size and flavor. They were ripe just now, and the hot sun brought out a musky odor from their rich clusters, filling the air, and mingling forever in William Bradford's memory with the hum of the bees, the ringing laughter of the girl, and the glowing crimson of the roses at his feet.

Many and many a day, in the dark years that were to come, that garden bloomed and ripened, those rich scents filled the air, and the hum of bees and peals of laughter filled his ears, among the black solitudes of the New England forests, or the cold desolation of the rock-bound coast; and yet, looking upon the scene to-day, he saw it not, heeded it not—thought only of the merry girl, who, suddenly deserting her playmate, stood beside him, and mockingly exclaimed: "What! not gone yet, Master Bradford! Truly the elders of your church did ill to intrust their mission to such a dreamer and laggard as yourself."

But her jesting drew no responsive smile to the face of the young man, as, laying a hand lightly upon her arm, he gravely answered:

"You have had your jest, fair Mistress Alice, and you have taken your time. Now I will pray you to give me a serious answer to my most serious petition. Will you be my wife, and fare with me to Holland, or it may be farther still—for our people are minded to remove to some country over seas where shall be room for all and opportunity for all to thrive by hon-

est labor? It is no life of luxury, no certain prospect of any sort, that I can offer, Alice; and yet I dare to urge you, for I know that the great love I bear toward you, and the earnest will that I find growing within my heart, will give me power to make you happy, and shield you from all suffering but such as God appoints. Alice, will you be my wife?"

For a moment the girl stood with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks, her answer trembling upon her smiling lips, and shining from beneath her drooping lids. The lover read it, and suddenly clasped her to his breast.

"Yes, sweet one, you confess it at last—you confess it even without a word; and thus I take the answer you have been so long in giving."

He pressed his lips upon her own, but hardly had tasted their honey when he was startled by a smart blow upon the cheek, while Alice, tearing herself from his embrace, cried, angrily:

"Not so fast, good Sir. I never have said that I would even give you any answer, and here you pretend to read it in my face, and proceed to take it unspoken from my lips. I'll give you no answer at all to-night, no, nor to-morrow morning either unless the humor takes me to do so."

"Then, Alice, you will never give it," replied the young man, not angrily but resolutely. "When that sun, now lost in the fir-tops, sinks behind the horizon, I shall say good-by; what comes between now and then it is for you to decide. The petulant blow and the froward words I forgive, but farther trifling with an honest heart and a man's life I shall find it hard to pass over. Your answer, Alice."

"I have told you once, fair Sir, that I have no answer for you before to-morrow morning. I have a will as well as you, and if you do not care enough for me to abide my pleasure, why, good-by, good Master Bradford."

"Good-by, Alice, since you so will it, and yet, I pray you, pause once more. This is no idle play, Alice, but saddest earnest. I solemnly assure you that I must be gone at sunset, and I can not leave London again before we return to Leyden. If you are my betrothed your father will bring you to me, and we will be married—"

"Again not so fast, good master," interposed Alice. "Suppose I refuse to be brought to you in London. Suppose I demand a longer wooing and somewhat more ceremony in my wedding? And, in good sooth, I fancy that your style is altogether too masterful for me already. I know not what might chance if you were indeed my lord, so I think I will say you nay—for to-night at least; it may be that in the morning I shall have changed my mind, but now—fare you well, Sir."

"And fare you well, Alice. I have your answer, and I have told you more than once that I can wait for no other. And yet—Alice, I shall be three days longer in London—if you will come to me, you and your father—"

"Marry come up! I go after you to Lon-

don, saying, 'Kind Sir, will you of your goodness take me to wife?' A long day it will be before I do that, Master Bradford, a very, very long day."

And half in anger, half in mockery, she flung the handful of roses that she held full into the grave face of him whom she addressed, and ran, light and swift as a fawn, up the path toward the house.

One of the roses lodged upon the young man's folded arms, and, smiling bitterly, he caught it, looked for a moment into its glowing heart, then put it inside his doublet.

"A fair ensample of her love—as sweet, as short-lived, and as thorny," muttered he; and leaving the garden by the postern gate, he mounted the sturdy horse awaiting him in the green lane beyond, and rode away just as the sinking sun touched the horizon.

"He will come to-morrow," whispered Alice Carpenter, watching the sunset, and listening to the horse's retreating feet, while her bright cheek grew pale and her eyes filled with tears.

But the morrow came, and brought neither lover nor message, and still another and another morrow, until a grave friend of her father's, down from London for a day, set the girl's mind at rest by mentioning that the deputies from the dissenting folk at Leyden had returned thither, having met but ill success in their attempt to obtain a patent from the Virginia Company.

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" muttered Alice between her set teeth, as she stormed up and down the garden path, where now the rose-petals lay a-dying. "Fool that I was, and more fool that he was, not to know that a maiden's no-say does not always mean blank no! And yet I care not; who shall say that I care overmuch?"

In this mood her father found her, and placing her hand within his arm restrained her hurrying steps to his own pace, while he said:

"Daughter Alice, I have received a proposition of marriage for you from a worthy gentleman, not as I think quite disagreeable to you. Indeed it is the son of our friend within there."

"Master Southworth!" exclaimed Alice.

"Yes. His son Edward asks your hand, dear child. What is your answer?"

"Yes."

The father turned in some surprise, and looked into his daughter's face. It was white and rigid almost as death.

"My daughter, there is no need for such instant consent unless you are quite sure of your own mind. I had thought that Master Bradford—"

"Do not mention that person, if it please you, Sir. I like Edward Southworth passing well. He is a brave gentleman, and a courteous, and, please you, dear father, go and tell your friend that I say yes, and excuse me for to-night. Good-e'en, father."

"Good-e'en, little maid; and yet, wait one moment before you run away. It is but right

that you should know that I have nearly settled my mind to sell all that I have, and cast in my fortunes with our brethren in Holland. It was for that I went to London so often in the last month, while worshipful Elder Brewster and his associates were there. If I do this, and you wed with Edward Southworth, who abides in London, we must be parted, my little girl—we two who have never been parted yet."

"Oh, father!" and Alice, clinging about her father's neck, wept piteously; wept for the approaching separation, and wept for the death of her young love-dream, and yet never wavered in her desperate determination.

"Oh, father, father!" sobbed she, and then—"but you will have my sister Mary left, and I could never abide in Holland."

"It will not be like this, truly;" and the man looked round upon the pleasant garden where he had played in childhood, where he had wooed his sweet young wife, where he had wandered seeking comfort for her early death, and where he had thought to watch his own day draw to its close.

"Not like this, but 'Whoso loveth house or lands better than me'—it is daily borne in upon my mind that I must go, Alice; and for myself I grudge not the sacrifice; nor for Mary, who is but a child; but if you shrink from the toil and privation, or if your conscience does not bid you go, sweet one, here is an opening for honorable escape. What say you?"

"I will never go to Holland, father. And if Edward Southworth cares to marry me, he may."

She was gone, and her father, looking after her in wonder and some doubt, could only say,

"What man so wise as to read a woman's heart! But yet it was consent, and as such I must repeat it."

Six months later Thomas Carpenter, with his daughter Mary, arrived at Leyden, and among his first guests was William Bradford, who, with pale lips, and a high-throbbing heart, inquired of him for news of his daughter Alice.

"Alice? She wedded with Edward Southworth the morning that I sailed from Southampton," replied the father, carelessly, for already he had forgotten a dim suspicion formed by the strange manner of the girl at the time of her betrothal, and Bradford had never opened his mind to him.

II.—DOROTHY MAY.

From the house of Father Robinson, the pastor of the struggling community at Leyden, and with whom Master Carpenter was at present lodged, William Bradford returned to his own abode in a family of the name of May. In the little parlor sat a young girl spinning flax upon a small wheel, who at his entrance glanced up, blushing brightly.

"So soon returned, William!" said she, shyly. "Did not you find your friends?"

"Yes—and no," replied the young man, tossing his hat upon the table, and throwing him-

self upon the high-backed settle beside the fire.

"Yes and no!" You speak in riddles, friend," said the girl, her bright color fading as quickly as it had come. "Have you ill news from home?"

"No, Dorothy, no ill news; no news at all to a man who knows what women are; only tidings that one whom I thought mine own has given herself to another man, and, I dare to say, were the whole truth known, cares naught for either of us."

And as he spoke he folded his arms upon the end of the settle, and bowed his face upon them, careless whether she who watched perceived the emotion he could no longer conceal.

A few moments passed in utter silence, and then a light foot crossed the floor, a hesitating hand was laid upon his head, and a girlish form sank upon its knees beside him.

"William, dear William!" said Dorothy May's soft voice; "all women are not like that."

"What care I whether they be or not?" And the young man ground something worse than a sob between his clenched teeth.

Another pause, and then again the timid voice:

"Nay, William, do not scorn all because one is false, for that is neither just nor kind to yourself."

"I do not scorn you, Dorothy. You are good and kind, and will, I doubt not, some day be true to the man who wins your love; but she—"

"Indeed I would be true, did the man I love love me," sighed the girl, her head sinking so low as to hide the glowing color of her cheeks.

William Bradford listened; took counsel of his own heart; nay, then, of his wounded pride and love, if you will have the truth; then sat upright and placed a hand beneath the chin of that rosy face, raising it to a level with his own.

"And you love a man who loves not you, fair Mistress Dorothy?" asked he at length.

"To my shame be it spoken."

"Nay, to the honor of thy tender, humble heart. And wouldst thou wed that man, knowing that he had loved another woman passing well, and that the wound was not wholly healed?"

"I would wed him, and try to heal the wound with my own love," whispered the girl.

"Dorothy, am I that man?"

"None other."

"And thou wilt be my wife?"

"A true and loving one, so surely as God gives me strength and life."

"So be it." And again the young man raised the blushing face and kissed the trembling lips. It was a strange betrothal—a most unwise one—for human love is at best but a feeble staff to support one over life's rough places; and, weakened as this was, ah, who could not have foreseen the end?

But Dorothy May's widowed mother saw only comfort and satisfaction in the gaining a hus-

band for her child, of so well-esteemed a character and so fair worldly prospects, not to mention the setting at rest a suspicion which had for some time haunted the good dame's mind, connecting Dorothy's pale cheeks, lagging step, and tearful eyes with William Bradford's attention or neglect.

So all was arranged without difficulty on the one side or the other; and the second letter that Master Carpenter sent home to his daughter Alice announced the marriage of her "sometime playmate, William Bradford, to a very worthy and also comely young woman, Dorothy May by name."

III.—MISTRESS ALICE SOUTHWORTH.

When Mistress Southworth read this letter in the dim, vast chamber of her new home in "Duks Place, near Heneage House," she uttered a little cry, and with one of the impulsive movements of her girlhood flung it into the fire blazing at her feet. Then she covered her face and sobbed for a few moments wildly, passionately; and at last she rose, and slowly pacing the long vaulted chamber, took counsel with her own heart, until at last, coming back to the fire-place, she stood there a pretty picture, with the ruddy light striking up upon her fair young face, disheveled golden curls, and whitest throat and arms, left bare by the fashion of the rich "padusoy" robe which fell trailing upon the oaken floor.

As fair a picture, and but little older than that of the girl who, half in jest and half in wrath, had pelted her lover with roses in the quaint walled garden of the manor-house six months before, and yet—

The crisp cinder of the burned letter had fallen out from the fire and lay upon one of the painted tiles of the wide hearth. Smiling bitterly Alice Southworth stirred it with the toe of her satin shoe—it crumbled beneath the touch, and, caught by one of the draughts eddying through the room, flew in a cloud of black flakes up the chimney and was gone.

"So best—so best! Smoke and ashes, and the last trace blown to the four winds!—So let it be."

And thus unconsciously echoing the words in which William Bradford had sealed his betrothal, Alice Southworth closed, as she thought forever, the sweetest chapter in her book of life, and turned to the new duties and new ties she had voluntarily if rashly assumed.

IV.—PILGRIMS.

"And you will sail with these others in the *Mayflower*, Master Bradford?" said Elder Carpenter, glancing keenly at the young man, who sat looking gloomily from the latticed window of the little Dutch ale-house, where they had met for noontide refreshment.

"Yes, I have so resolved," replied he, moodily.

"And your wife and the little one?"

"They will remain behind—I think."

"Does the dame consent to be so deserted?"

"We have not yet spoken of it. She can remain with her mother, and come to me afterward," said the younger man, hesitatingly; and Elder Carpenter again glanced keenly into his perturbed face.

"It is a grievous burden to my spirit," said he, after a pause, "that I am denied this means of testifying to my faith. Were it only mine own infirmities and inconvenience that stood in the road I would count it naught, though I perished by the way; but I must not burden you younger men with the charge of one who can at best serve but little purpose in the life you enter upon, and would most likely become a serious charge and trial. Nor can I bear to abide here longer, or to lay my bones in foreign soil. My night approaches, and I will get me to mine own land and sleep where my fathers sleep."

"You will return into England?" asked Bradford, in some surprise.

"Yes. This ship has brought me letters from my daughter, Mistress Southworth. She has met with heavy affliction in the loss of her good husband; and she prays me very earnestly to return to her, I and my daughter Mary, and abide beneath her roof to the end of my days."

"Master Edward Southworth dead!" echoed Bradford, blankly.

"The Lord has willed it so," replied the elder, reverently.

"And Alice a widow!"

"The widowed mother of two little children. Truly she needs a father's counsel and assistance," mused the old man, and, lost in reverie, he did not perceive that with his last words William Bradford had left the room.

Deep in that evening's twilight, as Dorothy sat hushing her child to sleep with the murmured cadence of a hymn, some one entered the room and laid two hands upon her shoulders from behind.

"Is it you, William?" asked the young mother, softly.

"Yes, wife. I shall sail with the first party of adventurers in the *Mayflower*. Will you go with me?"

"Why, this is something more than sudden!" exclaimed Dorothy, trying to turn her face toward her husband, who resisted the attempt, and only repeated:

"Will you go with me, wife?"

"Where you go I will go, you know full well," was the meek response. "But why have you not told me your will before, that I might have made preparation?"

"I did not know it myself; and I thought that if I went you and the child would abide a while with our good mother here. But if you will go, Dorothy, it will be a singular favor to me."

And now the wife would not be restrained, but rising hastily, confronted her husband with looks of undisguised amazement.

"A singular favor to you!" repeated she. "Why, what words are these from you to me, William? Am I not your own true and loving wife, no less bound to obey your lightest wish than anxious to lay down my life, if so I might pleasure you? Why, had you waited until our friends were embarking at Delft Haven and then said to me, Up and follow them! do you think I would have faltered? And had you tried to go without me, William, I would have thrown myself at your feet and wept and prayed and importuned until you gave consent to my accompanying you. Dear husband, what have I done amiss that you should have entertained this cruel thought of leaving me?"

She was weeping now, and clinging about his neck, so that she could not see the ashen face and haggard eyes he bowed above her, as, gently removing those clinging arms, he said:

"Naught amiss, naught amiss, Dorothy! You have ever been as you promised to be, a true, faithful, and most loving wife. Mine is all the blame, mine should be the punishment."

"What blame? what punishment? What do your words mean, dear William? And what makes you look so wan and distraught? Have you bad news from England?—they told me that a ship was arrived with letters—"

"Peace, woman, peace! The wife should not too curiously pry into her husband's will, but accept it unquestioned, for is he not her head and law?"

And, with a laugh of bitterest self-contempt, William Bradford left the room and the house.

The next day, when Dorothy, his wife, went abroad to consult her gossips about the needful preparation for the voyage and the new life before her, and heard the news of Edward Southworth's death, she clasped her hands of a sudden above her heart, and cried out as if in sharpest pain.

"Dear child, what is it?—what ails you?" exclaimed her friend, running to her.

"Nothing, nothing! A sudden pang—I know not what—as if one's heart broke; but hearts do not break in sober truth, do they?"

"No, not so suddenly as that, nor yet without a cause, and we all know you have none, Mistress Dorothy," said the other, sharply eying the pallid face and trembling form of the young woman.

"Not when I am leaving my mother and my little child, and may never see either again?" asked Dorothy, bursting into tears, and making her escape.

And that day she began to die.

V.—DOROTHY BRADFORD'S JOURNAL.

In the month of August, 1620, the *Mayflower* sailed from Delft Haven for England, and some weeks later from thence for—God alone knew where.

Let him who would know what human courage and human fortitude, combined with a high faith and confidence almost more than human, are capable of, let him read the record of that voyage, as told in Bradford's own simple and

earnest record, so self-forgetful and so unconscious of its own importance that the only fault of the history is that it omits all notice of the historian, except in the vaguest allusion.

Had not other papers remained—some precious letters, and a few leaves of a private diary in the faint and timid manuscript of a woman—this story had never been written, or had been based upon mere imaginings, instead of saddest and most undoubted fact.

Let us here transcribe one of these fragmentary leaves, literally, except for the modernizing of some obsolete phrases, and the supplying of some words illegible from time and wear:

At last, praise be to God! we lie within sight of land, but what a land! Stern rocks, with cruel waves forever dashing upon them, black forests sheltering who knows what fearful creatures, and still more fearful salvages: snow, ice, desolation at every hand; no houses, no Christian people, no sign of the work of man; I had almost said no sign of the work of God. Such is our new home; and yet we have no choice but to accept it, for the captain says and swears that he can carry us no farther, and unless we settle where we will establish ourselves without more delay, he will put us ashore at the nearest point.

William, with Master Carver, Miles Standish, and some others, has gone ashore in one of the ship's boats, to discover, if they may, what sort of place lies over against us at this present. I trust they will not elect to settle just here, for surely no place can be worse, if as bad. And yet I know not why I should care. All the earth hereabout will be too sternly frozen to give me room. I wonder how they would go about to dig a grave—pity to give them so much pains, when this cold, bitter sea washing past my cabin window would bury me in a moment—a little moment.

Ah, God forgive me! what wild and wicked thoughts are these. Away! away! Get thee behind me, Sathanas! Last night I dreamed that my mother came to me with my baby dead in her arms—my baby, my one child. Ah! child, you never loved another better than me, and yet I left you—for him. When I woke startled from my dream, he stirred in his sleep, and murmured: "Alice! Sweetest, dearest!"

That was all, for I laid my hand upon his lips, and he kissed it, and so slept again. Ah, did he know it was my hand he kissed, or did he still dream? They do not dream when they are dead, I think. I hope not, surely, for I would not be haunted with that dead baby, nor yet with his father, whispering in his sleep: "Alice! Sweetest, dearest!"

Dec. 7.—Well, they did not pitch upon that spot where we lay when I last wrote, and now we are moved farther into a great bay or gulf, and lie again at anchor, while the men, with Master Bradford among them, are away exploring anew. They found before some baskets with corn in them, and some signs of rude cabins, where it is supposed the salvages or Indians lived, though now they are gone. But it is weary work noting these things down, and in sooth I have small heart for even thinking of them. Last night I dreamed again of my baby, and he wore wings and stretched his little arms to me. I would I knew if he be indeed in heaven. I wonder if I could win there if I took my life in mine own hand, and so went begging entrance. William speaks no more of Alice, either waking or sleeping, and in good sooth he speaks but little to me in any fashion. One might think he was afraid of me, he shrinks so from my presence, and yet I never reproached him, oh, never, never! How could I, when my whole heart has wasted itself in vain love and longing toward him? Yes, I think that is why I must die; my life has wasted itself like a little brook I once saw at home that came leaping down from the hill-side, and falling upon a sandy plain was swallowed up, and perished, in spite of all its struggles. Poor brook! Poor Dorothy! I wonder will he be sorry when I am dead. Ah, how

the cold bitter sea runs past these windows! I will up to the deck, and climb over in the chains as I did yesterday, and look down at the water. Perchance—God forgive me, God forgive me the awful thought, and yet—

That is the last, the very last, of the worn and faded manuscript. Join it to what follows.

In the journal of William Bradford, after a long and minute account of the perils and adventures of the exploring party who finally selected the site of the present town of Plymouth, Massachusetts, as their point of debarkation, occurs the brief statement that, upon their return to the ship, it was discovered that Dorothy Bradford had fallen overboard and was drowned.

Only that.

VI.—WILLIAM BRADFORD AND ALICE SOUTHWORTH.

Almost two years later Mistress Southworth, fatherless as well as husbandless, received a letter of which but one torn fragment remains. Let us add it to our story:

God he knows, I never wished her death, or failed in the dismal effort to feign a love I never felt. How ill I succeeded you shall see, for I send you certain writings in the fashion of a Diary, discovered in one of her coffers some time after her most untimely end. No eyes but mine have seen them.

And now, Mistress Southworth, nay, I will say as I have said many a fair time before, now, sweet Alice, I ask you once again, as I asked you long since, and I think you will remember, as I do, the fair, well-ordered garden, with its bourgeois of bloom and its rich scents of fruit and flowers, and the humming of the bees about the ripened plums, I ask you once again the question that I asked you then and there, and once again I beg you for such answer as truthful woman should give to honest wooer—will you have me to your husband? And yet, Alice, as I write, the scales fall from mine eyes, and I see as I have not before that I am asking far more of you now than I asked then. I have been the husband of another woman; my worldly estate is mean and impoverished, notwithstanding the title of Governor which my brothers and co-workers here have bestowed upon me since the death of the noble Carver; and the life which I ask you to share is one of labor and self-forgetfulness.

But yet, Alice, I dare to ask you, for within my own heart I carry an assurance of such undying love and respect toward you, that it seems to outvalue all other things, and if it were possible that you could find in your own breast a similar assurance, I think, Mistress, that not your garden, whose bloom and scent lie so fairly in my memory, were a sweeter abode than these rugged rocks and melancholy forests, so we two might be together.

In conclusion, I must say that although I have discoursed at large upon this matter to you, and although much pains and many qualms of doubt have gone to the composition of this letter, I find by reviewing it that I have said nothing of what is in my heart, and have worded my petitions so coldly and so awkwardly that I hardly dare hope you will approve them; but yet, Alice, I remember me of a time long since when I thought—yet let that pass, and believe that whether you say me yea, or nay, I shall ever be while life endures,

Your faithful friend and humble servitor,
WILLIAM BRADFORD.

Stitched to this fragment of a letter is another, a mere scrap written in the cramped, delicate, and almost illegible hand of a woman, and superscribed

To the Worshipful Governor of the Plymouth Colony in Massachusetts Bay, these:

FAIR SIR,—You do remember my father's garden with its roses and its wall-fruit so well that I marvel you should have forgotten the last words ever spoken to you in that garden by me, or rather, the marvel is that I should remember them myself; and yet I do. I told you then, Master Bradford, nay, pardon me—I would have writ, Right Worshipful Governor Bradford—I told you then, that it should be a long day and a very long day before you should see Alice Carpenter following you to London and offering herself to you for wife; and now you ask me to come, not to London, but across seas to the strange New World where you abide, and all with the self-same purpose. Truly, Sir, I marvel at your hardihood, and again I marvel more at my own sudden lowliness of heart which does not resent as I would have it this arrogance of yours. Wait until I summon Pride, and ask her counsel. "Give him the old answer," quoth she, and so, Sir, you have my reply. Yet softly, here speaks another voice; methinks it is that of Common-Sense. "How fared it with yourself after you gave him that scoffing answer five years ago?" And again: "Mind you, the long day that you promised him has passed, and it is not Alice Carpenter who goes to seek him but Alice Southworth."

So sit I, listening to my counselors, uncertain which to credit as the true one, and so, unable to determine the bent of my own mind, I close these lines, and remain, fair Sir, your good wisher and old friend,

ALICE CARPENTER SOUTHWORTH.

Post Scriptum.—I omitted to mention in the body of my letter that I am resolved upon emigration, and have taken passage in the ship *Anne*, bound from Southampton to your Colony, for myself, my two children, and my sister Mary, whom you will perhaps remember, and perhaps also may elect to the place in your affections once held by my unworthy self. At all rates, however, we shall have the time and opportunity for considering face to face these matters, so largely and yet so uncertainly spoken of in our letters.

VII.—THE END.

No tradition, no memento tells us how the Governor of Plymouth Colony received this letter of his former love—this proof that time and distance and sorrow had cured her neither of her audacious coquetry nor her affection for himself; but this much we do know, that when the *Anne* arrived in Plymouth Harbor, in the last days of July, 1623, that it brought as passengers Mistress Southworth, her two boys, and her sister Mary, who many years after is set down as "a godly old maid who never married."

Two weeks after the arrival of the *Anne* Alice Southworth and William Bradford became man and wife, and here is the double note of the event made in the Governor's journal by his own hand and hers:

This day Alice Carpenter hath answered the question I asked of her six years ago among the roses of her father's garden in Lincolnshire, and she hath answered yea, as she should have answered then.

And below, this note:

This day, the 16th day of August, shall hereafter be known as the long day; for it is the one promised by that same Alice Carpenter as the day whereon she would wed with William Bradford, whom God forever bless and hold in His holy keeping.

What more do we know? Only that they lived to a ripe old age, and departed, he some years the first, leaving sons and daughters to inherit their name, and perchance their qualities.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AT the close of a stormy March day of this year two soldiers were crossing from Newport to Fort Adams in a sail-boat managed by an inexperienced lad. When they were partly across a blast suddenly struck the craft; the boy was confounded, the boat capsize, and for half an hour, clinging to the keel, the hapless men and boy struggled with the waves. Then the hold of the boy relaxed, and he sank; but a boat had put off from the Lime Rock Light-house, about half a mile away, and before the men were exhausted it had reached them, and they were saved. The persons who saved them were Ida Lewis and her brother Hosea, children of the keeper of the light.

Ten years ago in the same harbor four young fellows were upset in a boat, and the same girl hastened in her skiff to rescue them. A little later three drunken soldiers stove a hole in their boat not far from the light. Two swam ashore, the third was saved by Ida Lewis when nearly exhausted. Two years ago some men were driving a sheep upon the wharf in Newport. The animal plunged into the water, and three men running along the shore in pursuit at length found a skiff and put out into the harbor. A heavy sou'wester was blowing, and the skiff was swamped. Once more Ida Lewis pushed off for them, and bringing them safe to shore, returned and landed the sheep. In the next winter a scape-grace stole a sail-boat from the wharf and made off. But the gale drove it upon the little Lime Rock, a mile from the light; and the thief clung to the mast from midnight until morning, when Ida Lewis saw him, and rowing to his relief, found him, as she said, "shaking and God-blessing me, and praying to be set on shore."

This is a girl in her twenty-eighth year, slender, blue-eyed, with light brown hair, frank and hearty, and likely to be more famous next summer than any Newport belle. Let us pray that she may save herself from the storm of notoriety and flattery as she has saved so many lives from the sea. Or, still better, as she is betrothed, let us hope that she may be safely married, and with a changed name have left the Lime Rock Light-house before Mrs. Grundy reaches Newport.

But the heroic story of which these are the incidents suggests some very improving reflections upon the sphere of woman. No one can read the report in the newspapers, no one certainly read the brief telegraphic notice upon the following morning, without a thrill of admiration and sympathy. But are we to understand that such emotion was natural and proper? Are we to believe that it is "feminine" for young women to row boats in storms? Is it "womanly" to tug and strain through a tempest, and then pull half-drowned men into a skiff? Is not the Heavenly appointed "sphere of woman" the nursery? and is there not very grave apprehension of the "female sex" disappearing altogether if such conduct is approved? The brother Hosea, in the first instance related, was in his place, undoubtedly. He was a stout youth, and it was an occasion that demanded brawn and

vigor and skill. But, my dear Sir Piercie, would you wish to have seen your sister, et cætera, et cætera?

There was the inevitable Grace Darling also, who in the early dawn, thirty years ago, rowed with her father from Longstone Light, and at the risk of her own life saved the lives of nine persons from the wreck of the *Forfarshire* steamer. Then there was Mrs. Patten, who steered the wrecked ship to port. There were Molly Stark, Joan of Arc—where will these things stop? What is to become of the sex, and womanliness and feminineness, and all other pleasing qualities, if general applause shall be unguardedly lavished upon conduct which, if our sisters, et cætera, et cætera?

Dear Sir Piercie, what an intolerable deal of nonsense is talked and written and sung and, above all, preached about women, and their sphere, and what is feminine, and what isn't—as if we men necessarily knew all about it! The other evening the Easy Chair heard something which sounded so familiar that it might have said it itself; and it was in this vein. Here comes a man and says, "Isn't it curious that it is the nature of melted lead always to run into bullets?" And while I am wondering I observe that he has a bullet-mould in his pocket, into which he pours the fluid metal. Or another bland gentleman remarks: "How beautifully Providence ordains that pear-trees shall grow like vines!" And he takes me into his garden and shows me a tortured tree trained upon an espalier. These worthy philosophers might as wisely inform us that Providence beautifully ordains saints to be chops and steaks, and then point us to St. Lawrence upon his gridiron. What determines the sphere of any morally responsible being? Perfect freedom of choice and liberty of development. Take those away and you have taken away the possibility of determining the sphere.

Now, speaking soberly, no man will be such an—let us say donkey, as to insist that it was unfeminine in Ida Lewis to pull off in her boat to save men from drowning. It was no more unfeminine than to sing a babe to sleep. And if this be so, then it was perfectly womanly to learn the use of oars—to acquire the means of doing so great a service to her fellow-creatures, a service which touches the heart and the imagination, and, as in the instance of Grace Darling, will become a poetic tradition.

When we have come as far as this there is certainly no need of asking whether such actions fall within the sphere of women, or whether they are competent to row boats. Ida Lewis has shown that she can row to some purpose, can row indeed to such purpose that every generous heart applauds. This seems to settle the whole vexatious question about women. Indeed there is really no more question about women than about men. And unless the whole debate upon the subject of the rights of men, which has shaken society now for so many years, and often to such tremendous results, is folly, that upon the rights of women can hardly be smiled away.

The original impediment is the apparent difficulty of persons who are otherwise intelligent to understand what they are talking about when they begin to discuss the proper sphere of womanly activity and interest. Some few weeks ago, for instance, there was a meeting at the end of the winter term of the Female Medical College under the immediate charge of Dr. Elizabeth and Dr. Emily Blackwell, with Dr. Willard Parker and other eminent surgeons and medical men in the faculty. The object of this college is to give to women just as profound and thorough a medical education as any man can receive, and it was hoped that the meeting might tend to direct public attention and sympathy to the subject. There was an admirable address by Dr. Emily Blackwell upon the history of the intention and progress and condition of the college, and a speech to the students by one of the faculty, and two or three speeches by Dr. Parker and others upon the general subject of the professional study of medicine and surgery by women.

One of the speakers took the ground that what was really wanted was an opportunity to prove by experiment whether such an institution were desirable; and necessarily he stated that the question was not whether women were competent to become efficient and skillful physicians and surgeons, but whether they should be allowed the same liberty of choice and freedom of development which men claimed for themselves. That many women might fail was very possible, as certainly a great many men failed; but it was the perfection of owlish folly to begin by a theory of the sphere of women, or a guess or a prejudice as to their capacity.

To thinking persons this was undoubtedly a sufficiently trite and obvious statement, but it really goes to the root of the matter. Dr. Johnson advised his friend to try to divest his mind of cant, and what people usually need in approaching the consideration of such a question is to divest their minds of theory. Even some very accomplished and trained scientific men find it very difficult to observe scientifically—that is, with a sole regard to the fact, and not to the possible suggestion or use of the fact. If we wish, therefore, to know whether women are competent to do this or that, we must do as we do with men, allow them perfect freedom of choice and opportunity.

Now imagine a person listening to such a strain of remark, for the obviousness of which perhaps the orator should have blushed, and then gravely writing to a newspaper that the orator's remarks were nothing but stale rhetoric about liberty and rights and some supposed hostility to women—without the slightest allusion to the only important point, namely, whether women are competent to be good physicians and surgeons. Here you see is a worthy person who has not even a tolerably remote idea of the ludicrous position in which he places himself. "It is not," says the orator, "the business of men to theorize about the competency of women to do this or that, because competency can not be abstractly determined, especially by traditionally prejudiced minds—the business of men is to allow the utmost freedom of choice, not to hamper it with doubts and wonders and surmises and suspicions. Give women every opportunity of education that

men have, and if the maternal instinct of a woman is not strong enough to overbear her fondness for a quadratic equation—to paraphrase Sydney Smith's witticism—let the maternal instinct in that woman go. It certainly is not the duty of men to keep women ignorant in order that they may continue to be women." And no sooner does the luckless speaker take his seat than the worthy person who has been gravely listening shakes his head and exclaims, "Tut, tut! mere froth of words! Why doesn't this gentleman leave his various faces and tell us whether women are competent to be doctors?"

To answer this question in the briefest terms—"Because nobody but women themselves can tell us, and they will never have the chance to tell us if we undertake to decide for them in advance."

This view seems to include all the aspects of the question. There really is no occasion for the horror which some good people express, as if a woman who thinks she is quite as capable of voting for a school trustee for her children as her gardener, who lately came from Tipperary, is therefore a kind of moral monster—a woman trying to unsex or de-womanize herself. She may or she may not wish to do it, as is the case with men. But that the idea should seem repulsive or strange can only excite a pleasant smile upon the part of any body whose mind has ever seriously moved upon the subject. Mr. Hoar, a Representative in Congress from Massachusetts, recently said before a committee of the Legislature of that State that he had known in Concord a woman fitted by her accomplishments to fill any chair in Harvard College, and every one who knew her knew that she was equally competent to every duty in her household. Now this lady, so far as the Easy Chair knows, never asked nor wished to vote for school trustees or for any other office.

Such women are known to every body—not, indeed, of the accomplishments of the lady to whom Mr. Hoar referred, because her attainments were unusual, whether among men or women. But there are plenty of women every where who in general judgment are superior to men. All that is or can be asked is that they enjoy the same opportunities as men, without any theory of their competence or incompetency. Possibly the worthy but uncomfortable listener who was waiting to hear whether certain men supposed that women can be learned and skillful doctors will, upon further reflection, perceive that he was waiting for a very ridiculous thing. Suppose that Dr. Parker had said, "I don't believe that woman ought to study medicine, or will ever attain any skill in the practice," would the worthy listener have retired from the pretty little theatre with the conviction that Dr. Parker's opinion settled the matter? Would he not, being a just and reasonable person, have instantly answered, "I don't want Dr. Parker's theory upon the subject. I want the women themselves to prove it."

The very point upon which the most intelligent women insist is that men shall not interpose their opinions and prejudices as the laws of nature. They insist that the form of the vine shall not be considered the type of the pear-tree merely because men think it pretty and convenient to train it upon an espalier. The worthy listener complains that somebody did not say whether he

thought the tree naturally grew in that form. No, he did not. Somebody said that if you wish to know the natural form of a pear-tree you must leave it to show for itself.

THE Easy Chair has the pleasure of commending to the attention of its friends a remarkably sensible letter which it has received upon a subject which is very interesting to all writers and readers. The Easy Chair omits the first part of the letter because it is, if not flattering, certainly complimentary. And the writer evidently thinks so also, for he says: "The man who is at once hunter, trapper, gardener, and mechanic, and who can support a family of five on less than \$300 per annum, need not flatter any Chair, even in the White House."

"I like your patience," says the friendly correspondent, "with the formidable army of literary aspirants. Can any body but a publisher realize what a clamorous host of them is arrayed against their natural enemies, the editors? Just as the March Number of *Harper* came to hand, and I had indulged a quiet laugh over 'Imperator' and 'Artaxerxes,' there came to hand also a little poem which the Messrs. Putnam 'declined to use.' The only point worthy of notice in this was a mark in pencil on the margin, signifying the number of my manuscript, 16161."

"I rolled on my bear-skin and laughed for fifteen minutes by the clock at the rich and subtle humor of the thing. Then I got out the pipe, and had a reflective smoke while making a little calculation.

"Sixteen hundred and sixteen—probably more—articles submitted in one month! Now the leading monthlies publish about, say a score of articles each month. Of these about twelve will be furnished by the editorial corps and the trained, scholarly men of letters, whose services are bespoken. Of the remaining eight four at least will be written by authors of name and ability, leaving four to be chosen from—let us be reasonable—four hundred *well-written* manuscripts, with at least an equal number that are most undeniable Balaam. It is clear that the editor ~~must~~ hurt the feelings of seven hundred and ninety odd literary unfortunates by returned manuscript!

"If the Drawer ever got up a richer thing than that I want to give a prime otter-skin for the Number in which it is printed. I never sent an article to *Harper*; if I ever do, and it be returned, I give you my word I shall feel no rabid desire to shoot the editor or break the legs of an unoffending Easy Chair.

"There is a cogent reason for this senseless flooding of editorial tables with undesirable literature. Young America won't work at any species of honest, productive handicraft, or on a farm—not if he can help it.

"Do something, be Somebody," yells a chorus of writers, backed by all the male and female relatives of that modest young man. And it is distinctly to be understood, that to work at any sort of productive labor is to be nothing and nobody.

"In view of the fact that every dollar of national wealth must come directly from productive industry, this state of things is very encouraging. I have a goodly number of neighbors who have among them a large number of boys; and not

one of these is learning, or has any notion of learning, a trade, or engaging in farm labor. They are to be lawyers, doctors, etc., and it really puzzles one to tell who is to raise the bread and do the needful work of the next generation. One in ten of these lads may succeed in living respectably without labor. Some of the others will try literature, and have their feelings hurt by rejected manuscript. It seems as though the real work of the nation were to be shirked to the shoulders of the hewers and drawers who flock to our shores from across the Atlantic. They, with the passive stolidity engendered by generations of oppression and suppression, accept almost any thing that will give bread, and they are also the only class who dare, or at least who do, raise large families. If they make the population and do the nation's work for the next fifty years, who will have the power and the pay? And about how large a percentage of vice, ignorance, and stupidity can we afford to absorb yearly for the sake of getting ready-made laborers to enrich corporations and capitalists?

"And if ten millions of the worst of our population were at once eliminated, how much worse off should we be as a nation—would we not have more real strength in the twenty millions left? And would it be loss or gain in the end?

"Respectfully yours."

Nothing could be truer than these words from the frontier, and yet to how few persons does the truth occur? The gentle reader sees at once what Bearskin might have done when his verses were returned. He could have lain quietly in ambush until the next Number of the Magazine appeared, and then, eagerly surveying the poetry which it contained, could have asked, with a scornful laugh, whether the Editor called *that* poetry? Or, more calmly, he might have asked the public its opinion of a person who preferred the published "Ode to a Creaking Dog-cart" compared with the rejected "Lines upon a late lamented Bull-frog."

Bearskin seems at least capable of doing one thing which an impartial Easy Chair—and not an Editor, although the postman does not pay the least attention to incessant denial, and insists upon daily delivering to the Easy Chair communications intended solely for the Editor)—which an impartial Easy Chair has long wished to see done. If the frontiersman had really thought his offering what most of us suppose our performances to be, he would certainly have printed them side by side in a newspaper, even if he had to pay for their insertion, and demanded upon the two the verdict of mankind. Why has that never been done? Why do not some of the declined-with-thanks put the matter to this kind of test? They may be sure that if they would, and if their judgment were sustained by the public, it would be of very great service to the editorial body, and the public would instantly demand the prompt appearance of that long-projected monthly periodical, "*The Remainder Discuit: a Monthly Issue of Declined Literature.*"

Indeed, the project has been very seriously entertained, and one of those pleasant congresses to settle a name has been called and held hilarious session. But no name was so generally satisfactory as the *Biscuit*. "The Left," "Leavings: a Monthly Overplus," "Emptyings," "Lees: a

Last Resort," "The Strained: an Occasional Collection," "The Anti-Colander," "The Monthly Uncurrent," "The Fool's Paradise," "The Nine Days Limbo," "The D.: a Troop of Ghosts," etc., etc., were all suggested, and their pertinence, upon due explanation, allowed; but nothing was really satisfactory; and the whole subject has been referred to the Sassafras Club, with power.

Yet if the experience of authors could be known, it would probably appear that very few articles are accepted by one editor which have been declined by another of a similar publication—except for personal reasons or upon other grounds than mere difference of judgment as to the popular taste. Besides, a great deal that is returned is precisely for the reason that Bearskin suggests, namely, that there is not space. Why will not the kind friends believe it whose natural hope seems to be turned back upon itself whenever a poem or an article returns? If, indeed, your little contribution were like a sudden, important public event to an illustrated paper, like the fall of a cathedral, a shipwreck, an earthquake, a murder—if it were something that must, of necessity, be used, then indeed you need not think further of "Lees."

But the Easy Chair will not affect a want of sympathy that it does not feel. It heartily congratulates Bearskin upon his good-humor, and sincerely hopes that we may all share it.

It is certainly a sorry fact that a proper ambition can sometimes only be gratified by a little sacrifice of self-respect. The spectacle of the month or six weeks after the inauguration of a President is very sure to illustrate this truth. You, for instance, who read these lines know very well that you are the individual who ought to be sent to Crim Tartary as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. You are peculiarly fitted for it by nature and training, and your patriotic political devotion, wholly forgetful of Talleyrand's *point de zèle*, seem to signalize you as one naturally to be intrusted with that mission. Now a very grave question arises: Because you, who certainly ought to know your own aptitudes and qualifications and services and claims and desires better than any body else, happen to be yourself, is your testimony worthless? Ought you, by abstaining from alluding to your eminent fitness, to connive at depriving your country of the invaluable service of somebody who might be named? In a world where there is so determined a tendency upon the part of every body else to think that they also are the very proper persons for the place to which your eminent qualifications plainly point, how hopeless to expect them to remember yours, and to press them in the right quarter! What remains then, unless you would deliberately see your country deprived of such services as you could render—what remains but for you to go forward, and to send in your card to your Senator, and to say to him in confidence that, etc., etc., etc.?

But is that a pleasant thing to do? However profound may be your conviction upon the subject, is it a fine thing to urge yourself for a conspicuous or Incrutive public position? The Easy Chair knew Leontes—who knew him not?—and he wished to serve his country in a post fitted to his powers. "You," said considerate and per-

ceptive friends, before the early days of March—"you will, of course, be called into the public service." So thought Leontes, but held his peace. As the early days of March drew near he heard less of his inevitable fate. And when every body, penetrated with a sense of his own fitness, quite forgot that of Leontes, and hastened by night and by day to Washington, Leontes said, "If I don't look out for myself, who will look out for me?" and sped with the rest to Washington.

Have you been there at that time, and do you know the scene? Have you conceived the rancor, the jealousy, the slander, the black lies? There is one maxim every where urged and every where practiced. It is that which Leontes repeated to himself. It is substantially: "Nobody is your friend. Look out for Alpha, or he will turn into Omega under your very eyes!" What does that imply? That you must constantly present yourself to those who, as you know, are weary of seeing you. That you must virtually blow your own trumpet loudly. That you must pay a heavier price than the article is worth.

"Well," said Leontes, "what will you do? If I had not pressed my own case this agreeable office that I hold would have been given to somebody else who pressed his, and you might have had Caliban here instead of your humble servant. Must we not cut our coat according to the cloth? If we live in a time and country where this is the way in which this matter is arranged, shall we be transcendental, and tumble into the well while we stare at the stars? It will not do to be too fine and too modest in public life. Why should you and I see an unworthy man slip into a good place because we are too retiring to push for it? Doesn't the public service need the best men, I should like to know? Ought it not to have them? Have I a right to indulge my bashfulness at the expense of the state? Is it not plainly an Epicurean selfishness to prefer the gratification of my diffidence to the general welfare? Is it not a kind of moral treason, and is not treason of all kinds criminal? Suppose that I yield to this weakness which would persuade me that I ought not to use the ordinary and only method of obtaining an office for which I am conscious of my peculiar qualifications; suppose that in consequence I see it slide into less competent hands; suppose, in still farther consequence, that its less competent administration by diminishing the public revenues increases the public debt and the taxes; suppose that the consequently increased or the unrelieved taxes press heavily upon Gurth—so heavily that he succumbs, loses his wits, and, after cutting the throats of his wife and seven small children, throws himself into the river—how can I plead my wretched disinclination as an excuse for not preventing such a melancholy tragedy? And how many such tragedies might there not be if all the good men should say that they would not enter into the scramble for office? Don't you see," said Leontes, with great solemnity, "that it is a man's conscientious duty, if he wants an office, to take the usual means to obtain it? If he sits at home nourishing himself upon his private theory of his fitness and of his claims, he will not be disturbed at the banquet by any summons elsewhere. No, no; step into Cherry Street, and then say what is the use of transcendental behavior."

To this tremendous oration of Leontes the

Easy Chair could think of no better reply than the words of poor old Cardinal Wolsey, who was certainly tolerably familiar with the Cherry Street of his time, and who was in no danger of tumbling into pits from too much star-gazing. If ever there were a man who knew the usual methods, and who was sternly resolved not to yield to the weakness of non-conformity, it was the old Cardinal, and he could only say:

"Love thyself last.....
Corruption wins not more than honesty."

'Tis curiously like the transcendental Hamlet:

"This above all—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The argument of Leontes is not new, but it was not the argument of John Pym, nor of John Hampden, while it was that of Charles the Second and of Robert Walpole. There was a familiar illustration of it at Albany, and the temptation to the illustration is perennial. When a certain Legislature, renowned for its moral austerity, assembled in that city, certain gentlemen followed with bags of money. Those bags were so many eggs to a certain personage whom we will call Samuel Hen, because his shrewd mind instantly, as it were, brooded over them, and hatched them to his own purposes. Mr. Hen said that here was a large amount of money. It was intended, he was very sorry to think, to affect legislation. It was hopeless to attempt to divert it from that purpose. Now, since that money was certainly to be spent, why should it not help his side as well as the other? There was an election imminent, and there would naturally be great expenses; and as the objects which the money was intended to aid were not in themselves immoral, Mr. Hen usually agreed to be responsible for a certain number of votes if he received a certain share of the money. "This stream," he was wont to say, "is flowing down hill. I think it a great pity that it should have escaped from the reservoir; but my regrets don't stop it, and it may as well turn my mill as my neighbor's." This was a signal instance of avoiding transcendentalism in politics. This was cutting the coat according to the cloth. This was not the indulgence of an Epicurean selfishness in the gratification of diffidence.

Leontes would perhaps have satisfied the Easy Chair more readily if he had been less vehement and prolix in his own justification, and if he had seemed wholly satisfied with himself. But the more solemn he grew the less sure he seemed. It appeared to occur to him that the plea that you must take the ordinary method to obtain a result, without looking into the character of the method, was very like the argument that the end justifies the means, and painfully like the plea for conformity in every thing and every where.

THE Easy Chair has received a most energetic and piteous protest upon a subject which falls strictly within the domain of the minor morals and manners to which its reflections are theoretically limited—very minor morals and manners indeed. But what do we mean by minor morals? It is a very patronizing and condescending term. We read in the lectures and essays upon our Literature that Addison and Steele and the other essayists wrote charming little effusions

upon the minor morals, until the imagination is full of curl-papers and tea-parties and "tells," and the most hopeless zanies look down loftily upon the delightful wits as if they were mere frivolous *coiffeurs* in literature. What do we mean by the minor morals and this smile of superiority?

Is honesty, truth-telling, sincerity, one of the minor morals? Temperance, frugality, neatness, do they fall under that head? If the Easy Chair should preach a short sermon—as it is perfectly capable of doing—upon punctuality, would it be enforcing a minor moral? Is abstinence from murder and arson and forgery regard for the greater morals? Do you remember the story of the boy who was intrusted with a few shillings belonging to his father, and who, being faint with hunger, spent fourpence for some food, and was haunted and harassed by the gloomy consciousness of a great crime, until he fell upon his knees and confessed to the awful parent, who replied, tenderly, "My son, why didn't you spend a pound?" And then you have read of the enormous frauds of rich bankers in London—in London, you observe, and which it is remarkable, as Mrs. Gamp might suggest, that there are no rich in New York. Or let us reflect upon the French story of the rich man who stole the poor man's ass, which was the poor man's all, but worth only an insignificant number of francs; and upon the disappearance of the diamond necklace. Was the theft of the ass a minor immorality, and that of the necklace a major? Or a man throws his wife out of a three-story window, and no bones are broken, and she walks safe and sound into the house; while a mother tearfully punishing her child induces a fit from which the child never recovers—how do we strike the balance of minor and major?

But surely—here interposes an impatient and clear-sighted reader—surely you do not pretend that to talk about the prettiest way of flirting a fan is to do any thing but prate of the most minor manners? No, certainly not. But shall we not read all the famous sermons of the renowned divines without finding any more touching and eloquent and impressive lesson upon the transitory character of human life than the "Vision of Mirza," or the "Reflections in Westminster Abbey?" No, dear and clear-sighted reader, it is not the pulpit that makes the sermon. It is not the surplice and the bands and the mitre and the crozier—"these but the trappings and the suits" of preaching. Nor is it the subject: it is the method, that is the important point. If Addison discoursed of the hearty, homely honesty of Sir Roger de Coverley, and in an unclean age shows the beauty of a decent and honorable life, Bishop Burnet or the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's can do no more, although they may perform in ruffles and in a church.

No morals are minor. Cleanliness, says the proverb, is next to godliness. The proverb lacks something—for there can be no true godliness without cleanliness. In our better faith vermin can not consort with saints, whatever may be the case in Arabia. What was that book of Mrs. Opie's that we all used to read? Mrs. Opie was one of the most famous women in England, and she wrote "Illustrations of Lying;" in which, amidst a great deal of interesting and

exciting incident, the great truth was enforced that a white lie is as bad as a black one. Indeed, truth was represented as a very narrow but very firm highway across a quagmire, and the fatal morass was as deep and as hopeless immediately at the edge of the highway as it was a mile off. To leave the road in the least was like falling from a wharf into a river. There were no descending shallows—no minor morals deepening gradually out to the major.

And so of manners. They are determined by the spirit, not by the act. A clumsy, shy boy, who offers a girl a rose-bud, and is redder in doing it than the flower, is essentially more gentle and refined than the courtly and elegant Lovelace blowing a kiss to the same maiden. It is real respect for her which makes the boy so shy, it is the secret want of it which emboldens the man. And in Addison and his brethren it was the gay and gracious manner in which they treated their subjects that make them the minor preachers, for their subject was really the proper conduct of life, and what other text had the Bishops?

"Small service is true service while it lasts,
Of all thy friends tho' humble scorn not one,
The delay by the shadow that it casts
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun."

Now what can an Easy Chair say for such a preface to the modest little note of which it spoke, and which concerns only the cutting of leaves in a magazine? Yet if the smallest of pebbles causest thy brother to offend—? The correspondent complains that precious time is lost in cutting open the leaves in this or any magazine, and that it is quite unworthy a publisher to compute how much money he saves by not cutting. Probably he saves none, and the gentle correspondent will remark as a matter of fact that the Magazine can be bought with cut leaves—the Easy Chair intends no joke upon the excellent illustrated articles—while those with the uncut are for the many who feel that with the cutting much of the external charm is shorn away. Does the good correspondent think that the pleasure of a new book or periodical can be thoroughly tasted if the leaves are not to be cut?

Editor's Book Table.

TRAVELS.

IF the reader will open any common school Atlas and look at the Map of the Eastern Hemisphere, he will observe that between the peninsula of Southern Asia and Australia lie a group of islands—a chain, in truth, which connects Australia with the main land. These islands, the largest and the most luxuriant in the world, constitute the Malay Archipelago. Rich in productions which commerce values, rich also in peculiar life which science investigates with avidity, these islands have, nevertheless, constituted until very recently almost a *terra incognita*.

In 1854 Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace left England to explore this region. Eight years he spent among these islands, observing the manners and customs of their inhabitants, and the physical formation and characteristics of the land, but chiefly in studying their zoology and in collecting specimens. In pursuit of his favorite science he traveled in the Archipelago, in sixty or seventy separate journeys, some 14,000 miles. He returned home with over 125,000 specimens of natural history. He has since spent six years in arranging them and digesting his notes of observation taken at the time. The fruit of this labor is given to the American public through Messrs. Harper and Brothers in a volume* of over six hundred pages, profusely illustrated with more than fifty engravings, including photographic likenesses of some of the most remarkable specimens of birds and insects from his cabinet. Ten maps accompany and enrich the book. It is rarely in these days of professional book-making that a man can be found who has the leisure, the means, and the patience for fourteen years of continuous, persistent, and concentrated study. It is rarely,

therefore, that it is our privilege to welcome a book of such peculiar merit as Mr. Wallace's *Malay Archipelago*.

Mr. Wallace is not an ordinary traveler. He has not gone to catch, in a momentary glance, the salient features of the people and their life, and to describe, with a few brief touches, what any one else might have seen as well in his place; nor yet to paint with gorgeous imaginative coloring the resplendent vegetation and teeming life of these islands of the tropics, whose shores are washed by a tepid sea, and whose hill-sides are bathed with the warmth and radiance of an equatorial sun. He is a scientist. Scientific exploration is with him an enthusiasm. A new zoological specimen is his great delight. He has gone to these islands as a student. Camping among the woods; pushing his canoe through its lazy and overgrown bayous; wading in the water nearly to his arm-pits to get a shot at a monkey; skinning it on the top of a stump because his Malay companions refuse to take it into the boat; accompanied for the most part only by Malay and Papuan guides; a lad sixteen years of age his only English companion at any time; penetrating often into wilds where probably no Anglo-Saxon explorer had been before him—he has achieved his successes only by persistent painstaking and self-denying labors. The number of specimens he has gathered tells at once the story of his research and its results.

In the outset he discloses to us the fact that these seemingly contiguous islands are, if judged by zoological standards, farther apart than Africa and South America. Let the reader draw a line through the Archipelago, leaving Borneo and Java on the west, Celebes and New Guinea on the east. The difference in life between the islands on the easterly and westerly sides of this line are far greater than those between Europe and Asia, or than those between Asia and America. This line passes at one point between Isl-

* The Malay Archipelago: the Land of the Orang-Utan, and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ands only fifteen miles asunder. In the channel are intermediate islets; yet zoologically they are in opposite hemispheres. The western or Asiatic group of islands possess the animals which are found upon the main land. The eastern or Australian group possess none of them. In the one "the forests abound in monkeys of many kinds, wild-cats, deer, civets, and otters; and numerous varieties of squirrels are constantly met with. In the latter none of these occur; but the prehensile-tailed cuscus is almost the only terrestrial mammal seen, except wild pigs, which are found in all the islands, and deer. The birds which are most abundant in the western islands are woodpeckers, barbets, trogons, fruit-thrushes, and leaf-thrushes: they are seen daily, and form the great ornithological features of the country. In the eastern islands these are absolutely unknown—honey-suckers and small lorries being the most common birds; so that the naturalist feels himself in a new world, and can hardly realize that he has passed from the one region to the other in a few days without ever being out of sight of land."

On these facts the author propounds the hypothesis which further geological investigation may confirm, modify, or overthrow. This is, that Australia is the remnant of a continent which existed in past ages in the Pacific Ocean; that volcanic action has thrown up islands reaching westward from Australia, and eastward from India, until at last these two lands have met, as it were, in mid-ocean; and that the children of each continent possess still the peculiar life which characterizes the father-land. The division of races certainly lends confirmation to this theory. On the one group are the Papuans—dark-skinned, curly-haired, with the virtues and the vices of a certain rude and untamable energy of character. On the other the Malays—olive-colored, straight-haired, smooth-faced, with the virtues and the vices which belong to indolence and impassiveness.

Mr. Wallace very wisely follows a geographical rather than a chronological order in his book, which is less a volume of travels than a valuable contribution to science. He divides the Archipelago into five distinct groups of islands, and treats of them in five separate sections. In each section he gives first an account of his personal experiences, adventures, and observations in the group of which he is treating, and closes with a chapter devoted to a discussion of its natural history. His book is thus not wanting in that interest which belongs to romantic adventure in a comparatively unknown country. At the same time it possesses in addition peculiar interest to those who have felt the fascination which belongs to zoological investigations, since it treats of a land many of whose animals are to be found nowhere else. The Orang-Utan is never seen, as a native, off the islands of Sumatra and Borneo; nor the Bird of Paradise except in New Guinea and its contiguous isles; while of birds, butterflies, moths, and beetles, the pictures in this volume give us a tantalizing hint, which makes us anxious to see for ourselves the collection made at such pains and expense from which they are taken. We almost envy Mr. Wallace his eight years' wandering. We thank him cordially for his endeavor to enable others to enjoy his advantages without practicing his self-denial.

And we congratulate him heartily on his success.

SIMULTANEOUSLY in this country and in London is published Bayard Taylor's eleventh and last volume of travels.* To the many readers of his previous works the most interesting portion of the book will be the bit of autobiography which introduces it. It is interesting, too, as a curious illustration of the fact that men rarely mould themselves or choose their paths in life. To the public Bayard Taylor is a traveler who possesses the rare faculty of seeing what things are worthy of being seen, and the still rarer faculty of closing his mind, if not his eye, to things indifferent. His pen is not an eloquent one. He rarely attempts a lofty flight; when he does, you are rather painfully impressed that his wings are clipped. But he possesses what is worth more to one who travels for others' sake—the power of describing in common language the common scenes of strange lands so that his readers see them. His reputation is as a traveler. Ever since his boyhood he has been, we were going to say on the wing; we should rather say on the feet. The few years he spent at home he was almost unknown except as a lecturer, and his lectures, like his books, were simple accounts of what he had seen. The novels which he wrote formed neither a permanent nor a valuable addition to literature, and we are not aware that he has contributed anything else, except now as the correspondent, now as the assistant editor of the *Tribune*, and occasional articles for the magazines. There is no place where a man is so keenly scanned and his capabilities so severely tested as in the editorial rooms of the New York press; and the New York *Tribune*, overriding his wishes, sent him forth as a foreign correspondent, first in California, afterward in China and Japan. But Mr. Taylor, who is known chiefly and properly as a "great American traveler," declares of himself that this title "has always touched me with a sense of humiliation." He tells us that he has never loved travel for its own sake, but that it has always been subordinate in his own mind to mental culture. His ambition, he intimates, is literature. He hints at a book on man and nature—"a human cosmos which should represent the race in its grand divisions, its relation to soil and climate, its varieties of mental and moral development, and its social, political, and spiritual phenomena, with the complex causes from whence they spring." This is all very well. But a public man must be judged by his works, not his aspirations. And Mr. Taylor must be content to wear the mantle of a traveler until he has woven for himself some other garment.

It is hardly necessary for us to add that he wears that mantle gracefully. As a tourist, without claim to scientific research, with no theories to maintain or to explode, but with the simple story of his travels to be told, we know no one in American literature at all his equal. He gathers facts. It probably will remain for other men to throw into the furnace the material which he and men like him have mined, and smelting it recast it in scientific forms. The *By-Ways*

* *By-Ways of Europe*. By BAYARD TAYLOR. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son.

of *Europe* comprises a series of articles, most of which, we believe, have been published before, upon places out of the common route of common tourists. It has been composed at different times; it follows no chronological order. It consists of a series of separate and independent papers, which are, however, none the less interesting because they are not continuous. It is a refreshing relief to the books of European travel penned by men who have walked only in paths beaten into fine dust by Americans; stopped at hotels thronged wholly by Americans; seen in Europe only what every American tourist sees, but who have finally yielded to the solicitation of urgent and over-indulgent friends, and who have therefore palmed off upon an unsuspecting public a volume made up of their journal, their correspondence, and their guide-books, and which contains nothing which has not appeared in almost the same forms a hundred times before.

BIOGRAPHY.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY* was more than a great musician; he was a great man. There are sufficient indications in his life and character to justify the assertion that he probably might have excelled in literature or painting almost as much as he did in his chosen profession. His moral qualities balanced the intellectual and æsthetic. He was good as well as great. His life was stained by none of those vices which seem to belong to the migratory life he led. Full of the buoyancy of animal spirits he was never accused of being a trifler or an idle spendthrift of time. The most serious fault critics ever found with him was an occasional manifestation of impatience; but that a good musician should submit with patience to bad music would be an anomaly indeed. His domestic relations were tender and pure. His affection for his friends was earnest and enduring. His religious sentiments were throughout his life his master. The finest music he ever wrote was at their dictation. Indeed, all his music was the utterance of feelings which could express themselves in no other way so well. There is a beautiful picture in Elise Polko's *Reminiscences of Mendelssohn* describing the romantic legend of Fingal's Cave on the piano to the loved ones at home. They asked for the story. "The legend can not be described," he replied, "by commonplace words, and you know that I am no poet; so I will play it over to you, and then you can tell me afterward whether you saw and understood it all thoroughly." Therewith he sat down and played to enchanted auditors that wondrous legend since known as the "Overture to the Hebrides." He possessed that peculiar attractiveness which in men of genius sways all who come into their presence. The better he was known the more he was beloved, and his kindly reassuring words have really made more than one singer whose future was dependent on his judgment. It was this peculiar magnetic power which made him the most powerful and the most successful orchestral leader of Europe, and enabled him, while yet young and unknown, to take in hand old and experienced orchestras,

skeptical of their youthful leader, and, in a single evening, assert a mastery which thereafter none ever ventured to dispute. Though never a public speaker he had all the elements of a successful orator. The short and simple speeches which were occasionally called from him in his professional career always captivated his audiences. It is a curious fact that his first speech was on the occasion of a musical testimonial to Jenny Lind, in Leipzig. Her star was just then rising. At the torch-light serenade which was offered to her, the spacious court-yard of the mansion where she was a temporary guest was entirely filled. Perplexed by the homage paid to her, which seems to have been a perpetually recurring surprise to the sweet singer throughout her career, Jenny Lind yielded to Mendelssohn's advice to go down and express her thanks to them. "I will go to them, but you must accompany me and speak for me," said she. Nothing certainly could be better than his speech on this occasion. "Gentlemen! you must not think I am Mendelssohn, for at this moment I am Jenny Lind, and as such I thank you from my heart for your delightful surprise. Having now, however, fulfilled my honorable commission, I am again transformed into the Leipzig Music Director, and in that capacity I say, Long live Jenny Lind!"

A genius Mendelssohn certainly was, yet his life exemplifies the assertion that genius is only patient industry. He was the most assiduous of students. Whatever he entered upon he did with his whole heart. He pursued painting for a time with the same fiery zeal with which he pursued music. Though he would sit down sometimes and dash off apparently extempore what have since become some of his most celebrated sonatas, yet both his "St. Paul" and his "Elijah" were the product of several months of study; and between the "Overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream," which was written when he was yet a boy, and the completion of the music of that incomparable piece several years of maturing study intervened. His memory was almost fabulous. On more than one occasion he directed the rehearsals of the orchestra without the score. In one exigency, where several sheets were missing from the manuscripts, he supplied them by his own pen for the various instruments while previous parts of the performance were going on, and gave them out to copyists to transcribe, so that the piece was played from the manuscript, the ink of which was not yet dried. At still another time he extemporized, at the King of Saxony's request, on Gluck's "Iphigenie," not omitting one of the most important airs in the opera, although he had not heard it in seven years.

Elise Polko was one of Mendelssohn's pupils and protégés. She sang frequently at his concerts. She shared the popular enthusiasm which every where was felt for him. She knew him personally, intimately, and in his family relations. Her book is rightly designated *Reminiscences of Mendelssohn*. It is not artistic enough to be a biography. It does not state the day of his birth, nor the age at which he died. In a series of pleasant sketches it carries the reader along with Mendelssohn and his musical companions. It makes him dearer to us than a better biography might do, written by one who knew Mendelssohn less intimately, but the facts

* *Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy: A Social and Artistic Biography.* By ELISE POLKO. Translated from the German by Lady Wallace. New York: Leypoldt and Holt.

of his life more thoroughly. The style is simple; the translation appears to be good; and in external dress the book is worthy of the house which issues it.

It is now nearly half a century since the young Miss Harriet Martineau was thrown upon her own resources by an unexpected change in her father's circumstances. Deafness drove her from the profession of a music teacher, which she at first chose, into the yet more precarious paths of literature. Since that time she has been an active, laborious, and constant writer. The feebleness of her health has certainly not affected the power of her pen. She has published between 35 and 40 volumes, mostly on political subjects, besides innumerable contributions to the current magazines and journals. Her literary labors have done much to change English policy from that of protection to that of free trade. She has attested her sense of the value of independence by twice refusing a pension which Government has offered to her. Since 1852 she has written for the *London Daily News* a considerable portion of its obituary notices. Her life has brought her into personal association with most of those whose characters she describes. The value of these notices has rescued them from the oblivion in which otherwise they would have been buried, and their publication in this country in a book form, by Leyboldt and Holt,* is accompanied by the announcement that the original English edition is already nearly out of print, and that a second edition is in course of preparation. The forty-four biographies which comprise the volume include a large proportion of the leading men of England during the last half century, besides some of foreign nations. The list is classified as follows: literary, 14; scientific, 2; professional, 10; social, 4; politicians, 11; royal, 5.

Of course among these names are some unknown this side of the Atlantic. But for the most part the book will be even more valuable to the American than to the English reader. We confess that we think Miss Martineau's mind rather more keen than discriminating. She possesses a peculiarly unwomanly intellect. She is restrained by no reverence, we might almost say by no regard for the past. In all her opinions she is a pronounced and active radical, both in religion and in politics, and these opinions affect her judgments of the personages who have taken an active and often a hostile part in the battles in which she has always been a participant, never a mere spectator. She is certainly not always generous; we do not think she is always just. Certain types of character she overrates. In some others she attempts, though certainly in vain, to reverse the popular verdict.

But her portraits are all clear, distinct, and positive. Her keenly critical judgment is never deceived by the delusive glare of a transient popularity. She even takes, we fancy, a feminine pleasure in dissecting characters which have passed for great. The intelligent reader will make allowance for those views which pervade all that Miss Martineau pens. And an honest and dispassionate analysis of character, even if it is written in a spirit of criticism sometimes un-

necessarily severe, is a great improvement on the fulsome panegyrics which ordinarily serve the purpose of obituary notices, and which render them fictions not even "founded on fact."

POETRY.

THE *Blameless Prince** is the third volume of poetry published by Mr. Stedman, "who," says a literary journal, with great *naïveté*, "may therefore be considered fairly to have won a place among American poets." Mr. Stedman, we fancy, would not admire this test of his claims, and certainly there are other reasons for according him the place than the simple fact that he has published three volumes of rhymes. We do not care to recapitulate the story he has told in such charming verse. It is one of illicit love so successfully concealed that he who was guilty of indulging in it was accounted the *Blameless Prince* by all but his own conscience. Such a story, where passion and conscience contend for the mastery, requires a dramatist to tell it. Its power lies in its disclosure of secret conflicts, pent up fires, that burn and burn and make the strong man reel like mountains that carry volcanoes in their bosoms, but that never find an outlet in fire and smoke and final ruin. Mr. Stedman is a poet of genuine sentiment. Where his theme demands an *andante* movement he furnishes it with great skill. The rhythm of his numbers is peculiarly musical. But he does not impress us as a man of strong passions himself, nor as one able to comprehend or depict strong passions in others. His poetry is that of a dream, rather than that of the battle; of sentiment rather than of passion; of nature in repose rather than of nature in its fierce commotion. His picture, for example, of the scene when the *Blameless Prince* first met the woman whose beauty won his heart and later turned him traitor to himself is exquisite; but that of the ride through the woods when, stung by his sense of secret shame, he had bidden her good-by forever, while the darkening clouds obscure the evening sun, and the hurtling storm comes rushing on to avenge the wrongs of the injured Queen, beating him from his horse by an oak uptwisted and uplifted, as a giant might beat him with his mace, falls far short of the scene the hour demands. It is a mild and pleasant storm that comes and goes in a verse or two, and is as inadequate to produce the effects it causes as it is to inspire those sentiments of horror and awe which the poet probably had not experienced himself, and therefore could not awaken in others. In a word, Mr. Stedman is a thoroughly genial poet, who has chosen a theme which required a powerful one. Of the smaller poems which constitute more than half of the book none are poor, and some are exquisitely charming.

MISCELLANEOUS.

My Ten-Rod Farm; or, How I Became a Florist,† came into our hands at an auspicious moment. We had just become the temporary proprietor of a ten-acre farm on the banks of the Hudson. We were enconced one beautiful sunny afternoon in April on the deck of a Hudson River steam-

* The *Blameless Prince*, and other Poems. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston: Fields, Osgood, and Co.

† *My Ten-Rod Farm; or, How I Became a Florist*. By MRS. MARIA GHILMAN. Boston: Loring.

* Biographical Sketches. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. New York: Leyboldt and Holt.

boat on our way to take possession. We opened our traveling-bag to look at the books which we had hurriedly cast into it at the office, and our eye lighted upon this title-page with peculiar pleasure. The book is not a pretentious one. It is a little pamphlet of 119 pages. Had we first examined it amidst the smoke and din of the city we should probably have found little in it interesting or attractive. But we had a farm. We were going to become a farmer. We have a special passion for flowers. We have a very modest opinion of our ability to cultivate anything but weeds. We, therefore, opened the book with great eagerness and read it with great appetite. We found it to be the story of a widow, whose husband had left her with two children to support, and with a ten-rod farm and \$2000 life insurance to do it with. She tried sewing; one day of that was sufficient. In the midst of her despair a wealthy neighbor called and asked the privilege of purchasing some flowers for a dinner-party. This hint gave her a clew. She resolved to become a florist. She did. A few books in her husband's library and some back numbers of the *Agriculturist* afforded her some needed information. In unexpected difficulties unexpected friends suddenly started up to counsel her. Mr. M'Ternan and Mr. Felix gave her just the right advice at just the right time. As her plan grew in importance she found it necessary to have a hot-house; found just the model she needed within a comparatively few miles, and built and stocked one for less than \$1750. Her boy was careless and her plants froze. But in the morning, just as she had discovered it, Providence sent Mr. Felix to the door with instructions how to recover them. The finale of the story is this, that the widow who became a florist is now free from debt, and in receipt of an income of \$2000 a year.

The book filled us with enthusiasm. We had before entertained suspicions that gardening was a science, and required some knowledge if not experience. But here was a woman, confessedly without either, who had achieved success with less difficulties and less failures than not unfrequently attends men whose lives have been devoted to the art. We shut up the book inspired with hope, and determined to go and do likewise. Shall we confess it? A few weeks of actual experiment has somewhat dampened our ardor. All sorts of unforeseen and unexpected difficulties thwart us. Our books never contain the information we want, or if they do we never can find it. We hire a boy to help us. He inwardly chuckles at the ignorance of which we are so painfully conscious, yet does not know so much himself. He gets tired of the job when it is half done, and pleads home duties as an excuse to go off to his sports. We try to hire a man, but all about us are men as helpless as ourselves, and our gardener can never come to us when he is wanted. We have to wait till every body else is through plowing before we can hire the plow for our own ground. When at last our seed is in the ground we discover a flock of hens from our neighbor's yard industriously picking it out again. No Mr. M'Ternan nor Mr. Felix drops in on us at opportune times to counsel us. And we are gradually coming to the conclusion that the one condition necessary in order to become a florist without knowledge or experience is, that

one must be a charming young widow with a respectable estate.

Mrs. Gilman's slur upon the ministry, pages 73 to 77, is as unjust as it is unnatural. If she is what she pretends to be—a New England woman—she knows very well, or ought to know, that a large proportion of New England clergymen are practical farmers; that except the few who are "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in smoky cities, nearly all raise with their own hands the vegetables for their own table, while the parsonage is of all houses in the village most apt to nestle among flowers which the parson's wife and daughter have reared with their own hands. There is no one in all the community from whom the fictitious widow of "My Ten-Rod Farm" would have been more sure to find cordial sympathy and cordial co-operation in her floral plans than from the minister.

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY, the popular but eccentric pastor of the Park Street Church in Boston, has been accustomed to spend his summers in the Adirondacks. He is evidently fond of fishing and adventure, and still more fond of telling marvelous stories, which make his auditors' eyes open with wonder and with admiration of the narrator, who is always the central hero of them. He wrote some account of things that he saw, did, and imagined, in his fisherman's experience, for the pages of the *Meriden Literary Recorder*. His transference to a wider field of labor in Boston opened the way for their publication to a wider circle, in a book form.* They possess the merit of a certain sparkle and vivacity such as often belongs to the stories of sportsmen and tourists of the Baron Munchausen order. We are sorry to say they possess little other. One expects when a Christian minister takes up his pen that something of his Christian profession will be apparent in what he produces. If he writes of fishing—and it is a good theme—he will at least imbue his pages with something of those moral sentiments which render like Walton's pen so genial a one, if there is not also evident that high appreciation of God in nature which makes most that Mr. Beecher writes on the same subject more than a poem. These characteristics are almost wholly wanting in Mr. Murray's book. The only approach to either is a rather commonplace and conventional chapter on "A Sabbath in the Woods." For the rest the book, besides an introductory chapter which contains some useful information to fishermen and tourists, is made up of narrations so incredible that we are obliged to accept the advice of the author "to believe no more of it than you see fit," which is not a great deal. In fly-fishing he strikes three trout at once and brings them all to shore, losing but one in the landing. He catches a deer by the hind leg, is kicked off after a protracted conflict, and the guide comes to his aid just in time to catch and capture the unfortunate animal by the tail. He sees the ghost of an Indian girl, follows it, by night of course, in his canoe, is whirled over a perpendicular fall twenty-five feet high, and comes up safe, neither boat nor huntaman injured. On the whole we

* *Adventures in the Wilderness; or, Camp Life in the Adirondacks.* By WILLIAM H. H. MURRAY. Boston: Fields, Osgood, and Co.

think the book will widen the circle of Mr. Murray's reputation more than it will enhance it. We can only express the hope that he is as vigorous, as enthusiastic, and as courageous in fishing for men as he represents himself to be in fishing for trout.

Among other volumes of lesser note which we have received during the past month we group a few together here in a single paragraph. Professor Theodore S. Bell, of Louisville, Kentucky, sends us an interesting and instructive pamphlet on the *Pre-historic Ages of Scandinavia and the Lacustrine Dwellers of Switzerland*. From the implements found in the peat-bogs of Denmark, and from the remains of ancient villages found beneath the waters of lake Zurich, as well as from a brief consideration of some monumental evidences of ancient Phœnician life, he sketches very briefly these civilizations of antiquity for the purpose of pointing out the moral unity, and tracing the progress of mankind. His limits are such as necessarily render the discussion but a sketch. We miss, too, the diagrams and illustrations with which the original lecture was accompanied. But the outline he affords is sufficient to show his familiarity with the subject; and he combines a spirit of reverence for religious truth with that fearlessness of investigation which is the first condition of true science.—Felt and Dillingham send us two volumes of *Cassell's Representative Biographies*, Disraeli and Queen Victoria. They are cheap, convenient in form,

readable, and serve a very useful purpose in giving in an hour's perusal useful information concerning the subjects of the memoirs.—*Leander; or the Secrets of the Priesthood*, by Ernest Freeman, purports to be a true tale of a young American's experience among the Jesuits. In his preface he denies that it is a novel. If it is, it is rather a tame one. If it is a true experience there is nothing so remarkable in it as to justify its publication.—*The Brownville Papers*, by Professor Moses Coit Tyler, is a rather spicy but not otherwise remarkable plea for "muscular Christianity," under guise of records of an athletic club.—*Evening by Evening*, a companion volume to "Morning by Morning," is a series of devotional readings for every day in the year, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, characterized by the plainness, simplicity, pointedness, and barrenness of ornament which belongs to all he writes or says.—The readers of *Harper's Magazine*, who have already laughed over the experiences of the Senator and his companions, as narrated in the veracious and authentic records of the *Dodge Club*, do not need to be reminded how spicy and readable those records are. They are now published by Harpers in book form, and are just the volume for the cars, the steamboat, and the hotel, in summer travel, when one wearies of a long continuous novel, and flees the presence of more solid and instructive literature, but demands something which he can take up and lay down at pleasure—always sure of broad and genial humor, open where he will.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 29th of April. Congress adjourned on the 10th of April, but the Senate was, by order of the President, convened for executive business. This session of the Senate was closed on the 22d. We present a resumé of the principal doings of the different departments of Government during this month:

On the 7th of April the President sent to the Senate a message stating that it was "desirable to restore the States which were engaged in the rebellion to their proper relations to the Government and the country at as early a period as the people of those States shall be found willing to become peaceful and orderly communities, and to adopt and maintain such constitutions and laws as will effectually secure the civil and political rights of all persons within their borders." The President suggested that, in regard to Virginia, a law should be enacted authorizing an election to decide upon the acceptance of the Constitution adopted by a Convention on the 17th of April, 1868. He also suggested whether the Constitution framed in Mississippi, and rejected, might not be "again submitted to the people of that State in like manner, and with the probability of the same result."

A bill was framed, passed both Houses by large majorities, and was approved by the President on the 10th. Its provisions are in substance:

§ 1. The President may submit the Constitution framed in *Virginia* to a vote of the registered elect-

ors; and may also at his discretion submit separately any provision or provisions thereof.

§ 2. At this election, in *Virginia*, State officers and members of Congress may be voted for. Provision is also made for the registration of voters, and the manner of holding the election.

§ 3 contains essentially the same provisions for *Texas*; but with the additional proviso that "no election shall be held in that State, for any purpose, until the President so direct."

§ 4 makes for *Mississippi* the same rules as those for *Virginia*.

§ 5 provides that if in either of the above States the Constitutions be ratified, "the Legislatures shall assemble on the fourth Tuesday after the official promulgation of such ratification by the military officer commanding in said State."

§ 6. "Before the States of *Virginia*, *Mississippi*, and *Texas* shall be admitted to a representation in Congress, their several Legislatures which may be hereafter lawfully organized shall ratify the fifteenth article which has been proposed by Congress to the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States."

§ 7. "The proceedings in any of the said States shall not be deemed final, or operate as a complete restoration thereof, until their action respectively shall be approved by Congress."

A bill to amend the Judicial System of the United States was passed, and approved by the President. It provides in substance that the Supreme Court of the United States shall consist of the Chief Justice and eight Associate Justices, of whom six shall constitute a quorum; for each of the nine existing Judicial Circuits there shall be appointed a Circuit Judge, who shall reside in his Circuit, and have the same powers as the Justice named for that Circuit; these Circuit

Judges to receive a salary of \$5000. The Justices must each attend at least one term in his district during every period of two years. Any Judge of any Court of the United States, who has held his commission for ten years and has attained the age of seventy years, may resign, and shall receive during his life the same salary as was payable to him at the time of his resignation.

The Public Credit Bill, the Currency Bill, and the Tenure-of-Office Bill, as noted in our last Record, were approved by the President.

Among the most notable measures which came before the Senate in executive session was the treaty with Great Britain. The treaty relates essentially to the *Alabama* claims, negotiated by Mr. Reverdy Johnson with the British Government. On the 14th of April Mr. Sumner, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, presented a report against its confirmation. Mr. Sumner accompanied the report with an elaborate speech reviewing the whole question in controversy. The proposed treaty, he said, was "nothing but a snare;" it left "untouched the massive grievance under which our country has labored for years;" for these there was not in the treaty "one word of regret or even of recognition, nor any semblance of compensation." It could not be for the interest of either party that such a treaty should be ratified. The negotiation of the treaty was unduly hasty; it seemed as though the "negotiators were engaged in huddling something out of sight;" "the national cause was handled as though it were a bundle of individual claims;" there was no "recognition of the rule of international duty applicable in such cases;" and it seemed to provide that this vital question should never hereafter be presented.

Mr. Sumner then proceeded to set forth our "true ground of complaint" against Great Britain. The vital point as stated by him is that, setting aside the question of the recognition of the belligerent rights of the so-called Confederate States upon land, and the wholly unfriendly manner toward the United States in which this was conceded, their recognition as belligerents upon the ocean was "without any of those conditions which are the essential prerequisites to such a concession;" or, as otherwise phrased, "admitting that the Confederates were belligerents on the land, they were never belligerents upon the ocean," for belligerency is a fact to be shown, not a principle to be assumed; and "whatever power the rebels possessed upon the land they were always without power on the ocean." This recognition of belligerency was the first stage in the depredations upon our commerce; without it, as stated by Lord Brougham and Chelmsford, "If any Englishman were to fit out a privateer for the purpose of assisting the Southern States against the Northern States, he would be guilty of piracy." Mr. Sumner then proceeded to examine how far the use of the word "blockade" in the President's proclamation justified the action of the British Government; and showed that no such justification was found in the use of this word instead of the more appropriate phrase "closing of the ports." He then narrated the essential facts in the case of the *Alabama*, citing the recorded opinions of Mr. Collier, the British Solicitor-General, that it was the "plain duty" of the British Government to "stop

her" from going to sea; that of Lord Brougham, that suffering her to go to sea was an instance of "crass negligence;" and that of Lord Russell, that it was "a scandal and a reproach." He then showed that from first to last the *Alabama* was a British vessel, built in British waters, armed and supplied from British ports, and manned almost wholly by British subjects, and every where protected in British harbors. He might have added, that she sailed usually under the British flag. The conclusion of all is, that "no British cruiser could allow her to proceed, no British port could give her shelter without renewing the complicity of England."

Having thus shown that Great Britain is justly liable for all injury inflicted upon us by the *Alabama* and other such-like vessels, Mr. Sumner proceeds to hint at rather than put down the amount of these damages; the result being that "Every British pirate was a public nuisance, involving the British Government, which must respond in damages, not only to the individuals who have suffered, but also the National Government, acting for the common good of all the people;" that the "measure of damages is, by the laws of nations, whatever may have been lost or might have been gained," and that "the colossal sum total may be seen not only in the losses of individuals, but in the destruction of our commerce and the prolongation of the war—all of which may be traced directly to England." Mr. Sumner says:

Three times is this liability fixed: *First*, by the concession of ocean belligerency, opening to the rebels ship-yards, foundries, and manufactories, and giving them a flag on the ocean; *Secondly*, by the organization of hostile expeditions, which, by admissions in Parliament, were nothing less than practical war on the United States; *Thirdly*, by welcome, hospitality, and supplies extended to those pirate ships in ports of the British Empire. Show either of these, and the liability of England is complete. Show the three, and this power is bound by a triple cord.

Mr. Sumner then gave a brief resumé of previous negotiations, noting especially the official reply of Earl Russell, August 30, 1865:

Her Majesty's Government must decline either to make reparation and compensation for the captures made by the *Alabama*, or to refer the question to any foreign state.

Mr. Sumner said, in conclusion:

Had the early overtures of our Government been promptly accepted, or had there been at any time a just recognition of the wrong done, I doubt not that this great question would have been settled; but the rejection of our very moderate propositions, and the protracted delay, which afforded an opportunity to review the case in its different bearings, have awakened the people to the magnitude of the interests involved. If our demands are larger now than at our first call, it is not the only time in history when such a case has occurred.... Shall these claims be liquidated and canceled promptly, or allowed to slumber until called into activity by some future exigency?.... Down to this day there has been no acknowledgment of this wrong. Such a generous expression would be the best assurance of that harmony between two great and kindred nations which all desire.

The treaty was rejected by the Senate, by a vote of 54 to 1.

The treaties relating to naturalization were ratified with Great Britain, Belgium, and several of the minor German states. They are essentially the same as that with the North German Confederation, noted in our Record for April, 1868.—A treaty negotiated with the States of Colombia, relating mainly to the transit across

the Isthmus, was laid over until the next session of Congress.

Besides these treaties the main business of the Executive session of the Senate related to nominations for office. The most important of these were those of Ministers to foreign states. Here are many changes. Mr. Dix was recalled from France at his own request; Mr. Bancroft remains at Prussia; Mr. Sanford, now Minister to Belgium, was nominated for Spain, and Mr. Jones for Belgium; these nominations were not acted upon; so that Mr. Hale remains for the present at Madrid. At the close of April the most important foreign missions are definitely filled as follows:

Great Britain.—J. Lothrop Motley, *vice* Reverdy Johnson.

France.—E. C. Waaburne, *vice* John A. Dix.

Austria.—John Jay, to fill vacancy caused by the resignation of J. L. Motley.

Prussia.—George Bancroft.

Italy.—George P. Marsh.

Turkey.—Edward Joy Morris.

China.—William A. Howard, *vice* J. Ross Browne.

It is understood that the present occupancy of several important missions, among which are Brazil, Belgium, Spain, and Mexico, is merely temporary.

Among the nominations made and confirmed are those of Mr. Longstreet for Surveyor of New Orleans, and Mr. Crowe as Governor of New Mexico; both these men had been generals in the Confederate service, but since the close of the war they have acted in favor of the Republican party. Mr. Parker, an Indian by birth, who had acted on General Grant's staff, was appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Men of color were nominated as envoys to Hayti, Guatemala, and Liberia.—The entire number of nominations sent in by the President up to April 20 was 1080, of whom 438 were Postmasters, 236 belonging to the Internal Revenue Department, 134 to the Diplomatic service, including Ministers and Consuls; the remainder being made up of miscellaneous nominations, the majority pertaining to the Revenue Department.—During the closing days of the session many more nominations were sent in.—A very large majority of the nominations made were confirmed.—The executive session closed on the 22d of April.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From Mexico we have accounts of revolutionary movements in various quarters. The only really important fact is, that President Juarez has been authorized by Congress to recognize the belligerent rights of the insurgents in Cuba.

The war on the *Plata* seems now to have approached its close. Lopez, the President of Paraguay, had been driven from his capital, and with only a few thousand men had taken up a position in the interior. At our latest dates, which come down to the 1st of April, the allied forces were making preparations for a final attack, and expected to advance into the interior of Paraguay.

We have the usual reports of insurrections and revolutions in the various South American States. The latest relates to *Venezuela*; but authentic details are wanting.

Of far more importance is the progress of the uprising in *Cuba*. Of this, however, no accounts that can be regarded as reliable are received. Re-

ports are every day put forth of successful actions on both sides; but they are wholly unreliable. We have also reports of armed expeditions sent from the United States in aid of the insurgents; but our naval officers, who hold command in these waters, are confident that no formidable force has as yet been dispatched, and certainly has not landed in Cuba. All that is now certain is, that the island is in a perturbed state; that the question of its future will, in a great measure, depend upon the turn which affairs take in Spain; and that in the mean while every one who can possibly get away is departing either for Europe or the United States.

EUROPE.

The daily telegrams from Europe may be summed up in a few words: The great Continental Powers, France and Prussia, rather ostentatiously announce that there is no prospect of any war; but both are busily engaged in putting their forces upon the best possible war footing. Here and there some slight apparent diminution is ostentatiously paraded; but the real military force is steadily augmented.

In *Great Britain* the main subject of interest pertains to the Church question in Ireland. This has come up in several shapes; but the general result is, that the present Government has a clear majority of more than 100, out of some 600 votes.

The affairs of *Spain* are of the most immediate interest; yet here nothing can be considered fairly settled. Even the form of government is undecided. The draft of a Constitution has been presented to the Cortes, by a committee appointed for that purpose. We give an abstract of this draft, which consists of nine Chapters, subdivided into one hundred and twelve Articles:

CHAPTER I. relates to *Spaniards and their Rights*.—Every person born in the Spanish dominions, children of Spanish parents born abroad, and naturalized foreigners, are Spaniards. They possess the ordinary personal rights as to person and property recognized in the United States and Great Britain. They can, orally or in writing, express their opinions; but open-air meetings or demonstrations can only be held by day.—The Catholic religion is to be maintained by the state; but the public and private exercise of other forms of worship is permitted with no other restrictions than the universal rules of religion and morality.—Any Spaniard can leave the country, with his property, subject only to the obligations accrued of military service and taxes.

CHAPTER II. relates to the *Public Powers*.—The form of government is a monarchy. The Cortes makes the laws, the King sanctions and promulgates them; the King exercises his power through his ministers.

CHAPTER III. relates to *Legislative Powers*.—The Cortes consists of two bodies, the Senate and the Congress; the former to be renewed by fourth parts every three years; the latter wholly renewed every three years. The Cortes must meet every year, and be in session at least four months. The proceedings must be public, except in certain special cases. The Senators are elected by provinces. A Senator must be forty years of age, and must have held previously certain specified offices, except that in each province the fifty largest tax-payers and the twenty largest contributors to industrial and commercial subsidies are eligible without having gone through the previous offices.—Congress will be composed of one deputy for 40,000 of population. A member must be a Spaniard in possession of civil rights, and twenty-five years of age.

CHAPTER IV. relates to the *Executive Power*.—The person of the King is inviolable; he nominates and dismisses his ministers, who are solely responsible for all the acts of the King. The powers of the King, exercised through the ministry, are essentially the same as those possessed by the sovereign of Great Britain. The "dotation" to the crown will be fixed at the commencement of each reign.

CHAPTER V. relates to the *Succession and the Regency*.—The royal authority is hereditary; the nearest lines in order of primogeniture to be followed; in each line males to be preferred before females; and in the same sex the older to the younger. The Cortes may exclude from the succession any one who is incapable of governing, or who has done any act to merit the loss of his right. Should the dynasty become extinct the Cortes will make a new choice; and when there is no sovereign, or the existing one is incapable of exercising his powers, the Cortes will appoint a Regency consisting of several persons. The King becomes of age at eighteen; and if the sovereign is a Queen, her husband has no part in the government of the kingdom.

CHAPTER VI. relates to the *Ministère*.—Their functions are essentially the same as in the British Government. No act of the King is valid unless signed by the minister to whose department it belongs. In case of dereliction of duty the Congress accuses, and the Senate judges upon the accusation.

CHAPTER VII. relates to the *Judicial Power*.—The essential points are that to the tribunals belongs the power to apply the laws in all cases; and that all political and civil offenses are to be tried by jury.

CHAPTER VIII. relates to *Public Forces and Taxes*.—Government must, near the opening of each session of the Cortes, present to it an estimate of expenses and revenue. No payments can be made unless regulated by law. The public debt is sacred. The Cortes will every year fix the number of land and sea forces. No permanent armed force can exist unless authorized by special law.

CHAPTER IX. extends the provisions of this Constitution to the Colonies of Spain; fixes the manner of making changes in the Constitution; and provides that any law to be passed for the election of a King will be considered a part of the Constitution.

This proposed Constitution embodies the essential features of the governments of the United States and of Great Britain. The Cortes is constituted like the American Congress. The upper House, instead of being hereditary, as in Great Britain, is elective, the members being chosen for long terms, and one-third of the members go out every year. The lower House is elective, the representation being based wholly upon population, instead of the mixed system of the British House of Commons. The sovereign, as in Great Britain, reigns, but does not rule; is personally irresponsible, and exercises his powers only through ministers, who are responsible to the Cortes. The law of succession is, as in Great Britain, *semi-Salique*; that is, females inherit in preference to males of a more remote degree of consanguinity, but males in the same degree are preferred to females, irrespective of order of birth; that is, a son of the sovereign precedes all daughters, no matter of what age. There is one special provision which is worthy of note: The Cortes may set aside any heir to the crown whom it judges unfit to reign.—This proposed Constitution is now undergoing debate in the Cortes, and will probably be somewhat modified. The question of the person to whom the crown shall be tendered is wholly undecided. It was informally offered to the ex-King of Portugal, who declined absolutely. A proposition to exclude the Bourbons was voted down; but the ex-Queen and her children were excluded. The most prominent candidate is the Duke of Montpensier; yet there are not wanting many close observers who think that a Spaniard, probably General Prim, will be placed at the head of the Government, but under some other title than that of King.

THE EAST.

The civil war which has for many months been waged in Japan seems now to have come to a

close. As far as we can now judge it has been a contest between the several great feudal lords known as "Daimios." The nominal power of the empire rests with the "Mikado," or titular Emperor "by divine authority;" but for some generations this has been nominally exercised by a representative, whose title is the "Shiogoon," which has usually been written in English as the "Tycoon." This functionary was the only one with whom foreigners came into relations; and it came to be understood that the Tycoon was the "temporal Emperor," while the Mikado was the "spiritual Emperor," having only to do with religious affairs. In the course of time the Tycoonship became hereditary in one family of the Daimios. At length an effort was made to set aside the Tycoon, and to restore the Mikado to the actual as well as the nominal rule of the empire. This purpose became complicated with the question as to the opening of Japan to foreign intercourse. Each great Daimio for a while acted almost independently, and a long series of hostilities took place. Finally the Tycoon and those who sided with him were put down, and the authority of the Mikado established. Still, if we can judge, the real power rests with certain of the great nobles—the present Mikado, a lad of seventeen years old, being little more than a lay figure. The most notable thing in the present state of affairs is that representatives of foreign Powers have recently, for the first time in the history of the nation, been brought into personal contact with the Mikado.

A dispatch from Commodore S. P. Carter, dated at Yokohama, January 20, describes this interview, which took place on the 5th. The persons received were the American, Prussian, and British Ministers. All the cross streets leading to the castle were barred by ropes stretched across, and a large police force was stationed to prevent possible disorder. Entering the castle, the Ministers were shown into a waiting-room, and were told that the Mikado would soon be ready to receive them; the court band all the while playing a doleful strain, resembling a funeral dirge or a *miserere*.

The Mikado now entered the audience chamber. The visitors were introduced, bowing once at the threshold, again half-way up to the dais upon which the Mikado was seated, and again upon reaching the dais. The Mikado was seated upon a throne like an arm-chair, his guards, dressed in black and red, standing around. The room was so dark that little could be distinctly seen. As far as the strangers could remark the Mikado was a lad of seventeen, "dressed in a robe of white silk, and petticoat trousers of crimson, and had on his head a curious head-dress of fine wire." He, however, "bore himself with becoming dignity."

The formal presentation being over, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs gave a state dinner—or rather two dinners in one, the first being in Japanese style, and the second in European form. At the latter toasts were proposed and healths drank in honor of the President of the United States, the Queen of Great Britain, the King of Prussia, and the Mikado. Thus closed the first official audience which any foreign representative has ever had with the titular Emperor of Japan.

Editor's Drawer.

JUNE!

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

At the Convention of the Episcopal clergy of Pennsylvania, in 1836, for the division of the diocese, the Right Reverend Bishop McCoskry, of Michigan, was present. When the subject of a name for the new diocese came up for discussion several were proposed—as Western Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Monongahela, etc. When the last name was mentioned the Bishop rose with great gravity and seriousness, and remarked that he was entirely opposed to the last-mentioned name, Monongahela, and, if seriously urged, would enter his solemn protest; "For," said he, "I am of the opinion that whenever *that* name is spoken it will cause my brethren, as well as the laity, to make *rye* faces."

The proposal was immediately withdrawn.

A GENTLEMAN prominent in the judiciary of North Carolina mentions a little statement recently made in one of the courts of that State during the progress of a cause. In his address to the jury ex-Governor —, who is something of a wag, stated that the plaintiff was playing at a game of "bluff," and that, although he had not so much as a "pair of deuces" in his hand, he bragged as if he had an "Arkansas flush" (three jacks and a bowie-knife). The counsel opposed in replying to this technical allusion, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, it is evident that the Arkansas hand is held by the defendant. You can see that the witness N— is equal to a two-edged bowie-knife, and every one knows that Governor — is equal to more than three knives!"

THE same authority says: While writing this note an incident has occurred which is a little amusing. A man was on trial for stealing a pig. The owner testified to finding a similar pig, taking it home, and setting it loose in the presence of the bereaved porcine ancestress. "Well," said the solicitor (for the State), "how did the sow receive it?"

"With outstretched arms, Sir!" triumphantly replied the witness.

THE following, illustrative of the proverbial antipathy that exists between the Irish and Welsh, comes from a gentleman in a foundry up in the Lehigh Valley, where the incident took place: A car which had been thrown off the inclined plane contained two Welshmen and an Irishman. One of the Welshmen and the Irishman were killed. The funeral sermon of the former was preached by a Welsh minister, who was not more free than his lay brethren of this hatred of Pat. He took for his text the words from Matthew, xxiv. 40, 41: "Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left." And by way of illustration this dispenser of the Word said: "My brethren, the case before us is exactly parallel with that of the text—two men, one of whom was taken, the other left. Do you

say there were here *three* men, two of whom were taken? No, dear brethren, *no!*—the dead Irishman counts for nothing!"

A BALTIMORE correspondent thinks this appropriate for the Drawer:

The recent influx of Cubans to this city, bringing a metallic currency, gives our shop-keepers an opportunity to calculate premiums in making change. One of these new-comers stopping at the — Hotel, ordered a waiter to bring a bottle of wine and the change, giving him a doubloon. "The waiter, formerly a plantation hand, being accustomed to see nicely-engraved heads of Mr. Fessenden, or some other official, tendered for such luxuries, handling the metal suspiciously, said: "That won't buy nothin'; you can't play that here—trying to pass your baggage-check!"

AN English friend, familiar with the operations of missionary societies, furnishes the following instance of the probable effects of the hot as compared with the frigid style of preaching among the inhabitants of Labrador. It seems that an old missionary, who had been many years in that country, was at length compelled to return, his influence all gone and his mission entirely fruitless. A young man, who was just fledging into the ministerial status, was appointed in his place; and before he went to his assignment he thought he would visit his venerable predecessor and learn from him the cause of his trouble in the land of icebergs. The old man received him very cordially.

"My venerable brother," said the young man, "I wish you to tell me the cause of your difficulty, that I may avert a like failure. Must I preach to them a hell that is hot?"

"No, my young friend," said the old missionary, laying his hand on his brother's arm; "no, that was the rock I split on. I preached it very warm to them, and they rather liked the idea of going there. I think if you preach them a hell fifty degrees colder than Labrador you will drive them all to repentance."

GOOD-FRIDAY is not a day suggestive of mirth, yet it has given birth to one little witticism that lawyers sometimes refer to facetiously on Holy-Thursday. It was of the Protestant Judge who on the latter day directed the crier, in the usual way, to "adjourn court until to-morrow morning." "What!" exclaimed a holy lawyer, "adjourn until to-morrow! Why, your Honor, to-morrow will be Good-Friday, and the only judge ever known to hold court on that day was Pontius Pilate!" Of course a further adjournment was ordered. This anecdote elicited the statement from a gentleman of prominence on the bench that judicial records furnish no instance of a criminal having been either sentenced or executed on Good-Friday.

SPEAKING of Pontius Pilate recalls the expression of a gentleman, made a few evenings since, in reference to Israelites. After quoting Baron Rothschild's remark that "when a Hebrew becomes opulent people call him an Israelite; if

poor, they call him a Jew." "A more courteous way to speak of a person of Hebrew extraction," said he, "would be simply to describe him as a descendant of one of a party of gentlemen who, on a certain occasion, crossed the Red Sea at low-water-mark!"

Few of the great preachers of the country are so felicitous in illustrating their subjects with appropriate anecdotes as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. And, like all men of genuine humor, he has the knack to say very droll things with a face of the most impressive gravity. At the National Christian Convention held last year in this city he was called upon to address that body on "How to Conduct Prayer-Meetings," and for an hour held the audience with a mingling of fun and pathos and sentiment and wisdom such as one but seldom enjoys. After the adjournment of the morning session about fifty men—mostly young, and identified with the hardest of Christian work in the most unpromising fields—gathered about him, in order to wrest from him some of the secrets of his success. The results were too valuable to pass without enduring record. The questioning lasted nearly an hour and a half. During that time Mr. Beecher was in the centre of a densely packed crowd, and not given a moment's rest. The questions were sometimes rambling, but nearly all tended to uncover an inward experience that others besides those then present would be glad to see. Omitting, of course, many things, the questions and answers were very nearly as follows:

"Mr. Beecher, what do you do with bores in your prayer-meeting?"

"Well, I try to be patient with them. Christ, when He was on earth, was troubled with bores, and I say to myself, Why should I not be? I try to educate them, and make something out of them. The man who is a bore now may become an effective worker if one is only patient."

"Well, but Mr. Beecher"—it was Mr. Moody that interrupted, as one might almost know from the character of the question—"there are some that are confirmed bores, and if you let them go on they will smash a prayer-meeting all to pieces; what do you do with them?"

"I never have and never will allow any one to 'smash' a prayer-meeting. If I can not bring about a reformation by privately talking to him, if no other means will answer, I can say to such a man, *sit down*. But then, there are many ways to be tried first. If I see that a man is apt to talk in set phrase and continually repeat, I interrupt him with a question. A question is an obstruction in his track. He will have to get over it, or go around it, or come to a stand-still. I ask him about his own experience in relation to what he is talking about, and in such a conversation there is no chance to be formal."

"Do you make special preparation for a prayer-meeting?"

"Yes. That is, I always have a subject in my mind that I want to present. Sometimes it is adhered to by others, and sometimes it is not. When it is not, I never try to bring it back, but I try to develop the thought that comes out the most prominently. I try to find out as quick as possible the leadings of the Holy Spirit, and then follow them."

"Did you ever have to exercise any authority in prayer-meetings of the nature you alluded to?"

"I had one man once that used to trouble me a great deal. He used"—and here Mr. Beecher impersonated him to the life—"he used to drag his words in the most tediously slow process that you can imagine. One evening he commenced as usual: 'I—hope—that—my—young—friends—will—not—like—me—to—put—off—their—consideration—of the interests of eternity,' and just then I interrupted him by saying, 'Mr. —, if you go on that way much longer, eternity will be here and half through before you finish!'"

THE Hon. Josiah Adams, now deceased, was one of the best-known legal gentlemen of the Middlesex (Massachusetts) bar. He was more remarkable for wit than for personal beauty. A correspondent once remarked to him: "Mr. Adams, how are you?—you're looking first-rate." "Yes, yes," said the old gentleman; "just what one of my neighbors said to me a short time ago. I met," continued he, "one of my neighbors, and he said to me, 'How are you? You look very well; in fact, you grow handsomer every day.' 'Ah,' said I, 'how is that?' 'Why, to tell you the plain truth, *you can't grow any other way!*'" Mr. A. questioned not the premises, but made a profane expression about his conclusion.

JUDGE G—, who presides in one of the county courts of Connecticut, had recently before him one Felix M'Gorran, indicted for assault and battery. At the instigation of his counsel Mrs. M'Gorran appeared at the trial with her five children, all about the same size, the eldest not four years of age. Mrs. M'Gorran, with true Irish zeal, began to plead the cause of her husband, when the Judge stopped her, and, pointing to her children, inquired if they were all *witnesses* in the case. "No, yer Honor," replied Mrs. M'Gorran, "they are *mainly twins!*" Mister M'Gorran was discharged with a reprimand.

THE late elder John Smith, of Kentucky, who died recently at an advanced age, was one of the most eccentric wits south of the Ohio River, a man of learning, an eloquent preacher, and a true Christian gentleman. He was familiarly known throughout Kentucky and the West by the *sobriquet* of "Raccoon Smith." While still in the Baptist ministry, and attending one of the annual meetings of that body, a tall, lank, green specimen of humanity presented himself before the Association as a candidate for the ministry. He was not regarded as being of entirely sound mind, and labored under the hallucination that he was specially "called to preach," and kept continually importuning the Association to grant him the necessary license. In addition to his partially unbalanced mind, young Weeks was the possessor of as huge and ungainly a pair of feet as ever trod shoe-leather. Tired of his importunities, and not being disposed to grant the license, the Association handed him over to Smith, with instructions to make an end of the case; and between them took place the following conversation:

SMITH. "So, Brother Weeks, you think you have a special call to preach?"

WEEKS. "Yes. The Lord has called me to the work, but the Association refuse the license."

SMITH. "How do you *know* you are called?"

WEEKS. "*Know* it? I *feel* it in my heart of hearts. I want my license."

SMITH. "Do you believe the Bible, Brother Weeks?"

WEEKS. "Certainly I do—every word of it."

SMITH. "Well, if I can prove by the Bible that you are not called to preach, will you be satisfied to drop the matter, and not further importune the Association for a license?"

Brother Weeks assented to this, and "Racoon Smith" deliberately opened the New Testament at Romans, x. 15, and in a grave tone read: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace," etc.; then, glancing at Weeks's large feet, remarked: "You see, Brother Weeks, that the Bible declares that the *feet* of the preacher are beautiful; you, Sir, have the most monstrously ugly feet of any man in the State of Kentucky; therefore, by the Bible, it is clear you have not been specially called."

As Smith finished his remarks the entire Association went off in a paroxysm of laughter, and Weeks, really concluding that he had not been "called," bolted from the meeting-house, and never afterward annoyed the Association for a license.

JUSTICE DOWLING's greatest bother in court is with woman. Sometimes, however, he manages to get even with her. Last term one of those strongly developed females who are guilty of legal irregularities was brought before him for some ordinary offense. A decent regard for accuracy compels us to state that she was not lovely of feature.

"What are you here for?" asked the Judge.

"My beauty, I reckon."

"Your what?"

"My beauty."

"Are you certain of that?"

"Bedad there's no mistake."

"Then I discharge you; you're not guilty."

The woman from "the first gem of the say" emerged from the presence.

An officer of this Government, whose functions are exercised in Fernandina, Florida, has a little son of four years. He thinks the little son of four years smart. The mother was one morning combing the head of the little son, and said: "Fred, what under the sun makes the top of your head so dirty?" Fred having been instructed that God made him out of the dust of the earth, replied, "Don't know; 'spect it mus' be some t' was left over when I was made!"

In Miss Martineau's recently published Biographical Sketches is a little anecdote of Sydney Smith on the late Bishop Blomfield that may be new to some of our Episcopal readers. The Bishop was so thoroughly conscientious, and considered himself and the Church so completely identified, that, according to the reverend Sydney, the form of his dinner invitations was—"The Church of England and Mrs. Blomfield request the pleasure," etc., etc.

The ingenuity of the enterprising inventor and vendor of patent medicine may be seen in the

advertising columns of every newspaper in the land. Show us a newspaper without one! We confess to a laugh over the following, taken from the "special notices" of a religious contemporary:

"If you want a really pure, unsophisticated, 'family pill,' buy Dr. E.—'s liver-encouraging, kidney-persuading, silent perambulator—twenty-seven in a box. This pill is as mild as a pet lamb, and as searching as a small-tooth comb. It *don't go fooling about*, but attends strictly to its business, and is as certain as an alarm-clock."

The pill that goeth not "*fooling about*" is the true orbed cathartic.

A WESTERN correspondent contributes a little anecdote of the Hon. Henry L. Dawes, who was the prominent candidate, at one time, of the Republicans for Speaker of the House, but who gracefully withdrew in favor of Mr. Blaine. When quite a young man Mr. Dawes was noted for his diffidence. As a public speaker it was "difficult to get his mouth off." A suit was one day pending before a Justice of the Peace at North Adams, and the speech of a very eloquent lawyer attracted a crowd, which filled the office and blocked up the doors and windows. The old Justice, needing fresh air, at length stopped the orator, and quietly remarked: "I wish you would sit down and let Dawes speak a little while. *I want to thin out this crowd.*" That was some years ago. Since then Mr. Dawes has so learned to "get his mouth off" as to become one of the strongest debaters in Congress.

THAT was very neat of young Dumas, who lately received from a young and hopeful author a manuscript with this memorandum: "It is the work of *six days.*" Dumas returned it with this sentence: "You should not have rested on the *seventh.*"

Now and then one meets in the columns of the daily journals one of those delicious bits of humor, so keenly relished at the moment, but which, in the "eternal grind of business," are so quickly lost to memory. Some two years ago, in glancing at the editorials of the *Tribune* newspaper, our cachinnatory apparatus was set in play by the following little article on "Music in Politics." We clipped and put it aside for future reproduction, satisfied that the grotesqueness of its humor would be quite as highly enjoyed now as it was on the day of its issue:

"Mr. Choate's rather dubious metaphor about 'keeping step to the music of the Union' has received a concrete illustration. An American gentleman of genius—name not stated, but at present irradiating the city of Paris—has set the Constitution of the United States to music! No particulars are given, so that we do not know where the cavatinas come in, or what part of the noble old document is cut up into choruses. We suppose the moment Herr Wagner gets the news that he will try his hand on Rollin's Ancient History, or a book or two of Euclid; and, when the American gentleman is through with the Constitution, perhaps he will be good enough to set our Revised Statutes. Who knows but we may be on the eve of a total revolution in politics? Who knows but singing may take the place of speaking, or how soon honorable gentlemen will be choiring their sentiments, chanting the Yeas and Nays, calling to order in a fortissimo passage.

and moving the previous question in a cadenza? Until women are sent to Congress we think the pages might take the soprano parts; but how noble and convenient it will be to have a basso profundo for Speaker, thundering his commands above the confused roar of the House, and finally compelling it to come to harmony! Our own impression is that a man who can manage an opera—allay the storms, and pacify the squabbles of that institution, and keep the artists from pulling each other's wigs—is just the person to take the House in hand and coerce its restive spirits. New York has certainly made the nation a valuable present in the person of Mr. John Morrissey; but if the practice of sending fistic champions to Washington should become general, how nice it would be to have Mr. Maretzek or Mr. Grau to soothe the savage breasts!—*Vide Collins's 'Ode on the Passions,' passim!*

"The people are looking forward to the next meeting of Congress with the greatest anxiety. If we could only be sure of harmony—heavenly harmony! How beautiful it would be if the President would just step down to the Capitol and sing his Message! How it would soothe the agitating apprehensions of *The National Intelligencer!* Brass bands have helped to elect a great many members, and his Musical Majesty King Cole had a cabinet of fiddlers. We merely throw out the hint, and, if Honorable Members like it, let them pipe away!"

DURING the late session of the Legislature of Minnesota Judge M——, formerly of the Empire State, was in St. Paul, stopping at the Merchants' Hotel. In the evening it occurred to him that certain liquid comfort would not be out of place, and accordingly with a friend proceeded to the bar-room. A certain Federal functionary was standing at the bar, successfully transferring the contents of a black bottle into a tumbler. The Judge, a stranger to this Government official, remarked to his friend, "I'll bet that man is a Democrat"—speaking loud enough to be overheard.

The official, who has a slight impediment in his speech, replied: "You n-n-never was more m-m-mistaken in your life; I've g-g-got all the sy-sy-sym-symptoms, but n-n-none of the di-di-disease!"

THE great novelist of Scotland is still pleasantly remembered by the "representative" men of Massachusetts, if we may judge by a little thing that occurred recently in the House of Representatives of that commonwealth, when one of its members said, in making a quotation: "Now let us hear what Sir Walter Scott Bart says on this subject."

THE Drawer is non-partisan. It gives the good hits of all sides. The following, of our new Secretary of State, is not without point to those who know that gentleman and the refined hospitality that has always characterized him. It is related that some years ago he became involved in a business affair that gave him some trouble. He had many sessions with his counsel, and neither of them could see any way out of the difficulty except by a lawsuit. Finally a thought struck him, and as it did so he jumped from his chair so violently as to overturn it, struck

his heels together twice while in the air, and slapped his thigh so violently with his right hand as to raise a blister.

"Eureka!" he shouted.

"What is it?" asked the lawyer, who was surprised at this demonstration.

"I have it," replied the Knickerbocker. "I will invite them to dinner—my opponent and his lawyer. You and I will do the honors, and if we don't bring them to terms there is nothing that can."

The dinner was given, and worked to a charm. The affair was settled without recourse to the law, and Mr. Fish and the other party were ever after the best of friends.

Believing this story to be "founded," it goes upon the record.

THE March Number of the Drawer contained a stanza expressing the reluctance of the author to "dye in ortum." The idea may have been original with the gentleman who sent it, though the subject seems to have been previously treated by another child of the Muses, located in Foxborough, Massachusetts:

I wud not dye in spring-time,
And miss the turnup greens,
& the pooty song of the little fawgs,
And the skylark's early screams;
When birds begin their wooing,
& taters 'gin to sprout,
When turkeys go a gobbling—
I wud not then peg out.

I wud not dye in summer,
& leave the garden sase,
The roasted lamb and buttermilk,
The kool place in the grass;
I wud not dye in summer,
When every thing's so hot,
And leave the whiskey jewlips—
Owe know! I'd rather knot.

I wud not dye in autumna,
With peaches fit for eating,
When wavy korn is getting ripe,
& kandidates are treeting.
Phor these and other reasons
I'd not dye in the phall;
& sence I've thought it over,
I wud not dye at all.

A CORRESPONDENT furnishes the following, in the architectural way:

I was staying overnight a short time ago at a public house which was put up in a remarkably brief time; in fact, its marvelous rapidity of construction vied with Aladdin's palace or George Francis Train's hotel out West—both of which I have at times thought somewhat mythical. A little dapper man accosted me in the corridor with:

"Will you tell me, Sir, what that sign is up there? I'm a little near-sighted myself."

I explained that it was "Wash-rooms."

"Oh!" said he, "the house has grown so fast I didn't know but what they were 'mushrooms.'"

I have always thought that that man must have been joking.

In one of the villages of Kentucky recently a Baptist minister and a young Presbyterian clergyman preached in the same house "night about," both preachers being present at each meeting. One evening the Presbyterian, after a discourse on Infant Baptism, proceeded to baptize several babes. The little candidates made a great out-

cry, which, of course, was noted by the Baptist man. Next day a number of the converts of the latter were to be immersed in the river near by. At the appointed hour a large concourse gathered on the banks, the Presbyterian being of the number, and standing close by the water's edge. After the candidates had been immersed the Baptist took hold of his Presbyterian colleague, and said:

"Now, Sir, I will immerse you."

The latter, amazed, demurred.

"Come along; I'm in a hurry!" replied the damp divine, and dragged his brother into the water.

Alarmed and indignant, the young Calvinist declared at the top of his voice that he did "not believe in immersion, was opposed to it, and would not submit to it."

The audience were much excited at the scene. The Baptist released his hold, and said:

"Young man, I will not immerse you to-day; but if ever again I see you baptizing little ones against their own will, and spite of their cries and kicks, as I saw you do last night, *I will dip you into the water as sure's there's a God in Israel! You bet! LET US PRAY!*"

WE can do no better than commend to Dr. Dalton and the members of the Health Board of this city the following official report of the county physician of — County, Illinois, to the Board of Supervisors. For clearness of style and succinctness of statement it may serve as a model:

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of — County, Illinois:

I hereby respectfully submit my quarterly report of the sanitary condition of the — County Hospital for the Poor.

Remaining in hospital and upon farm at the close of last quarter	23
Received into hospital during the quarter ending March 1, 1899	10
Born in hospital	1
Discharged	10
Died	8

One of chronic diarrhoea; the other two from a supposed cause of one being eighty-two, the other one hundred and two years of age. The happy efforts of Mr. —, the Superintendent of the Poor Farm, in having all the inmates to conform to a strict sanitary and hygienic regulation procuring adolescent the spring-time of existence into longevity. Notwithstanding man's desire for life increases in exact proportion as it diminishes in value, even when all our enjoyments are at an end, we cling to the cup to the last, and drain it to its bitterest dregs, even then relinquishing it solely from inability to retain it any longer to our lips.

Still remaining in hospital and upon the farm, fifteen males and fifteen females, including children. Total, 30.

Respectfully submitted.

—, M.D., County Surgeon.

NOT bad for a little girl of ten, whose knowledge of geography is somewhat imperfect: On hearing her father speaking of going to the polls to vote, very innocently inquired if the rebels at the South voted at the equator.

ARE there not those who will sympathize with the seven-year-old "boy of the period" as to the propriety of the final disposal of the objectionable party in the summary manner he proposes?

This boy, whom they were endeavoring to enlighten in that portion of the Shorter Catechism devoted to Justification, Sanctification, and Adop-

tion, after a few moments' reflection looked up to his paternal and said: "Papa, I do wish somebody would shoot the old devil and kill him, and then we wouldn't be bothered with all the trouble of learning the Catechism!"

YOUNGSTERS seem to know what's what, especially when "pap" has been taking too much overnight. The paternal, in the instance furnished to us, had spent the evening at a convivial party, and next morning had the compensating headache. "James," said he to his little son, aged eight, "go to the drug store and get me a bottle of soda-water."

The little boy proceeded to the druggist's, and, seeming to comprehend precisely the nature of the paternal ailment, said, "Please give me a bottle of sober-water for pa."

GOOD conduct at Sunday-school seems to be differently rewarded in different localities. In a certain Episcopal church in San Francisco, for instance, each scholar that is in his place before opening school receives a ticket for Punctuality. Our correspondent having, as was his habit, come early to school one Sunday, observed a class of six or seven boys, aged from seven to twelve years, all of respectable parentage, throwing dice for who should win the whole lot of Punctuality tickets. He stood aghast at such depravity, in such a place, on such a day—especially when one urchin roared out: "Sixes! I've won; give us the pool!"

Can Chicago excel this?

A WEST-POINTER sends us this, told him by the hero himself:

Small-pox was prevalent; doctors busy and in constant demand; vaccination, its merits and effects, were the theme of village talk. Sunday morning Georgie (the hero, then a boy) washed, combed, and Sunday clothes on, after having received injunctions not to pass such and such a house, started for Sunday-school. During the exercises the teacher asked Georgie if he had ever been baptized. Small-pox and vaccination happening to be uppermost in Georgie's mind, and being rather too young to know the difference between the sound of "baptized" and "vaccinated," and being ashamed to be thought ignorant, promptly and rather pompously answered: "Yes, Sir, I have been baptized five or six times; but it never took!"

A BOSTON matron, who thought it would be quite proper during the session of the Diocesan Convention of that State to give a subdued evening entertainment to the members thereof, sent to Mr. S—, the prominent caterer of the Hub, to assist in arranging the details. He asked if she intended to give a dancing party.

"Oh no!" she replied; "the company will be largely composed of clergymen."

"In that case, Madam," said he, "I would advise you to provide bountifully; them pious eats dreadful!"

THE Mayor of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, is also one of the leading physicians of the place, and his well-known kindness of heart toward the poorer classes renders him constantly exposed to applications for succor and aid in both his pro-

essional and civil capacities. The following choice specimen of *belles-lettres* was received by him the other day (the italics are ours—and the printer's):

St Paul June 5th 1868

Dr. —, I Just make my Distresses known to your Honour as Been a Poor Distitude *unhealthy* Poor Widow those 2 years under the Mercy of the Lord of Heaven & *Doctors* & My Daughter also & your Honour knows that *your self* & my Son is of age those three years Past he is good & kind to me he helps me the Best he Can to keep a live & of Course a Boy of his age is Inclined to Do for himself my House was moved in to a wet Place By this Donovan (?) & he Charged me \$48 Dollors a year for the weth of the little House When the Health failid me I Could not Pay the Rent & he notified me to lave a gainst the 10th of June & my health is Poor if your Honour Dont Do something for me I Dont know *what a Do* if I got 6 or 6 Months to live here that is *all I want* (the Doctors tells me that I Cant live any longer)

I Remain Yours

Mrs — Widow

AFTER all, the outspoken, practical man is a necessity in those regions where it is necessary to "push things" to insure success. Example:

A young and enterprising merchant of Galesburg, Illinois, a great favorite with all classes, hands around one of the boxes in the Methodist Church. A few Sabbaths ago he came to a pew full of his wide-awake friends, who showed no signs of contributing. He then, in a whisper loud enough to be generally heard, said: "It's no use! I tell you, fellows—shell out! I know religion's free, but it *takes a heap of money to run the machine!*"

A NEW definition of the word Passover comes from Michigan, where a lady teacher in Sunday-school, not being precisely satisfied as to its meaning, requested the superintendent to enlighten her, which he did by saying that the word Passover referred to the time when the Children of Israel *passed over* the Red Sea.

If the following did not come to us from a most reputable firm in Cleveland, its authenticity might be open to doubt. Its only interest lies in the two concluding lines of a very familiar stanza.

A few days since, says our correspondent, we received from Ashtabula an order for a grave-stone for an old gentleman who died at seventy-five, with directions to put upon it, under the usual personal inscription, the following:

"Hear the old man lies

No one laughs no one cries

Where he has gone or how he fares

No one knows and no one cares

But his Brother James and his wife Emeline
They was his friends all of the time."

Some consolation in that, at least.

A WASHINGTON letter-writer remarks of Mr. Greeley that "the control he has of his countenance is nearer what is related of Talleyrand than any man we wot of—it being said of the latter that if any man were to kick him behind, a man in front could not tell from the expression of his face that any thing unusual was occurring." This reminds a correspondent of an incident that occurred in Omaha: A gentleman who had received an insulting missive determined to resent it promptly. Next day, thinking he saw his man ahead, hastily overtook him, and administered several pedal salutations. The kicker re-

maining passive, the kicker went round in front to see the effect, and discovered to his regret that he had kicked the wrong man. He apologized, and was answered:

"Don't mention it. From the frequency of such little episodes in my experience I was sensible of your demonstration, but was *not* aware you had made any mistake."

At which little M—, of the Omaha Herald, admiringly remarked, "Oh, *hasn't* he got the nerve!"

You have doubtless heard, writes a Providence contributor, that Father Time has laid aside his scythe and mounted a mowing-machine, and that a railway has been thought of for the relief of pilgrims to the Great City; but I question if you have heard of the latest improvement. An aged colored auntie was doing the washing for a family occupying a part of the house with me, when as I stepped into the yard she was drawing a pail of water from the well by a wheel balanced with a large stone.

"Ugh! pooty way dese folks has for gettin' water; and dis ere horrid wheel!" and she spluttered away as she tugged at the chain.

"But it's pure when you get it," said I. "But, auntie, do you draw water from the well of Salvation?"

"No, Sah," replied she, indignantly; "no, Sah, we has pumps!"

A PENNSYLVANIA newspaper man, appreciating the moral value of the Drawer, contributes this:

Squire B. B—, of Pleasantville, was appointed an agent of the United States Government some three years ago, and ordered to South-western Minnesota, with instructions to build a saw-mill and grist-mill for Mr. Lo, the Poor Indian. (You will see the mills marked on Mitchell's New Atlas, in Redwood County, Minnesota.) After a year or so had elapsed the Department sent out another agent to look after things and report progress. The latter visited B. B—'s district, and found that the dam only had been completed. He reported that he had examined things in B. B—'s Agency, and found a dam by a mill site, but didn't see any mill by a dam site.

MANY years ago one of the Boston insurance companies had an important case coming on, involving a large sum of money, and the solicitor of the company, Mr. —, thought it advisable that Mr. Webster should be retained. The president of the company coincided, and handing him a check for one thousand dollars requested him to call upon Mr. Webster and secure his services. He did so, paying him the money; but it happened that the case was amicably settled. Some time afterward, at the suggestion of the president, Mr. — called upon Mr. Webster to inform him that the case would not come to trial, and that the retaining fee should properly be returned to the company. Mr. Webster was amazed. Turning round to Mr. —, he said: "You are a lawyer, Mr. —, and know, or certainly ought to know, the meaning of *retainer*. It comes from the Latin *retineo*—retineo, retinere, retenti, retentum; which means to retain—to retain; and I mean to retain it!"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXX.—JULY, 1869.—Vol. XXXIX.

EARLY AERONAUTICS.



FIRST ATTEMPT AT MILITARY AERONAUTICS.

THE obstacle for man in the way of his acquiring the art of flying is not the difficulty of constructing wings, but that of obtaining the necessary force to work them. Birds are provided with muscles of large size, packed in their breasts, which are capable of exerting an enormous

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BESNIER'S SYSTEM.

mous force—that is, enormous in relation to the size and weight of the body of the bird. By means of these muscles she can striko the air with her expanded wings so energetically as to lift herself from the ground by them, and then to impel herself through the air. If the arms of a man could be invested with an equal power in proportion to the weight of his body, any respectable mechanician could easily adapt an arrangement to them for expanding the surface, so that he could raise and propel himself as easily as any bird.

Thus the trouble is not, as many people have supposed, in *making wings*, but in obtaining the strength to work them.

Perhaps the most ingenious of the plans devised for furnishing man with wings was that of Besnier, a dextrous locksmith who lived in the province of Maine, in France, nearly a century ago, and who was quite distinguished in his day for his mechanical skill. His contrivance consisted of a double pair of wings, as seen in the engraving, to be worked by both hands and feet. The wings on each side were connected together by a stiff though slender bar of wood, the centre of which rested on the shoulder, as its pivot, in such a manner that the two ends, with the wings attached to them, could be brought down alternately by the action of the hands and feet. Each wing was formed of two leaves, which were hinged to the bar in such a manner as to cause them to open and present a large surface to the air in coming down, and then close again in going up.

The contrivance is ingenious enough, and might have succeeded were it not for the want of strength in the arms and legs of any man to work it with force and rapidity enough to make it effective. If we simply look at the figure, and make a mental estimate of the weight of the man, and of the prodigious power and rapidity of the impulses with which such wings

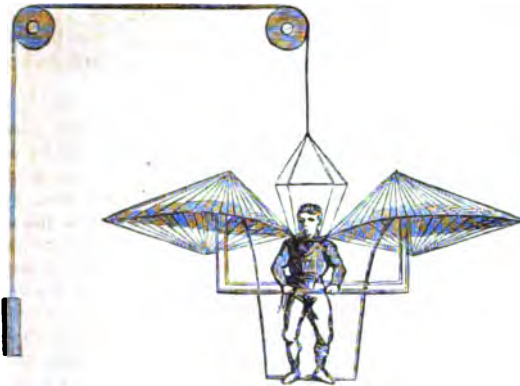
must strike the air to lift and propel him, we shall see at once how totally inadequate the human strength must be to perform such a work.

It is said that Besnier did not really expect that he could raise himself from the ground and fly at will through the air by means of this mechanism, but only that, by starting from some elevated place, he could make a kind of fluttering which would have the effect of protracting a little the time of his descent to the ground so as to amuse spectators at a fair or at other country gatherings. At any rate this was all that he accomplished by his contrivance, and it is very probable that it was all that he aimed at.

The difficulty in the way of navigating the air by means of balloons is substantially the same as in the case of wings—the want of *power* to propel the balloon. Many persons have imagined that the difficulty is in *steering* it; and a great many inventions and contrivances have been brought forward, from time to time, for overcoming this imaginary obstacle. But the difficulty is not in the want of means to direct, but of force to propel. If there were a force at our command adequate to drive such a mass as a balloon in *any manner* through the air there would be no difficulty whatever in giving its course any direction that might be desired. But if we had such a force at our command in the air the balloon would be of no use. The best thing that could be done in that case would be for the operator to cast off the immense encumbrance of the bag of gas, and force his way forward, wherever he wished to go, by means of compact and appropriate mechanism.

It is probable, however, that the schemers who have been endeavoring to discover a mode of navigating the air, when they speak of *steering* the balloon, really mean, not merely putting the head of the machine, so far as it has any head, in the right direction, but to include also the making it move on in that direction—which last is really a very different thing. A boat may be headed in any direction by means of an oar at the stern, but whether she will move forward in the line on which she is placed depends not at all upon such steering, but upon there being a *propulsive force*—whether of wind, or water, or oars, or steam—to drive her forward in the direction determined by the oar.

The attempts made to contrive some means to enable man to fly were long anterior to the invention of the balloon, and amidst innumerable failures there were some cases of what might be considered partial success. The famous Blanchard, whose name is so celebrated in the history of aeronautics, after many fruitless attempts to construct wings, by means of which he could raise himself from the ground,



BLANCHARD'S COUNTERPOISE.

determined at last to contrive the means of measuring the degree of approximation that he attained. So he constructed an apparatus for taking off a portion of the weight of his body, by means of a counterpoise, and then undertook to overcome the gravitation of the rest by the action of wings, formed like parachutes, to move vertically, and to be worked by the combined action of his legs and his arms.

The two pulleys over which the cord passes, as seen in the engraving, were supported at a great height by means of a tall mast, not shown. By means of this arrangement, and a counterpoise of *twenty pounds*, Blanchard succeeded in raising himself eighty feet from the ground. Of course, what he really lifted was the excess of the weight of his own body over that of the counterpoise.

As soon as the discovery of the balloon was made, in 1783, Blanchard at once thought that the whole question was solved. The great difficulty, as he understood it, had been the work of lifting the aeronaut from the ground—in other words, the overcoming of the force of gravitation. This work could now be readily accomplished by the balloon. The navigator being once lifted into the air by this means, he supposed that it would be very easy to produce motion in any required direction by means of wings.

He forgot, it seems, that though the balloon might lift the navigator into the air, its vast bulk would occasion an enormous resistance to his motion through it after he was lifted. In a calm the attempt of a man to draw a balloon after him through the air, with any wings which he would have the strength to manage, would be something like his undertaking to tow a ship by swimming before it,

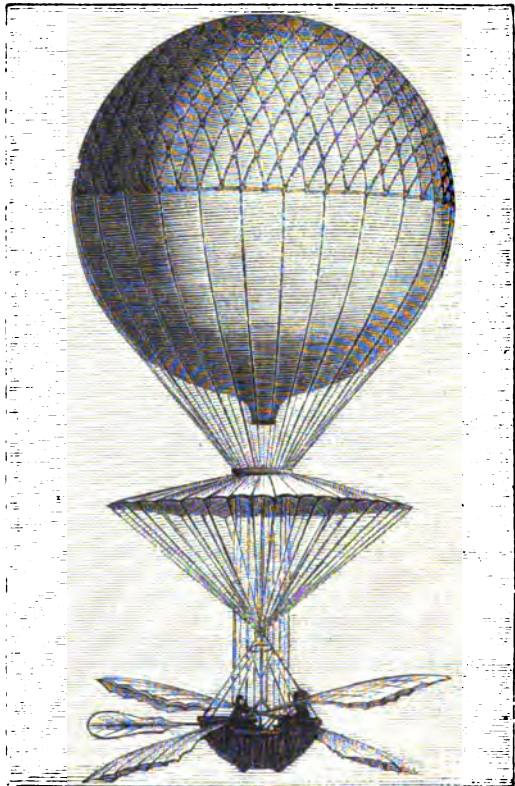
and paddling with his hands; and in a gale his power to control the force with which it would be swept along the sky, or even to retard its motion, would be about equal to his ability to stop the progress of a ship going before the wind with all sails spread, by such resistance as he could make in a small boat at the stern, by flapping an umbrella!

The cases would be very different, it is true, in relation to the *nature* of the antagonistic forces, but much the same in regard to the proportion between them.

Blanchard, however, not taking this view of the case into account, concluded that, although he had found that he could not lift himself

from the ground by means of wings, yet if he had a balloon to lift him he could make them effectual in enabling him to fly. He studied the subject carefully, and some of his drawings are still extant, though all his attempts to carry his plans into effect resulted in absolute failure.

The adjoining engraving of one of his plans illustrates his ideas. The wings by which the whole apparatus, balloon and all, was to be pro-



BLANCHARD'S FLYING BALLOON.

pelled, were to be worked from the car—or as it was then called “the boat”—which was suspended below. Between the balloon and the car was the parachute—a contrivance in the form of an umbrella, which was intended as a safeguard, to let the car down gently to the ground in case of any accident to the balloon.

The history of the origin of the parachute, and of the gradual development of the idea, is very curious. The invention was one of the results of that prodigious intellectual activity in the search for novelties of every kind, which so strongly characterized the people of France, and especially of Paris, in the years immediately succeeding the first French Revolution. The chief inventor of the parachute is generally considered to be Sebastian Lenormand, then residing in Montpellier, a city in the south of France, near the mouths of the Rhone. He had read in books of travels that in some part of the world there were performers among the people who were accustomed, for the amusement of the king, to jump from heights, with an instrument like an umbrella held over their heads to retard their fall. He determined to try the experiment. His first trial was made with two umbrellas, one held in each hand. He chose umbrellas of the largest size, and strengthened them by additional ties within, to prevent their being turned inside out by the resistance of the air. With these in his hands he leaped from the second story of a house, in Montpellier, and came to the ground in safety.

Some one who witnessed this experiment reported it to the Abbé Bertholon, who was at that time a professor of Natural Philosophy at Montpellier. He was much interested in the idea, and sent for Lenormand. Lenormand proposed to repeat the experiment in a new form. He obtained a large umbrella, one about thirty inches in diameter, and suspended a number of animals to it, one after another, and let them fall from the top of the observatory. They all came to the ground in safety.

Lenormand then made a calculation, from the weight of the heaviest animal that he let fall in safety from the tower of the observatory, compared with the size of the umbrella, to determine what must be the magnitude of an expanded surface sufficient to sustain a man. He found that an umbrella about fourteen feet in diameter would be required to retard sufficiently a weight of 200 pounds, which was his estimated weight of the man and of the apparatus, which last would of course be pretty heavy, on account of the necessity of giving great strength to all the parts. He concluded to give the name of *parachute* to his contrivance. Parachute is a word of French construction, equivalent in signification—so far as it can be expressed in an English fashion—to *counterfall*.

When his parachute was finished Lenormand, after some minor trials, leaped with it himself from the top of the tower of the observatory in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators, and came down safely to the ground.

Among the spectators who witnessed the experiment was Montgolfier, the inventor of hot-air balloons, which for a long time were greatly used, and were called by his name, though the hot air has since been almost entirely superseded by hydrogen gas. He at once perceived the importance of this invention as a means of adding interest to the aeronautic exhibitions that he was accustomed to make for the amusement of the people of Paris, and he immediately adopted it. Blanchard also, who used balloons filled with gas, exhibited the parachute in his performances, by letting small animals, such as dogs, rabbits, hens, and cats, fall from great heights in the air.

There were a great many of these public exhibitions of the balloon in its various forms in Paris in those days. The invention itself being novel, and the spectacle being very imposing, it was very natural that the attention of the people of Paris should be greatly excited by the ascensions whenever they took place. Then, besides, very great expectations were entertained in those days in respect to the benefit to be derived from the invention when it should be matured, and multitudes of schemers and projectors appeared with plans by which all difficulties could be removed, and the art of navigating the air made practically useful.

The engraving represents one of these scenes. The balloon is one of the kind called a Montgolfier, that is, one filled with rarefied air, as is evident from the large orifice below, and the smoke issuing from it. In balloons of this class the place for the persons ascending was in a little gallery formed around the orifice.

Whenever an inventor conceived a new idea his first object was to make a public exhibition of his plan, partly in order to obtain funds to aid him in perfecting it. Thus the parachute was exhibited as a new invention; at first, however, only animals were intrusted to it; but in all cases it let them down gently and in safety to the ground.

Among the spectators who witnessed these performances were two men of considerable political standing, who afterward, being sent at different times to the army of the Republic, on the northern frontier, with commissions from the Convention, were each taken prisoner by the allied armies then fighting against France, and confined in fortresses, and who conceived the idea of escaping from the walls of their prison by means of some sort of parachute similar to those which they had seen exhibited in Paris. One of these, whose name was Jacques Garnerin, and who was confined in Hungary, was betrayed by the persons whom he employed to procure the materials for his parachute, and his design was thus discovered before he was ready for his attempt. The other, whose name was Drouet, and whose prison was the castle of Spielberg, in Moravia, attempted to manufacture a parachute out of the curtains of his bed. He succeeded in finishing it, and when the time came he leaped with it from a lofty embrasure.



PUBLIC ASCENSIONS IN PARIS.

But he broke his leg in the fall, and was thus retaken and returned to his confinement. Both these prisoners were, however, exchanged before a great while; and one of them, Jacques Garnerin, afterward distinguished himself by some remarkable performances with real parachutes, as we shall presently see.

It is a curious fact that almost all great inventions are preceded by imperfect, partial, and more or less abortive attempts, involving the same principles, which seem to foreshadow the discovery, as it were, and often give rise to protracted disputes in relation to the true origin of it. This was strikingly the case in regard to the parachute; for a prisoner did actually make his escape by means of a large umbrella to lighten his fall more than twenty years before the time of Lenormand's experiments.

His name was Lavin. He was confined, however, not as a prisoner of war, but as a criminal. His crime was forgery.

He was a remarkably skillful penman, and his extreme dexterity in the use of his pen, and the facility with which he could imitate any writing or printing, tempted him, it seems, to counterfeit certain Treasury certificates—the greenbacks, in fact, of those days. He was convicted of the crime and imprisoned, and he occupied himself in his prison in executing certain specimens of penmanship so wonderful that they were afterward publicly exhibited as almost worthy of being considered works of art. They consisted of portraits of public men, and of high officers of state, whom he hoped in this way to interest in his favor, so as to procure his release and pardon. These performances were

the more remarkable from the fact that they were executed with pens which he made from stalks of the straw furnished him in his cell.

These ingenious efforts failing to procure his release, he determined to release himself. The window of his room in the tower in which he was confined overlooked a river, on the banks of which the castle was built, and he determined to make his escape by leaping from the window into the water with an umbrella in his hand. He concluded that the umbrella would materially check the rapidity of his descent, and that if he should acquire too great a velocity, the water would break the force of his fall.

The experiment succeeded. He fell to the water and sank into it without injury. As soon as he rose to the surface he swam to the shore and escaped. The poor man was, however, afterward retaken, and was kept in close confinement for the rest of his life. It is difficult not to experience a feeling of regret at his recapture. And yet the counterfeiter attacks the most vital interests of society by weakening the confidence of men in the authenticity of the written signature, and thus undermining the foundation on which all the great transactions of civilized life are based. He is, moreover, in one sense the greatest of criminals; for he has not either of the two great pleas which may be offered in mitigation of crime—urgent want or sudden passion. He must act calmly and deliberately, for his work requires it. He must have talent, and ability to earn a livelihood in an honest way. His work proves it.

Although Jacques Garnerin, the first of the two prisoners already referred to, was prevented from carrying out his design of escaping from his prison by means of a parachute, he did not dismiss the subject from his mind, but resolved that as soon as he was released he would make the experiment on a grand scale, to show what he would have done in his prison if he had not been betrayed.

He was released in 1797. In the fall of that year he carried his plan into execution. He caused a balloon to be constructed and a parachute to be attached to it. The parachute was folded, but so arranged that the resistance of the air should open it as soon as it should commence its descent.

The place chosen for the experiment was a large open piece of ground on the outskirts of Paris. A large number of spectators assembled to witness the daring feat of a man's letting himself drop from the clouds, and come down to the ground, with only a big umbrella over his head to lighten his fall.

The people gathered around the spot, and looked on in solemn silence while the preparations were made. The balloon was inflated, the parachute, folded, was attached to it. A small car was beneath. There was a cord which descended from the balloon to the car, by cutting which the aeronaut could sunder his connection with it, and let himself and the para-

chute fall. There was also an arrangement by which the gas should be liberated from the balloon at the same time, so that it might also descend to the ground and be recovered.

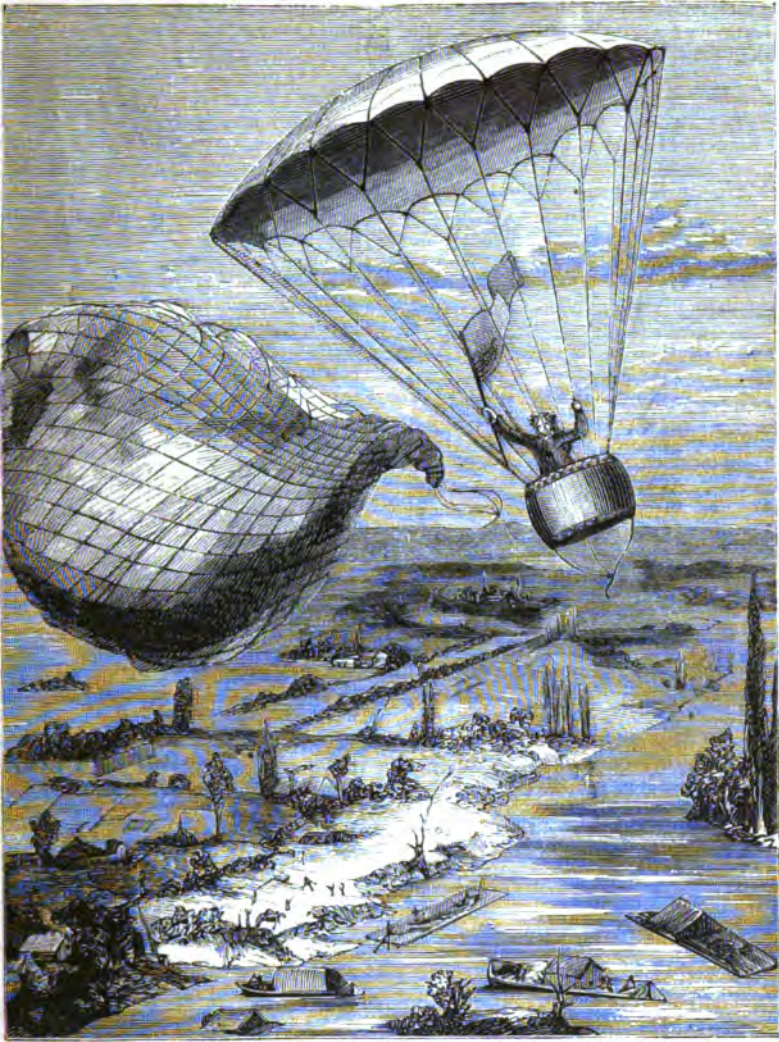
The fearless adventurer allowed the balloon to ascend until it reached a height of about 3000 feet, more than half a mile. The people below watched the progress of it with intense interest and in solemn silence. At length they saw the parachute separate itself from the balloon, and begin to fall. It soon expanded, and at once began to sway to and fro from one side to the other in frightful oscillations, which, when it had descended far enough to bring the little car in sight, were seen to jerk the car so violently from side to side as to make it very difficult for the man to retain his place. At the same time the balloon turned over on its side, began to collapse, and to follow the parachute in its fall. Both together drifted away before the wind, and so descended to the ground. The balloon reached the ground first.

The car struck the ground with some violence, but without doing Garnerin himself any injury. His balloon had, however, drifted so far by the wind that he was now at some distance from the place where he made the ascent. So he at once mounted on horseback, and rode back with all speed to carry to the crowds of spectators the intelligence of his having accomplished the descent in safety. He was very fortunate in having escaped so well; and, considering the vast height from which he fell, the absolute novelty of his situation, and the terrific surgings of the car as it swung to and fro in the air, we may perhaps consider this descent as one of the most frightful voyages ever made by any human being.

Garnerin obtained great celebrity by this and by some other aeronautical exploits, and as balloon ascensions became soon after this objects of such general interest among the people that some spectacle of the kind became almost an essential part of the celebration on all days of public rejoicing, the government created an office for the superintendence and management of these spectacles, and Garnerin was appointed to fill it. He retained the position of government aeronaut for many years.

A great number of ascensions were made by different performers during those years in safety, but in some cases they led to the most disastrous results. One of the most terrible of these accidents was that which resulted in the death of Madame Blanchard. Her husband, who has been already referred to in this article, was one of the most intrepid and most successful aeronauts of his day. Indeed, he acquired a large fortune by his public exhibitions. He made more than sixty ascensions in all, one of which took place in New York. He received large rewards from the government for certain discoveries and improvements that he made.

At last, however, he became involved in some political complications, in consequence of which he lost all his property, and was re-



GARNIERIN'S DESCENT.

duced to such a state of destitution that he told his wife on his death-bed that she could have her choice of hanging herself or drowning herself after he was gone, but that that seemed to be all the choice that would be left to her.

She, however, after his death found that she was not inclined to accept either alternative. Instead of this she resolved to adopt and carry on her husband's profession, which she did with great success. She made a great many ascensions and acquired extraordinary skill; and she became at last so intrepid that she exposed herself to the greatest dangers. This of course only increased the interest which the public felt in her ascensions and added to her profits.

She met with many extraordinary adventures, and had several hair-breadth escapes.

At one time she lost the control of her balloon and it came down with her into a bog, where it got caught among the trees and was dashed about with great violence, while there was no firm ground on which she could stand. It was thought that she must have perished if some of the country people living near had not come to her aid.

She made between fifty and sixty ascensions, varying them by a great number of different exploits which she performed in connection with them, until at length, in 1819, she conceived the idea of letting off fire-works in the skies for the amusement of the people at a fair in Paris. The fire-works were what are called Bengal lights. They were attached to the balloon in such a manner that Madame Blanchard from her car below could reach them by means



DEATH OF MADAME BLANCHARD.

of a long pole with a torch at the end of it, and then detach them so that they might fall burning through the air watched by the people below.

That any person should conceive the idea of ascending several thousand feet into the air by means of an immense volume of one of the most combustible substances known, and contained in the thinnest possible envelope formed of a substance scarcely less combustible, there to set off fire-works by means of a torch at the end of a pole, and that person a *woman*, would seem to be one of the most desperate conceptions that could possibly enter a human brain.

As might have been anticipated, by some want of steadiness in hand in holding the long pole, or by some sudden and unexpected swaying of the balloon or of the car, the fire, either from the torch or from the fire-works, reached

the hydrogen, and the lower portion of the balloon was immediately enveloped in flames.

The balloon began immediately to descend very rapidly. The cords by which the car was attached to it were burned off, and Madame Blanchard was thrown out and fell upon the roofs, and from the roofs to the ground. She was killed upon the spot.

In some respects the most remarkable ascension that ever took place was one made by an apprentice boy of twelve years old named Guerin, who was taken up by the action of the balloon itself without his consent, and without any intention that he should go up on the part of any other person. It was a rarefied air balloon. The car was in the form of a boat, and was to be suspended from the balloon by cords attached to each end of it when the balloon was

filled. There was also an anchor suspended by a cord from the bottom of the boat, which was intended to catch upon the ground and hold the balloon when it should come down.

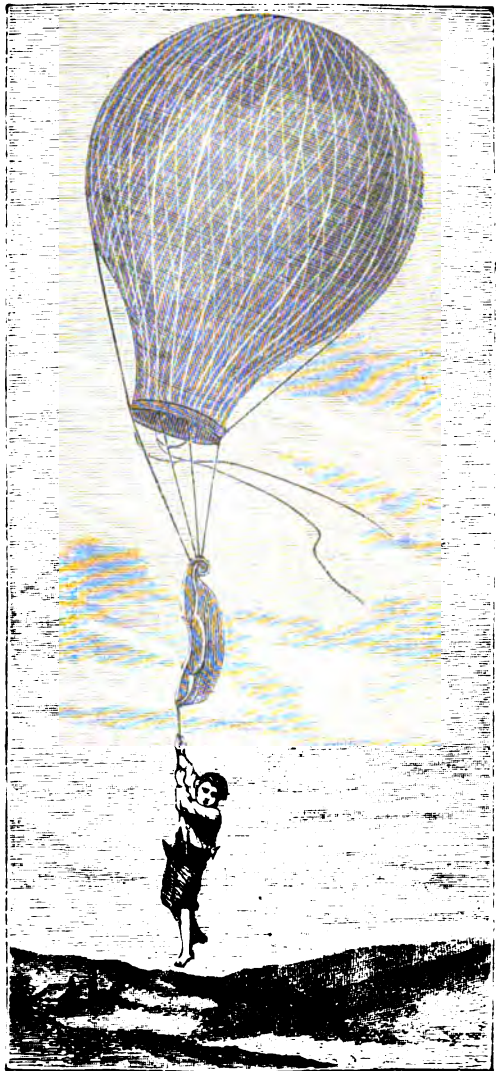
After the balloon was filled and was ready to go up some of the assistants held it by cords, while others went to work to attach the car to it. They had secured one end, and were then going to secure the other, when, by some means or other, the balloon broke away from those holding it and began slowly to rise, and at the same time to drift along with the wind, dragging the car and the anchor over the ground. It happened that, as the anchor was thus drawn along, and was beginning to rise, it passed so closely over this boy—who was sitting quietly near by with his companions, not dreaming of being any thing but a spectator of the proceedings—as to catch the fluke in the waistband of his pantaloons, and as it continued to ascend it took him up with it.

The boy uttered piercing screams and cries and calls for help; and there was, perhaps, no harm in this so long as he held on bravely. Of course no help was possible except calls to him from below to hold on. He found that the waistband began to give way, and he instinctively grasped the rope above his head with both hands, and so sustained himself. The strength of his hands, without the aid of the hook in his waistband, would not have been sufficient to sustain his weight many minutes; and the waistband was not strong enough without the hands. Both together, however, answered the purpose.

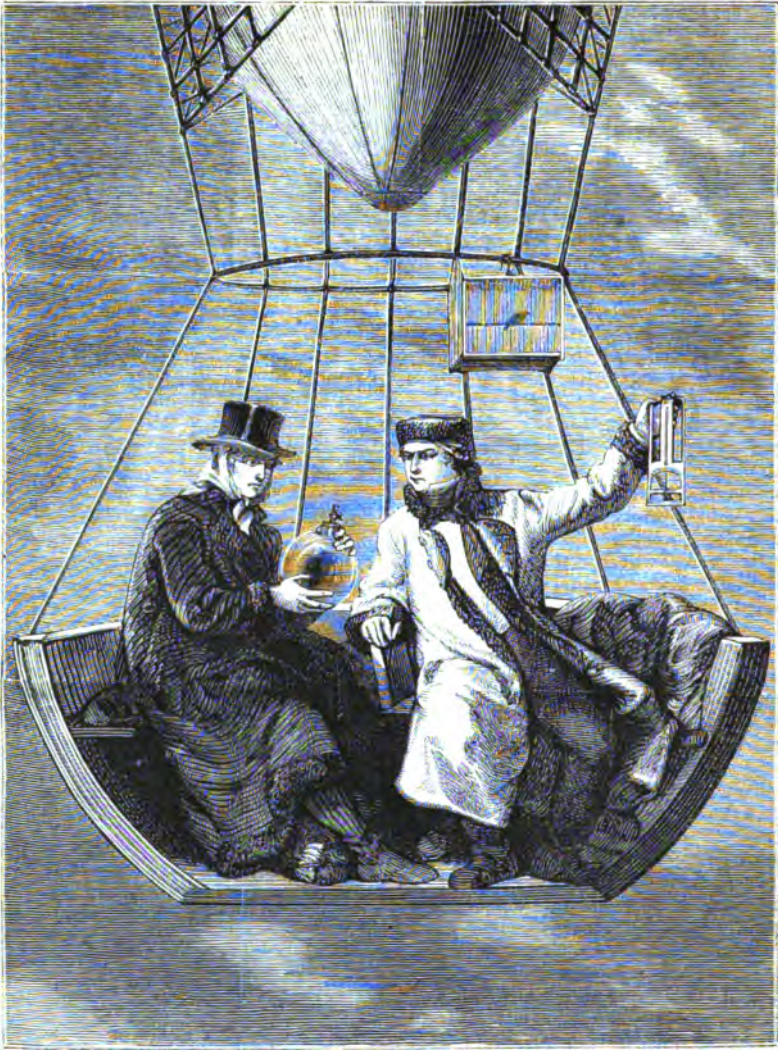
It was very fortunate for Guerin that it was a Montgolfier, that is, a rarefied air balloon and not one filled with hydrogen, that was running away with him; for in the latter case the gas within would have continued to expand as the outside pressure upon it diminished by the increasing elevation; and as there would have been no possibility of opening the valve, as is usually done, to relieve it, the balloon would have burst and collapsed, and the poor boy would have fallen a thousand feet or more to the ground with full force. But being a Montgolfier, the ascending power gradually diminished as the air grew cool, until at length, after floating a moment in equilibrium, it began slowly to descend. As the balloon descended, the rope which had begun to untwist under the influence of the boy's weight, turned more and more rapidly; and inasmuch as a person suspended from a balloon is never conscious of his own motion—the illusion which makes the motion seem to be in the earth and not in the balloon being perfect—as it is indeed on a smaller scale to a person going up in the elevator of a hotel

—it appeared to Guerin that the earth was spinning round beneath him in a vast and most frightful gyration. Guerin was more terrified than ever. As he drew near the ground, or rather, as it appeared to him, as the ground and the concourse of spectators upon it came whirling up to him, he cried out to the people to save him. They called to him in reply not to be afraid, that he was all right; and, receiving him in their arms as soon as he came within reach, they at the same moment stopped the spinning of the earth and unhooked him from the anchor.

The incident of course created a great sensation at the time; and, as the account of it became a part of the history of aerostation, the story will be repeated in all coming time. Guerin found himself very suddenly famous. As



YOUNG GUERIN TAKEN UP.



PHILOSOPHY IN THE AIR.

he was only in the air about fifteen minutes, it is very probable that this boy acquired historical immortality at an earlier age, and in a shorter time, than any other human being.

Notwithstanding the high hopes which were entertained at the first invention of the balloon, that the system, when developed, would become the means of rendering great service to mankind, and which are still entertained by many people, no results have yet been realized of any serious importance; nor is there any present prospect that any ever will be realized. The balloon has been from the beginning little more than a philosophical toy, although it must be confessed that it is a very grand and imposing one. The difficulty is simply the want of power, and the seeming hopelessness of obtain-

ing the means of procuring, in the air, any *great power with little weight in the appliances to furnish it and employ it*. Where we see that we have power, or have a source at our command from which we can procure it, there is no limit to the hopes we may entertain in respect to the objects, however complicated or difficult, which may be accomplished by it. Man can and does make *fire sew*. Fire is power, and through the intermedium of the steam-engine and the sewing-machine he can make it sew, or do any thing else, however intricate, for which he can devise the proper means of applying it. But he can not make the lightest wheel turn itself, or one force overcome another, in the smallest degree greater.

When man can contrive a way to take heat

enough into the air, in connection with mechanism so light that the power of the heat can lift and operate it, then, and not till then, so far as we can now see, will he be able to navigate the air.

Many attempts have been made to derive some practical benefit from the use of the balloon in various ways. Among these the one which has most nearly attained success is the use of it as a means of making reconnaissances in time of war. Attempts to employ the balloon in this way were first made by the French Government, in the time of the first republic. A regular aeronautic corps was organized, and a system of drill and of signals established, and other arrangements devised by means of which ascensions could be made by a reconnoitring party, information communicated to the commanders below, and the balloons, ready charged, be transported from place to place, wherever they might be required. The engraving at the head of this article represents a body of men in those days manœuvring a balloon in the field.

The operation of the system was, however, attended with so many practical difficulties, and the results were so uncertain, that it never became established as a regular element in the art of war. One of the chief sources of embarrassment was the trouble of transporting so cumbersome a mass as an inflated balloon across the country. To empty the balloon when it required to be moved, with a view of refilling it where the next ascension was to be made, would have very partially remedied the difficulty, as it would have rendered it necessary to transport the chemical apparatus and materials for producing the gas, and involved the difficulty, uncertainty, and delay of a tedious chemical process at every station from which a reconnoissance was to be made.

The use of the balloon was attempted to some extent in the late war in this country, but with no very conspicuous success.

The balloon has, however, been made practically useful in a certain sense—or, rather, it has been made practically conducive to the attainment of theoretic ends—by being employed as an instrument of scientific investigation. The engraving opposite represents an ascension made by Gay Lussac and Biot, two distinguished French philosophers. The special object of this expedition was to determine certain questions in respect to certain phenomena of electricity and magnetism, as affected by distance from the surface of the earth. The nature of these questions, and the results which the philosophers obtained, can not be here explained. The results were somewhat unexpected, and were of great importance, and the ascension formed a memorable event in the history of science. It was one of the first of its kind, though many others of a similar character have since been made.

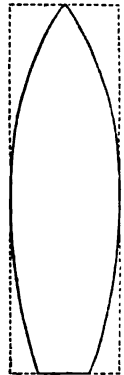
Every one is familiar with the toy hydrogen balloons, so common at the present day, formed by inclosing hydrogen in a globular bag, con-

sisting of a thin film of caoutchouc. The defect of this arrangement arises from a difficulty which greatly embarrassed the French engineers in their attempts to employ the balloon for purposes of war, and that is, the incapacity of the film of caoutchouc to prevent the transpiration of the gas through its pores. Hydrogen is of so extremely subtle and tenuous a nature that it is impossible to find any thin and flexible substance which will long contain it. The balloons of the French army were made of silk or cotton textures, and thoroughly varnished; but the gas would ooze through. It was said that they at last discovered a remedy for the difficulty, but that the remedy was afterward lost.

It is not difficult for any ingenious young persons to construct a toy Montgolfier, or hot-air balloon, to be filled by the heated air ascending from a lamp or from a gas flame, and made to ascend to the ceiling. The best material for a balloon of this size is tissue paper. It ought to be nearly or quite three feet in diameter, which would make the circumference nine feet, and the gores on each side four and a half feet. But as the gores, instead of coming to a point at the lower end, may be shortened there, and made square, to allow for the opening for the admission of the hot air, four feet will be long enough. About this length can be obtained by dividing each sheet of paper into two parts, and pasting them together, end to end.

From the long sheets thus obtained the gores can easily be cut, a pattern being first made in stiff paper. The general form of the gores is shown in the engraving. The precise form, except so far as having them all alike is concerned, is not material, unless it is desired to make the balloon perfectly spherical, or to give it some other precise determinate character.

When the gores are cut the first is to be placed upon a table, and the second laid upon it in such a manner that the edge of the lower one on one side, say upon the *right* side, may project about half an inch beyond that of the one above it. This edge is then folded over and pasted down upon the other. The third gore is then to be laid on, and placed in such a manner as to leave the *right-hand* edge of the second projecting beyond that of the third, and this edge must then be folded down and pasted. In the same manner all the gores in succession are to be laid on and pasted, alternately, on the two sides. When the last gore is reached, which must be one to be pasted on the *right* side, and must be made somewhat wider than the rest, the left-hand edge, after the right-hand edge is pasted, must be carried around



FORM OF THE
GORES.



HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

under all the other left-hand edges, and pasted to the left-hand edge of the first one.

Thus the balloon will be completed, and as thus completed it will lie folded upon the table. During the process of pasting, however, a short piece of twine, or narrow tape, should be inserted in each seam, at the top of the balloon, in such a manner that the ends may project about six inches or more above, to be afterward tied together to form a loop by which the balloon may be suspended. A continuous tape is also to be put along the lower edges of the gores, and pasted there by folding the edge over it. This tape is to strengthen the border of the orifice left at the bottom for the admission of the hot air.

The balloon, when thus complete, is to be

held suspended by means of a pole, and then opened a little by inserting the hand under it below. It is then to be cautiously held over the lamp or gas flame, or other source of heat, taking care to hold it at such a distance above as not to endanger it. As the hot air ascends into it the top, supported by the pole, must be gradually lowered, to allow of the swelling out of the sides of the balloon. When it is found to be sufficiently full to sustain itself the pole is to be withdrawn, and the balloon held by means of the tape forming the circumference of the orifice, or by cords previously attached to it for this purpose. When it is released it will mount to the ceiling, if the experiment is made in a room, and a great deal higher if it is tried, on a calm day, in the open air.

Its flight may indeed be considerably protracted by attaching to it, below the orifice, by means of wire, a sponge saturated with alcohol, and then setting the alcohol on fire just as it is about to commence its ascent.

We close this discussion by narrating an incident which occurred in London in 1824, and which belongs rather to the realm of sentiment and romance than to that of science and philosophy. There was an exhibition of a balloon ascension to be made by an English aeronaut named Harris, at Vauxhall, a celebrated public garden. Harris, to give greater *éclat* to the spectacle, invited a young woman to whom he was engaged to be married to accompany him. The departure and the ascent were accomplished without any difficulty; but when high in the air the cord communicating with the valve at the top of the balloon, used for discharging any excess of hydrogen, or the valve itself, became disarranged, so that Harris, after opening it when he had reached the proper altitude, in order to prevent any farther ascent, found, to his consternation and horror, that he

could not close it again. Of course, as the gas continued to issue from the opening, the balloon descended with greater and greater rapidity every instant. Harris threw out all his ballast, and every thing else that he could lay hand upon, to arrest the descent. He took off his own and the lady's outer clothing, and threw it over. All was in vain. He finally concluded that by throwing himself over he might save her, as the balloon might perhaps have buoyancy enough left to sustain the weight of one. He accordingly kissed her farewell, and leaped into the air. She saw him go down, and immediately fell fainting into the bottom of the car.

When she came to herself she found herself in the midst of a crowd of eager spectators, some pressing around her to see, others doing all in their power to revive and to support her. She soon recovered sufficiently to be taken home, and she sustained no permanent injury from her awful adventure.

It is needless to say what was the fate of her devoted and heroic lover.

BORDER REMINISCENCES.

By RANDOLPH B. MARCY, U.S.A.

I.—PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

IF any other argument aside from the almost universal opinion of mankind were required to prove that the reality of occasional events in life is more striking, and sometimes, indeed, more marvelous, than pictures of fiction drawn from imagination and fancy, it is believed that the sketches which the writer proposes to present to the reader under the above heading, every word of which is vouched for as literally true in every particular, will be sufficient to establish the maxim beyond cavil.

In passing from the southwestern borders of Kansas into the outer settlements of Missouri and Arkansas a sudden and complete transformation is observed, not only in the habits and customs of the people, but in the appearance of all their surroundings.

For example, in the former State churches and school-houses have kept pace with the pioneers, and are seen among the remotest hamlets. The children here go to school, newspapers are taken and read, and there is an air of thrift and comfort about the most primitive log-tenements that marks the Eastern origin of their occupants. While along the frontiers of the latter States a church or school-house is seldom met with, and it is rare to find a person here who has received the first rudiments of education. The schoolmaster and parson are strangers in those parts, and if they were to make their appearance they would be regarded as superfluous members of society.

These people are so local and circumscribed in their sphere of life, and so seldom meet with educated persons, that the English language

has suffered a very considerable metamorphosis under their vernacular manipulations—so that many of their conventional idioms have become as remote from the teachings of our standard lexicographers as the provincial patois of southern France is from the pure dialect of Paris.

Upon a hot and sultry summer's day in 1852, as I was journeying on horseback over "Boston Mountain," by the road leading from Arkansas to Missouri, I became wearied and thirsty, and riding up to the door of a wretched shanty (the intervals between the logs of which might well have entitled it to the appellation of "Oak Openings") I accosted a haggard-looking old woman who was in possession of the premises, and whose smoky, dessicated visage gave her a striking resemblance to my conception of Scott's Meg Merrilies, and I expressed the hope that she was in the enjoyment of perfect health.

At this salutation she raised her dim, glassy eyes upon me, and, in a most doleful tone of voice, replied:

"Wa'al now, *straanger*, I'll tell ye what's the matter: I war middlin' sort o' pert yesterday, but, sure's yer born'd, I'ze powerful weak to-day. Jist about sun-up this mornin', maybe a lee-tle bit afore, I war tuck with a almighty mizzery in the inards, an' I'ze been a-scurmin' an' a-kavortin' an' a-howlin' ever since" (putting special emphasis upon the italicized letter *a*, and inhaling her breath while she was giving it protracted utterance), "and I'ze swallered cords of apple-jack and tobaccor-juice; but, *straanger*, 'tain't no sort o' use, it don't begin to knock it, an' it's getten wosser an' wosser all the time." Then spasmodically clasping her long bony fin-



"LIGHT STRANGER!"

gers around the region of the stomach, and dropping her lank body upon her knees, she belched forth an unearthly screech of agony, but instantly jerked back to an upright position, and, in a sharp, authoritative tone, said: "Light, stranger, an' have a char."

I dismounted, accepted the seat, and consoled most sincerely with the poor woman, suggesting to her that possibly the tobacco and liquor might have had the effect of increasing her troubles.

She said no, that when these remedies would not "kill pain" "all the yarbs in Rackinsack (Arkansas) wo'dn't do it."

After the "mizzery" spasm had passed off I inquired where I could find a drink of water. "Thar war plenty water in the spring," she said,

but added, that "she rec'on'd she had some buttermilk in the spring-house, an' she 'low'd that buttermilk war a heap more wettiner nur water."

In accordance with the suggestion, I drank copiously of the liquid, and felt so much refreshed after it that I cheerfully indorse her opinion in regard to the relative "wettin'" qualities of the two fluids.

II.—SAM HOUSTON.

Speaking of buttermilk reminds me of an anecdote I once heard of General Sam Houston, who was a lover of this lacteal beverage, as many of the good housewives in the Southwest can vouch for.

Before the annexation of Texas to the Union,

and when it was an independent republic, with the General at its head as President, the incident I am about to relate occurred.

But in order to get a proper appreciation of my story a few observations upon the anomalous condition of society in that then remote and wild region may not be malapropos.

The inducements held out by the Mexican Government for the early colonization of Texas brought together men from every State in the Union, and indeed from almost every part of the civilized world; and it is perfectly safe to assert that probably no other locality in the universe was ever populated by a community made up of elements more heterogeneous than this. It is very true that there were some highly intelligent and respectable people among them, but the great mass of the early pioneers were of a very different stamp.

Men of desperate fortunes, who had nothing to lose and every thing to gain, went there. Ambitious adventurers, who sought excitement and preferment, here found a rich field for the indulgence of their proclivities. Besides these an army of refugees from justice, under assumed names, here found a secure retreat from the pale of the law. Such, in short, was the population that declared the independence of the republic, and placed General Houston at the helm of its government.

There never was much unanimity of sentiment among the early politicians of Texas, and even General Houston had a powerful party arrayed against him, which for the most part was made up of highly turbulent and reckless elements—men who gave expression to their opinions regardless of consequences, and frequently enforced them with their bowie-knives and revolvers in total defiance of law or order.

The non-enforcement of law rather served to encourage this disordered condition of society, and it was seldom that a jury was impaneled that dared to convict a man of murder, even when the crime had been perpetrated with the most diabolical malice prepense.

These same audacious spirits did not, however, for a moment hesitate to enforce Lynch-law upon a man for stealing a horse, or for putting his brand upon a neighbor's calf or colt.

The consequence of this was that individuals often took the law into their own hands as the only remedy for the redressment of their grievances, so that but few of the early settlers who remained in the country any great length of time escaped a duel or a street encounter, and many lives were sacrificed in this way. It is, therefore, a matter of surprise that General Houston, who continually occupied exalted political positions during a long period, should have escaped entanglement in those broils.

Whatever his enemies may have said of him, his friends regarded him as a man of most indomitable firmness of purpose, and one whose moral and physical courage were beyond question. General Jackson, who was his firm friend through life, pronounced him a brave man and

gallant soldier. Indeed he received a severe wound in the arm while fighting under General Jackson at the battle of the "Horseshoe." Nevertheless it is said that, upon several occasions, he declined meeting adversaries in duels, upon the ground that it was unbecoming in him to fight "down-hill;" in other words, that he did not choose to enter the lists with antagonists who were far beneath him in position; which reminds me of General Putnam's response to a pugnacious individual who sent him a challenge, viz., that "every body knew very well old Putt was no coward, and was not obliged to fight every d—d rascal that came along, either."

An incident in the eventful life of General Houston, which occurred in Tennessee before he went to the Cherokee country, affords a cogent argument in refutation of the charge of cowardice which some of his calumniators have brought against him.

At a large political gathering in Nashville, about the time he was running for governor, a Mr. J——g sent him a challenge through the hands of the noted John T. Smith.

Now this man Smith, of whose bloody career I shall have occasion to speak more fully at another time, was not looked upon with much favor in that community; and after the General had read the document he deliberately, and in presence of the whole assembly, while he looked Smith directly in the eyes, tore it into pieces and dashed it upon the ground, at the same time remarking that "he was not in the habit of receiving challenges through the hands of assassins."

The observation was heard by the crowd, and was taken up by General W——c, who, if not a friend of the challenger, did not entertain kindly feelings for Houston, and he said, in a loud tone of voice: "The gentleman seems to be particularly fastidious to-day. I wonder whether he would condescend to accept a meeting with any man—for instance, with myself?"

This remark, which was apparently addressed to the people, was of course intended for the ears of Houston. He heard it, and promptly replied: "You had better try me, Sir."

I shall only add that he did try him, and with his life paid the penalty of his indiscretion.

As many are not familiar with the early history of this remarkable individual, I take this occasion to observe that he was a blacksmith by trade, and received but little education during his boyhood, but his eminent natural abilities soon brought him into notice, and the happy faculty which he possessed of ingratiating himself into the favor and confidence of those with whom he came in contact soon gained him many friends, and he was at a very early age sent to Congress from his native State.

His tall, erect, and highly graceful and dignified bearing, united with great suavity of address, and agreeable social qualities, soon made him companions at Washington, and he was re-

garded as one of the most promising young politicians of that day.

It is said that certain mutual friends were very desirous about this time of bringing about a meeting with the rising young politician and a very beautiful and aristocratic belle of Baltimore, Miss R—y.

To effect this Mr. — gave an elegant banquet, to which Houston, the young lady alluded to, and many of the élite of the city were invited, and it was arranged that at an opportune moment during entertainment Houston's name should be alluded to, and that Mr. M—l, an older member of Congress from Tennessee, should take that as a text for eulogizing his young colleague in such exalted terms as to attract the attention of the ambitious female sprig of aristocracy.

Accordingly, when the proper moment arrived, his old friend, who was from the rural districts himself and had but little sympathy with aristocracy, said: "Is it Sam Houston you are speaking of? Why, I've known the young rascal ever since he came barefooted over the mountains to work at the blacksmithing business in our county; and when I first met him he had cracks in his heels as wide as your fingers. I tell you he is a self-made man, and he's bound to make his mark."

It may readily be conjectured that this encomium, instead of elevating the youthful hero in the estimation of the haughty belle, only served to render him obnoxious to her. The acquaintance proceeded no further.

After this the General was Governor of Tennessee, and subsequently he passed a year or two among the Cherokees, and from thence he went to Texas, where he founded a Republic, and there is no question in my mind about his personal bravery. Moreover, he was an excellent judge of character, and probably no man ever lived who possessed a happier faculty for extricating himself from a critical position than he.

With these somewhat discursive preliminary digressions I proceed with my narrative.

At the period alluded to the General was in the daily habit of walking out to a farm-house near Austin, where he invariably received a cordial welcome, and never failed to get his favorite buttermilk beverage.

The proprietor of the establishment, Mr. W—d, felt proud of entertaining so distinguished a guest, especially as he regarded him as one of his stanchest friends, and he took every pains to induce him to repeat his visits.

Now it so occurred upon a certain occasion, when politics ran high and factious animosities were exceedingly acrimonious, that W—d was nominated for an important office, and being very desirous to secure the election he frequently counseled with his old friend Houston in regard to the best method of conducting the canvass.

The old veteran of San Jacinto, with all apparent sincerity, entered most cordially into the

views and interests of his friend, and cheerfully gave him the benefit of his matured political experience, and thereby inspired W—d with full confidence in the ultimate success of his election, and every thing progressed satisfactorily, until one day W—d received a letter from a friend, inclosing another written by General Houston to the opposing candidate, in which he expressed the opinion that W—d was utterly unfitted to fill the position, and that every effort should be made to defeat him.

Astounded at such barefaced duplicity he put the letter into his pocket, and anxiously awaited the General's next visit, firmly resolved to call him to account for it.

He arrived as usual, and seemed in excellent spirits, accosting Mrs. W—d with, "Good-morning, lady. I hope I find you very well to-day, and pray how are the darling little ones this morning, lady?—And, my dear old friend W—d, how does it go with you to-day? It seems to me you are not looking as cheerful as usual. I trust nothing has gone amiss."

W—d responded very coldly to this hearty greeting, and after the General was seated asked him what he would think of a man who should come to his house every day, profess to be his best friend, partake of his hospitality, and receive numberless other favors, and after all this he should discover that this man was his direst enemy?

"Do you ask me, W—d, what I would think of such a heartless wretch? Why, Sir, my candid opinion is that ingratitude is a crime of the deepest turpitude, and I have no hesitation in saying that such a man should be hung. I say he should be hung, Sir. Shooting would be too light a punishment for such an infamous traitor."

W—d then produced the letter, and asked his guest if he would do him the favor to read it. After feigning to read it over very carefully, and perceiving that it would be useless to deny



HOUSTON BOTHERED.

its authenticity, he turned up his eyes with a most puzzled and bewildered expression, saying at the same time (in soliloquy), "That handwriting certainly resembles mine, but if I wrote it, how does it happen that I can not remember anything about it? That's what bothers me."

After a moment's reflection he went up to W——d, with the letter open in his left hand, placed it before his eyes, and significantly shaking the index finger of his right hand at the paper, he said:

"Who would suppose that I could ever have got so beastly drunk as to write such an absurd letter. You, my dear W——d, know me too well to believe for an instant that this letter expresses my real sentiment. On the contrary, if I was called upon publicly to declare my candid opinion in floral language regarding the relative merits of the two candidates, I should most unhesitatingly and most unqualifiedly exclaim, that you were decidedly '*poplar*,' but that your opponent was emphatically a '*lo-cuss*.'"

Almost every page in the early history of Texas is replete with thrilling narrations of Indian barbarities, of desperate personal encounters, and of heroic struggles of Anglo-Saxons to wrest from Mexicans and savages the land of their nativity and graves of their ancestors.

Even after the Spaniards were subdued or driven out of the country and their leader captured, the most populous districts were not exempt from frequent predatory incursions from the warlike and hostile Comanches.

Those ubiquitous freebooters of the Plains, mounted upon fleet and enduring ponies, would, without the slightest previous warning, swoop down upon a settlement with lightning velocity, and before the inhabitants could rally for defense they were away again, leaving fire, desolation, and death in their bloody tracks.

To guard against these sudden raids the people were forced to remain continually on the alert, with rifles and revolvers by their sides both day and night.

This condition of society brought before the public many bold spirits, who otherwise would probably have remained unknown, and who by their keen instincts in combating their wily foes, and by their intrepid deeds of personal valor, rendered their names immortal upon the catalogue of border heroes.

Such men as Jack Hays, Ben M'Culloch, Walker, Cook, etc., whose memories are held in the highest veneration by their surviving contemporaries, appeared at this eventful era; and they were intrusted with the command of parties that patrolled the outer line of settlements under the appellation of "Rangers."

In the execution of this hazardous duty they had many bloody encounters with the savages, and were often victorious, but occasionally they were overpowered by numbers, and either killed or forced to flee to the settlements for protection or reinforcements.

Upon a certain occasion one of these parties, which had been scouting upon the head-waters

of the Brazos and Trinity, was driven in by the advance of a powerful war-party of Comanches, and the direction from which they were approaching induced the belief among the knowing borderers that they designed striking Nacogdoches, on the Angelina River. To meet the emergency a large force of militia was hastily called out, with orders to assemble at Nacogdoches, under the command of General Rusk, the then Secretary of War.

They were speedily enrolled, and remained some considerable time *en bivouac* awaiting tidings of the Indians, but no enemy appeared; and at length the President went there himself, and believing the danger over, he at once ordered the disbandment of the troops.

Many of the men who had suffered from Indian depredations were exceedingly anxious for an opportunity to take revenge; and the disbandment was by no means a popular measure with them. Moreover, they did not hesitate to give free expression to their sentiments upon the subject, even to denouncing in the most unqualified terms the action of the Chief Magistrate.

On the day following the "mustering out," as Generals Houston and Rusk, accompanied by the Adjutant-General, M'Cloud, were promading arm in arm through the streets of the town, which were swarming with the disbanded volunteers, many of them collected in groups discussing the propriety of the President's order, their attention was called to a stalwart young backwoodsman, dressed from head to foot in buckskin, who had evidently taken several drinks of whisky, and was loudly and vehemently expatiating to those around him, and making frequent, and not very complimentary, use of "Sam Houston's" name.

General Houston, who could not avoid hearing some of these allusions, turned to his companions and said: "It appears to me, General Rusk, that you do not preserve very good discipline in your command."

"They have been disbanded, and I have nothing further to do with them," replied the General. "Moreover," he added, "I am of the opinion that it would not be so easy a matter to stop their talking, even if they were still in service."

"Come along with me, gentlemen, and I'll show you how to quell such disgraceful exhibitions," said Houston.

The others merely observed that "they would like to witness the performance," and followed into the packed crowd, which made way for the distinguished personages, enabling them to penetrate to the side of the noisy orator, who still continued his vociferous harangue, accompanied by the most violent gesticulations and contortions of his arms and body.

Walking deliberately up to him, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, the General, in a mild but emphatic tone, said: "Are you not aware, my young friend, that you are disturbing the peace and quiet of this respectable com-

munity, and that too, Sir, in presence of the President of the Republic?"

The fellow suddenly ceased speaking at this unexpected interruption, and turning upon the huge individual who addressed him (he did not know the General, it seemed), he, in a very low but firm tone of voice, while his eyes flashed fire, asked:

"Are you Sam Houston, the President?"

"Yes, my young friend, I have the honor to bear that distinguished cognomen."

The young giant then drew back a step or two, and, concentrating all his powerful energies into the effort, sprang like an infuriated tiger upon the astonished General, knocking him down, and at the same time exclaiming, "Well, d—n you, old Houston, you are the very man I wanted to see." He was immediately pulled off by the spectators, and proceeded with his interrupted declamation as if nothing had happened, while the General retired to his lodgings, fully convinced that his friend Rusk was no disciplinarian.

At one time, while Generals Houston and Rusk were at Austin, it is said that a friend of the latter reported to him that General H. had, upon more than one occasion, denounced him in the severest terms, and his friends were unanimous in the opinion that his reputation and honor demanded that the insult should be noticed. He did not, however, pay much attention to the matter at first; but at length it became so notorious that he called on H. and required an explanation.

As soon as the object of his visit was proclaimed General Houston burst into a violent fit of laughter, and going up to R. placed his hand upon his shoulder, saying:

"It seems to me, my dear Rusk, that you are unnecessarily exercised this morning. You must be conscious of the fact that we sometimes chastise our children; and are we not permitted upon certain occasions to inflict upon our wives an affectionate pinch? Yet this does not signify that we love them any the less. I would ask you, then, if a man can't curse his best friend without his taking offense, who in the name of common-sense can he curse, I should like to know?"

The General acceded to this paradoxical simile with a questionable grace, and suggested to his friend that in future he would thank him to dispense his anathematical tokens of affection in a little more private manner than he had been in the habit of doing.

III.—COLONEL B—.

Colonel B—, when I first met him, had nearly reached the patriarchal longevity of threescore and ten. Yet he was then one of the best preserved and most genial and convivial spirits I ever encountered.

His well-proportioned, lithe, and muscular frame had been fully developed and matured by many years' active service on the distant Indian frontier, where the healthful and in-

vigorating atmosphere of the mountains and plains served to perpetuate and augment his natural buoyancy of temperament to a degree that seemed to set at defiance the sedative and enervating influences of age.

Many and many a time, after marching all day in severe storms, had he bivouacked upon the wet ground without any shelter save his poncho and blanket; and I have upon more than one occasion known him, after riding sixty or seventy miles on horseback, to dance all night at a "fandango," and appear as fresh the next morning as if nothing unusual had occurred.

He was by no means a debauchee or tippler; but at the same time he was fond of good wine, and did not object to an occasional glass of grog; and after imbibing a moderate quantity with a good dinner, he possessed an inexhaustible fund of racy anecdotes, which he could relate with better effect than any man I ever knew.

His entire military life had been passed on the border, and only at rare intervals of time had he been able to visit the Eastern cities; so that it could not of course be expected that he should be well posted in the capricious and vacillating absurdities of fashion, or the equally changeable conventionalities of dinner-table etiquette.

He was so fortunate upon one occasion as to obtain a leave of absence, and while making a short sojourn in one of the cities of New England, where the most inflexible rules of propriety were strictly enforced in all social intercourse, and where it was looked upon as rude and unbecoming at dinner-table to laugh aloud or speak above a certain modulated tone of voice, and an unpardonable breach of decorum to perpetrate a bon-mot or take more than two or three glasses of wine—while in this somewhat puritanical city he was honored with an invitation to dine with several gentlemen at the mansion of the nabob of the place.

At the appointed hour he was ushered into the magnificent dining-room, which was brilliantly illumined with numerous jets of gas evolved from gorgeous French chandeliers; and the huge mahogany table was groaning under the weight of a costly service of Sèvres china, embellished with sparkling Bohemian cut-glasses of the most exquisite design and finish; while soup, vegetable, and sundry other dishes, of massive embossed silver and gold, showed that every thing which money could contribute to give brilliancy and effect to the banquet had been unsparingly bestowed by the liberal host.

But this munificent display of luxury and wealth did not seem to be appreciated by the borderer, or to create much more impression upon him than his pine camp-table, garnished with tin plates and cups, would have done.

When the dinner was announced the Colonel seated himself *sans ceremonie* among the other guests, as perfectly self-possessed and as much without *mauvaise honte* as a professional diner-

out would have been. It is to be remarked, however, that he would have preferred before sitting down, in accordance with his usual custom, to have taken an "appetizer" in the form of a whisky-cocktail; but as no one set him the example he reluctantly dispensed with this preliminary, and took his raw oysters on the half-shell, after which the host passed the sherry to him, and he eagerly swallowed a few drops of it from a miniature glass.

The soup and fish courses were then introduced, and disposed of with all due ceremony; but, greatly to the Colonel's disgust, the wine remained stationary, and the company, with the exception of a few subdued whispers, was as mute and grave as a Quaker meeting.

After this followed the meat course, and the most piquant *entrées*, all of which passed off strictly *en règle*; but still the bottle did not circulate.

Then came the choicest game, served in the most approved style, unaccompanied, however, with an intimation that another glass of wine would give more zest to its flavor; and the spirits of the party seemed, if possible, to wax more lugubrious and heavy than before, until at length the Colonel, having exhausted all his powers in curbing his patience, took the liberty of asking the host if he had ever heard of the ghost that once appeared to some of the army officers in New Mexico.

He replied that he had never heard of the circumstance before, and begged the Colonel to relate it. Others of the party expressed their total disbelief in such spiritual manifestations; but all united in urging the Colonel to tell the story, which he did in the following language:

"During the Mexican war, as you will doubtless remember, gentlemen, our Government sent out troops to take possession of the Territory of New Mexico. The detachment was composed of volunteers and regulars, to the latter contingent of which I had the honor to belong.

"We marched from Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri River, and our track crossed the Plains, where there was but little to interest or divert our minds from the monotonous and toil-some duties which necessarily devolved upon us.

"Nevertheless, many of the officers were jolly, convivial spirits, whose effervescent flow of good-humor could not be dampened by the most disheartening combination of adverse influences; and they resorted to various ingenious expedients to while away their few leisure hours. Some of them stalked the buffalo or antelope, and amused themselves in innocent field-sports, while others became addicted to the more demoralizing pastime of cards; and while the sutler's supply of liquor held out this customary concomitant stimulus of gaming was freely imbibed; but long before the march terminated it was seldom that an officer could get any liquor for love or money, and when he did, it came in the form of a prescription from the medical officers, the most of whom had seen

service, and were not easily humbugged by 'old soldiers.'

"In spite of this restriction, however, they kept up their spirits wonderfully, and the gaming *coterie* especially continued to hold its nightly meetings without a drop of whisky.

"They were not, it must be acknowledged, quite as merry as when the 'flowing bowl' circulated freely, as they were all good 'trenchermen;' but the stimulus of betting served to divert their minds from disagreeable duties, and they played on night after night. One dark and dismal night, when their sitting had been prolonged into the small hours of morning, a death-like silence pervaded the entire camp, and all were becoming sleepy and wearied, when suddenly they were startled by the loud explosion of a terrific clap of thunder which burst directly over their heads, and reverberated through the sky like the salvo from a huge park of heavy ordnance, and immediately great drops of rain, driven before a violent tempest, came pattering like buck-shot against the tent. The lightning flashed vividly from every point in the heavens, the rain poured down in torrents, and all the elements seemed in an angry mood to conspire in producing the greatest possible chaos.

"The cards were instantly dropped upon the table, and the astounded votaries of gaming sat gazing upon each other in consternation and terror, until, during a brief interval in the lightning flashes, the canvas door of the tent, as if by a magic hand, was slowly and noiselessly raised, and a tall, wan, and cadaverous figure, draped from head to foot in a flowing white robe, seemed to rise out of the earth and fill the opening, and slowly raising his bloodless and corpse-like arm, he deliberately pointed his long, bony forefinger at the cards upon the table, revolving his glassy eyes within their cavernous orbits, and directing them reproachfully upon each one of the trembling gamblers in succession, while the tears coursed down the deep furrows of his pale and emaciated visage, he in a most sepulchral and lugubrious intonation of voice gave utterance to speech. Yes, gentlemen, this frightful spectre spoke."

Then, appearing to be so much paralyzed by the effect of his own narration that he could proceed no further, he wiped his eyes, and was silent. After the gloom cast over his auditors had become partially dispelled one of them ventured to inquire if it was really true that the apparition spoke.

"Certainly," replied the Colonel, "his utterance was as distinct and emphatic as mine at this moment."

Another inquisitive gentleman asked if he had preserved a distinct remembrance of the purport of the language that issued from the mouth of the phantom.

"Ah yes," answered he, with a most solemn expression of countenance, "I recollect it but too well, ay, too well gentlemen, and if I were permitted to live a thousand years I should not be able to eradicate it from my memory."



A LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS.

"Pray, then," said they all (their curiosity now wrought up to the highest point), "tell us what the ghost said."

Thus importuned the Colonel with the greatest apparent reluctance replied: "Very well, gentlemen, if you will insist upon my repeating the words that were uttered upon that solemn occasion you must be responsible for the consequences."

Then with the deepest intonation of his naturally heavy bass voice, he added: "The ghost said, gentlemen, the ghost said, '*It's a monstrous long time between drinks!*'"

A simultaneous burst of uproarious laughter followed the ludicrous termination of the facetious Colonel's story, and it is needless to add that the wine circulated much more freely afterward.

On the arrival of the army of occupation in New Mexico our hero was assigned to the command of the garrison at Santa Fé, in which capacity he was required to exercise both civil and military functions. This necessarily brought him in frequent contact with the native Mexicans, whose Spanish dialect he had no more knowledge of than they had of the idiom of the

Anglo-Saxon, and all official intercourse had to be conducted through the medium of interpreters.

It so happened upon one occasion, when the interpreter was absent, that a Mexican woman called to see the "*Commandante*" on business, and on entering the office she, with a very graceful obeisance, politely accosted him with the customary salutation of "*Comment esta usted, Signor?*"—(How are you to-day, Sir?) which, as near as the Colonel could make out, signified, "I've come to stay, Sir."

He was not a little astonished at the uncere- monious manner in which the Signora declared her intentions, and was very considerably em- barrassed at first; but, after a moment's reflec- tion, he concluded to let her remain until the interpreter returned. Accordingly, putting the best face he could upon it, he said: "Come to stay, have you, old lady? Very well, then, sit down, and make yourself at home."

Then he added, soliloquizing, "Devil of a fix I'm getting into now sure enough."

The woman, not having the remotest concep- tion as to the import of what the Colonel was talking about, remarked: "*No intende, Señor*" (I don't understand you, Sir).

"Very well," replied the Colonel. "If you *no intended* to stay, what in the devil did you come here for?"



NO INTENDE, SEÑOR.

IV.—MONSIEUR M.—

The wonderful changes and transformations that have resulted from the settlement and de- velopment of the resources of the gigantic West

within the past four decades seem marvelous indeed.

In 1832 it required a month of toilsome trav- eling to make the journey from New York to Chicago, which then contained about two hun- dred inhabitants. Now, the same journey is accomplished with perfect ease and comfort in thirty-six hours; and Chicago has to-day a population of two hundred and seventy-five thousand souls, and is the best-built city on this continent.

Wisconsin at the date alluded to was an un- populated wilderness, and there was but one house between Chicago and Green Bay, that of Solomon Juneau, an Indian trader at Mil- waukee, and but one house on the Galena road, at Dixon's Ferry, upon Rock River.

With the exception of a few people around the lead mines in the vicinity of Mineral Point, there was not at that time a single farmer in Wisconsin.

And now the entire vast area of this beautiful State is absorbed and cultivated by industrious and thriving farmers.

One bright and lovely day in 1833 I married a young wife seventeen years of age, and im- mediately after the ceremony was performed we bade farewell to our friends in the East, and with all our worldly effects, consisting of a piano, carpet, rifle, and pair of pistols, we set out on what was considered a desperate ven- ture to seek our fortune in the remote wilds of Wisconsin.

We traveled by the fast line of canal boats to Buffalo, and from there upon a wretched old hulk of a steamer to Detroit, where we were obliged to wait ten days at Woodworth's Steamboat Hotel (and such a hotel!) for a schooner bound for Mackinaw and Green Bay.

At length we embarked on the *Austerlitz*, and were crammed into a small, filthy cabin of about eight feet by ten with twenty other fel- low-victims, which my somewhat romantic little wife did not consider exactly *comme il faut*; but as this was the best we could do we sailed, and after eighteen long days of sea-sickness, low diet, torture, and other sea-going concomi- tants—to say nothing of home-sickness and other kindred complaints—we were finally per- mitted—thanks to a merciful Providence—to place our feet once more upon land in the new territory of Wisconsin.

In accordance with the custom of the coun- try we, after selecting our place of residence, "squatted," and "made our claim" near the es- tablishment of an Indian trader named M——, who prided himself upon his French lineage, and had at an early age enlisted in the service of the Northwest Fur Company, leaving his home in Canada for the Indian country, where he had remained ever since. He had cast aside what he conceived to be the senseless conven- tionalities of the settlements, and adopted many of the more useful habits and customs of the na- tives.



MY BRIDAL TRIP.

When I first met him he was probably over seventy years of age, yet his mental and physical powers were then as active and vigorous as those of most men in the meridian of life; and, as strange as it may appear, he had just perpetrated the hazardous experiment of espousing "*à la mode de sauvage*," his fourth wife, who was a vivacious young squaw of about sixteen, and quite an interesting and attractive specimen of her race.

The old man was very much enamored with his new bride, and seemed perfectly happy during the first few days of the *re-re-iterated* honeymoon; but possessing a suspicious disposition and a highly nervous and impulsive temperament, he in a short time took it into his imagination that he was too old to please the fancy of so young a girl, and became furiously jealous of every young man who spoke to his wife or even came near his house.

Knowing this foible in his character, and being somewhat inclined to practical jokes, I took every opportunity to inquire anxiously after the health of *Madame*; but instead of receiving this in good part the old man invariably turned away

from me manifesting symptoms of great displeasure.

One morning when, as it appeared, the old gentleman happened to be in particularly ill-humor, I called at his house, and after extending to him the customary compliments of the day, I very blandly asked: "*Comment se porte la Madame ce matin, Monsieur?*" (How's your wife this morning, Sir?)

Instead of giving a direct answer to my courteous interrogatory his countenance assumed a ferocious expression, and he walked back and forth for some time gesticulating rapidly, and muttering to himself some unintelligible French jargon, the only part of which I comprehended was a frequent guttural roll of the emphatic French adjective "*Sac-rrrr-ré*," coupled with what I took to be the not very complimentary adjunct of "*Yankee*," most spitefully hissed out from between his teeth.

After giving vent to his indignation in this manner for a while the expression of his face suddenly changed, assuming an air of the most triumphant gratification, and walking directly to me he straightened himself up, placed his



HOW'S YOUR WIFE?

arms akimbo, and looking me in the eyes, said:

"*What for you keep ax me dat all 'e time, eh? Sac-r-r-ré battam. What for, eh? How's you wife youself?*"

This superlatively ludicrous retort caused me to explode with an uproarious peel of laughter, which exasperated the old man to such a degree that, coming close to my side and raising his voice to the highest pitch, he screamed into my ear: "*Mistère Yankee! I like for know how's you wife youself, eh?*" Then turning his back upon me in the most contemptuous manner, he rapidly walked away, believing, no doubt, that he had completely demolished me.

Time did not have the effect of assuaging the irritation produced upon his sensitive imagination, or of reconciling the discords in his household. On the contrary, his jealousy continued to become more and more annoying and vexatious to the young wife, until at length she was unable to endure it longer and left him for Prairie du Chien, where she found friends that protected her.

The old man took her loss very much to heart, and for days did nothing but walk solita-

rily around his house with his head cast down, and apparently buried in deep melancholy reflections. Indeed, the poor fellow seemed almost heart-broken.

I chanced to meet him about this time, and, feigning ignorance of what had occurred to him, expressed the earnest hope that Madame continued to enjoy her usual good health.

He looked up at me with an expression which indicated any thing but credulity as to the sincerity of my motives, and, with a very indignant scowl upon his face, replied: "*Ma femme? you like for find out where he gone, eh? Ce bon, by Gar, I tell you! He gone's to ze prairie de sac-r-r-ré battam dog, ce bon, let him gone!*"

M——n was of Roman Catholic parentage, and had received his early education under the strictest tenets of that creed; but he had been so long separated from all the influences of Christianity, in any form, that he had become rather indifferent to the things that pertained to his spiritual welfare, and consequently gave himself but little anxiety or thought upon the subject; yet if any one had intimated to him that the course of life he was leading was such

as to jeopardize the salvation of his soul, he would have been highly astonished and incensed.

It was seldom, in those days, that we saw a preacher of the Gospel, and the few that visited us were of the itinerant order, whose extended circuits over the sparsely populated district rendered their periodical visits, like those of a higher order of beings, "few and far between."

Father B——, a very zealous ecclesiastic of the Jesuitic order, upon one occasion came to our settlement, and during his sojourn called upon the Frenchman, who received him very kindly, and, after a short preliminary conversation, the priest approached the subject of his mission by inquiring of him if he was a religious man.

With an air of surprise at such a question, the old man answered :

"Certainement, Monsieur! religious man me, very mouch."

"Pray, Monsieur M——n, will you have the kindness to inform me what denomination of Christians you class yourself with?"

He replied tartly, but with decided emphasis, and rapidly nodding his head at the same time :

"*De same as me fader.*"

"Ah yes, yes, I see. Will you permit me, then, to ask you, Monsieur, what particular persuasion of religious people your father associated with?"

"Oui, Monsieur," replied he, "*wid de same peeps as me grandfader.*"

"Very well, Monsieur. Will you also allow me to inquire what name was given to the particular faith that was adopted by your venerated ancestors, and through them transmitted to you?"

He hesitated for a moment, and seemed somewhat puzzled to find an answer to the interrogatory thus reiterated upon him in so many different forms, but he soon rallied and promptly responded, "Oui! oui!! oui!!! *Me religion he de same kind as de bibe.*"

The good "Father," in despair at getting any more definite information from him concerning the complexion of his religious sentiments, intimated to him that it was all very well provided the Bible which he took for his guidance was the version sanctioned by the Romish authorities, but cautioned him against the diabolical influences of the rendering given by the Protestants to the same book.

Some weeks subsequent to this a preacher of the Methodist persuasion came around, and during his stay among our people he took occasion to call upon the Frenchman, but failed to elicit any more satisfactory information about the old man's religion than the Jesuit had done. He however gave him good spiritual counsel, and left a Bible which he recommended him to peruse daily, and bade him a kind adieu.

He continued on his circuit, and in due course of time returned to the settlement, when he again

paid a visit to the Frenchman, hoping that the good seed which he had dropped by the wayside might have germinated during his absence; but unfortunately for the success of his efforts, the Jesuit had been there in the interim, and had taken the responsibility of throwing the obnoxious Protestant Bible into the fire.

Knowing nothing of this the preacher inquired of M——n if he had complied with his request in frequently reading the Scriptures during his absence. He answered: "I no reads him mouch now, for ze d——d priest he burns up all de bibe in de fi."

When I next encountered the old man I remarked to him that I had understood the French priest had been burning Bibles, and playing the devil generally at his house. He was nettled at the nationality of the allusion and replied, with considerable irritation,

"C'vrais, zat is so, Monsieur. Ze French priest he burn ze bibe, but all ze 'Merican peep's he make de-dev' too, by gar."

After many years' absence in the mountains about the head-waters of the Missouri and Yellowstone, the old man returned to Montreal on a visit to his friends and relatives, but on his arrival he, like Rip Van Winkle after his protracted nap, wandered about the streets, not being able to recognize a single familiar face. All his relatives were either dead or absent, and the friends of his youth had disappeared, so that he soon turned his back in disappointment and sorrow upon the place of his nativity, and resolved to go back to the Indian country and spend the remainder of his days there.

Accordingly he embarked upon a steamer at Buffalo (the *Uncle Sam*), on which it so happened that General Scott and his Staff, who were about making the tour of the Lakes, were passengers. The steamers of that period had no private state-rooms, but there were large dormitory cabins, in which all the passengers slept in berths ranged upon the sides.

On the morning following their departure the General was making his toilet in the cabin, when M——n entered, and omitted to close the door after him.

As it was quite cold at the time the General looked up at him scowlingly, and pointing to the open door, said to him in a very stern and peremptory tone of voice, "*Shut that door, Sir.*"

The old man was not accustomed to this dictatorial manner of issuing orders, and instead of obeying, replied, in an equally brusque manner, "No, General Scott; me no shet e-door. My money good as every peoples, by gar."

The General saw that he had made a mistake, and very graciously begged pardon, but asked the old man very politely if he would be so obliging as to close the door which he had left open.

He answered with a profound bow, "Certainment, General Scott. Me shet e-door for you wid very mouch plasir."

MAKING WATCHES BY MACHINERY.



SUN-DIAL IN AN ENGLISH CHURCH-YARD.

alive and human in the entire range of his handiwork.

Primitive man had little need of clocks or watches. The opening and closing of flowers; the voices of birds, beasts, and insects; the positions of sun, moon, and stars, told the passage of time with accuracy enough for his simple life. Mariners, hunters, shepherds, and all other men much alone with nature, still keep familiar with her habits and her moods. The Indian says, "Four moons have passed," or "It was ten sleeps ago;" and the farmer, "It was between day and sunrise," or "It was half an hour by sun."

Job's expression, "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow," points to the earliest artificial time-keeper. The sun-dial (*dialis*, daily) originated, nobody knows when, with some of the Eastern nations. Isaiah wrote, eight hundred years before Christ, "I will bring back the shadow of the degrees which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz ten degrees backward."

A dial, usually standing upon a stone post on a sunny knoll, is still preserved as a relic of the past in almost every English country churchyard. Around it on Sunday mornings, an hour or two before service, were wont to gather the

"WHAT o'clock is it?" asked Emanuel Swedenborg, upon his death-bed. Being told, he answered, "It is well; I thank you; may God bless you;" and the pure spirit of the venerable teacher gently passed away. "What o'clock is it?" ask little children, as they blow off the feathered seed-vessels of the dandelion, and tell the hour by the number that remain upon the stalk.

Civilized man every where, from the cradle to the grave, repeats this question oftener than any other. Were all things at rest it could never be answered. Motion alone enables us to measure time. Motion is best exemplified in the heavenly bodies, particularly the sun. Yet man, "the tool-making animal," never asks, "What o'sun?" but simply "What o'clock?" He has brought artificial time-keepers to such perfection that they are the most wonderful of his mechanical achievements, the things most



THE CLEPSYDRA.

rustics, discussing crops, the weather, and politics, while matrons gossiped soberly, and children tumbled in leap-frog over mossy tombstones, or played ball against the tower, till the parson's tinkling bell summoned all to worship.

In clear weather the dial showed the hour by day, as the stars did by night; but when clouds came something more was needed. Hence the East originated the "Clepsydra" (the "Water-Stealer"), a transparent, graduated vase filled with liquid, which slowly trickled or stole away through a little aperture in the bottom. The receding height marked the passage of the hours. The clepsydra was used in ancient China, and in Egypt under the Ptolemies. Cæsar found it among the native Britons. Pompey introduced it into Roman courts "to prevent babbling." One of Martial's epigrams counseled a dull declaimer, who was constantly quaffing from a glass of water during his endless harangue, to relieve both himself and his audience by drinking from the clepsydra instead.

In the Colony of Massachusetts Bay two centuries ago an hour-glass stood before the Puritan preacher, and was turned by a tithing-man when he began his sermon. If he stopped long before the sand ran out, his hearers were dissatisfied; if he continued long after, they grew impatient.

The hour-glass is only a modification of the clepsydra. It substitutes fine sand for water, as something which will neither freeze nor evaporate, and which, when the glass is full, will run little faster than when it is nearly empty. It was known be-



HOUR-GLASS.

fore the Christian era, and has been used by nearly all nations. It was so common among our ancestors a hundred years ago that the illustration which we copy from the New England Primer of 1777 was drawn from one of the most familiar objects in their daily life.

In dry, equable Eastern climates the clepsydra long maintained its supremacy, and it is used in India even to this day. It was exceedingly inaccurate, but improvements were constantly added. Sometimes water flowed in tears from the eyes of automata, and sometimes a floating statue rising and falling with the liquid pointed to the passing hours engraved upon an upright scale. Next, a little wheel was introduced, on which the water fell drop by drop, turning it, and thus communicating motion to hands upon a dial. In time machinery was inserted to tell not only the hours of the day, but the age of the moon, and the motions of other heavenly bodies; and finally the clepsydra grew into an ingenious and complicated water-clock. A thousand years ago a Persian caliph, the Haroun-al-Raschid of the Arabian Nights, sent one to the Emperor Charlemagne which had a striking apparatus. When the twelve hours were completed twelve doors opened in its face; and from each rode an automaton horseman, who waited till the striking was over, and then rode back again, closing the door after him.

"Clock" originally signified "bell," and the French *cloche* still retains that meaning. The invention is claimed for many different peoples and eras, from the Chinese two thousand years before Christ down to the Germans of eight centuries ago. The first general use of clocks was in monasteries, during the eleventh century. Before their appearance the sacristan sat up to watch the stars that he might waken the monks at the hours of prayer. The common people attributed their origin to the devil; and had any body outside of the religious orders incurred



OLD-FASHIONED CLOCK.



SHIP CHRONOMETER.

the odium of first introducing them, he would doubtless have been put to death as a sorcerer.

For several hundred years they were exceedingly rude and irregular. But not long after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Galileo, while noticing the vibrations of a hanging lamp, discovered the great principle of the pendulum—that when a suspended body is swinging, any increase or decrease of its speed will not change the number of vibrations it makes in a given time, but only the length of the arc it describes. The pendulum was soon applied to the clock, and added greatly to its accuracy. Public clocks nevertheless have always been tempting marks for the shafts of satire. The proverb, “As untrustworthy as a town clock,” still continues in vogue; and there is a witty saying in Peterborough, England, that if the clock of the cathedral and that of the parish church ever strike simultaneously there will be a death in the minster yard.

Until after the Revolution the American colonies had few clocks of any kind. Sun-dials and hour-glasses sufficed for those leisurely days. Why is it that the more we multiply inventions for saving time and labor, the more we are pressed for minutes, and the harder we have to work?

Thirty years ago “The varnished clock that clicked behind the door” was the great domestic time-keeper. Who has forgotten its monotonous “click-clack,” or its quaint, upright case, taller than a man? What true Yankee boy ever failed, sooner or later, to take it to pieces, and see how it was made? Ah! the kitchen bellows, cut open to learn what was inside, was very disappointing; but the old family clock, surreptitiously dissected, proved its own exceeding great reward. Until within the last two or three generations all our time-keepers were made in Europe. Now, Connecticut clocks tell the hour at Jerusalem, at Calcutta, at Peking, and at Irkoutsk. At our factories a fair little clock, neatly cased, can be afforded for eighty cents gold. American inventiveness has done it!

Town clocks and chronometers are regulated from the nearest observatories. But the electrical clock will do away with that. One at some central point will serve for a city as large as New York. Wires connecting with

dials on all the church towers, and, indeed, in all the dwellings, may regulate the hands of every clock in the metropolis to perfect uniformity. When the telegraph nerves run into every house we shall all get the time of day from a common source, as we do gas and water.

The ship chronometer—for determining longitude at sea—was invented in 1675. One costs about four hundred dollars. The most are of English manufacture, though there are half a dozen makers in the United States. A few years ago the Greenwich Observatory paid a premium of three hundred pounds for a chronometer which had varied only about one second in twelve months. It makes no difference whether one is fast or slow; all the shipmaster requires is that it shall run with regularity. No other invention since the mariner's compass has so diminished the perils and uncertainties of navigation.

“Watch” is from a Saxon word signifying “to wake.” At first the watch was as large as a saucer; it had weights, and was called “the pocket clock.” The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in a record of 1542, which mentions that Edward VI. had “*onne larum* or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron-gilt, with two plumettes of lead.” The first great improvement, the substitution of the spring for weights, was made about 1550. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and required winding twice a day. The dials were of silver or brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost the equivalent of \$1500 in our currency, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

There is a watch in a Swiss museum only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil-case. Its little dial indicates not only hours, minutes, and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the old times, when watches were inserted in saddles, snuff-boxes, shirt-studs, breast-pins, bracelets, and finger-rings. Many were fantastic—oval, octangular, cruciform, or in the shape of pears, melons, tulips, or coffins.



SKULL WATCH OF MARY STUART.



OLD VERGE WATCH.

Mary Queen of Scots had a large one in the form of a skull, which is still preserved by a gentleman near Edinburgh. The case is opened by dropping the under jaw, which turns upon a hinge, while the works occupy the place of the brain.

Old watches are common in English museums. There are comparatively few in the United States; and I know of none of American manufacture much over fifty years old. F. W. Chamberlain, of No. 233 Hanover Street, Boston, has upward of two hundred—much the largest and rarest collection on our continent. One of the most curious is an old English verge, two inches thick. If it were only half as large it would be a perfect specimen of the ancient bull's-eye.

Another of Chamberlain's treasures—also an English verge—is over two centuries old. One would like to see a photograph of the man it was made for, knee-breeches, horse-hair wig,

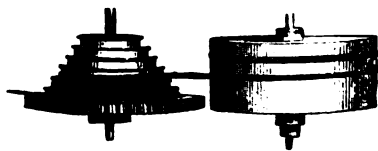


AUTOMATIC FRENCH WATCH.

and all. It keeps excellent time, not varying two minutes a week, though its little heart has throbbed on while six generations of owners have wound it, and carried it, and left it at the jeweler's for cleaning—have been born by it, and lived by it, and died by it.

A third is a French striking watch two hundred years old, with elaborate ornamentation, and allegorical male and female figures on the dial. When the works within strike the hours these figures pound with hammers upon little counterfeited gold bells, as if they produced the sound.

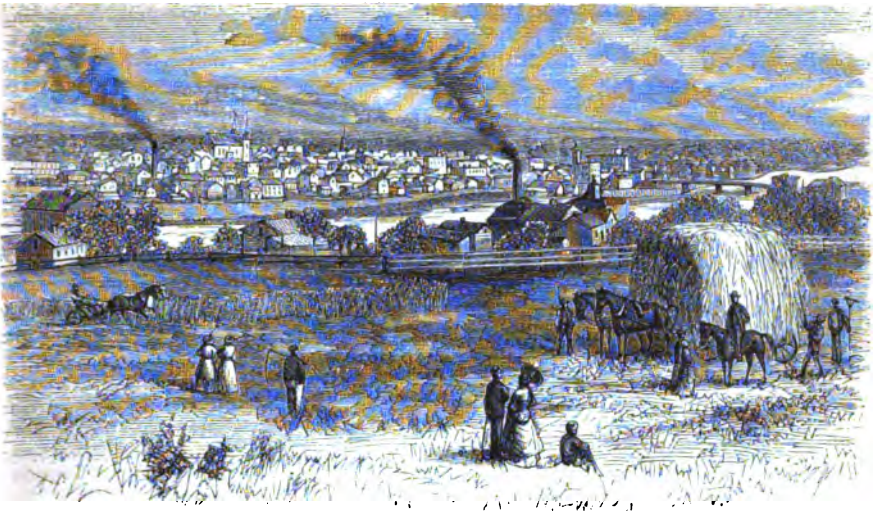
The ticking of a watch—the beating of its heart—is the playing of the two arms of the pallet in between the teeth of the scape-wheel, at the point where the rotary motion of the wheels or “train” changes to the vibratory motion of the balance. In nine cases out of ten a skilled watch-maker can tell whether there is any thing wrong with a watch, and if so, what, by putting it to his ear, as a skilled physician learns the condition of the human time-keeper by feeling its pulse or hearing its heart.



OLD BARREL AND FUSEE.

The mainspring is the locomotive, the wheels are the train, and the balance and hair-spring the brakes. When the mainspring is first wound up its force is much greater than when it is nearly run down. The old barrel and fusee watch equalized this by making the fusee spiral. When the mainspring was fully coiled, and pulled hardest, it acted upon the small end of the fusee, where the most power was needed. As the spring grew weaker the chain descended to where the fusee was larger, and required less force to turn it.

The English yet retain the spiral fusee, on their national theory that whatever is old ought to continue. The American watch dispenses with the fusee altogether, perhaps on our aational theory that whatever is old ought to be abolished. Its mainspring instead communicates motion directly to the train, and its nice adjustment of hair-spring and balance-wheel insures equal time through the twenty-four hours. When a watch is first wound up the



THE TOWN OF ELGIN.

balance may make one revolution and a half at each impulse from the scape-wheel, and when it is nearly run down, only half a revolution; but the former will consume no more time than the latter, and so the watch goes uniformly through the twenty-four hours.

How shall it be made to go uniformly through summer and winter? A steel rod may be fitted into a hollow steel cylinder so perfectly that it will not drop out of its own weight, and yet it can be turned or pulled out by the thumb and finger, and it moves with the softness of velvet rolling on velvet. Hold the same rod in the shut hand for five minutes and the warmth of the flesh will expand it so that one can not drive it in with a sledge-hammer. Then put it in a refrigerator and it will contract till it rattles in the cylinder. If the metal is brass, temperature affects it still more. Winter will so contract the balance-wheel of a watch that it may gain two minutes in a day; or it may be thrown out of time by a few hours' sleigh-riding, or by hanging all night against a cold wall. Uneven temperature is the deadly foe of uniform time-keeping.

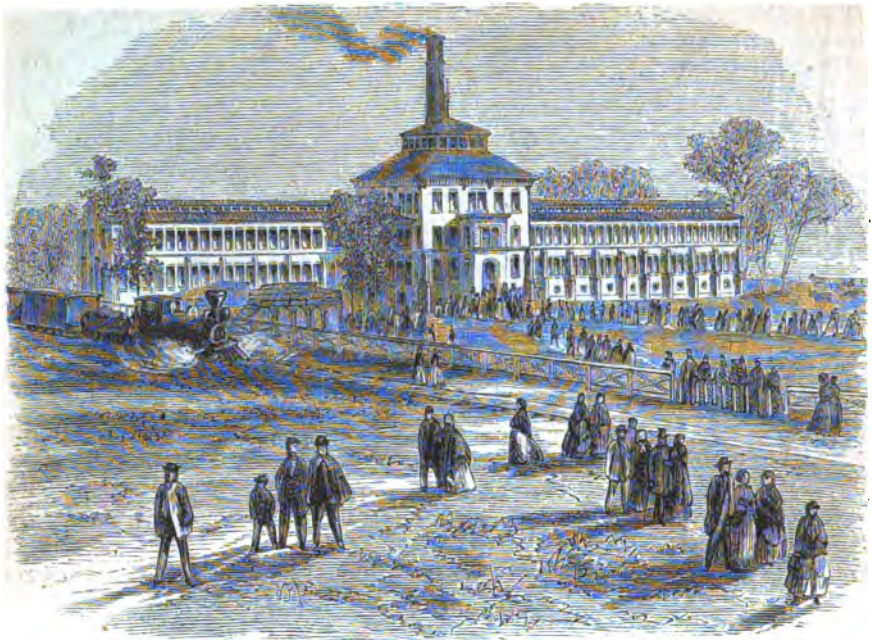
In 1767 John Harrison was awarded a premium of £20,000, under an offer of the British Parliament—which had been standing fifty-three years—for any invention which should so far overcome this difficulty as to enable shipmasters at sea to determine longitude within thirty miles of accuracy. He gained it by applying to ship chronometers the principle of the compensation-balance, now used in all fine watches. It is simply a balance-wheel with outer rim or tire of brass, and inner rim and cross arm of steel. The cold, which would contract steel alone and make the circumference of the wheel less, equalizes that by contracting the brass still more, the brass being so confined that its contraction enlarges the wheel.

Under the influence of heat the steel's expansion would enlarge the wheel, but then the greater expansion of the brass contracts it. When these two influences are so nicely adjusted that the one exactly counterbalances the other, the watch will keep equal time whether in Alaska or Havana.

Until very lately American jewelers imported wheels, balances, and other material ready-made from Switzerland, fitted the various parts together by hand, put their stamp upon them, and called that watchmaking. Its art and mystery was acquired in an apprenticeship of from three to five years. In Switzerland, division of labor had been introduced long before. Each workman performed some one process of shaping, cutting, or finishing parts of the watch in his own little shop at home, and returned the parts to the manufacturer, as bootmaking is done in New England. And for many processes, little labor-saving machines, run by foot-lathes, had come to be used.

In 1852, A. L. Denison, a Boston watchmaker, conceived the plan of producing watches by collecting all these machines under one roof, and running them by one power. His wild dream was that a time might come when a manufactory could turn out ten watches a day. Most of his friends voted him crazy, but he had the one quality which makes all lunacy contagious—profound earnestness. He soon made Edward Howard, David P. Davis, and Samuel Curtis as mad as himself, and the four lunatics built a factory in Roxbury.

But the Swiss authorities would not permit the export of machines, models, or drawings; so, Yankee-like, the four pioneers invented and constructed machines for themselves. Finally, they turned out a watch, the first ever made by machinery in the world. It is yet in Mr. Howard's possession, and keeps excellent time. The



THE ELGIN WATCH FACTORY.

machines were very imperfect, and much of the work was still done by hand. But from that beginning have sprung all our watch factories, now situated respectively in Elgin, Illinois, Newark and Marion, New Jersey, and Waltham, Roxbury, and Springfield, Massachusetts.

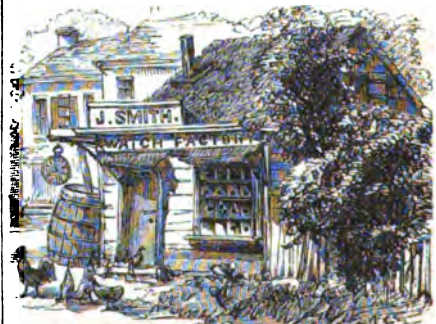
As we step aboard the Galena train at Chicago we observe the placard, "Pacific Express; does not Stop at Way Stations." We ponder behind the locomotive for forty miles; then the brakeman ends our reverie by shouting "Elgin."

Leaving the train, we gaze down upon a far-spreading little city, with court-house, academy, and churches upon commanding knolls, brick blocks and broad streets, cottages pleasantly shaded with oak, maple, and poplar, a woolen mill, a flouring mill, a butt-and-screw manufactory, and a milk-condensing establishment that ships its product to New York—all beside the bright river which cuts the town in twain, and is spanned by a gossamer iron bridge; and over the house-tops, a mile away, the tall chimney of the National Watch Factory.

In the spring of 1864 half a dozen active business men of Chicago, heard a fascinating description of the leading Massachusetts watch factory. To their willing ears it was a story with a moral, and this was the moral: "If Boston can make watches by machinery and largely supply the Northwest, Chicago can make watches by machinery and largely supply New England." It was the genuine, audacious, self-reliant Western spirit. Practi-

cal workmen assured them that with the investment of a hundred thousand dollars in buildings and machinery they could begin to turn out watches. They added fifty per cent. to this estimate for a margin, and with that blessed unconsciousness of the difficulties before them, without which no great enterprise would ever be undertaken, they organized the National Watch Company, and in November the work began.

After two years and a half spent in constructing the hundreds of intricate machines and erecting the buildings, in May, 1867, the first watch was completed. Not, however, until long after the first hundred and fifty thousand dollars was exhausted—that barely sufficed for a beginning. Before the enterprise was self-sustaining more than five hundred thousand dollars had been expended, and its owners and friends would



A WATCH FACTORY TWENTY YEARS AGO.



THE ELGIN MACHINE SHOP.

doubtless have doubled that sum rather than permit it to fail.

The watch factory of twenty years ago—let pencil and graver fix its humble features ere the place which once knew it shall know it no more forever. The tiny building, with its sign, "John Smith, Watchmaker," the single room, eight by ten, with its counter, show-case, and window hung with watches, and its one workman, who repaired fifty watches a year, and "made" two or three at odd times. Here and there one of these establishments yet exists, but it is as really a relic of antiquity as a hand-loom or a wooden plow.

The National Watch Factory at Elgin is a specimen of the great museums of machinery and bee-hives of workmen which have pushed it from its stool. The front, shown in our illustration, is two hundred and forty feet long. Several other wings are hidden in the rear. The cars of the Fox River Railway deliver material at the very door.

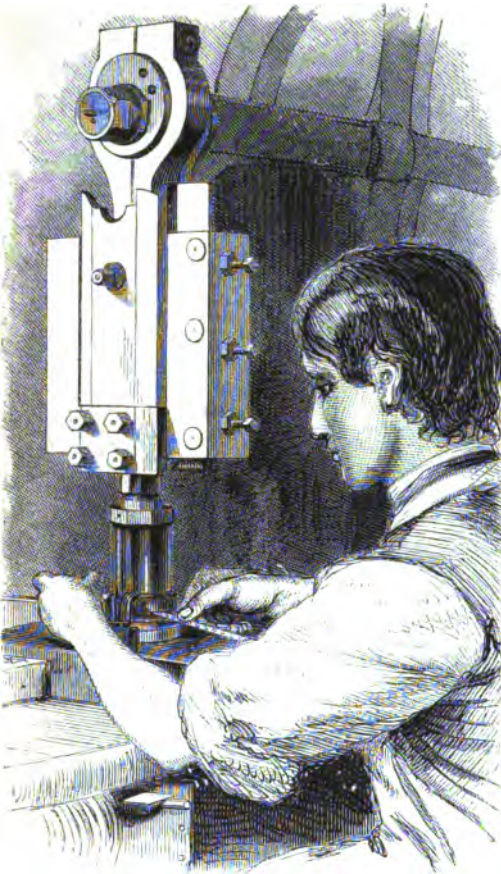
My first view of the factory yard was toward the close of the noon hour, when the employés were pouring back from dinner. It was a fair picture. On one side the gleaming river, with white and spotted cattle grazing upon its bank; on the other a grove of young oaks, their leaves falling from autumnal frosts; in the fore-ground scores of ruddy-cheeked girls sauntering back toward their work, while quiet artisans smoked their cigars and meerschaums upon the factory steps and a little platform where a band of operatives discourses music on Saturday afternoons in summer. A dozen young men were jumping, with dumb-bells in their hands, each trial calling out shouts of applause or merriment; and a score

of boys playing base-ball as if their salvation depended upon it. Suddenly the great bell behind the factory struck for one o'clock, and the swarm of life poured into the building.

The employés are equally divided between the sexes. I never saw so many boys and girls in an Eastern manufactory. The working day is ten hours. Whenever the welcome bell proclaims the hour of noon, or six in the afternoon, these young people give a whoop like released school-children, and can hardly wait to put away tools and make benches tidy before they join the merry throng streaming homeward.

The average earnings of the girls are something over six dollars per week—in a few cases as high as twelve; those of the boys and men three dollars per day. Board for girls costs about three dollars per week; for men, from five dollars upward. "That little girl," said the superintendent of the Steel Room to me, "can do any thing in this large department as well as any man in it;" and a number of similar cases were pointed out to me.

The Machine Shop—a hundred feet long, with thirty brawny, bare-armed workmen—is the letter A in the alphabet of the watch factory. Here all the tools and machines are manufactured and repaired. Their name is legion; their sizes are innumerable. They include machines which will take a shaving off a hair, and those which will slice up steel like apples; registers that will measure the twenty-five-hundredth of an inch, and registers that will measure a foot; drills for making holes invisible to the naked eye, and drills almost as large as crow-bars; and so on *ad infinitum*. I will not attempt to describe the "cams," "taps,"



PUNCHING THE WHEELS.

"clamps," "quills," "reamers," "eccentrics," "chucks," and "wigwags." The one thing which strikes a novice is the wonderful accuracy and minuteness, the beautiful smoothness and polish of every thing. The finest jobs of ordinary machine-shops would be thrown aside here as utterly worthless.

The works of a watch, not counting the plates which form the shell or frame, are of brass and steel in nearly equal proportions. And, by-the-way, why is "brassy" a term of denunciation, and "as true as steel" the language of compliment, when brass may be made nearly as hard as steel, and will take almost as fine a temper? Steel is used in a watch wherever there is great strain upon some very slender part. But where there is much friction between two wheels one must be of brass and the other of steel. By some mysterious law of metals these will outlast two wheels of the hardest and most highly-polished steel twice over.

Great sheets of brass and steel are first received in the Punching Room, where an enormous pair of shears cuts them into ribbons. These are lengthened and thinned between a

pair of steel rollers, which, if required, will leave them only one-fourth-thousandth of an inch thick. One of these ribbons is then passed slowly between the punch and die of a huge press, driven by a heavy wheel which a workman controls with his foot. The punch rises and falls with the motion of the wheel, coming down each time with a weight of twenty tons, and with a "click," cutting out a perfect spoked wheel. The press is an enormous monster which bites out mouthfuls of steel but refuses to digest them. Like most monsters, however, it will do no damage if it is only fed. It leaves the wheels fast in the strip to be knocked out by hand. With it a man can cut out ten thousand wheels in a single day.



1. Before the Wheels are punched.—2. After the Wheels are punched.—3. After the Wheels are knocked out.

THE STRIP OF STEEL.

Next we visit the Plate Room. The upper and lower brass plates are respectively the roof and floor of the watch. The upper one must have thirty-one holes bored in it, for pillars, pivots, and screws. A little girl cuts them with a needle-like drill, which revolves like lightning, and goes through the thick plate in a twinkling. Another girl, with a chisel whirling with equal rapidity, cuts away the ragged burs or edges left on the side where the drill comes out. This "countersinking," which leaves a cup-like depression, is performed wherever a hole is drilled through brass, steel, or jewel.

The four pillars—the posts which are to bind roof and floor together—are made and inserted in the lower plate by a miraculous little contrivance, which a coffee saucer would cover. The punching machine is a behemoth, but this is a fairy. It seizes one end of a brass wire,



READY FOR THE WORKS.



THE TRAIN ROOM.

and in eleven seconds measures off a pillar, turns it down to the required size, makes a screw-thread in each end, cuts it off, and screws one end into the lower plate so firmly that we can not unscrew it with a pair of pincers. But it keeps the workman's feet busy, and his hands flying as if he played a lively tune upon the piano. He will easily make and insert two thousand pillars in a day. By hand he could hardly make two dozen.

When the brass pieces are finished, all belonging to one watch are stamped with the same number and put into one of ten little boxes hollowed out in a board like birds'-nests. The nests have yet many journeys to make before the eggs are hatched; but the shell or frame is now ready for the works.

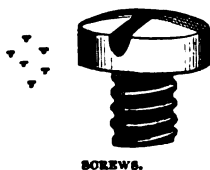
The upper plate is next engraved. Three men and four girls are kept busy tracing the elaborate scroll-work, and the inscription, "B. W. Raymond, Elgin, Illinois, No. 41,280," or "J. T. Ryerson, No. 41,290," as the case may be. The different grades made here are "Lady Elgin," "B. W. Raymond," "Mat Lafin," "G. M. Wheeler," "H. Z. Culver," "H. H. Taylor," and "J. T. Ryerson;" but the numbering runs consecutively through all.

The screws in a watch number forty-four, or more than one-quarter of all its pieces. The Screw and Steel Department is one of the largest in the factory. Its magical little automata,

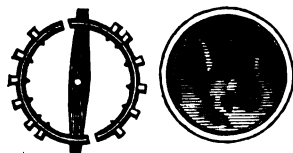
run by nimble-fingered girls, convert shining steel wire into infinitesimal screws, pare down their heads, and cut slots in them for microscopic screw-drivers. They are polished to perfect smoothness, and then, like every other part of the watch, brought to "spring temper"—the temper of the sword-blade—by heating, which leaves them of a rich, deep blue. The illustration shows the screws of their actual size, and also one magnified 100 times each way, or 10,000 times the actual size.

Here are machines which will cut screws with five hundred threads to the inch; the finest used in the watch have two hundred and fifty. Even these threads are invisible to the naked eye, and it takes one hundred and forty-four thousand of the screws to weigh a pound. A pound of them is worth six pounds of pure gold. Lay one upon a piece of white paper, and it looks like the tiniest steel-filing. Only by placing it under a strong magnifier can we detect its threads and see that it is shining as a mirror, and as true and perfect as the driving-wheel of a locomotive.

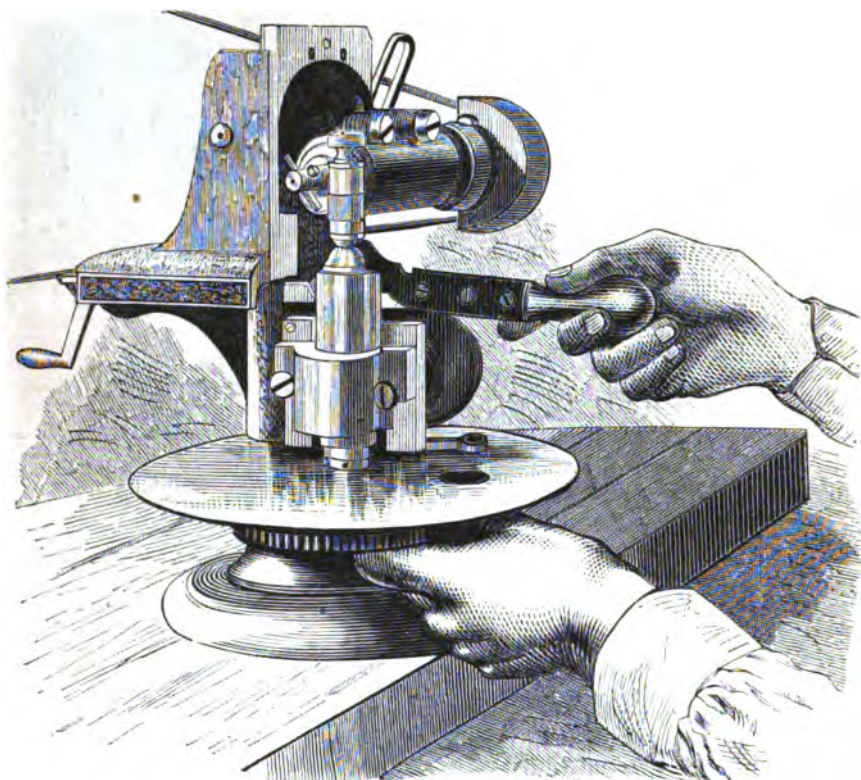
Screws for the best compensation-balance are of gold. A ten-dollar piece will furnish material for six hundred and fifty of them. The



SCREWS.



THE COMPENSATION BALANCE—IN THE ROUGH, AND FINISHED.



CUTTING WHEEL TEETH.

compensation-balance comes from the Punching Room a solid piece of steel as large and heavy as a new penny, and inclosed in a rim of brass. It is ground down, worked out, and polished till it becomes a slender wheel—the outer rim brass, the inner rim and cross-bar steel—lighter and thinner than a finger-ring. Through the double rim twenty-two holes are drilled for the screws. A chuck whirls the wheel around—as one would spin a penny upon the table—four thousand eight hundred times a minute, while a lad makes each hole by applying three tiny drills one after the other. He will bore one hundred wheels per day, or apply a drill oftener than once in six seconds from morning till night—to say nothing of the time consumed in fastening on and taking off the wheels and sharpening his drills. Screws of gold or brass are then put in, and the balance is completed. On this little part alone nearly eighty operations have been performed.

Next we step into the Train Room, the largest and pleasantest in the factory. Seventy-five persons with busy fingers sit at six rows of benches extending its entire length, each before some little machine, shaping, smoothing, pointing, grinding wheels, pinions, or pivots.

Cutting teeth in the wheels is done by piling up twenty or more, with an upright shaft pass-

ing through the centre of each, and turning a screw to hold them together. The girl in charge then lifts one handle of a little machine, and instantly a steel cutter like a shingle-nail, but with a sharp point at one end, is brought against them, whirling so fast that it looks like a perfect wheel. Whizzing down the outer edge of the pile, it cuts a groove or furrow in each wheel. When it reaches the bottom she moves the other handle; the cutter flies up to the top, and runs whizzing down again. A single wheel has from sixty to eighty teeth, but the girl will finish twelve hundred wheels a day. The long, hooked teeth of the scape-wheel, and the horn shaped tooth of the ratchet, are cut with equal facility.

In the Escapement and Jewelry departments we first encounter precious stones, in which pivots of brass or steel will run for generations without any perceptible wearing. In the order of hardness they stand, diamond, sapphire, white or milky ruby, red ruby, garnet, aqua marine. In jewelry they are valued only for their color, in watch-making only for their hardness. Montana begins to supply garnets, but most precious stones come from India, Persia, or Brazil. They are always bought by the carat—the one-hundred-and-twentieth part of an ounce Troy—no matter how large the quantity. They are used not only for jewelry, but also for

tools to cut other precious stones or hard metals with. Sapphire is the favorite, because it can be sharpened upon diamond, while a chisel of diamond—the hardest of all known substances—must either be broken to give it a fresh edge, or sharpened slowly and laboriously against another diamond.

The Dutch are the most famous lapidists in the world. They sent workmen from Amsterdam to London to cut the great Koh-i-noor. They will divide a diamond weighing but one carat into two hundred and fifty little slabs, which look like fairy finger-nails. Inserted in brass handles they become ridiculous little chisels, which might turn out wheels and axles for Queen Mab's chariot. Diamond dust also, as white as snow, and finer than flour, has a hundred uses in the factory. An ounce costs five hundred dollars. Metal edges for cutting and surfaces for polishing are "charged" with it; that is, a little of the powder is firmly imbedded in them, and gives them a sharpness which nothing can resist.

Some rare watches are jeweled with diamonds and sapphires, and many with rubies; but for all practical purposes garnets and aqua marines answer as well. The "Lady Elgin," an exquisite little time-keeper, has fifteen jewels, all of ruby. Four of the fifteen in the "B. W. Raymond" are of ruby, the rest of aqua marine and garnet. The precious stones are cut into planks, and then into joists, by circular saws, and afterward broken into cubes. Then each is turned out in a lathe, exactly as a bed-post is turned in a furniture factory. By this time it weighs less than one-eighty-thousandth of a pound Troy. It is afterward burnished into its setting—a little circular rim of brass. The hole is made through it with a diamond drill, barely visible to the naked eye, and polished with another wire which passes through it and whirls one way while the jewel whirls the other. The two make twenty-eight thousand revolutions a minute. Finally jewel and setting are inserted in a little depression of the watch-plate, which they exactly fill, and held in place by tiny screws of steel, whose deep blue contrasts pleasantly with the bright gilding of the plate.

Every part of a watch must be absolutely accurate, but no part must fit perfectly. To run freely each pivot must have a little play, like a horse in harness; otherwise the least bit of dirt or expansion of metal would stop the delicate machinery. So every jewel-hole is left a little larger than the pivot which is to revolve in it for the "side-shake," and every shaft or axle a little short for the "end shake." The tiny gauges which measure all the parts make allowance for this—a bit of calculation which they perform with an ease and accuracy unknown to poor human brains.

There is another danger to guard against. If the least grain of diamond dust is left in a jewel-hole it will imbed itself firmly in the steel pivot, and then act as a chisel, cutting away the jewel every time the pivot revolves. The



BAKING THE DIALS.

new dust of ruby or garnet which this produces will act in the same way—"diamond cut diamond"—until the jewel is utterly ruined; so the utmost care is necessary to see that no particle of diamond dust remains in the watch.

After the jeweling is done the birds'-nest boxes go to the Finishing Room. In following, let us stop to glance at the Dial Department.

The dial, a plain circular plate of Lake Superior copper, no thicker than a silver three-cent piece, is first covered with a paste of fine white enamel, carefully spread on with a knife, to the thickness of three-one-hundredths of an inch. After it dries a little, a workman with a long pair of tongs places the dial flat upon a red-hot iron plate in the mouth of a glowing furnace, watching it closely and frequently turning it. The copper would melt but for the protecting enamel, and, at the end of a minute, when he takes it out it is as soft and plastic as molasses candy. The baking has "set" the enamel, but has left it rough, as if the dial face were marked with small-pox. After cooling it is ground smooth upon sandstone and emery, and then baked again.

Now it is ready for the painters. A girl draws six lines across its surface with a lead-pencil guided by a ruler, making each point for the hours. Another with a pencil of black enamel traces coarsely the Roman letters from I to XII. A third finishes them at the ends to make them symmetrical. A fourth puts in the minute marks. Then the dial goes to an artist, who, holding it under a magnifier, paints the words "NATIONAL WATCH CO." in black enamel with a fine camel's-hair brush. The inscription measures three-fourths of an inch from left to right, and less than one-ninetieth of an inch up and down; but even then it is perfectly legible; and the swift, cunning fingers will paint it twice in five minutes.

"Is it not very trying to your eyes?"



SETTING UP THE WATCH.

"If I were to do it all day, or even for an hour steadily," the painter replies, "they would ache terribly. But I put the inscription on two dozen dials, and then rest my sight by painting on the figures, lines, and dots."

"My father," observes the superintendent of the room, who is looking over his shoulder, "was an English dial painter. Once he traced the Lord's Prayer with one of these camel's-hair brushes on a surface one-eighth of an inch long by one-ninth of an inch wide. Half the wing of a common house-fly would cover it. It aged the old gentleman's eyes twenty years for his work, but he could see objects at a distance just as well as ever." One can only wonder that it did not strike him blind.

In the Finishing Room we find a drawer full of mainsprings, coiled so loosely that each is as large as a breakfast saucer. One drawn out straight will be two feet long. It is polished like a mirror, and tempered to a beautiful deep blue. A girl coils one to the diameter of a thimble, and then, rifling one of the birds'-nests, inserts the mainspring in its brass "barrel," the head of which is held in by a groove like the head of a flour-barrel. This circular chamber, only seven-tenths of an inch across, contains the whole power of the watch. One end of the mainspring is fast to the shaft which passes through it, and by which it is turned; the other, as it uncoils, carries around the barrel, and so communicates motion to the train. She puts the parts together temporarily, inserting only screws enough to keep them in place. Her flying fingers set up ninety watch-

es and empty ninety birds'-nests every day. The latter go back to the Plate Room for more eggs and fresh incubations; here at least there are always birds in last year's nests.

Hair-springs are made in the factory, of finest English steel, which comes upon spools like thread. To the naked eye it is as round as a hair, but under the microscope it becomes a flat steel ribbon. We insert this ribbon between the jaws of a fine gauge, and the dial-hand shows its diameter to be two twenty-five-hundredths of an inch. A hair plucked from a man's head measures three twenty-five-hundredths—one from the head of a little girl at a neighboring bench two twenty-five-hundredths. Actually, however, the finest hair is twice as thick as the steel ribbon, for the hair compresses one-half between the metallic jaws of the gauge.

A hair-spring weighs only one-fifteen-thousandth of a pound Troy. In a straight line it is a foot long. With a pair of tweezers we draw one out in spiral form until it is six inches long; but it springs back into place, not bent a particle from its true coiling. It must be exquisitely tempered, for it is to spring back and forth eighteen thousand times an hour, perhaps for several generations. A pound of steel in the bar may cost one dollar; in hair-springs it is worth four thousand dollars.

After the watch has been run a few hours, to adjust the length of the hair-spring, it is "taken down," and all the brass pieces sent to the Gilding Room. There each part is polished for electro-gilding. Gold coin is first rolled out



READY FOR THE CASE.

into sheets, and then dissolved with acids. At some stages it looks like nauseating medicine, but when it goes into the battery the solution is as colorless as spring-water. But it is a deadly poison. A girl in this room was kept at home for three weeks with sores upon her hand caused by dipping it in the liquid.

Twenty or thirty of the brass plates and wheels are hung by a copper wire in the inner vessel or porous cell of a galvanic battery, filled with this solution, and the silent electric current deposits the gold evenly upon their surfaces. Ordinarily they are left in it about six minutes: the quick, educated eye of the superintendent determines how long. A twenty-dollar gold piece will furnish him with heavy gilding for six hundred watches, but he could make it gild four thousand so that they would look equally well on first coming out; or he could put five hundred dollars upon a single one—leaving the gold an inch thick all over the works—and it would look no better. All the pieces come out clothed in yellow, shining gold, and are sent back to the Finishing Room, put together again, and then turned over to the “watchmakers”—the only persons in the factory necessarily familiar with all parts of the watch. A dozen sit in a row, in a very strong light, before a long bench strewn with their minute brushes, tweezers, magnifiers, and glass cases which cover small mountains of wheels and pinions. They insert the balance and hair-spring, see that every thing has been properly fitted, and put on the dial.

Then the watches, each in a little circular tin case, go in boxes of ten to the lynx-eyed Inspector, who scrutinizes every part for the slightest flaw or defect. Here is a box which has passed through his hands. Upon two watches are little slips of paper, one labeled “Fork strikes potance”—a slight but needless friction; the other, “Fix the number”—the figures upon some one piece being wrong or illegible. About one-third are thus sent back to the “watchmakers,” after his rigid examination.

The last scene of all is the adjusting. In his quiet little room the Adjuster keeps the Equator and the North Pole always on hand

and ready for use in large or small quantities. First he runs the watch eight hours in a little box heated by a spirit-lamp to one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit. Then he runs it eight hours in a refrigerator, where the temperature is nearly at zero. It must keep time exactly alike under these two conditions. If he finds any variation he changes the position of the screws in the compensation-balance, or substitutes new ones, first carefully weighing them in a pair of tiny scales of his own contriving. When we ask him to show us the minutest weight they will indicate he places a bit of whisker upon one end, and adjusts the weight. The speck of hair weighs a trifle over the fifty-seven-millionth of a pound Troy.

The watch is next carefully adjusted to keep equal time in different positions. Then it is ready for the case. Its different parts are composed of one hundred and fifty-six pieces. The old watch, made by hand, contained eight hundred pieces, if we count each link of its chain as a separate part. Reducing the number four-fifths has correspondingly reduced its intricacy, friction, and difficulties of repairing.

The proprietors realized from the outset that they could only succeed by making good time-keepers. To that one result all their energy has been directed. Manufacturing upon this large scale involves the use of so much capital that after a fine watch is finished and running they can not keep it a year for adjusting and regulating, as jewelers used to do under the old method. Most of their watches have gone out warm from the factory, but they have run with wonderful accuracy. The very first half dozen used upon the Pennsylvania Railway were brought in by the engineers at the end of six days, and the greatest variation among them was eight seconds.

The railroad is the great critic. Nowhere else is a watch so severely tested; nowhere else is accuracy so absolutely essential. After careful trial, solely upon their own merits, the Elgin watches have been adopted as the standard upon several of our leading trunk lines. On the Pennsylvania Road alone more than a hundred locomotives are run by them, and they are in use among conductors and engineers upon every railway in the Northwest, and upon the great trans-continental line from Omaha to San Francisco. That is as it should be—the Pacific Railway trains run by American watches.

Several months ago a Swiss imitation, labeled “Chicago Watch Company,” began to appear in our markets. It looks well to unskilled eyes, but is so rough and cheap that the “movement” can be sold for five dollars after paying the import duty. And lately another imitation, bearing the same inscription, but manufactured in an Eastern factory, has made its appearance. Buyers who would be sure of avoiding these spurious watches should purchase only of some reputable and established jeweler, and never of unknown, irresponsible parties, however honeyed and seductive their advertisements. But this

counterfeiting, both foreign and domestic, of an American product less than two years old, at least shows that the genuine article has won enviable reputation.

Two facts in the consumption of the Elgin watches are the shadows of coming events. First, fully half, thus far, have been sold in the East, and a large proportion of them in New England. Second, the Company are filling orders for India, which have come from London, without solicitation or advertising abroad. The prairies are beginning to manufacture for the Orient! What will this grow to in the near future, when three Pacific railways bring India, China, and Japan to our doors?

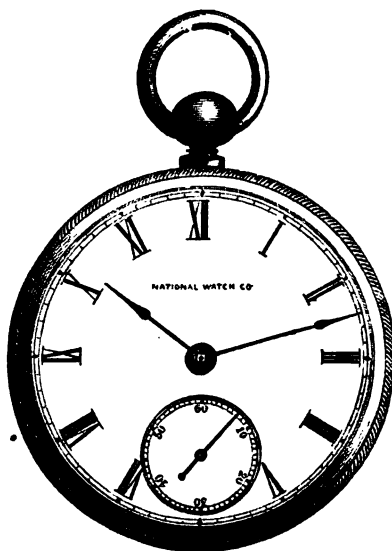
The Company make "movements" alone, dealing with the public only through local jewelers, whom they leave to case each watch according to the customer's taste or fancy. Making cases—a business quite distinct from making watches—is done on a large scale by two or three houses in the United States, and on a small scale by a great many. Crystals cost the jeweler from two and a half to seventy-five cents apiece. The finest are made in Europe; cheaper ones in New York and Pittsburg. Gold cases cost from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars each; silver ones from six to thirty dollars; German silver about three dollars and fifty cents.

Thus we have followed the watch through its various stages until it is ready for the pocket. An expert jeweler working by hand might perhaps make a watch in three weeks. The Elgin factory, with less than four hundred and forty employes, turns out one hundred and twenty-five a day, or one every three days and a half for every worker in the establishment, including

all the young boys and girls, the book-keepers and clerks. As eighteen is to three and a half so is machinery to hand-work. In watchmaking alone, within the last fifteen years, American inventiveness has increased the efficiency of human labor more than fivefold.

Increase in product always brings a still larger increase in demand. When Denison conceived the daring project of manufacturing three thousand watches a year, his sober friends fancied that he could never find purchasers. Since then our imports have increased enormously. In 1868 we bought two hundred and fifty thousand watches, costing four millions of dollars, from Switzerland alone. About one-fifth were gold; the rest silver. An enormous proportion were of the grades which sell without cases for from five to ten dollars each, and which as time-keepers are worth about the value of the powder it would take to blow them up. In addition to this foreign supply, one hundred thousand watches a year are now manufactured in the United States. Still the demand is so great that the Elgin factory is often two or three months behind its orders for the most popular grades. The same is doubtless true in other establishments. It will continue true in the time not far distant when a good watch in a silver case can be purchased any where for ten dollars, and when American factories are turning out a thousand watches a day, for the United States and Europe, and swarming Asia.

But no degree of familiarity can ever take the charm and interest from a great watch factory. It will always be a magician's palace, which makes the story of Aladdin prosaic and commonplace.



READY FOR THE POCKET.

THE BIRDS OF PARADISE.*



NATIVES OF ABU SHOOTING THE GREAT BIRD OF PARADISE.

AS many of my journeys were made with the express object of obtaining specimens of the Birds of Paradise, and learning something of their habits and distribution; and being (as far as I am aware) the only Englishman who has seen these wonderful birds in their native forests, and obtained specimens of many of them, I propose to give here, in a connected

form, the result of my observations and inquiries.

When the earliest European voyagers reached the Moluccas in search of cloves and nutmegs, which were then rare and precious spices, they were presented with the dried skins of birds so strange and beautiful as to excite the admiration even of those wealth-seeking rovers. The Malay traders gave them the name of "Manuk dewata," or God's Birds; and the Portuguese, finding that the skins had no feet or wings, and not being able to learn any thing

* A chapter from *The Malay Archipelago: the Land of the Orang-Utan, and the Bird of Paradise*. By ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. Published by Harper and Brothers.

authentic about them, called the birds "Passaros de Sol," or Birds of the Sun; while the learned Dutchmen, who wrote in Latin, called them "Avis paradiseus," or Paradise Bird. John van Linschoten gives these names in 1598, and tells us that no one has seen these birds alive, for they live in the air, always turning toward the sun, and never lighting on the earth till they die; for they have neither feet nor wings, as, he adds, may be seen by the birds carried to India, and sometimes to Holland, but being very costly they were then rarely seen in Europe.

More than a hundred years later Mr. William Funnel, who accompanied Dampier, and wrote an account of the voyage, saw specimens at Amboyna, and was told that they came to Banda to eat nutmegs, which intoxicated them and made them fall down senseless, when they were killed by ants. Down to 1760, when Linnæus named the largest species, *Paradisea apoda* (the Footless Paradise Bird), no perfect specimen had been seen in Europe, and absolutely nothing was known about them. And even now, a hundred years later, most books state that they migrate annually to Ternate, Banda, and Amboyna; whereas the fact is, that they are as completely unknown in those islands in a wild state as they are in England. Linnæus was also acquainted with a small species, which he named *Paradisea regia* (the King Bird of Paradise), and since then nine or ten others have been named, all of which were first described from skins preserved by the savages of New Guinea, and generally more or less imperfect. These are now all known in the Malay Archipelago as "Burong mati," or Dead Birds, indicating that the Malay traders never saw them alive.

The *Paradiseidae* are a group of moderate-sized birds, allied in their structure and habits to crows, starlings, and to the Australian honey-suckers; but they are characterized by extraordinary developments of plumage, which are unequaled in any other family of birds. In several species large tufts of delicate bright-colored feathers spring from each side of the body beneath the wings, forming trains, or fans, or shields; and the middle feathers of the tail are often elongated into wires, twisted into fantastic shapes, or adorned with the most brilliant metallic tints. In another set of species these accessory plumes spring from the head, the back, or the shoulders; while the intensity of color and of metallic lustre displayed by their plumage is not to be equaled by any other birds, except, perhaps, the humming-birds, and is not surpassed even by these. They have been usually classified under two distinct families, *Paradiseidae* and *Epimachidae*, the latter characterized by long and slender beaks, and supposed to be allied to the hoopoes; but the two groups are so closely allied in every essential point of structure and habits, that I shall consider them as forming subdivisions of one family. I will now give a short description of each of the

known species, and then add some general remarks on their natural history.

The GREAT BIRD OF PARADISE (*Paradisea apoda* of Linnæus) is the largest species known, being generally seventeen or eighteen inches from the beak to the tip of the tail. The body, wings, and tail are of a rich coffee-brown, which deepens on the breast to a blackish-violet or purple-brown. The whole top of the head and neck is of an exceedingly delicate straw-yellow, the feathers being short and close set, so as to resemble plush or velvet; the lower part of the throat up to the eye is clothed with scaly feathers of an emerald-green color, and with a rich metallic gloss, and velvety plumes of a still deeper green extend in a band across the forehead and chin as far as the eye, which is bright yellow. The beak is pale lead-blue; and the feet, which are rather large and very strong and well formed, are of a pale ashy-pink. The two middle feathers of the tail have no webs, except a very small one at the base and at the extreme tip, forming wire-like cirrhi, which spread out in an elegant double curve, and vary from twenty-four to thirty-four inches long. From each side of the body, beneath the wings, springs a dense tuft of long and delicate plumes, sometimes two feet in length, of the most intense golden-orange color and very glossy, but changing toward the tips into a pale brown. This tuft of plumage can be elevated and spread out at pleasure, so as almost to conceal the body of the bird.

These splendid ornaments are entirely confined to the male sex, while the female is really a very plain and ordinary-looking bird of a uniform coffee-brown color which never changes, neither does she possess the long tail wires, nor a single yellow or green feather about the head. The young males of the first year exactly resemble the females, so that they can only be distinguished by dissection. The first change is the acquisition of the yellow and green color on the head and throat, and at the same time the two middle tail feathers grow a few inches longer than the rest, but remain webbed on both sides. At a later period these feathers are replaced by the long bare shafts of the full length, as in the adult bird; but there is still no sign of the magnificent orange side plumes, which later still complete the attire of the perfect male. To effect these changes there must be at least three successive moultings; and as the birds were found by me in all the stages about the same time, it is probable that they moult only once a year, and that the full plumage is not acquired till the bird is four years old. It was long thought that the fine train of feathers was assumed for a short time only at the breeding season, but my own experience, as well as the observation of birds of an allied species which I brought home with me, and which lived two years, show that the complete plumage is retained during the whole year, except during a short period of moulting as with most other birds.

The Great Bird of Paradise is very active and vigorous, and seems to be in constant motion all day long. It is very abundant, small flocks of females and young males being constantly met with; and though the full-plumaged birds are less plentiful, their loud cries, which are heard daily, show that they also are very numerous. Their note is, "Wawk-wawk-wawk—Wök, wök-wök," and is so loud and shrill as to be heard a great distance, and to form the most prominent and characteristic animal sound in the Aru Islands. The mode of nidification is unknown; but the natives told me that the nest was formed of leaves placed on an ant's nest, or on some projecting limb of a very lofty tree, and they believe that it contains only one young bird. The egg is quite unknown, and the natives declared they had never seen it; and a very high reward offered for one by a Dutch official did not meet with success.

They moult about January or February, and in May, when they are in full plumage, the males assemble early in the morning to exhibit themselves in the singular manner which the natives call their "Sáceleli," or dancing-parties, in certain trees in the forest, which are not fruit trees as I at first imagined, but which have an immense head of spreading branches and large but scattered leaves, giving a clear space for the birds to play and exhibit their plumes. On one of these trees a dozen or twenty full-plumaged male birds assemble together, raise up their wings, stretch out their necks, and elevate their exquisite plumes, keeping them in a continual vibration. Between whiles they fly across from branch to branch in great excitement, so that the whole tree is filled with waving plumes in every variety of attitude and motion. The bird itself is nearly as large as a crow, and is of a rich coffee-brown color. The head and neck is of a pure straw-yellow above, and rich metallic green beneath. The long plumy tufts of golden-orange feathers spring from the sides beneath each wing, and when the bird is in repose are partly concealed by them. At the time of its excitement, however, the wings are raised vertically over the back, the head is bent down and stretched out, and the long plumes are raised up and expanded till they form two magnificent golden fans, striped with deep red at the base, and fading off into the pale brown tint of the finely divided and softly waving points. The whole bird is then overshadowed by them, the crouching body, yellow head, and emerald-green throat forming but the foundation and setting to the golden glory which waves above. When seen in this attitude the Bird of Paradise really deserves its name, and must be ranked as one of the most beautiful and most wonderful of living things.

This habit enables the natives to obtain specimens with comparative ease. As soon as they find that the birds have fixed upon a tree on which to assemble, they build a little shelter of palm leaves in a convenient place among the branches, and the hunter ensconces himself in

it before daylight, armed with his bow and a number of arrows terminating in a round knob. A boy waits at the foot of the tree, and when the birds come at sunrise, and a sufficient number have assembled, and have begun to dance, the hunter shoots with his blunt arrow so strongly as to stun the bird, which drops down, and is secured and killed by the boy without its plumage being injured by a drop of blood. The rest take no notice, and fall one after another till some of them take the alarm.

The native mode of preserving them is to cut off the wings and feet, and then skin the body up to the beak, taking out the skull. A stout stick is then run up through the specimen, coming out at the mouth. Round this some leaves are stuffed, and the whole is wrapped up in a palm spathe and dried in the smoky hut. By this plan the head, which is really large, is shrunk up almost to nothing, the body is much reduced and shortened, and the greatest prominence is given to the flowing plumage. Some of these native skins are very clean, and often have wings and feet left on; others are dreadfully stained with smoke, and all give a most erroneous idea of the proportions of the living bird.

The *Paradisæa apoda*, as far as we have any certain knowledge, is confined to the main land of the Aru Islands, never being found in the smaller islands which surround the central mass. It is certainly not found in any of the parts of New Guinea visited by the Malay and Bugis traders, nor in any of the other islands where Birds of Paradise are obtained. But this is by no means conclusive evidence, for it is only in certain localities that the natives prepare skins, and in other places the same birds may be abundant without ever becoming known. It is therefore quite possible that this species may inhabit the great southern mass of New Guinea, from which Aru has been separated; while its near ally, which I shall next describe, is confined to the northwestern peninsula.

THE LESSER BIRD OF PARADISE (*Paradisæa papuana* of Bechstein, "Le petit Emeraude" of French authors) is a much smaller bird than the preceding, although very similar to it. It differs in its lighter brown color, not becoming darker or purpled on the breast; in the extension of the yellow color all over the upper part of the back and on the wing coverts; in the lighter yellow of the side plumes, which have only a tinge of orange, and at the tips are nearly pure white; and in the comparative shortness of the tail cirrhi. The female differs remarkably from the same sex in *Paradisæa apoda* by being entirely white on the under surface of the body, and is thus a much handsomer bird. The young males are similarly colored, and as they grow older they change to brown, and go through the same stages in acquiring the perfect plumage as has already been described in the allied species. It is this bird which is most commonly used in ladies' head-dresses in this country, and also forms an important article of commerce in the East.



THE RED BIRD OF PARADISE.

The *Paradisaea papuana* has a comparatively wide range, being the common species on the main land of New Guinea, as well as on the islands of Mysol, Salwatty, Jobie, Biak, and Sook. On the south coast of New Guinea the Dutch naturalist, Muller, found it at the Oetanata River in longitude 186° east. I obtained it myself at Dorey; and the captain of the Dutch steamer *Etna* informed me that he had seen the feathers among the natives of Humboldt Bay, in 141° east longitude. It is very probable, therefore, that it ranges over the whole of the main land of New Guinea.

The true Paradise Birds are omnivorous, feeding on fruits and insects—of the former

preferring the small figs; of the latter, grasshoppers, locusts, and phasmas, as well as cockroaches and caterpillars. When I returned home, in 1862, I was so fortunate as to find two adult males of this species in Singapore; and as they seemed healthy, and fed voraciously on rice, bananas, and cockroaches, I determined on giving the very high price asked for them—£100—and to bring them to England by the overland route under my own care.

On my way home I staid a week at Bombay to break the journey, and to lay in a fresh stock of bananas for my birds. I had great difficulty, however, in supplying them with insect food, for in the Peninsular and Oriental steamers cockroaches were scarce, and it was only by setting traps in the store-rooms, and by hunting an hour every night in the fore-castle, that I could secure a few dozen of these creatures—scarcely enough for a single meal. At Malta, where I staid a fortnight, I got plenty of cockroaches from a bakehouse, and when I left took with me several biscuit-tins' full as provision for the voyage home. We came through the Mediterranean in March, with a very cold wind; and the only place on board the mail-steamer where their large cage could be accommodated was exposed to a strong current of air down a hatch-way which stood open day and night, yet the birds never seemed to feel the cold. During the night journey from Marseilles to Paris it was a sharp frost; yet they arrived in London in perfect health, and lived in the Zoological Gardens for one and two years, often displaying their beautiful plumes to the admiration of the spectators. It is evident, therefore, that the Paradise Birds are very hardy, and require air and exercise rather than heat; and I feel sure that if a good-sized conservatory could be devoted to them, or if they could be turned loose in the tropical department of the Crystal Palace or the Great Palm House at Kew, they would live for many years.

The RED BIRD OF PARADISE (*Paradisaea rubra* of Vieillot), though allied to the two birds already described, is much more distinct from them than they are from each other. It is about the same size as *Paradisaea papuana* (13 to 14 inches long), but differs from it in many particulars. The side plumes, instead of

being yellow, are rich crimson, and only extend about three or four inches beyond the end of the tail; they are somewhat rigid, and the ends are curved downward and inward, and are tipped with white. The two middle tail feathers, instead of being simply elongated and deprived of their webs, are transformed into stiff black ribbons a quarter of an inch wide, but curved like a split quill, and resembling thin half cylinders of horn or whalebone. When a dead bird is laid on its back it is seen that these ribbons take a curve or set, which brings them round so as to meet in a double circle on the neck of the bird; but when they hang downward, during life, they assume a spiral twist, and form an exceedingly graceful double curve. They are about twenty-two inches long, and always attract attention as the most conspicuous and extraordinary feature of the species. The rich metallic green color of the throat extends over the front half of the head to behind the eyes, and on the forehead forms a little double crest of scaly feathers, which adds much to the vivacity of the bird's aspect. The bill is gamboge-yellow, and the iris blackish-olive.

The female of this species is of a tolerably uniform coffee-brown color, but has a blackish head, and the nape, neck, and shoulders yellow, indicating the position of the brighter colors of the male. The changes of plumage follow the same order of succession as in the other species, the bright colors of the head and neck being first developed, then the lengthened filaments of the tail, and last of all, the red side plumes. I obtained a series of specimens, illustrating the manner in which the extraordinary black tail ribbons are developed, which is very remarkable. They first appear as two ordinary feathers, rather shorter than the rest of the tail; the second stage would no doubt be that shown in a specimen of *Paradisea apoda*, in which the feathers are moderately lengthened, and with the web narrowed in the middle; the third stage is shown by a specimen which has part of the midrib bare, and terminated by a spatulate web; in another the bare midrib is a little dilated and semi-cylindrical, and the terminal web very small; in a fifth the perfect black horny ribbon is formed, but it bears at its extremity a brown spatulate web; while in another a portion of the black ribbon itself bears, for a portion of its length, a narrow brown web. It is only after these changes are fully completed that the red side plumes begin to appear.

The Red Birds of Paradise are not shot with blunt arrows, as in the Aru Islands and some parts of New Guinea, but are snared in a very ingenious manner. A large climbing Arum bears a red reticulated fruit, of which the birds are very fond. The hunters fasten this fruit on a stout forked stick, and provide themselves with a fine but strong cord. They then seek out some tree in the forest on which these birds are accustomed to perch, and climbing up it fasten the stick to a branch, and arrange the cord

in a noose so ingeniously that when the bird comes to eat the fruit its legs are caught, and by pulling the end of the cord, which hangs down to the ground, it comes free from the branch and brings down the bird. Sometimes, when food is abundant elsewhere, the hunter sits from morning till night under his tree, with the cord in his hand, and even for two or three whole days in succession, without even getting a bite; while, on the other hand, if very lucky, he may get two or three birds in a day. There are only eight or ten men who practice this art.

Some few were brought me the same day they were caught, and I had an opportunity of examining them in all their beauty and vivacity. As soon as I found they were generally brought alive, I set one of my men to make a large bamboo cage with troughs for food and water, hoping to be able to keep some of them. I got the natives to bring me branches of a fruit they were very fond of, and I was pleased to find they ate it greedily, and would also take any number of live grasshoppers I gave them, stripping off the legs and wings, and then swallowing them. They drank plenty of water, and were in constant motion, jumping about the cage from perch to perch, clinging on the top and sides, and rarely resting a moment the first day till nightfall. The second day they were always less active, although they would eat as freely as before; and on the morning of the third day they were almost always found dead at the bottom of the cage, without any apparent cause. Some of them ate boiled rice as well as fruit and insects; but after trying many in succession, not one out of ten lived more than three days. The second or third day they would be dull, and in several cases they were seized with convulsions, and fell off the perch, dying a few hours afterward. I tried immature as well as full-plumaged birds, but with no better success, and at length gave it up as a hopeless task, and confined my attention to preserving specimens in as good a condition as possible.

The Red Bird of Paradise offers a remarkable case of restricted range, being entirely confined to the small island of Waigiou, off the northwest extremity of New Guinea, where it replaces the allied species found in the other islands.

The three birds just described form a well-marked group, agreeing in every point of general structure, in their comparatively large size, the brown color of their bodies, wings, and tail, and in the peculiar character of the ornamental plumage which distinguishes the male bird. The group ranges nearly over the whole area inhabited by the family of the *Paradiseidae*; but each of the species has its own limited region, and is never found in the same district with either of its close allies. To these three birds properly belongs the generic title *Paradisea*, or true Paradise Bird.

The next species is the *Paradisea regia* of Linnæus, or KING BIRD OF PARADISE, which differs so much from the three preceding spe-



THE KING AND TWELVE-WIRED BIRD OF PARADISE.

cies as to deserve a distinct generic name, and it has accordingly been called *Cicinnurus regius*. By the Malays it is called "Burong rajah," or King Bird, and by the natives of the Aru Islands "Goby-goby."

This lovely little bird is only about six and a half inches long, partly owing to the very short tail, which does not surpass the somewhat square wings. The head, throat, and entire upper surface are of the richest glossy crimson-red, shading to orange-crimson on the forehead, where the feathers extend beyond the nostrils more than half-way down the beak. The plumage is excessively brilliant, shining in certain lights with a metallic or glassy lustre. The breast and belly are pure silky white, between which color and the red of the throat

there is a broad band of rich metallic green, and there is a small spot of the same color close above each eye. From each side of the body, beneath the wing, springs a tuft of broad delicate feathers about an inch and a half long, of an ashy color, but tipped with a broad band of emerald-green, bordered within by a narrow line of buff. These plumes are concealed beneath the wing, but when the bird pleases, can be raised and spread out so as to form an elegant semicircular fan on each shoulder. But another ornament still more extraordinary, and if possible more beautiful, adorns this little bird. The two middle tail feathers are modified into very slender wire-like shafts, nearly six inches long, each of which bears at the extremity, on the inner side only, a web of an emerald-green

color, which is coiled up into a perfect spiral disk, and produces a most singular and charming effect. The bill is orange-yellow, and the feet and legs of a fine cobalt-blue.

The female of this little gem is such a plainly colored bird that it can at first sight hardly be believed to belong to the same species. The upper surface is of a dull earthy-brown, a slight tinge of orange-red appearing only on the margins of the quills. Beneath it is of a paler yellowish-brown, scaled and banded with narrow dusky markings. The young males are exactly like the female, and they no doubt undergo a series of changes as singular as those of *Paradisea rubra*; but, unfortunately, I was unable to obtain illustrative specimens.

This exquisite little creature frequents the smaller trees in the thickest parts of the forest, feeding on various fruits, often of a very large size for so small a bird. It is very active both on its wings and feet, and makes a whirring sound while flying, something like the South American manakins. It often flutters its wings and displays the beautiful fan which adorns its breast, while the star-bearing tail wires diverge in an elegant double curve. It is tolerably plentiful in the Aru Islands, which led to its being brought to Europe at an early period along with *Paradisea apoda*. It also occurs in the island of Mysol, and in every part of New Guinea which has been visited by naturalists.

We now come to the remarkable little bird called the MAGNIFICENT, first figured by Buffon, and named *Paradisea speciosa* by Boddaert, which, with one allied species, has been formed into a separate genus by Prince Bonaparte, under the name of *Diphyllodes*, from the curious double mantle which clothes the back.

The head is covered with short brown velvety feathers, which advance on the beak so as to cover the nostrils. From the nape springs a dense mass of feathers of a straw-yellow color, and about one and a half inches long, forming a mantle over the upper part of the back. Beneath this, and forming a band about one-third of an inch beyond it, is a second mantle of rich, glossy, reddish-brown feathers. The rest of the back is orange-brown, the tail coverts and tail dark bronzy, the wings light orange-buff. The whole under surface is covered with an abundance of plumage springing from the margins of the breast, and of a rich deep green color, with changeable hues of purple. Down the middle of the breast is a broad band of scaly plumes of the same color, while the chin and throat are of a rich metallic bronze. From the middle of the tail spring two narrow feathers of a rich steel-blue, and about ten inches long. These are webbed on the inner side

only, and curve outward, so as to form a double circle.

From what we know of the habits of allied species we may be sure that the greatly developed plumage of this bird is erected and displayed in some remarkable manner. The mass of feathers on the under surface are probably expanded into a hemisphere, while the beautiful yellow mantle is no doubt elevated so as to give the bird a very different appearance from that which it presents in the dried and flattened skins of the natives, through which alone it is at present known. The feet appear to be dark blue. This rare and elegant little bird is found only on the main land of New Guinea, and in the island of Mysol.

A still more rare and beautiful species than the last is the *Diphyllodes Wilsoni*, described by Mr. Cassin from a native skin in the rich museum of Philadelphia. The same bird was afterward named *Diphyllodes respublica* by Prince Bonaparte, and still later *Schlegelia calva* by Dr. Bernstein, who was so fortunate as to obtain fresh specimens in Waigiou.

In this species the upper mantle is sulphur-yellow, the lower one and the wings pure red, the breast plumes dark green, and the lengthened middle tail feathers much shorter than in the allied species. The most curious difference is, however, that the top of the head is bald, the bare skin being of a rich cobalt-blue, crossed by several lines of black velvety feathers.

It is about the same size as *Diphyllodes speciosa*, and is no doubt entirely confined to the island of Waigiou. The female, as figured and described by Dr. Bernstein, is very like that of *Cicinnurus regius*, being similarly banded beneath; and we may therefore conclude that its near ally, the "Magnificent," is at least equally plain in this sex, of which specimens have not yet been obtained.

THE SUPERB BIRD OF PARADISE was first figured by Buffon, and was named by Boddaert *Paradisea atra*, from the black ground color of its plumage. It forms the genus *Lophorina* of



THE MAGNIFICENT BIRD OF PARADISE.

Viellot, and is one of the rarest and most brilliant of the whole group, being only known from mutilated native skins. This bird is a little larger than the "Magnificent." The ground color of the plumage is intense black, but with beautiful bronze reflections on the neck, and the whole head scaled with feathers of brilliant metallic green and blue. Over its breast it bears a shield formed of narrow and rather stiff feathers, much elongated toward the sides, of a pure bluish-green color, and with a satiny gloss. But a still more extraordinary ornament is that which springs from the back of the neck—a shield of a similar form to that on the breast, but much larger, and of a velvety black color, glossed with bronze and purple. The outermost feathers of this shield are half an inch longer than the wing, and when it is elevated it must, in conjunction with the breast shield, completely change the form and whole appearance of the bird. The bill is black, and the feet appear to be yellow.

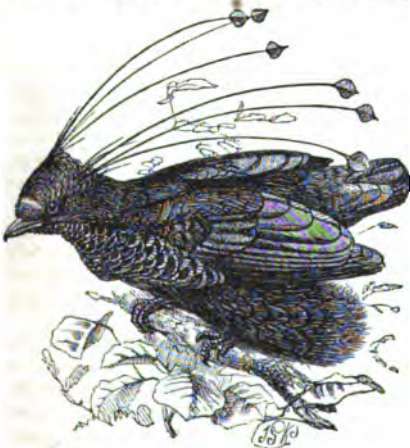
This wonderful little bird inhabits the interior of the northern peninsula of New Guinea only. Neither I nor Mr. Allen could hear any thing of it in any of the islands or on any part of the coast. It is true that it was obtained from the coast natives by Lesson; but when at Sorong in 1861 Mr. Allen learned that it is only found three days' journey in the interior. Owing to these "Black Birds of Paradise," as they are called, not being so much valued as articles of merchandise, they now seem to be rarely preserved by the natives; and it thus happened that, during several years spent on the coasts of New Guinea and in the Moluccas, I was never able to obtain a skin. We are therefore quite ignorant of the habits of this bird, and also of its female, though the latter is no doubt as plain and inconspicuous as in all the other species of this family.



THE SUPERB BIRD OF PARADISE.

The GOLDEN, or SIX-SHAFTED PARADISE BIRD is another rare species, first figured by Buffon, and never yet obtained in perfect condition. It was named by Boddaert *Paradisæa serpens*, and forms the genus *Parotia* of Viellot. This wonderful bird is about the size of the female *Paradisæa rubra*. The plumage appears at first sight black, but it glows in certain lights with bronze and deep purple. The throat and breast are scaled with broad flat feathers of an intense golden hue, changing to green and blue tints in certain lights. On the back of the head is a broad recurved band of feathers, whose brilliancy is indescribable, resembling the sheen of emerald and topaz rather than any organic substance. Over the forehead is a large patch of pure white feathers, which shine like satin; and from the sides of the head spring the six wonderful feathers from which the bird receives its name. These are slender wires, six inches long, with a small oval web at the extremity. In addition to these ornaments there is also an immense tuft of soft feathers on each side of the breast, which when elevated must entirely hide the wings, and give the bird an appearance of being double its real bulk. The bill is black, short, and rather compressed, with the feathers advancing over the nostrils, as in *Cicinnurus regius*. This singular and brilliant bird inhabits the same region as the "Superb Bird of Paradise;" and nothing whatever is known about it but what we can derive from an examination of the skins preserved by the natives of New Guinea.

The STANDARD WING, named *Semioptera Wallacei* by Mr. G. R. Gray, is an entirely new form of Bird of Paradise, discovered by myself in the island of Batchian, and especially distinguished by a pair of long narrow feathers of a white color, which spring from among the short plumes which clothe the bend of the wing, and are capable of being erected at pleasure. The general color of this bird is a delicate olive-brown, deepening to a kind of bronzy-olive in the middle of the back, and changing to a del-



THE SIX-SHAFTED BIRD OF PARADISE.



WALLACE'S STANDARD WING, MALE AND FEMALE.

icate ashy-violet with a metallic gloss on the crown of the head. The feathers, which cover the nostrils and extend half-way down the beak, are loose and curved upward. Beneath it is much more beautiful. The scale-like feathers of the breast are margined with rich metallic blue-green, which color entirely covers the throat and sides of the neck, as well as the long pointed plumes which spring from the sides of the breast, and extend nearly as far as the end of the wings. The most curious feature of the bird, however, and one altogether unique in the whole class, is found in the pair of long narrow delicate feathers which spring from each wing close to the bend. On lifting the wing coverts they are seen to arise from two tubular horny sheaths, which diverge from near the point of junction of the carpal bones. They are erectile,

and when the bird is excited are spread out at right angles to the wing and slightly divergent. They are from six to six and a half inches long, the upper one slightly exceeding the lower. The total length of the bird is eleven inches. The bill is horny-olive, the iris deep olive, and the feet bright orange.

The female bird is remarkably plain, being entirely of a dull pale earthy-brown, with only a slight tinge of ashy-violet on the head to relieve its general monotony; and the young males exactly resemble her.

This bird frequents the lower trees of the forests, and, like most Paradise Birds, is in constant motion—flying from branch to branch, clinging to the twigs and even to the smooth and vertical trunks almost as easily as a woodpecker. It continually utters a harsh, creaking

note, somewhat intermediate between that of *Paradisea apoda* and the more musical cry of *Cicinnurus regius*. The males at short intervals open and flutter their wings, erect the long shoulder feathers, and spread out the elegant green breast shields.

The "Standard Wing" is found in Gilolo as well as in Batchian, and all the specimens from the former island have the green breast shield rather longer, the crown of the head darker violet, and the lower parts of the body rather more strongly scaled with green. This is the only Paradise Bird yet found in the Moluccan district, all the others being confined to the Papuan Islands and North Australia.

We now come to the *Epimachide*, or "Long-billed Birds of Paradise," which, as before stated, ought not to be separated from the *Paradiseidae* by the intervention of any other birds. One of the most remarkable of these is the "Twelve-wired Paradise Bird," *Paradisea alba* of Blumenbach, but now placed in the genus *Seleucidés* of Lesson.

This bird is about twelve inches long, of which the compressed and curved beak occupies two inches. The color of the breast and upper surface appears at first sight nearly black, but a close examination shows that no part of it is devoid of color, and by holding it in various lights the most rich and glowing tints become visible. The head, covered with short velvety feathers, which advance on the chin much further than on the upper part of the beak, is of a purplish-bronze color; the whole of the back and shoulders is rich bronzy-green, while the closed wings and tail are of the most brilliant violet-purple, all the plumage having a delicate silky gloss. The mass of feathers which cover the breast is really almost black, with faint glosses of green and purple, but their outer edges are margined with glittering bands of emerald-green. The whole lower part of the body is rich buffy-yellow, including the tuft of plumes which spring from the sides, and extend an inch and a half beyond the tail. When skins are exposed to the light the yellow fades into dull white, from which circumstance it derived its specific name. About six of the innermost of these plumes on each side have the midrib elongated into slender black wires, which bend at right angles, and curve somewhat backward to a length of about ten inches, forming one of those extraordinary and fantastic ornaments with which this group of birds abounds. The bill is jet black, and the feet bright yellow.

The female, although not quite so plain a bird as in some other species, presents none of the gay colors or ornamental plumage of the male. The top of the head and back of the neck are black, the rest of the upper parts rich reddish-brown; while the under surface is entirely yellowish-ashy, somewhat blackish on the breast, and crossed throughout with narrow blackish wavy bands.

The *Seleucidés alba* is found in the island of Salwatty, and in the northwestern parts of New

Guinea, where it frequents flowering trees, especially sago-palms and pandani, sucking the flowers, round and beneath which its unusually large and powerful feet enable it to cling. Its motions are very rapid. It seldom rests more than a few moments on one tree, after which it flies straight off, and with great swiftness, to another. It has a loud shrill cry, to be heard a long way, consisting of "Cáh, cáh," repeated five or six times in a descending scale, and at the last note it generally flies away. The males are quite solitary in their habits, although, perhaps, they assemble at certain times like the true Paradise Birds. All the specimens shot and opened by my assistant Mr. Allen, who obtained this fine bird during his last voyage to New Guinea, had nothing in their stomachs but a brown sweet liquid, probably the nectar of the flowers on which they had been feeding. They certainly, however, eat both fruit and insects, for a specimen which I saw alive on board a Dutch steamer ate cockroaches and papaya fruit voraciously. This bird had the curious habit of resting at noon with the bill pointing vertically upward. It died on the passage to Batavia, and I secured the body and formed a skeleton, which shows indisputably that it is really a Bird of Paradise. The tongue is very long and extensible, but flat and a little fibrous at the end, exactly like the true *Paradiseas*.

In the island of Salwatty the natives search in the forests till they find the sleeping place of this bird, which they know by seeing its dung upon the ground. It is generally in a low bushy tree. At night they climb up the tree, and either shoot the birds with blunt arrows, or even catch them alive with a cloth. In New Guinea they are caught by placing snares on the trees frequented by them, in the same way as the Red Paradise Birds are caught in Wai-giou, and which has already been described.

The great "Epimague," or LONG-TAILED



THE LONG-TAILED BIRD OF PARADISE.

PARADISE BIRD (*Epimachus magnus*), is another of these wonderful creatures, only known by the imperfect skins pre-

pared by the natives. In its dark velvety plumage, glossed with bronze and purple, it resembles the *Seleucides alba*, but it bears a magnificent tail more than two feet long, glossed on the upper surface with the most intense opalescent blue. Its chief ornament, however, consists in the group of broad plumes which spring from the sides of the breast, and which are dilated at the extremity, and banded with the most vivid metallic blue and green. The bill is long and curved, and the feet black, and similar to those of the allied forms. The total length of this fine bird is between three and four feet.

This splendid bird inhabits the mountains of New Guinea, in the same district with the "Superb" and the "Six-shafted" Paradise Birds, and I was informed is sometimes found in the ranges near the coast. I was several times assured by different natives that this bird makes its nest in a hole under-ground, or under rocks, always choosing a place with two apertures, so that it may enter at one and go out at the other. This is very unlike what we should suppose to be the habits of the bird, but it is not easy to conceive how the story originated if it is not true; and all travelers know that native accounts of the habits of animals, however strange they may seem, almost invariably turn out to be correct.

THE SCALE-BREADED PARADISE BIRD (*Epimachus magnificus* of Cuvier) is now generally placed with the Australian Rifle birds in the genus *Ptiloris*. Though very beautiful, these birds are less strikingly decorated with accessory plumage than the other species we have been describing, their chief ornament being a more or less developed breast-plate of stiff metallic green feathers, and a small tuft of somewhat hairy plumes on the sides of the breast. The back and wings of this species are of an intense velvety black, faintly glossed in certain lights with rich purple. The two broad middle tail feathers are opalescent green-blue with a velvety surface, and the top of the head is covered with feathers resembling scales of burnished steel. A large triangular space covering the chin, throat, and breast is densely scaled with feathers, having a steel-blue or green lustre, and a silky feel. This is edged below with a narrow band of black, followed by shiny bronzy-green, below which the body is covered with hairy feathers of a rich claret color, deepening to black at the tail. The tufts of side plumes somewhat resemble those of the true Birds of Paradise, but are scanty, about as long as the tail, and of a black color. The sides of the head are rich violet, and velvety feathers extend on each side of the beak over the nostrils.

I obtained at Dorey a young male of this bird, in a state of plumage which is no doubt that of the adult female, as is the case in all the allied species. The upper surface, wings, and tail are rich reddish-brown, while the under surface is of a pale ashy color, closely barred throughout with narrow wavy black bands. There is also a pale banded stripe over

the eye, and a long dusky stripe from the gape down each side of the neck. This bird is fourteen inches long, whereas the native skins of the adult male are only about ten inches, owing to the way in which the tail is pushed in, so as to give as much prominence as possible to the ornamental plumage of the breast.

At Cape York, in North Australia, there is a closely allied species, *Ptiloris Alberti*, the female of which is very similar to the young male bird here described. The beautiful Rifle birds of Australia, which much resemble these Paradise Birds, are named *Ptiloris paradiseus* and *Ptiloris Victoriae*. The Scale-breasted Paradise Bird seems to be confined to the main land of New Guinea, and is less rare than several of the other species.

There are three other New Guinea birds which are by some authors classed with the Birds of Paradise, and which, being almost equally remarkable for splendid plumage, deserve to be noticed here. The first is the "Paradise Pie" (*Astrapia nigra* of Lesson), a bird of the size of *Paradisea rubra*, but with a very long tail, glossed above with intense violet. The back is bronzy-black, the lower parts green, the throat and neck bordered with loose broad feathers of an intense coppery hue, while on the top of the head and neck they are glittering emerald-green. All the plumage round the head is lengthened and erectile, and when spread out by the living bird must have an effect hardly surpassed by any of the true Paradise Birds. The bill is black and the feet yellow. The *Astrapia* seems to me to be somewhat intermediate between the *Paradiseida* and *Epimachida*.

There is an allied species, having a bare carunculated head, which has been called *Paradigalla carunculata*. It is believed to inhabit, with the preceding, the mountainous interior of New Guinea, but is exceedingly rare, the only known specimen being in the Philadelphia Museum.

THE PARADISE ORIOLE is another beautiful bird, which is now sometimes classed with the Birds of Paradise. It has been named *Paradisea aurea* and *Oriolus aureus* by the old naturalists, and is now generally placed in the same genus as the Regent Bird of Australia (*Sericulus chryscephalus*). But the form of the bill and the character of the plumage seem to me to be so different that it will have to form a distinct genus. This bird is almost entirely yellow, with the exception of the throat, the tail, and part of the wings and back, which are black; but it is chiefly characterized by a quantity of long feathers of an intense glossy orange color, which cover its neck down to the middle of the back, almost like the hackles of a game-cock.

This beautiful bird inhabits the main land of New Guinea, and is also found in Saluwatty, but is so rare that I was only able to obtain one imperfect native skin, and nothing whatever is known of its habits.

I will now give a list of all the Birds of Paradise yet known, with the places they are believed to inhabit.

1. *Paradisea apoda* (The Great Paradise Bird). Aru Islands.
2. *Paradisea papuana* (The Lesser Paradise Bird). New Guinea, Mysol, Jobie.
3. *Paradisea rubra* (The Red Paradise Bird). Waiglon.
4. *Cicinnurus regius* (The King Paradise Bird). New Guinea, Aru Islands, Mysol, Salwatty.
5. *Diphyllodes speciosa* (The Magnificent). New Guinea, Mysol, Salwatty.
6. *Diphyllodes Wilsoni* (The Red Magnificent). Waiglon.
7. *Lophorina atra* (The Superb). New Guinea.
8. *Parotia sexpennis* (The Golden Paradise Bird). New Guinea.
9. *Semioptera Wallacii* (The Standard Wing). Batclian, Gilolo.
10. *Epimachus magnus* (The Long-tailed Paradise Bird). New Guinea.
11. *Seleucides alba* (The Twelve-wired Paradise Bird). New Guinea, Salwatty.
12. *Ptiloris magnifica* (The Scale-breasted Paradise Bird). New Guinea.
13. *Ptiloris Alberti* (Prince Albert's Paradise Bird). North Australia.
14. *Ptiloris paradisea* (The Rifle Bird). East Australia.
15. *Ptiloris Victorie* (The Victorian Rifle Bird). Northeast Australia.
16. *Astrapia nigra* (The Paradise Pie). New Guinea.
17. *Paridigaha carunculata* (The Carunculated Paradise Pie). New Guinea.
18. (?) *Sericulus aureus* (The Paradise Oriole). New Guinea, Salwatty.

We see, therefore, that of the eighteen species which seem to deserve a place among the Birds of Paradise, eleven are known to inhabit the great island of New Guinea, eight of which are entirely confined to it and the hardly separated island of Salwatty. But if we consider those islands which are now united to New Guinea by a shallow sea to really form a part of it, we shall find that fourteen of the Paradise Birds belong to that country, while three inhabit the northern and eastern parts of Australia, and one the Moluccas. All the more extraordinary and magnificent species are, however, entirely confined to the Papuan region.

Although I devoted so much time to a search after these wonderful birds, I only succeeded myself in obtaining five species during a residence of many months in the Aru Islands, New Guinea, and Waiglon. Mr. Allen's voyage to Mysol did not procure a single additional species, but we both heard of a place called Sorong, on the main land of New Guinea, near Salwatty, where we were told that all the kinds we desired could be obtained. We therefore determined that he should visit this place, and endeavor to penetrate into the interior among the natives, who actually shoot and skin the Birds of Paradise. He went in the small prau I had fitted up at Goram, and through the kind assistance of the Dutch Resident at Ternate, a lieutenant and two soldiers were sent by the Sultan of Tidore to accompany and protect him, and to assist him in getting men and in visiting the interior.

Notwithstanding these precautions, Mr. Allen met with difficulties in this voyage which we had neither of us encountered before. To understand these it is necessary to consider that the Birds of Paradise are an article of commerce, and are the monopoly of the chiefs of the coast villages, who obtain them at a low rate from the mountaineers and sell them to the Bugis traders. A portion is also paid every year as tribute to the Sultan of Tidore. The natives are therefore very jealous of a stranger, especially a European, interfering in their trade, and above all of going into the interior to deal with the mountaineers themselves. They of course think he will raise the prices in the interior, and lessen the supply on the coast, greatly to their disadvantage; they also think their tribute will be raised if a European takes back a quantity of the rare sorts; and they have besides a vague and very natural dread of some ulterior object in a white man's coming, at so much trouble and expense, to their country only to get Birds of Paradise, of which they know he can buy plenty (of the common yellow ones which alone they value) at Ternate, Macassar, or Singapore.

It thus happened that when Mr. Allen arrived at Sorong, and explained his intention of going to seek Birds of Paradise in the interior, innumerable objections were raised. He was told it was three or four days' journey over swamps and mountains; that the mountaineers were savages and cannibals, who would certainly kill him; and, lastly, that not a man in the village could be found who dare go with him. After some days spent in these discussions, as he still persisted in making the attempt, and showed them his authority from the Sultan of Tidore to go where he pleased and receive every assistance, they at length provided him with a boat to go the first part of the journey up a river; at the same time, however, they sent private orders to the interior villages to refuse to sell any provisions, so as to compel him to return. On arriving at the village where they were to leave the river and strike inland the coast people returned, leaving Mr. Allen to get on as he could. Here he called on the Tidore lieutenant to assist him, and procure men as guides and to carry his baggage to the villages of the mountaineers. This, however, was not so easily done. A quarrel took place, and the natives, refusing to obey the imperious orders of the lieutenant, got out their knives and spears to attack him and his soldiers; and Mr. Allen himself was obliged to interfere to protect those who had come to guard him. The respect due to a white man, and the timely distribution of a few presents, prevailed; and, on showing the knives, hatchets, and beads he was willing to give to those who accompanied him, peace was restored, and the next day, traveling over a frightfully rugged country, they reached the villages of the mountaineers. Here Mr. Allen remained a month without any interpreter through whom he could understand a word or

communicate a want. However, by signs and presents and a pretty liberal barter, he got on very well, some of them accompanying him every day in the forest to shoot, and receiving a small present when he was successful.

In the grand matter of the Paradise Birds, however, little was done. Only one additional species was found, the *Seleucidés alba*, of which he had already obtained a specimen in Salwatty; but he learned that the other kinds, of which he showed them drawings, were found two or three days' journey farther in the interior. When I sent my men from Dorey to Amberbaki, they heard exactly the same story—that the rarer sorts were only found several days' journey in the interior, among rugged mountains, and that the skins were prepared by savage tribes who had never even been seen by any of the coast people.

It seems as if Nature had taken precautions that these her choicest treasures should not be made too common, and thus be undervalued. This northern coast of New Guinea is exposed to the full swell of the Pacific Ocean, and is rugged and harborless. The country is all rocky and mountainous, covered every where with dense forests, offering in its swamps and precipices and serrated ridges an almost impassable barrier to the unknown interior; and the people are dangerous savages, in the very lowest stage of barbarism. In such a country, and among such a people, are found these wonderful productions of Nature, the Birds of Paradise, whose exquisite beauty of form and color and strange developments of plumage are calculated to excite the wonder and admiration of the most civilized and the most intellectual of mankind, and to furnish inexhaustible materials for study to the naturalist, and for speculation to the philosopher.

Thus ended my search after these beautiful birds. Five voyages to different parts of the district they inhabit, each occupying in its preparation and execution the larger part of a year, produced me only five species out of the fourteen known to exist in the New Guinea district. The kinds obtained are those that inhabit the coasts of New Guinea and its islands, the remainder seeming to be strictly confined to the central mountain ranges of the northern peninsula; and our researches at Dorey and Amberbaki, near one end of this peninsula, and at Salwatty and Sorong, near the other, enable me to decide with some certainty on the native country of these rare and lovely birds, good specimens of which have never yet been seen in Europe.

A NIGHT AT SEA.

"I UNDERSTAND that it is a common failing of mothers to be jealous of their daughters-in-law," lisped Mr. Sydney Grayson, buttering his remark on one side with a smile and on the other with a bow.

Conscious that he had risen to his full intellectual height to say this, remembering that he

had never before been so original and profound, a sublime tremor of self-respect ran in chills down his back, and the bow which he made was partly to himself.

The moment and the environment called for grandeur of mental action. For the first time in his life he was voyaging beyond sight of land without being too sea-sick to properly appreciate the fact. Under his polished boots was a bark with the Oriental title of *Osmanti*, hailing from New York, or, as Mr. Grayson delighted to call it, "the Metropolis of the Western World," and bound for Smyrna, a city which, as he frequently stated, lay in "the Land of the East, the clime of the Sun." Above him were bellying sails, glorious, unearthly, ghostly in the transforming effulgence of moonlight; and around him was a sparkling expanse which he was graciously pleased to flatter as "the illimitable ocean."

"I have often noted that peculiarity in mothers," continued Mr. Grayson. "I venture to believe that I can understand Mrs. Gordon's feelings perfectly. She has an only son, and she wants to monopolize him. She is jealous of her son's wife. And I must admit," he smiled and puckered, "that she has a dangerous rival. If I were your respected mother-in-law I should die of despair. Really now, Mrs. Gordon, I think I should."

The person with whom he thus discoursed—like the majority of persons with whom this old beau had spent his life in discoursing—was a young lady. Harriet Gordon, the wife of George Gedacny Gordon, always sufficiently pretty, was just now strikingly beautiful. Her complexion dazzled; it did not seem earthly, and, indeed, altogether earthly it was not; something of its purity and glory descended from the heavens; she was transfigured by glamour of moonlight.

"Yes, she has got him," continued Hattie Gordon, failing to notice the compliment of Grayson, and glancing backward at a couple who sat leaning against the taffrail. "She has carried him off; she has got him all to herself; she has cut me out. I presume she is perfectly happy."

"It would be a pity to disturb her innocent pleasure," suggested the veteran beau, who enjoyed walking a moonlit deck with a pretty woman.

"I don't understand it," persisted Hattie. "Why should a mother be jealous of her son's wife? Can't she remember that I belong to him—that I am part of him? It is my place by his side, I suppose. But if she finds us together she fairly glowers."

Here she stopped her tirade and burst into a gay little laugh.

"Very amusing," bowed Syd Grayson. "You put a very absurd and amusing light upon the—the circumstances."

"I was thinking of this," she explained. "Imagine a marriage: somebody steps forward and says, 'I forbid the bans; the gentleman has a mother living!'"

The point was too fine and too tersely put for Grayson to see it; but he bowed, rubbed his hands, and smiled appreciatively, as he had learned to do.

Hattie Gordon now changed the subject, remembering that this talking to strangers about her intimate affairs was one of her habitual faults, and one of the things for which her husband most frequently reproved her. Undoubtedly he was partly to blame for it: he had not sufficient sympathy for her, and did not call out her confidences; moreover, he had allowed his mother to step in between her and himself. But notwithstanding these excuses, she felt that she was wrong in laying open family matters to even so old a gentleman as Mr. Grayson, and she turned the conversation upon other topics.

For Sydney Grayson was not a young gentleman. Even by moonlight you could see that he had been obliging enough to live for fifty years on earth, and that, while performing this good office toward his fellow-creatures, he had not been incessantly respected by the fingers of time. His long, waving hair, originally jet black, was streaked with silver. A small semicircle of white on either cheek stained the unity of his otherwise ebony whiskers and beard. His high, narrow forehead seemed still narrower in consequence of the hollowness of his bare and veined temples; and the lower part of his face, puckered with wrinkles which had once been smiles and dimples, was also narrow, even to weakness. His aquiline nose would have been handsome had it not been ground too fine on the grindstone of years. His mouth was thin-lipped and feeble, and his chin was at once too small and too pointed. His form was that of a tall and slender skeleton, slightly deformed by a stoop in the narrow shoulders, yet not deficient in grace of port and movement. A coffee-colored complexion, which complained of dyspepsia, and still more of malaria, hinted that he was a Southerner; and his elaborate polish of manner and courtliness of voice and affluence of compliment confirmed the flattering suspicion.

The promenade continued. Syd Grayson rehearsed anew that inane, pointless courtship which he had already inflicted upon more than one. Mrs. Gordon slyly and smilingly chaffed him, as he had been chaffed unnumbered times before. He talked, flattered, simpered, and bowed merely to gratify his antiquated vanity. She, even while she laughed at him, was not interested by him; she was thinking of the reserve of her husband and the unfriendliness of his mother. They two made her life thorny—the man not meaning it, the woman intentionally.

At every turn in her walk she glanced uneasily and anxiously at the couple. Why did they sit there, always silent or whispering, like conspirators? Why did they not join her in her promenade, or beckon her to join them in their conference? She would have been glad

to drop the old beau; it would almost have pleased her to see him tumble overboard; she half hated him because he helped to keep her apart from her husband. At the same time she would not go to George until he would signify in some way his desire to have her near him. Long enough had she shivered under indifference; at last it was time to show that she could endure to be left alone. So Hattie Gordon stubbornly remained in that solitude which was implied in a tête-à-tête with grinning, lisping, shallow Syd Grayson.

Let us now glance at the husband and the mother-in-law. They are side by side, upon two camp-stools, leaning against the after-bulwark; they are engaged in monotoned, gestureless, but earnest conversation; the mother's hand rests upon the son's arm. You can see in their faces that life with them has been, and always will be, a painfully serious matter. Neither ever jokes; neither is capable of joking, scarcely of laughing. Not the slightest gleam of humor ever radiates from their souls to lighten the solemnity of events and surroundings. They are the sort of people who can not perceive the fun of an accident or the ludicrousness of a bore. Not that they are melancholic; not that they are shrouded by religious asceticism; but they are gravely and even grimly in earnest. They were born to be Puritans, and they would certainly have fruited into full Puritanism had they been New Englanders instead of Virginians.

"I think I have cause now to hope that my life will not be wholly in vain," George Gordon was saying. "I can not but think that within two years' time I shall be well grounded in both the ancient and modern Greek. I shall set hard to work as soon as we reach Athens. You mustn't expect me to run about the Orient with you. Smyrna we shall see on the way. Then if you want to visit Constantinople you can run up there with Hattie under the care of some of our traveling countrymen. You and Hattie won't mind being left alone a good deal, I hope. I must study with all my might."

"I shall not mind it, for your sake," replied the mother. "As for Hattie, she must learn to bear it. If I can, she can."

There was a slightly unpleasant tone of insinuation in the closing phrase. Satirical it was not; satire was too much like a joke for this woman to be capable of it; her meaning was rather in the nature of a direct scoff. It seemed as if she wished to say, Your wife is not wrapped up in you as I am, and she will easily learn to dispense with your society.

Without noticing the ugly hint, or without caring to remark upon it, George continued to talk of his future.

"I shall be well fitted for my professorship. I shall be the first Professor of the University of Virginia to possess a speaking knowledge of Greek. If I am not unreasonably confident, I shall be valuable to my Alma Mater. That will be the acme of my ambition. If I can

only earn the consciousness of filling that chair worthily, it seems to me that I shall die happy. It will not have been a misspent life."

"No, George," returned the mother, eagerly. "It will be a noble life. You don't know how proud I shall be of you."

A mother is so much more sympathetic than any other being; she is so much more sympathetic even than the most loving of wives! She hopes, she confides, she believes with the incomparable earnestness of an affection which for itself demands nothing but affection. She enters fervidly into every plan of her boy; she is joyfully convinced that he will succeed; much more than that, she is sure that he has succeeded; she is content with him. If he seems to fail she does not blame him; he, her loved one, can not be in fault; she suspects some envious human enemy; or she brings in providence guilty. She is always encouraging; he shall have every opportunity to try fortune anew; the next time he will triumph. For his sake she is willing to endure poverty, the lack of those superfluities which are woman's necessities, the neglect of that society whose favor was once her breath of life. A wife may care for such trials; a mother counts them as feathers. In her youth she may have been selfish, demanding her own way and pleasure; but now, in presence of her struggling son, all that is over; the only way which she desires is his.

"I am exceedingly grateful, mother, for your sympathy," said George Gordon. "It encourages me more than I can tell you. It is so hard to do any thing worthy! A man has to work so many years before he can accomplish any thing! All that time the masses of his fellow-creatures do not believe in him. He feels slighted. He seems to be put aside. At times he is discouraged. Then to have one sympathetic and constant friend, some one always ready to say a cheering word, it is really priceless. Mother, I can never repay my obligations to you."

"Yes you can, George, and you will. When you have become what you want to be, and what you are sure to be, I shall be paid. I have no anxiety on that score."

Let us look a little more closely at these two earnest people. George Gordon, at this time only twenty-eight years old, is one of the gravest of men, and yet one of the most excitable. His intensely black eyes are at once cold and fiery, at once solemn and passionate. All through his sallow, contracted, hatched face, in the hollowness of his cheeks, in the thinness of his flexible lips, in the muscles which play visibly over his jaws, in the wrinkles which cross the corners of his eyes and mouth, you can read a wearying and yet tireless earnestness. He converses in a slow, measured monotone which, in spite of him, emphasizes every word. He makes no gestures, except that now and then he clutches his right hand spasmodically, or closes his eyes slowly, like one who strives for

patience under pain. All his life he has been struggling to repress his nervousness; even in his childhood he was engaged in this woeful conflict; no youth, no years of gamesomeness, no kittenhood.

Larger than he, as much above the average size of her sex as he is below that of his, his mother is a nobly-fashioned woman with a superb air. But, in spite of this generous physique and the softening effect of a blonde complexion, she is like him in gravity and repression, like him in eagerness. In her fixed, clear gray eye you can perceive that she desires what she desires with all her might, and that she is stonily indifferent to all else. No light side-glances at life; no sensibility to temporary interests and passing enjoyments; one object in view, and that passionately. For years back, as we have already divined, the sole purpose of Mrs. Gordon's existence has been the success, the happiness, the glory of her son.

"I wish Hattie felt more of your interest in my projects," said the young husband, somewhat mournfully. "I suppose, however, that she can not. To a person brought up in so large a city as Philadelphia it can not seem much to be Professor in the University of Virginia. I don't blame her."

"I do," cried Mrs. Gordon, so loudly that her son started and glanced at his wife.

"What right has a woman to be indifferent to what concerns her husband?" pursued the mother.

George was disposed not to reply; for this matter of Hattie's lack of sympathy with his pursuits had long been a sore one to him, and he dreaded to talk of it lest he should go on to brood over it and his heart should fester more deeply. But, after a moment of hesitation, he made an attempt to defend his wife, not so much against his mother's words as against his own thoughts.

"I suppose that in the North," he said, "women are less absorbed in the family life than they are with us."

Mrs. Gordon was not philosophical. She could see that a general law might include, but not that it might excuse, an individual; she was not the kind of person to pardon a man for being a Turk because he was born in Constantinople. Moreover, one of Hattie's chiefest sins, in her eyes, was her Northern origin. When she replied, "George, I warned you not to marry a Yankee," she meant to be severe, although she did not mean to be malignant.

The truth is that this woman was not only greedy of her son's affection, but also of domestic power. Excessively proud of the name of Gordon, and holding that to be mistress of a Gordon household was a high title to human reverence, she had received her daughter-in-law into the family mansion with a spasm of jealousy. When she had resigned to her the head of the table she had felt like a queen forced to abdicate by a rival.

Soon there were misunderstandings; the new-

comer wished to introduce Northern fashions and elegancies; the old Virginian matron resisted the innovations; they were useless, unbecoming, extravagant. The wife was astonished and hurt by this opposition to her pretty little projects of decoration. The elder Mrs. Gordon had a frankness, an energy, almost a brutality of criticism which was excessively irritating to a girl who had expected to please entirely and easily. The differences between the two shortly developed into a covert warfare.

We know the general fashion of feminine hostilities—the mock admiration, the satirical glances, the little digs. The elder lady soon found that she was no match in this fencing for a girl who had learned to handle her rapier in the *salle d'armes* of city society. She was wounded without knowing how, and made wretched even in her victories. But she had one strong buckler: she loved her son with unalterable fervor; nothing could drive her from his side. The wife might agree with him or disagree with him, but the mother always held his opinion and shared his feelings. The result of this constancy was that she finally made him her ally, and through him governed the family.

A sad triumph in itself, it was the more sad because she did not forgive her defeated rival. At every favorable moment George's ears were filled with whisperings of Hattie's extravagance, Hattie's levity of behavior, and even Hattie's coquetry. Mrs. Gordon's dislike of her son's wife had become, as it were, a part of her affection for her son. She pitied him because he had bound himself to a girl so unworthy of him; a girl who did not sympathize in his aspirations and constantly prophesy his success; who did not see that he always had his favorite dishes for dinner; who did not strictly attend to the buttons on his shirts; who made herself agreeable to other gentlemen. The mother-in-law's hate was bitter just in proportion as the mother's love was ardent.

When George Gordon decided to study Greek at Athens his wife hoped to have him at last to herself. But the mother was not capable of being left behind; with an aching heart she packed trunks which had reposed for thirty years; with tears in her eyes she closed the revered family mansion. She had her reasons for accompanying the young couple: "You will spend twice your income," she said, "if I am not with you." Hattie's extravagance was an arm which Mrs. Gordon seldom let go out of her hand for a day together.

And when Mr. Sydney Grayson seized the opportunity of voyaging for his health in pleasant company, this merciless mother felt herself justified in suggesting that it would be well to have some one to matronize Hattie. "She has such flighty city ways, I am sorry to say, George, that she might lead that old beau to make a fool of himself."

So here they were, as we have found them, the wife left to walk the deck with Grayson, and

the husband sitting, so to speak, in the lap of the mother.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Gordon had dared to utter the cruel words, "George, I warned you not to marry a Yankee."

"They don't value domestic life," she continued, rapidly. "You have just said it, George, and it is true. They don't give up the world for their husbands. They are apt to be flirts. You can judge for yourself, George. Just look at Hattie giggling and chattering with Syd Grayson, instead of sitting with us. She finds it very dull to talk about your professorship and your studies. But she doesn't find that silly old gallant dull."

George did not remonstrate with his mother for criticising his wife. He had formerly remonstrated, but it had done little good, and he had stopped. In fact, he had come to take sides against Hattie, and to judge her with severity. Just now, too, he was specially vexed with her, not because she promenaded with Syd Grayson, but because she did not sit with her household. His feeling was that, being a Gordon, she ought to stay with Gordons and talk about Gordon affairs; and it seemed to him that when she did not do this she was in a manner unfaithful to the oath which she had taken at the altar.

"I doubt whether she would come to us if you should ask her," continued Mrs. Gordon.

The hot blood boiled in George's heart; he raised his head and called loudly, "Hattie!"

The sharp tone struck a spark of anger in the young wife, and her hand trembled on her companion's arm.

"I will come presently," she replied. "Mr. Grayson is telling me a story."

"What did I say, George?" was the venomous whisper of the mother.

"She will be here directly," replied the young man, sullenly. There was a moment of silence, during which George struggled to recover his self-possession, and sought to reprove himself for his childish outcry of authority. When his wife at last approached him and detached herself from the arm of Grayson, he rose and offered her his seat, saying calmly, "I am afraid that you will tire yourself with walking."

"Thank you," replied Hattie, taking the camp-stool. "I am tired."

"I owe you a thousand apologies, Mrs. Gordon," smirked Grayson. "Really, it distresses me beyond measure to think that I have fatigued you."

"Oh, I am not tired of you, Mr. Grayson," laughed Hattie. "But walking on this unsteady footing does weary one."

For a minute or two both the men were full of attentions for the young lady. George wished to offer amends for the sharp tone which he had sent after her, while the old bachelor, glowing with the thought that he had made a husband's eyes green, was anxious to pursue his gay victory. The elder Mrs. Gordon trembled inwardly with jealousy and aversion. Not only did it

annoy her horribly to see George address Hattie with tenderness, but she disliked the girl to that extent that she could not well bear to sit near her. Presently she rose and said, "The air is too chilly for me, and I shall retire."

"Allow me," cried Syd Grayson, the indefatigable gallant, sliding up with protruded arm. "Do me the honor. I could not think of letting you go down those stairs unassisted, Mrs. Gordon."

The moment George was left alone with his wife he quivered with an unwise impulse to call her to account, he scarcely knew for what. He was in that irritable state of mind which determines a man to have a grievance and to avenge it.

"I hope you have enjoyed your walk with Mr. Grayson," he said.

She was accustomed to be reproved by him, and understanding that she was being reproved now, she retorted, "I hope you have enjoyed your interview with your mother."

"I have enjoyed it—as I *ought*," was his icy answer.

The phrase and the accent seemed to imply that she had violated some duty in prattling and laughing with that old bean, who was not a Gordon. She resented the insinuation, and she proceeded to avenge it indirectly, after the adroit fashion of women.

"I find it terribly stupid on this little dot of a vessel, with so few passengers," she said. "I wish we could have gone by steamer, and across the Continent. There would have been some pleasure in that."

"You know that we could not have done that without exceeding our income," he observed. "I have explained that to you repeatedly."

She had that indifference or dullness as to the evils of running in debt which characterizes women, and in general such persons as are not obliged to earn money. It was one of her faults; he had often groaned over it; sometimes reproached her with it. It was one of the traits which had led him to think poorly of her intellect, and to fall into the way of deciding upon his plans without consulting her wishes.

"It is not pleasant, either, to be told that you find my mother's society and mine stupid," he added, turning to a bitterer grievance and growing immediately angry over it. "I should like to know what you mean by quitting us evening after evening to walk with that old simpleton."

"Mr. Grayson is at least civil," was the satirical comment on this violent speech.

George was terribly wounded; he stood charged with being less of a gentleman than Syd Grayson; he quivered under the accusation as if it had been a dagger-thrust. The nervous irritability against which he had maintained a life-long struggle rose like a giant upon his reason and obtained the mastery over it. His eyes were full of blood; he saw every thing wrong; he was crazed.

"I will not have this man stepping between me and my family," he hissed, sliding close to his wife and looking her fiercely in the eyes. "It has been going on now for a fortnight. It must be stopped. You shall not walk with him. Do you understand? I forbid it!"

"George, are you jealous of Mr. Grayson?" she whispered, in amazement and indignation. "George, you are absurd—and contemptible. I will not speak to you again until you apologize to me for this."

She turned her back on him and walked toward the cabin stairs. At that moment Grayson reappeared: "Ah! Mrs. Gordon," he hissed, proffering his arm; "allow me to conduct you below."

Hattie hesitated; it was a decisive moment; should she defy her husband? She took the old dandy's lean elbow, and let him conduct her below.

When Grayson returned to the deck he was in his cheerfulest mood, outsmiling the moon. This venerable Brummel, this simple, effete, vain, whimsical creature, this humorist without being aware of it, had spent his whole life in courtships, and considered them the only pursuit worthy of a high-toned gentleman, excepting, of course, politics and war. He had courted all classes of women, from the daughters of Presidents to the daughters of barbers. There never was a more miscellaneous and interminable adorer. It was all vanity; he was as harmless as a kitten; what he wanted was the name of the thing. Tell him that he had made an impression, and his shallow heart was full, it could not hold a drop more. That was the extent of his passions: just the name of the thing—just vanity.

Jokers used to say to him: "Syd, if you could traverse the empyrean you would delude the daughter of the man in the moon;" and Grayson, grateful for the compliment, would bow, simper, and chuckle, as if he were quite capable of the heaven-scaling audacity. If a woman looked twice at his singularly thin nose he rose on his heels, glanced at a comrade, and whispered, "That girl throws herself at a fellow's head." In consequence of watching for advances from the other sex his eye had acquired a furtive, sly expression, which made strangers take him for a black-leg. When he set sail for Greece he brought a flute and a guitar, with the idea of serenading some "maid of Athens." It was a common remark, and with many persons a serious belief, that "Beau Grayson was crazy about women."

This amorous old shadow—to whom long intercourse with good society had given a certain fund of information and a certain fluency of small talk which made him not quite intolerable—had commenced his attentions to Hattie Gordon a few weeks before leaving Virginia. He was very useful in dealing with conductors and book-vendors on the way to New York; he had been gallant to the Gordon trunks and hat-boxes during the embarkation; then he had

vanished in an agony of sea-sickness. After a time he had reappeared on deck, his once ebony whiskers bloated with gray, but his heart as young as ever. The girl bore his courtesies patiently. If not interesting, he was amusing; she could at least laugh at him. And we may judge, from what we have seen of her husband and mother-in-law, that they were not of a character to keep her in high spirits.

So there had been a sort of intimacy between Hattie and Syd Grayson. He had helped her bear the dullness of the voyage and the partial seclusion which was forced upon her by Mrs. Gordon senior. She had not remonstrated with him when he fluted to her at midnight, and she had encouraged him in gay mischief to make a spectacle of himself on deck with his guitar. For these innocent levities bitter witness had been borne against her by a mother-in-law who could not see a joke, who took every thing in life for earnest, and who tried her at the bar of hate—the irrational, pitiless hate of jealousy. We are even obliged to add that Mrs. Gordon was glad to believe Hattie blameworthy. She wanted her wrong; longed to destroy all her credit with George; desired a strong and cruel accusation against her.

Something of this Grayson saw; for, though naturally simple, he had learned to be cunning. The revelation that he was disturbing the peace of the Gordon household delighted his vanity. He lent himself readily to the intent of the infatuated mother-in-law, and tried his slender utmost to sport the air of a courtly, victorious Lothario. Now, as he returned to the deck after escorting Hattie into the cabin, he was in high glee because he had overheard her whisper to her husband, "George, are you jealous of Mr. Grayson?" Conceited, simple, effete mischief-maker, he was quite sufficient to work out the destiny which the elder Mrs. Gordon had prepared for her family.

Just at that moment the sickly, fragile, sensitive nature of the young husband was crazed with rage. He had ordered his wife not to walk with this man, and immediately on that she had defied him—had taken the forbidden arm. Scarcely knowing what he was about, George seized Grayson by the elbow, led him about the house on deck, out of sight of the helmsman, and, with a sudden movement, pulled his nose. It was a piece of ungentlemanly ruffianism only to be palliated on the score of Gordon's deranged constitution and shattered nerves, so plainly indicated by his extreme meagreness and sallowness, and the unhealthy brilliancy of his eyes.

"Mr. Gordon—let go," were Grayson's first words. As soon as he was free he added: "This is most outrageous conduct." A moment later he said, with one of his habitual and mechanical bows: "You are no gentleman, Sir."

These phrases, so simple and childish, and uttered in Grayson's effeminate lisp, excited George to a burst of lunatic laughter.

"I shall call you to account for this," continued the insulted man. "I presume you will accord me the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"Yes," replied George, turning to fury again, and advancing with set teeth and clenched fists.

"As soon as we get on shore, Sir," said Grayson, falling back a pace.

"Here and now!" was the little less than maniacal answer.

Knowing Gordon's character, we must absolve him from the degrading suspicion that he had proffered his insult on the assumption that Grayson was a coward and would not dare demand a bloody account. Had he acted thus he would have been punished not altogether unjustly by what followed; for the old dandy, it seems, was not overmuch afraid of wounds and death. Physically timid he was; even when his nose was being pulled he made no effort to fight; he simply scuffled to get away. But now that it was a question of blood, and of blood as soon as possible, he did not blench.

"Mr. Gordon," he minced, after an instant's thought, "it will have to be a rencontre."

"Certainly."

"There are no seconds to be had," continued Grayson. "I haven't the least idea that the captain and mate could be induced to act."

George made no answer; he was already sombre, not so much because of the future as of the past; he had degraded himself by his violence, and he was ashamed of it. But the feeling which drives the inexperienced duelist onward—the feeling that an apology would argue cowardice—kept him silent.

"If you will allow me a few moments for reflection, Mr. Gordon," added Grayson, with one of his ungovernable slight bows, "I think I can find a way out of our embarrassment."

"You are very obliging," said the young man, with unintentional irony. "I shall be happy to hear your proposition."

The wind was light and steady and the vessel sailing on an even keel, so that Grayson could take his usual fugal steps as he walked the deck, meditating on what must be done and what might result from it. He did not like the prospect; wished he had let Mrs. Gordon alone: of course it was about Mrs. Gordon. At the same time he felt fiercely aggrieved: Gordon had pulled his nose—pulled it violently. What had he done to have his nose pulled? It was outrageous conduct, as he had said; and Gordon had been no gentleman, as he had also said; and, in short, Gordon deserved to be shot for it.

But then Gordon would shoot back; and here Mr. Grayson stopped short and looked hard at the ocean; it was disagreeable to think of being pitched into that chilling expanse of waters; he felt that he would far rather be buried in Virginia. The ocean might do very well for certain classes, say for sea-faring men and poor European immigrants. But it was decidedly not a fitting grave for a high-toned gentleman of the Old Dominion, who had his family vault dusty with revered forefathers. In fact, to

take in the whole thing, it was not desirable to be buried at all—that is, just at present.

But this was weakness: honor called him to face death; and what Grayson was ever deaf to honor? Yes, he had a family, a line of ancestors, an ancestral mansion—sold lately—and family plantations—sold long ago. All this commanded him, and in no small degree helped him, to fight when his nose was pulled. Shoot and be shot at he must; couldn't face Virginia again without it; couldn't go on calling himself a gentleman; couldn't talk of the Grayson blood. Finally he was very angry—to his astonishment seriously and even furiously angry—the honestest emotion that he had felt for years. It certainly was exasperating in the highest degree to have one's nose pulled, especially for the first time. "Such a thing never happened before in the whole course of my existence," thought Grayson with tremulous wrath.

Still he was trifling. He must think, and think he actually did, although thinking was not his forte. In a few minutes, suave, mincing, smiling, and lisping as usual, he returned to his enemy and said: "I believe I have it, Mr. Gordon. It is now eleven o'clock and about five minutes. At twelve o'clock it will strike eight bells. We can take our stand opposite each other, one on either side of the deck, a minute or so before twelve. After the first stroke of the bell the firing may commence; at the eighth stroke it will cease. I hope, Sir, that the idea meets your approbation. If not, I shall be happy to listen to your wiser suggestions."

"I see no other, at least no better way, Mr. Grayson," replied Gordon. "I agree to your conditions. But how many shots?"

"If you leave it to me," answered Grayson, with a natural shudder, "I venture to propose two for each. At all events, I shall be satisfied with that number."

"I do leave it to you," said George. "Let it be two each."

"Then, Sir, with your permission, I will attend to my preparations."

"Certainly," sighed George. "By-the-way—excuse me," he called as the other was departing. "It might be well for each of us to leave a note, stating the circumstances of the rencontre, so that the survivor may not be held a murderer."

"A very admirable suggestion," bowed Grayson. "I shall unquestionably put it in practice."

After twenty minutes of moody waiting Gordon went below and found the little cabin of the bark deserted, the ladies having long since retired, and Grayson being in his state-room. By the light of a feeble lamp which swung over the table the young man wrote the explanatory note of which there had been question, directed it to the captain of the *Osmank*, and put it in his breast-pocket. Then he meditated upon another note to his wife; not an angry one—oh

no, nothing but tenderness now—not even the reproach of forgiveness. It was a long and awful task, but it was accomplished.

"My DARLING,—I have had a quarrel with Mr. Grayson. It does not concern you, and you must not hold yourself responsible for it. Pardon my last words to you, and do not break your heart for me.

"Your loving husband,

"GEORGE G. GORDON."

Having put this also into his pocket he stole to his state-room and looked at his wife. She was asleep; but her pillow where it touched her face was wet as if with tears. He must not wake her; he would not venture to kiss her hand—just looked at her and passed out.

Another parting, not so harrowing as this, but still very painful, was from his beloved sphere of labor, his professorship. "I must give up being an honor to my college," he thought, with a sorrow like that of Buckle on his death-bed, when he moaned, "My book! I shall never finish my book."

Pausing in the cabin to examine his revolver he received a shock from what may without exaggeration be styled the terrible courtesy of Grayson. That gentleman appeared; he, too, had his revolver in hand; he bowed and tendered the stock of it.

"We have no seconds to see that every thing is regular," he whispered. "Yet I am exceedingly anxious to have you know that I am taking no advantage of you. There are but two charges in this. Would you like to examine?"

Gordon gently waved the weapon aside, with the words, "I rely entirely upon your honor."

Grayson was not to be excelled: "You are very polite," he said, with a Chesterfieldian smile and bow; then calling up all his courtesy, "but not more polite than I expected to find you."

When the two men reached the deck in company it lacked but five minutes of twelve. Placing themselves opposite each other in the waist of the vessel, each with his back against one of the shrouds of the main-mast, the head and bust showing against the clare-obscure of sea and sky, they awaited the signal of death.

What does a man think of when he stands consciously on the borders of the grave? The writer of this knows by frequent experience that there is in such conditions very little consecutive thought. The mind acts in brief and numerous, yet not violent coruscations, which seem almost to explode at once, and which incessantly extinguish each other. The peril—the distant home—again the peril—what is beyond—the movement of some object—the outline of another—the dread of bodily pain—the chances of escape—what happened yesterday—what should be done to-morrow—hopes that may be dashed—once more the loved ones—then again the peril—always a foreboding—a dull, persistent foreboding. Such is the waiting for conflict; a very different thing from conflict actual—a thing much harder to bear.

As the fated moment approached the trial

became lighter, for the mind sprang to action. Each glanced at his adversary, then at the man at the helm, again at the antagonist, again at the helmsman. Gordon, who had taken the larboard side of the vessel, was fortunately left-handed, so that he could face properly for an aim without losing sight of the silent figure which was to give the signal.

At last the mate, who was slowly pacing the quarter-deck, was heard to utter two monosyllables. The helmsman reached out his hand; the pistols were grasped convulsively; a clear, short crash penetrated the air; the weapons rose simultaneously to a level; another brazen note and then a burst of fire-arms.

That eight bells was not finished. At the explosion of the pistols the sailor started from the helm and then swung quickly back to it, but did not again touch the bell. The mate, with an oath of astonishment, ran forward to the waist and reached the body of George Gordon just as Grayson attempted to lift it by the limp arms. The stricken man had no doubt died instantaneously, for he had fallen at full length on his face and thenceforward had not stirred, not even in convulsion. Before a word had been uttered by any one the captain was on deck and with the group.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed, bewildered and horror-stricken.

"Captain, it is a duel," said Grayson, in a shuddering whisper. "Really, Captain, this is horrible. I had no idea. You must explain to the ladies. A duel between Mr. Gordon and myself. I shall jump overboard."

In the first agony of his remorse he would have thrown himself into the sea, had not a sailor dragged him from the bulwarks, and adroitly passed the end of a halyard around his waist.

"Shut the cabin-door," ordered the captain; "don't let any one on deck." Then, turning to Grayson, "You are a murderer!"

"Never, Sir," lisped Grayson, drawing himself up; "I am a man of honor. Here is that gentleman's bullet-hole through my hat. In his breast-pocket you will find a note which will explain this tragedy."

The paper was found and read. "Still, I shall have to surrender you to the American Consul at Smyrna," declared the captain.

"I am perfectly willing. But consider, Sir, that it will be horrible cruelty to those ladies to keep me on board with them. Could you not do them and me the favor to transfer me to some other vessel?"

"There is a craft abeam," suggested the mate. "She looks like the *Stamboul*, and of course the *Stamboul* is bound for Smyrna, if it is the *Stamboul*."

The hint was taken. In a few minutes the course of the bark was changed; in an hour Grayson was on board the *Stamboul*. Shortly afterward the Gordon ladies were awakened from the heavy slumber of sea-farers, and bid-

den, with such gentleness as sailors could show, to look upon the corpse of their husband and son.

It was a horrible scene. But of all its doleful circumstances the most shocking was the word which the mother launched at the wife.

"That," said she, pointing to the dead body with the air of an avenging fury—"that is your work." She could not see that it was her own.

We must pass onward eighteen months in order to obtain the sober second thought of Sydney Grayson concerning the tragedy and its bearings.

"It was a most lamentable affair," he admitted to a friend who dined with him in Paris. "I of course felt bound to make all possible amends to the widow. I took the liberty of writing to her," he lisped, with one of his little bows; "I wrote to her, and offered my hand. She never replied—never even replied to me, Sir—not a word, Sir! That ends, as I imagine, my responsibilities. What more can a gentleman do?"

GIANTS AND DWARFS.

The Giants of Scripture.—Height of Adam, Eve, Noah, Abraham, Moses.—Early British Giants.—Statues at Carnae, Thebes, Luxor, Athens.—Big Men of Crete.—The Great Emperor, Maximus.—A 400-foot Person.—Giant of Scio, whose skull held 216 pounds of corn.—A 25-foot Frenchman.—Some big Englishmen.—Gutten Mather on the tall fellow at Albany.—The Giants of Rabelais, Bayana, and Swift.—Jack the Giant-killer.—Cannibal Giants.—Blunderbuss and Tom.—The Greatest Straddler on record.—Doctoring a Giant.—Homes of Giants.—Mummies.—Patagonian People.—Earl of Warwick, his Pet and Fork.—Long Sieg.—A big Girl.—Walter Parnass, a sportive Giant.—Mass Meeting of Giants and Dwarfs in Vienna.—Jale of Pigmies and Little ones.—Pepys's great Dutchman, and his Wife.—A Saxon man of might.—King of Prussia's Regiment of Giants.—A brief Polandier.—Big O'Brien.—Charles Lamb's "Gentle Giants."—Tall Teller.—John McPherson.—James Freeman, Yankee Giant, Bar keeper, and Foot.—Pigmies.—Short Men in Scripture.—The Original Tom Thumbs.—Mandeville's Pigmies.—Pigmies of Asia and Africa.—Jale of Pigmies.—Dwarfs of Tennessee.—Of Madagascar.—The Khmoo.—Household Dwarfs of the old Emperors.—The Frigidian Son and Dwarf.—A "Sell."—Russian Dwarfs.—Byron on Little People.—Sir Jeffrey Haden.—Christopher Wren.—Isaac Newton.—Great Wedding Festival of Dwarfs in Russia.—John Goss, Dwarf and Foot.—A Country Dwarf.—Count Borislavski, the accomplished Dwarf.—Long-lived Dwarfs.—Charles Lamb and Captain Starkey.—Thumb and Nuts.

THE foregoing table of contents will sufficiently indicate to the reader the character of the history he is about to peruse. It may, or may not, be taken *cum grano salis*. When very great people are described, whether men of brawn or men of brain, a liberal faith may not unprofitably be exercised. When little people are brought upon the carpet a little confidence will not come amiss. Giants are nothing if not very tall; dwarfs nothing unless very short. From the days of Adam down to the days of Grant and Seymour, there have been giants. We first read of them in Genesis, vi. 4: "There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown." After these were the Rephaim, who were defeated by Chedorlaomer. After them the Emims, alluded to in the second chapter of Deuteronomy, and the Anakims, and the Zamzummims; all of whom in time disappeared, leaving only Og, the King of Bashan, a rather lengthy monarch, "whose bedstead was a bedstead of iron; nine cubits was the length thereof, and four cubits the breadth of it, after the cubit of a man."

The cubit of a man is the space from the tip of the finger to the elbow, that is, half a yard; therefore Og's bedstead was $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. Reckoning the size of men to their bedsteads, Og was probably about 9 feet high. He has furnished material for many Eastern legends, in one of which he is said to have escaped the Flood by wading only knee-deep beside the ark, and to have lived 3000 years. One of his bones is reputed to have long served for a bridge over a river; and he is credited with having "roasted at the sun a freshly-caught fish." Goliath, the famous Gath man, who had a difficulty with David, was in height "six cubits and a span," which would make him 9 feet 9 inches high. His coat of mail weighed 5000 shekels of brass, which is about 208 pounds, and his spear, "like a weaver's beam," about 25 pounds.

In 1718 a French academician named Henrion endeavored to show a great decrease in the height of men between the periods of the Creation and the Christian Era. Adam, he says, was 123 feet 9 inches high; Eve, 118 feet 9 inches; Noah, 27 feet; Abraham, 20 feet; Moses, 13 feet. The allegation about Adam is moderate compared with that made by early Rabbinical writers, who affirm that his head overtopped the atmosphere, and that he touched the Arctic Pole with one hand and the Antarctic with the other. Traditionary memorials of the primeval giants still exist in Palestine in the form of graves of enormous dimensions; as the grave of Abel near Damascus, which is 30 feet long; that of Seth about the same size; and that of Noah, in Lebanon, which is 70 yards in length!

The monkish historians promulgated the idea that the earliest possessors of Great Britain were men of immense stature. John de Warin, in the "Chronicles of Great Britain," written in 1445, relates that in the time of Jahir, the third Judge of Israel after Joshua, Lady Albine and her sisters came to and settled in an island which they named Albion after her, afterward called Britain. While they were living there the devil assumed the shape of a man, and dwelt among the wicked women, and by them had issue great and terrible, giants and giantesses, who occupied the land until Brutus came and conquered them. At the time of his visit there were two giants more wonderful than all the rest, Gogmagog and Lencorigan. It is the former, it is said, whom Milton had in mind when he wrote:

"His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, was but a wand."

The ancient people of most countries seem to have possessed in the strongest degree a faith in giantology, as evidenced by the vast images of their gods and their colossal monuments of architecture. In front of the portals of the palace of Carnac, in Egypt, are gigantic human statues; and in one of the courts are twelve immense stone figures 52 feet high,

which impress upon the beholder that he is entering a home of departed giants. The adjacent palace of Luxor has two granite statues, each 38 feet high, at the entrance. In the ruins near Thebes are three huge figures, now thrown down, one being 64 feet long. In the Parthenon of Athens, many years before Christ, was a statue of Minerva 36 feet high. The temple of Jupiter at Olympia, before Christ, contained a seated statue of a god which rose almost to the ceiling of the building, and that was 68 feet high.

Pliny says that by an earthquake in Crete a mountain was opened, and in it was discovered a skeleton standing upright, 46 cubits long, which was supposed to be that of Orion or Otus. The same author relates that in the time of Claudius Caesar there was a man, named Gabbaras, brought by that Emperor from Arabia to Rome, who was 9 feet 4 inches high, "the tallest man that has been seen in our times." But this giant was not so tall as Posio and Secundilla, in the reign of Augustus Caesar, whose bodies were preserved as curiosities in a museum in the Sallustian Gardens, and each of whom measured in length 10 feet 3 inches.

During the Cretan war there was discovered a body of prodigious size. The rivers rose to an unusual height, and when the floods were gone, in a great cleft of the earth there was found the carcass of a man of the length of 83 cubits, or near 42 feet. Lucius Flaccus, the then legate, allured with the novelty of the report, went with a party of friends to the place to take a view of it; and they there saw what upon hearsay they had imagined to be a fable.

The Emperor Maximus (very much of a man) was 9 feet high, and was in the habit of using his wife's bracelet for a thumb-ring. His shoe was a foot longer than that of any other man, and his strength so great that he could draw a carriage which two oxen could not move. He generally ate forty pounds' weight of flesh and drank six gallons of wine every day. Not at all a desirable or profitable guest for the "St. Nicholas," even at the current price of board; though not so tall as one of whom Josephus tells, viz.: Elcazar, a Jew, who was one of the hostages whom the King of Persia sent to Rome after a peace. This giant was over 10 feet high. But these are pigmies compared with him of whom Kircher writes (though this is what a Yankee philosopher would denominate a whopper!). The skeleton of this giant was dug out of a stone sepulchre near Rome in the reign of the Emperor Henry II., and which, by an inscription attached to it, was known to be that of Pallas, who was slain by Turnus, and was higher than the walls of the city! The same author tells us that another skeleton was found near Palermo that must have belonged to a man 400 feet high; and who, therefore, could have been no other than one of the Cyclops, most probably Polyphemus himself, who might

"Easily have overstepped
Goliath's helmed head, or that huge King
Of Basan, hugest of the Anakim."

To come down one or two hundred feet. Father Jerome de Monceaux writes of the skeleton of a giant 96 feet long, found in a wall in Macedonia. This fact was communicated to him by Father Jerome de Rhetel, a missionary in the Levant, who, in a letter written from Scio, stated that this giant's skull was found entire, and could contain 210 pounds of corn; that a tooth of the under-jaw weighed fifteen pounds, and was seven inches two lines in length! There *was* a man! Was there a Barnum then extant?

In times more modern (1613), some masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphine, in a field which by tradition had long been called "The Giant's Field," at the depth of 18 feet discovered a brick tomb 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 8 feet high, on which was a gray stone with the words "Theutobochus Rex" cut thereon. When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton entire, 25½ feet long, 10 feet wide across the shoulders, and 5 feet deep from the breast to the back. His teeth were about the size of an ox's foot, and his shin-bone measured 4 feet in length.

Plot, in his "Oxfordshire," 1676, says that a skeleton 17 feet high was then to be seen in the town-hall in Lucerne. It had been found under an old oak in Willisau, near the village of Reyden. He instances numerous gigantic bones which had been dug up in England, and adds: "It remains that (notwithstanding their extravagant magnitude) they must have been the bones of men or women; nor does any thing hinder but they may have been so, provided it be clearly made out that there have been men and women of proportionable stature in all ages of the world, down even to our own days."

Old Cotton Mather held the belief that there had been in the antediluvian world men of very prodigious stature, in consequence of the finding of bones and teeth of great size, which he judged to be human, in Albany. He describes one particular grinder weighing 4½ pounds, and a broad, flat, fore-tooth four fingers in breadth; also a bone, supposed to be a thigh-bone, 17 feet long, which, with the others, crumbled to pieces as soon as it was exposed to the air.

Giants have always been great favorites with fiction-writers, and they live in the folk-lore of every country. Some of the most popular works in modern literature have had for their heroes these fabulous creations. Spenser, in his "Faery Queene," tells us of

"An hideous giant, horrible and hie,
That with his talnesse seem'd to threat the skie."

Rabelais invented Gargantua. Bunyan found the Giant Despair very useful in his story. Gulliver would not be Gulliver without the giants and dwarfs. And the world of romance would be dull without Blunderbuss, Cormoran, King Arthur, Fingal, and such.

The story of Jack the Giant-Killer has probably been mentioned in the hearing of the reader. That story was printed certainly as early as 1711, if not before, and of its hero Hannah More, in "An Heroic Epistle," written on the blank leaves of "Mother Bunch's Tales," says:

"Then leave your Robertsons and Bryants
For Jack the murderer of giants,
Since all mythology profane
Is quite as doubtful, quite as vain."

Now and then we come across a legend not so pleasing, as in the case of a Cornish giant named Haliburn of the Cairn. Once when watching some Cornishmen hurling, he was so pleased at the game made by a young peasant that, in mere good-nature, he killed him by patting him on the head. The giant of Trebiggan is said to have dined every day on hot child, preferring them fried, and performing the culinary manoeuvre on a flat rock outside his cave. His arms were so long that he would snatch the sailors from ships passing by the Land's End; and sometimes, after having had his fun, replace them again. Thus he combined the blood-thirsty with the jocular!

More melodramatic and sensational is the history of Tom and the giant Blunderbuss. Tom, according to history, was a lazy young giant, living near Hoyle, and his unwieldy rival resided in a castle near St. Ives. Tom, in driving a wagon full of beer from market, trespassed on the territory of the giant, who attacked him with his club—a young elm-tree. Tom fought him with a wheel and an axle-tree, and eventually run him through the body with the pole! As a reward for his fair fighting and courage the giant left Tom all the gold, copper, and tin in his castle. Which was generous.

But, are not the women to be mentioned? Is Delilah the only lady of whom honorable mention is to be made as a squelcher of giants? Not so, i' faith! The giant Bolster lived on St. Agnes Beacon Hill, and the earth-work near Porth still bears his name. He could stand with one foot (this straddler) on St. Agnes Beacon, and the other on Carn Brea Hills, six miles apart. He fell in love with St. Agnes, who, weary of his importunities, offered to marry him if he would fill a hole in the cliff at Chapel Porth with his blood; but as the hole opened into the sea, unknown to the giant, he fell a victim to his love. The red stain still visible in the cliff shows where the deluge of blood once poured.

The Faculty may possibly be interested to know of a little exploit performed, without pill or instrument, on a huge giant named Goran, who in one night dug an intrenchment 20 feet broad and 24 feet high. Being ill, he called in a subtle doctor; but he grew so weak at last that the medical man kicked him over the cliff and killed him.

Villmere remarks that human height becomes greater, and the growth takes place more rapidly, other circumstances being equal,

in proportion as the country is richer, the comfort more general, houses, clothes, and nourishment better, labor, fatigue, and privation during infancy and youth less. Virey, in the "Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales," points to the fact that intense cold and dry heat tend alike to dwarf the population; a moist, temperate climate being better than either. Men living by the sea-coast and in level countries are larger in their stature than the inhabitants of mountainous regions. This theory, however, would not hold in the United States, where statistics show that the tallest and most perfectly developed men are "raised" in Kentucky.

Silbermann, a French writer of the day, concludes that the average height of the human race has remained unchanged since the Chaldean epoch, four thousand years ago. The mummies brought from Egypt, which are at least three thousand years old, are no larger than people of our day. It is plain from the notices which historians have given of giants that they were always rarities, or strange organic mistakes of nature; and we have no reliable accounts of a race of giants ever having existed. It was long thought that the Patagonians were men of enormous stature, and the assertions of the old voyagers on the point were positive. Wallis, Carteret, Cooke, Forster, Sir Thomas Cavendish, and other voyagers, speak of them as of huge proportions; but Buffon, Sir Hans Sloane, and others in the last century disputed the fact, and a lively discussion grew out of it. Captain Bourne, who resided among them about the year 1849, says: "In person they are large; taller than any other race I have seen. The only standard of measurement I had was my own height, which is about 5 feet 10 inches. I could stand very easily under the arms of many of them, and all the men were at least a head taller than myself; their average height I should think is nearly 6½ feet. They have broad shoulders, full chests, fine frames, well-proportioned, and exhibit enormous strength when aroused; teeth fine, countenances stupid. The women are proportionably smaller than the men, and rather inclined to *embonpoint*."

In the reign of Athelstan (940) existed that wonderful person, Guy, Earl of Warwick, and at Warwick Castle are preserved some so-called relics of the man. They consist of his porridge-pot, flesh-fork, breast-plates, shield, sword, etc. The porridge-pot is composed of bell-metal, and is said to weigh three hundred pounds, and to contain one hundred and twenty gallons. It does not appear that this brazen vessel has always been known as the giant hero's porridge-pot, for in former times it was called Talbot's pot. An old couplet says:

"There's nothing left of Talbot's name
But Talbot's pot and Talbot's Lane."

But the men are not the only ones famous in giantology. In the reign of Henry VIII. "was borne of very honest and worthy parents a maid called for her excesse in height Long Meg; for

she did not only passe all the rest of her country in the length of her proportion, but every limbe was so fit to her talnesse that she seemed the picture and shape of some tall man cast in a woman mould." So says a curious pamphlet or chap-book published in 1635, entitled, "The Life of Long Meg of Westminster; containing the mad merry pranks she played in her lifetime, not onely in performing sundry quarrels with divers ruffians about London; but also how valiantly she behaved her selfe in the warres of Bolloinge."

In this work is told how Meg came up to the country from London, beat a carrier on the way, used up a vicar and a bailiff of Westminster, merrily skirmished with a Spanish knight, fought with thieves, beat the French at Boulogne, got married, played mad pranks with a waterman of Lambeth, and did other strange exploits with hoydenish prowess. She is also alluded to by Ben Jonson, who makes one of his characters in the masque of the "Fortunate Isles" say:

"Or Westminster Meg,
With her long leg,
As long as a crane:
And feet like a plane,
With a pair of heels
As broad as two wheels,"

which is any thing but flattering to the lower limbs of a lady.

Another huge girl is described by Platerus, a physician of the seventeenth century, who saw her in Basle. At five years of age her body was as large as that of a full-grown woman. Her thighs were thicker than his horse's neck, and the calf of her leg was equal in size to the thigh of a lusty man. The girdle that she wore about her waist would go round her father and mother standing together. Before she was a year old she weighed as much as a sack of wheat that held eight bushels. She died in childhood.

One of the most celebrated of England's giants was Walter Parsons, the porter to James I. His height was 7 feet 7 inches, and he was well proportioned. He was an amiable giant, and quite inclined to be sportive, as when "being affronted by a man of ordinary stature, as he walkt London streets, he only took him up by the waistband of his breeches, and hung him upon one of the hooks in the shambles, to be ridiculed by the people, and so went his way; and that sometimes, by way of merriment, he would take two of the tallest yeomen of the Guard (like the gizard and liver) under his arms, and carry them as he pleased (in spite of all resistance) about the guard-chamber; where that is his picture which hangs next the stairs, leading down into the Court toward White Hall gate."

Guy Patin, a celebrated French surgeon, relates that in the seventeenth century, in order to gratify a whim of the Empress of Austria, all the giants and dwarfs in the Germanic empire were assembled at Vienna. As circumstances

required that all should be housed in one extensive building, it was feared lest the imposing proportions of the giants should terrify the dwarfs, and means were taken to assure the latter of their perfect safety. But, in confirmation of the proverb "A dwarf threatens Hercules," the result was very different to that contemplated. The dwarfs teased, insulted, and even robbed the giants to such an extent that the overgrown mortals, with tears in their eyes, complained of their stunted persecutors; and, as a consequence, sentinels had to be placed in the building to protect the giants from the dwarfs. This story illustrates the fact that giants are almost always characterized by mental and bodily weakness, while dwarfs are generally active, intelligent, healthy. Virey says that "tall men are generally much more weak and slow than short men, for all exertions, both of body and mind. Tall men are mostly tame and insipid, like watery vegetables. Tall men seldom become very great men. Little men manifest a character more firm and decided than those lofty and soft-bodied people. Therefore the proverbial expression "Long and lazy, little and loud" may be true for physical reasons.

We once heard it remarked by Mr. Kennedy, Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police, that the most efficient men of the force were "short, wiry fellows," capable of undergoing great fatigue, and more to be relied upon in a "tight place" than the very tall or the very heavy fellows.

Pepps, on August 16, 1664, was "at Charing Cross, and there saw the great Dutchman that is come over, under whose arm I went with my hat on. He is a comely and well-made man, and his wife is a very little, but pretty comely Dutch woman. The illustrated hand-bill announcing the exhibition of this man reads:

"The true effigies of the German giant, now to be seen at the Swan, near Charing Cross, whose stature is 94 feet in height, and the span of his hand a cubit complete. He goes from place to place with his wife, who is but of ordinary stature, and takes money for the shew of her husband."

In the British Museum is preserved a hand-bill, of the date of 1732, of which the following is a copy:

"G. R. This is to give notice to all gentlemen, ladies, and others." That there is just arrived from Devereaux-court, without Temple Bar, a giant, born in Saxony, almost 8 foot in height, and every way proportionable; the like has not been seen in any part of the world for many years. He has had the honour to shew himself to most princes in Europe, particularly to his late majesty the King of France, who presented him with a noble scymitar and a silver mace. N.B. He is to be seen ten in the morning till eight at night, without any loss of time, his stay in this place being but short, he designing to go for Holland."

Hogarth, in his print of Southwark Fair, introduces the figure of this man on a show-cloth.

Dr. J. R. Foster, in his "Observations on a Voyage Round the World," makes some remarks about the propagation of giants, based upon the following facts: The King of Prussia

had a corps of gigantic guards consisting of the tallest men who could be drawn together from all quarters.

"They were mostly nervous, six-foot fellows, All fit to make a Patagonian jealous."

A regiment of them was stationed during fifty years at Potsdam; and, says Foster, "a great number of the present inhabitants of that place are of very high stature, which is more especially striking in the numerous gigantic figures of women. This certainly is owing to the connections and intermarriages of those tall men with the females of that town."

The taste for a regiment of tall men extended to Russia; for Byron, in his "Don Juan," says:

"This fellow, being six foot high, could raise
A kind of phantasy proportionate
In the then sovereign of the Russian people,
Who measured men as you would do a steeple."

The following announcement, copied from the London *Daily Advertiser*, of June 3, 1845, is quite up to any thing of the kind that has emanated from the pen of Mr. Barnum:

"Whatever is in itself good will always make its way, although not ushered into the world with pompous paragraphs or pageant-like puffs. As an example of this truth the undertakers of the New Wells, near the London Spaw, beg leave to assure the town, since thronging audiences have been pleased to encourage their endeavors, they intend to double their pains, and hope for a continuance of favor. The god of wit and deity of wit have long gone hand in hand, and to keep them both alive the best way is to blend them; therefore, for the reception of the curious, they have provided the best of both their productions: and, as varieties in nature are as pleasing as those of art, the greatest that can now be shown is every evening to be seen at the Wells, viz., a young Colossus, who, though not sixteen, is 7 feet 4 inches high, has drawn more company this season than was ever known before, and must convince the world that the ancient race of Britons is not extinct, but that we may yet hope to see a race of giant-like heroes."

At the same New Wells, in the following season there was introduced

"The wonderful little Polander, only 2 feet 10 inches high, sixty years old, and in every way proportionable, and wears his beard after his own country's fashion. Also the tall Saxon woman, 7 feet high, between whom and the Lilliputian Polander there is to be a country dance."

A newspaper of October 19, 1786, in speaking of the famous Irish giant, O'Brien, says:

"This man, who last winter exhibited his person in St. James's Street, was lately married at Pancras Church to a young woman of the name of Cave, who may now, for more reasons than one, without impropriety, be termed the Giant's Cave."

O'Brien used to announce that the family height was nine feet, which size he hoped to attain by the time he became of age. On one night, having occasion to visit a friend, O'Brien entered a hackney-coach; the coachman did not see him go in, but on seeing him go out stood amazed. Having met a brother of the whip a few minutes after he exclaimed, "— me, but I have done more than you all, for I have just carried the Monument." Another anecdote of the man is told by Dr. Robert Bigsley, who says that his late father, at a Ma-

sonic banquet held in a lodge in Nottingham, in 1792, saw O'Brien draw from his coat-pocket a dwarf, who was, as the doctor believes, Count Borukawaki.

Charles Lamb wrote a pleasant paper upon "the Gentle Giantess." He says:

"The Widow Blacket, of Oxford, is the largest female I ever had the pleasure of beholding. There may be her parallel upon the earth; but surely I never saw it. I take her to be lineally descended from the maid's aunt of Brentford who caused Master Ford such uneasiness. I have passed many an agreeable holiday with her in her favorite park at Woodstock. With more than man's bulk, her humors and occupations are eminently feminine. She sighs—being six feet high. She languisheth—being two feet wide. She worketh slender sprigs upon the delicate muslin—her fingers being capable of moulding a Colossus. She sippeth her wine out of her glass daintily—her capacity being that of a tun of Heidelberg. She goeth mingly with those feet of hers, whose solidity need not fear the black ox's pressure."

One of the most celebrated of Britain's tall folk was James Toller, born in 1795, who at the time of his death, in 1819, had gained the height of 8 feet 6 inches. He had two sisters, both of gigantic growth; one at the age of thirteen was 5 feet 8½ inches high; the other, at the age of seven, was nearly 5 feet high. On his first exhibition in London a poet wrote:

"To see him hundreds day by day did throng,
As he from place to place did pass along;
His 'bode uncertain, for to think 'tis vain,
One place so tall a wonder to contain.
His whole proportion was upright and straight,
'Twas eight foot fully and a half in height;
Not much in debt to age, his body clean,
Up to his stature, and not fat, nor lean."

Most people have heard of the "eminent" Mr. M'Pherson, who was himself perforated at Waterloo after killing many cuirassiers. The legend says:

"John M'Pherson
Was a wonderful person;
He was six feet two
Without his shoe;
And he was slow
At Waterloo."

Some fifteen years ago a lengthy American named Freeman went over to London, and mingled liquors as bar-keeper, at the "Lion and Bull" public house, Holborn. He was 7 feet 6 inches high, and thus invited the public to visit him:

"You need not unto Hyde Park go,
For without imposition,
Smith's Bar Man is, and no mistake,
The true Great Exhibition."

"The proudest noble in the land,
Despite caprice and whim,
Though looking down on all the world
Must fain look up to him."

"His rest can never be disturbed
By chanticleer in song,
For though he early goes to bed
He sleeps so very long."

"Then come and see the Giant Youth,
Give Edward Smith a call,
Remember, in Red Lion Street,
The Lion and the Ball."

"Liquors of a Giant's STRENGTH."

We believe that it was Freeman who, being in Boston and walking down State Street, was stopped by a good old lady who asked: "Mistress, were you large when you were small?" "Yes, marm," said Freeman, "I was considerable big when I was little."

Come we now to the Pigmies:

It is curious that the Bible, which contains so many allusions to giants, contains but one mention of a dwarf, and that is in Leviticus, xxi. 20, where it is commanded that no man who was a dwarf should make the offerings at the altar. This, however, is scarcely true, if taken in a jocular sense. The writer, in conversation with a Doctor of Divinity concerning brief people—it was at the time of Tom Thumb's nuptials—said *Ne-hi-miah* (Knee-high-miah) was shorter than Mr. Thumb, as was also Bildad, the *Shu-hite* (Shoe-height); but neither of the Old Testament little ones was as "short" as the one in the New Testament, who said: "Silver and gold have I none;" for the man who was *minus* both those commodities was probably as "short" a person as was ever known.

The first record we have of the assumption of the name of Tom Thumb, by a dwarf, was in 1697. In 1680 was printed a poem entitled "Tom Thumb, his Life and Death," which says, of a later Thumb:

"In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live,
A man of mickle might,
The best of all the table round,
And eke a doughty knight:
His stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span;
Then thinke you not this little knight
Was prov'd a valliant man."

Sir John Mandeville, who traveled in Asia and Africa between 1322 and 1356, tells us of a land of pigmies, where there were men only three spans long. Both men and women were fair and gentle, and were married when they were half a year old. They generally lived only six or seven years, and at eight were considered to be old. They were the best workmen of silk and cotton, and of all manner of other things that were in the world. They scorned great men as we do giants, and had them to travel for them and to till the land.

In a rare book by Laurens Andrewes, entitled "Noble Lyfe and Nature of Man," is the following curious description of pigmies:

"Pigmies be men & women, and but one cubite longe, dwellinge in the mountaines of Yude; they be full grown at their third yere, & at their seven yere they be olde; & they gader them in May a grete company togeder, & arme them in theyr best maner; and than go they to the water syde, & where-so-ever they fynd any cranes nestis, they breake all the egges, & kyll all the yonges that they fynde; and this they do because the cranes do them many displeasures, & fight with them often tymes, & do them great scathe; but these folke cover their houses with the cranes feders & egshels."

One of the Hebrides is called the "Isle of Pigmies," where it is reputed that several miniature bones of the human species have been

dug up in the ruins of a chapel there. William Collins, in his "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland," refers

"To that hoar pile which still its ruins shows;
In whose small vaults a pigmy folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd ground."

Tennessee newspapers, of the year 1828, stated that in that year several burying-grounds, from a half acre to an acre in extent, were discovered in Sparta, White County, Tennessee, wherein very small people had been deposited in tombs or coffins of stone. The greatest length of the skeletons was 19 inches. The bones were strong and well set, and the whole frames were well formed. The graves were about 2 feet deep. The dead were all buried with their heads to the east and in regular order, laid on their backs, and with their hands on their breasts. In the bend of the left arm was found a cruse or vessel that would hold nearly a pint, made of ground stone or shell of a gray color, in which was found two or three shells. One of these skeletons had about its neck ninety-four pearl beads. Webber, in his "Romance of Natural History," 1863, refers to the diminutive sarcophagi found in Kentucky and Tennessee, and he describes these receptacles to be about 3 feet in length by 18 inches deep, and constructed, bottom, sides, and top, of flat, unheavened stones.

In his account of a voyage to Madagascar, in 1770, Rochon says that he resided for some time among the Lilliputian race of that island. The common size of the men, by exact measurement, was 3 feet 5 inches; the women some inches shorter. They were possessed of much wit and intellect, and were the boldest and most active warriors on the island. The Kimos, on the same island, dwarfs, were lively, intelligent, and ingenious. The women had scarcely any breasts, except when they suckled. The author particularly describes a Kimos woman, a slave, belonging to the Governor of Fort Dauphin. She was about thirty years of age, and 3 feet 7 inches high. Her complexion was very fair, her limbs well formed, her arms exceedingly long, hair short and woolly, and features agreeable. She had no appearance of breasts except the nipples. She was good-humored, sensible, and obliging.

Dwarfs were a customary part of the suits of grand personages in the East from the earliest times. The Romans were very great admirers of them, and kept them, as we do monkeys, for diversion. Marcus Antonius is said to have kept a dwarf named Sisypheus, who was not two feet in height and yet had a lively wit.

"What perfection can not Nature crowd
Into a puny point!"

John Wierix's Bible, published in 1594, contains an engraving by that artist representing the feast of Dives, with Lazarus at his door. In the rich man's banqueting-room is "a dwarf

playing with a monkey and contributing to the amusement of the company." In the same book is another plate illustrating the parable of the prodigal son, who is depicted as running away from a woman who is beating him down the steps of a tavern with her shoes, and is assisted in the assault by two men. A dog upon the steps is barking at the flying spendthrift, and a dwarfish fool has dropped his bauble to mock him, which he does by placing the thumb of his left hand at the end of his nose, the tip of the little finger of the same hand on the top of his right thumb, and spreading out the fingers to the utmost extent. (We reckon our juvenile friends are familiar with the manoeuvre.)

Porter, in his "Travels in Russia and Sweden," in 1805-1808, tells us that the practice of keeping dwarfs in the houses of the nobles much prevailed in the former country. In the presence of their lord their usual station is at his elbow, in the character of a page; and during his absence they are responsible for the cleanliness and combed locks of their companions of the canine species. The race of these unfortunates in Russia is quite numerous. They are generally well shaped, and their hands and feet particularly graceful. On the whole they are such compact and pretty little beings that no idea can be formed of them from the clumsy, deformed dwarfs which are exhibited in England.

Byron, in "Don Juan," gives many passages about the dwarfs who were kept for amusement and ornament in the East. In a scene laid in a Greek island, he says:

"After a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales
To a sedate gray circle of old smokers,
Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,
Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,
Of charms to make good gold and cure bad ails,
Of rocks bewitch'd that open'd to the knockers,
Of magic ladies who, by one sole act,
Transform'd their lords to beasts (but that's a fact)."

Byron, however, was prejudiced in reference to diminutive ladies, for he says, with more force than politeness:

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

One of the most remarkable as well as most intellectual dwarfs of England was Jeffrey Hudson, born in Rutlandshire in 1619. The king bestowed knighthood on him in a frolic. Being so much favored by royalty he seems to have forgotten the humility of his birth. "Hee was high in mind, not knowing himself, and hee would not knowe his father, for which, by the king's command, he was soundly corrected." He remained at the height of 18 inches from the age of eight until the age of thirty years, after which period he increased to 3 feet 9 inches, and there remained. Sir Walter Scott, in "Peveril of the Peak," makes him play an important part in bringing about the *dénouement* of that tale, and thus describes him:

"He, although a dwarf of the least possible size, had nothing positively ugly in his countenance, or

actually distorted in his limbs. His countenance in particular, had he been a little taller, would have been accounted, in youth, handsome, and now in age, striking and expressive. It was his pleasure to wear mustaches so large that they almost twisted back among and mingled with his grizzled hair."

He was employed in some diplomatic missions of great importance. Heath, in his "Clarastella," 1658, thus addressed Jeffrey:

"Small Sir! methinks in your lesser selfe I see
Express the lesser world's epitome.
You may write man, in th' abstract so you are,
Though printed in a smaller character.
The pocket volume hath as much within 't
As the broad ~~book~~ in a larger print,
And is more useful too. Though low you seem,
Yet you're both great and high in men's esteem;
Your soul's as large as others, so's your mind:
To greatness virtue's not like strength confined."

Sir Christopher Wren, who was born in 1632 and died in 1723, was much below the common size; as when Charles II. told him that he thought the apartments in his hunting-palace were too low, the architect, looking up, replied, "Sir, I think they are high enough." The King, stooping to Wren's height, and creeping about in a whimsical posture, exclaimed, "Ay, Sir Christopher, I think they are high enough."

Sir Isaac Newton, who was born in 1642, was a posthumous child, his father dying at the age of ninety-six. Sir Isaac's mother often said that when he was born he was so little that he might have been put into a quart mug.

Peter the Great made a "high" festival at the marriage of two dwarfs in St. Petersburg, in 1710. For a certain day, which had been proclaimed several months before, he invited all his courtiers and the foreign ambassadors to be present at the grand marriage of this pigmy man and woman; and he ordered that all the dwarfs, both male and female, residing within two hundred miles of his capital should repair thereto and be present at the ceremony. For their convenience he supplied vehicles which would contain a dozen dwarfs at once. Some were unwilling to come, but were compelled to obey. The whole company of dwarfs numbered about seventy, besides the bride and bridegroom, who were richly adorned in the height of the fashion. Every thing provided was suitable in size. A low table held small plates, dishes, glasses, and other necessary articles, diminished to the standard of the guests. The dwarfs, with much pride and gravity, contended for place and superiority, which difficulty the Emperor endeavored to surmount by ordering that the most diminutive should take the lead. But this endeavor bred disputes, as none of them would consent to be placed foremost. However, all this being at length adjusted, the banquet was consumed, and dancing followed it; the ball being opened by the bridegroom, who was 3 feet 2 inches high. In the end the unwilling company entered into the spirit of the diversion, and themselves became much amused and entertained.

A notable little English body was John Coan,

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born in 1728. He was 8 feet in height, well shaped, well educated, an agreeable companion, having an intelligent mind, and well-read, particularly in dramatic literature. He had a good voice, and when he was in spirits would keep an audience in a roar of laughter by getting on a table and singing the song of "The Cock," which he did with much humor and quaint action. In 1752 he was presented to George II. and the royal family at St. James's Palace, and repeated the following lines:

"Behold, most gracious Princes! at your feet,
In miniature, a man of form complete:
If, honored thus, too blithely I behave,
Oh, pardon at this time your little slave,
Who inward blesses his peculiar fate
That made him small, to pleasure you so great.
Let others boast their stature or their birth;
This glorious truth shall fill my soul with mirth,
That I now am, and hope for years shall sing,
The smallest subject of the greatest king."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1785, under date December 20, relates in rhyme that

"A dwarf from France arrived in Town,
Measuring but Inches 31,
At Court a wonder great was shown,
Where He, tho' aged 46,
Performed 30 childish tricks."

This little fellow exhibited the tricks usually performed by "ground and lofty tumblers" in the circus. The *Magazine* says: "He shews some part of military exercise on his hands, as well as if he stood upon his legs. He will go to any gentleman's house if required. *Vivant Rex & Regina!*"

But perhaps the most remarkable dwarf of which there is any record, in ancient or modern times, is Count Joseph Borulawski, born in Polish Russia in 1739. His parents were of the medium size, and had a family of six children, five sons and one daughter. Three of the former, when full grown, exceeded the middle stature; but the other two and the daughter attained only that of children of about the age of four years. At the time of Joseph's birth he measured only 8 inches in length; but he was neither weak nor defective; and his mother, who suckled him herself, frequently stated that none of her children gave her less trouble than he. His sister, Anastasia, seven years younger, is represented by him, in his *Memoirs*, as so short that she could stand under his arms. She was a perfect model of symmetry and beauty, having a lively and cheerful temper and a feeling and beneficent heart. At the age of fifteen, being then 25 inches high, he was presented to the Empress Maria Theresa, who on one occasion took him on her lap, caressed him, and asked him what he thought was most curious and interesting at Vienna. He answered that he had seen in that city many things worthy of admiration, but nothing seemed so extraordinary as that which he then beheld. "And what is that?" inquired her Majesty. "To see so little a man on the lap of so great a woman," replied Borulawski. The Empress then wore a ring on which was her cipher in

brilliant. His hand being in hers, and he looking attentively at this jewel, she asked him whether the cipher was pretty. "I beg your Majesty's pardon," replied Borulawski; "it is not the ring that I am looking at, but the hand, which I beseech your permission to kiss;" at the same time raising it to his lips. The flattered Empress thereupon took a very fine diamond ring from the finger of Marie Antoinette, then a child, and put it on Borulawski's. The notice of the Empress procured him the attention of the whole court, and the marked kindness of Count Kaunitz. By this time the little man was about 28 inches high, could bear fatigue and lift great weights in proportion to his size, possessed mental energy and accomplishments, and a judgment very sound; understood arithmetic, spoke German and French, was ingenious in every thing he undertook, lively in his repartees, and just in his reasonings. In 1760, while Borulawski was in Paris, Count Tressan sent to the Royal Academy of Sciences the following account of him:

"M. Borulawski is twenty-two years of age, and about 28 inches high; is well proportioned, and has nothing shocking about him; his eyes are fine and full of fire; his features agreeable, and his physiognomy spirited. He enjoys perfect health, drinks nothing but water, eats little, sleeps well; bears a great deal of fatigue, dances well, and is very nimble. Nature has refused nothing but else to this amiable creature, for which she has made him ample amends by the beauties of his body and mind. His manner is extremely graceful, and his repartees smart and spirited. His judgment is sound, and his heart susceptible of the most tender impressions; he has never shown any passion or ill-nature: is extremely complacent, loves to be treated with the decorum due to his rank, yet is not offended with those who make free with him on account of his stature."

Being once upon the lap of the Princess Nassau-Weilbourg, she said, "Are you not very sorry you are not taller?" "No," he replied; "if I was I should not have the honor to sit upon your ladyship's knee." Borulawski was twice the victim of the tender passion, his first love being an actress, whom he wished to marry, but who laughed at him. The second was a young French lady, Isalina Barbutan, whom, after much opposition from his patroness, Countess Humiecka, he married. Being informed, in a few weeks after his marriage, that he was likely to become a father, and being somewhat impecunious, it was suggested that a second visit to the courts of Europe would enable him to procure the means of leading a life of comfort. The king supplied him with a convenient carriage, and off he went. In due time a daughter was born to him. He traveled over Europe, had letters to persons of the highest position, so that in a few years he was enabled to retire with ease and comfort. At the end of the last century, having been seen by some of the prebendaries of Durham, he was prevailed upon by that body to take up his abode for life in Bank's Cottage, near their city, they engaging to allow him a handsome income. He accepted this offer, and enjoyed the clerical bounty up to the time of his death, which happened at

the same cottage on September 5, 1837, when he was ninety-eight years of age. Thus closed the career of the most remarkable dwarf in the history of the world.

Quite in contrast with this modest, temperate centenarian dwarf, was a brief person of the name of Jeffries, who died of excessive whisky, so to speak, in London, in 1797. He said one good thing, which was not more true than now:

"When you've got money you're look'd upon;
But when you've got none you may go along."

This dwarf had a wife who survived him twenty-one years, and died at the age of *one hundred and one*.

Charles Lamb wrote a paper upon a dwarf called Captain Starkey, who had been an usher at a school in Fetter Lane when Lamb's sister was a scholar there. He was a quiet, gentle person, "with a peculiar stamp of old-fashionedness." Underneath a picture of this man are the following lines:

"Reader! see the famous Captain
Starkey, in his own coat wrapt in,
Mark his mark'd nose, and mark his eye,
His lengthen'd chin, his forehead high,
His little stick, his humble hat,
The modest tie of his cravat;
Mark how easy sit his hose,
Mark the shoes that hold his toes;
So he look'd when Ransan sketch'd him
While alive—but Death has fetch'd him."

Of the two great American Dwarfs, Stratton and Nutt, and their little wives, we forbear to speak. Is not their history known and read of all? Are not their *cartes de visite* in every album? And are not their checks good for many thousands at any bank? What man, however great, could ask for more?

GRANT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THE empire of Jefferson Davis, in the autumn of 1861, seemed as firmly established and as powerful as if it had endured for centuries. It rose like an exhalation, and dazzled or blinded the eyes of Europe, if not America. Its territory reached from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; it was larger than any European kingdom except Russia. All over this magnificent domain a fertile soil produced two great staples of the world, and it was confidently expected that Norfolk and New Orleans would soon be filled with the fleets of every land. Its people, linked together by a terrible bond, were believed to be united. Its armies, well appointed and armed, and flushed with victory, with the capture of Sumter, the easy fall of Norfolk, the battle of Bull Run, hung like a cloud over the border, and threatened Baltimore and St. Louis. Except the North, it had no enemy. The western powers of Europe opened their long line of ports to its ships and its pirates, and gave a hearty welcome to the new-born nation. They evidently believed that the days of chivalry and tyranny were come again. Can-

ada and Mexico lent it a natural sympathy. And even in the divided North there were thousands who rejoiced in the success of its Southern rival, who strove to confound the Northern plans, to burn New York, to surprise Washington, and awaken a terrible anarchy in the loyal fragment of the Union.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that a sense of exultation and of security at this moment filled the councils of the conspirators; that they presumed to treat as equals with the Court of the Tuileries and the Cabinet of Washington. For the latter, indeed, they entertained only a dignified contempt. Youthful Talleyrands from South Carolina, demi-savages from the backwoods of Mississippi, repudiators from Virginia, brigands from Texas, united in looking with polished scorn upon the fallen Government at Washington. Even to sagacious but timid men the contest seemed already hopeless; to European thinkers it was an act of madness. "How," they exclaimed, "can your armies, even had you an army, hope to subdue a country of such an immense extent, occupied by a united and hostile people, filled with strong strategical positions, and defended by some of the best soldiers in the world? How can you presume to blockade thousands of miles of sea-coast with your insignificant navy? or whence can your bankrupt and creditless Government, whose bonds are unsalable in London and Paris, obtain the vast resources of money or material necessary to an offensive war?"

It seemed, indeed, a most perilous undertaking. Our soldiers, fresh from the labors of peace, were to encounter dangers and trials seldom equaled in the annals of warfare. They were to make marches longer than that of Hannibal to Italy or Napoleon to Moscow. They were to encounter a climate, in their campaigns and sieges, which was thought malarious and fatal even to the natives. They toiled amidst swamps and fens on the coast of South Carolina and the banks of the Mississippi; they were to die by thousands in the fever hospital or the negro hut. They were about to invade a powerful nation and conquer it upon its own soil. Yet it was asserted that no free people had ever been effectually subdued, and that the South would prove as obstinate and unconquerable as Switzerland had been to Austria or Spain to Napoleon. The project of blockade seemed even less likely to prove successful. Our fleet was then chiefly a collection of merchant vessels, many of them only fitted for river navigation, many altogether unseaworthy. Our brave soldiers and seamen ventured out upon the ocean in frail steamers that must sink in the first storm, or be disabled by a random shot. Was it credible that England would recognize such a blockade? England was then in all the pride of her maritime strength. She ruled the waves almost as in the days of Rodney or Nelson. Her immense fleets hung threateningly over our shores, and no one could foresee that in the course of a few short months the

invention of a gifted engineer was to destroy her naval supremacy forever. In the face of these and a thousand other discouragements the question arose all over the land, "Can we conquer the rebellion?"

He who aided more than any other man in giving a satisfactory reply was General Grant. Yet it would be improper not to admit that the preservation of the Union in those dark and hopeless days rested in great part upon the firmness and discretion of President Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and their admirable coadjutors. To these men the people looked with confidence and affection; to them the nation intrusted cheerfully its boundless treasures of men and money; in their hands it confided its destiny. And never was a trust better fulfilled. Honest of purpose, true of heart, Lincoln and his Cabinet labored through the darkest hours of the war in almost hostile Washington, surrounded by traitors and assassins, weighed down by cares and toils, yet always cheerful, hopeful, composed. When others faltered they stood firm; when many desponded they were ever full of hope; they ruled the whirlwind and controlled the storm; and their generous names live ever in the hearts of their countrymen. But to Grant was committed the executive part of the undertaking. He was to direct the immense power of the nation to the final suppression of the rebellion. He was the first to break through the imaginary frontier of the great Confederacy; to prove its weakness or to test its strength; to check the vainglorious exultation of the rebels by a series of disastrous defeats; to pass on from victory to victory; to find all his plans fulfilled by pertinacity and vigor; with Sherman and Sheridan, Thomas and M'Pherson, and many another brave companion in arms, by sea and land, to conquer a country more extensive than the empire of Napoleon in its proudest days; often more wild and difficult of access than was Gaul to the legions of Cæsar; to answer, in fact, to the satisfaction of Europe and America, the question, "Can the Union be restored?"

At the opening of the war Grant, who had already won distinction on the battle-fields of Mexico, commenced drilling a company of volunteers, and was soon made Colonel of an Illinois regiment. He was next placed in command at Cairo, an important post at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi, having been commissioned as Brigadier-General of Volunteers. His first military act in this command was one that was attended by a most important result: it secured Kentucky to the Union side. This powerful State had at first professed a haughty neutrality. Its rebel Governor rejected with scorn the appeal of President Lincoln for aid in suppressing the rebellion; and the conspirators no doubt counted upon getting the control of Kentucky, and thus commanding the navigation of the Ohio. General Polk, the warlike bishop, entered the State, began to fortify Columbus and Hickman, and

occupied Paducah, a town on the Ohio, which commanded the navigation of that river. Grant saw at once the danger of the moment. He resolved to save the river and Kentucky. On the night of the 5th of September he set out with two regiments and a light battery, with two steamers, and on the morning of the 6th appeared before Paducah. The rebels fled from the town without firing a gun; a sufficient garrison was left in the place; the State Legislature soon after passed Union resolutions; and Kentucky never again declared its armed neutrality. A single act of vigor and forethought decided the conduct of a whole State.

Autumn glided away; the leaves were dropping along the banks of the Potomac and the Ohio; the fairest season of the year would soon be gone. It was a period of disaster and inaction. The awakened North had seen with shame and indignation its soldiers constantly defeated and driven back in their efforts to penetrate the hostile country; it was looking eagerly and anxiously for some one to break the spell of ill success. Grant meantime was busily employed in drilling new troops at Cairo, and probably in wondering why they were not made use of. He always believed that where both sides are equally undisciplined the most active would be the most successful. He saw Columbus grow into an impregnable fortress under the care of Pillow and Polk; he heard that the Tennessee and the Cumberland were to be closed by new fortifications; and he asked his superior officer at St. Louis, Fremont, to be allowed to take Columbus (September 10) while it was yet assailable. At length (November 1) he received orders to make a demonstration against the fortress, to prevent the enemy from sending reinforcements to their general, Price, in Missouri. Grant resolved finally to turn the movement into an actual attack on Belmont.

Columbus rises on a high bluff above the Mississippi on the Kentucky shore. It was now so strongly fortified as to be quite impregnable; armies might have wasted their strength against its lofty bluff for months without result; its long range of heavy cannon closed up the navigation of the river; and a large force of the enemy filled its walls. But it was Belmont, a post on the opposite side of the Mississippi, under the guns of Columbus, that Grant meant to threaten or assail. Here a considerable force of rebels had formed their camp, defended by rough lines of felled trees and the fire of Columbus; and it was here that the reinforcements were chiefly ferried over the river to aid Price in Missouri. Grant's aim was to destroy their camp, disperse their troops, and then return to Cairo. He would thus practice his new levies, and at the same time alarm the enemy. No sooner did the brave Western soldiers at Cairo learn that a real attack was to be made than all was exultation and excitement. They rejoiced to be relieved from the dull monotony of camp-life, and to test their courage in the fierce trial of actual combat. Grant ordered General

Smith from Paducah to make a demonstration against Columbus, to employ the enemy's attention on that side of the river, while he himself set out for Missouri. His troops, it should be remembered, were all untried men. His two chief commanders, Logan and M'Clermand, had never heard a shot fired in actual battle, and Grant stood alone in the midst of a brave but inexperienced army. His force numbered about thirty-one hundred men. After several feints he landed his troops from transports at Hunter's Point, in Missouri, and marched at once against Belmont, about three miles below. The enemy were soon found, and the brave troops, advancing as skirmishers, threw themselves against the rude defenses; the officers behaved like veterans, always in the front of the battle; the soldiers climbed, crept, or sprang over the strong abatis; the enemy were slowly driven back to the shore. Pillow, who had crossed over with reinforcements from Columbus, was forced to give way, and the disordered and broken force, larger in numbers than the assailants, took refuge under the river bank and the fire of Columbus. A strange scene followed. Grant's troops, carried away by the joy of the moment, having taken several hundred prisoners and the enemy's camp, broke into disorder. Speeches were delivered by excited orators; the captured camp was plundered; in the midst of their enemies the inexperienced soldiers believed themselves secure. Grant ordered the camp to be set on fire to drive the troops to their ranks, and suddenly the heavy guns of Columbus opened upon the Union army. Meanwhile large bodies of rebels had crossed the river, and with the aid of Pillow's men had surrounded their late victors. A startled aid-de-camp, riding up to Grant, exclaimed in alarm, "General, we are surrounded!" "Well," said he, "we must cut our way out as we cut our way in." His calmness reassured his little army, and with Grant, M'Clermand, and Logan at their head, they broke through the enemy's line and passed in good order to the landing. Here the whole force was safely embarked, with but slight loss. Grant acted as his own rear-guard, was the last man on the shore, and at one time found himself not more than one hundred and fifty feet from a line of the enemy. He paused a moment to survey them, then turned his horse's head, rode slowly away, and finally broke into a gallop as he approached the river. He made his way with difficulty upon one of the transports, and then the little flotilla moved on under a heavy fire of musketry from the shore. By five o'clock the last vessel was beyond reach of the enemy, and the successful expedition arrived safely at Cairo.

Such was the brilliant affair at Belmont. The enemy were double the number of their assailants, protected by the guns of Columbus, yet they lost one-third more men than the Unionists, were beaten from their intrenchments, saw their camp burned and plundered

at will, and suffered the successful invaders to retire unharmed. Grant's men were proud of their victory, of their leader, of themselves; and the "Belmont men," as they were called, were ever afterward distinguished for daring in the Western campaigns. But the most important result of the action at the time was that it prevented the enemy at Columbus from sending aid to the rebels in Missouri. They felt that in the presence of their active assailant at Cairo they could not venture to diminish their own forces.

Once more the Union armies were in comparative inaction. McClellan commanded at Washington, Halleck had succeeded the brave Fremont at St. Louis; and these excellent tacticians were inclined to a policy of delay. They wished to provide for every contingency. But Grant, the people, and the President were eager for action. The rebels, too, were by no means idle. Around Richmond and along the approaches to the Potomac they had collected a powerful army commanded by an able and experienced chief, and from their capital, which was now full of gayety, triumph, expectation, they looked with confidence to the approaching struggle. In the West they were equally hopeful. With a force of nearly a hundred thousand men they occupied a strategic line reaching from Columbus on the west to Bowling Green, an important railroad centre in lower Kentucky, on the east. Columbus was defended by a strong force, and mounted one hundred and fifty guns on its powerful earth-works. It could only be taken by a long siege. At Bowling Green was gathered one of the finest armies of the Confederacy; it threatened and almost commanded all Western Kentucky. In the centre of the rebel line ran two large rivers, the Cumberland and the Tennessee, which, coming from the heart of the rebel district, flow into the Ohio. About fifty miles below that river the Cumberland and the Tennessee approach within twelve miles of each other, near the Tennessee line; and to guard their waters, as well as to preserve the connection between Columbus and Bowling Green, the Confederates had here erected two strong forts. On the banks of the Tennessee was Fort Henry, with a lesser work, Fort Heiman, on the opposite side of the river. At a distance of twelve miles, on the Cumberland, was the still more powerful work, Fort Donelson. Both these forts were strongly garrisoned, and were in constant communication with Bowling Green and Columbus.

The Union force destined to assail this line, collected under Halleck at St. Louis, Grant at Cairo, and Buell in Eastern Kentucky, can not in effective strength have been much superior to that of their opponents. Its commanders had the choice of three modes of attack. They might besiege Columbus; they could mass their strength against the Confederates at Bowling Green; they might attack the forts on the rivers. Grant pressed the adoption of the

latter plan. "With permission," he telegraphed to Halleck on the 28th of January, 1862, "I will take and hold Fort Henry." Commodore Foote seconded his request, and on the 1st of February the necessary permission arrived; on the 2d the expedition left Cairo. It consisted of seven gun-boats, partly iron-clad, under Commodore Foote, and a land force of seventeen thousand men under General Grant. The rivers were swollen by the rains, and a large part of the country was under water; the land forces were necessarily delayed by the want of sufficient transports and the condition of the country; the iron-clads, fierce monsters protected by their metallic hides from shot and shell, pressed up the hostile river, startling its banks with the hoarse panting of their engines, and arrived first before the fort. It was a series of field-works, the strongest being on the east side of the river, and mounting seventeen heavy guns. A garrison of twenty-eight hundred men, under the command of General Tilghman, defended the post. General Grant passed up in a steamer under the enemy's fire to try the range of their guns, and then returned to hasten the advance of his army. Tilghman, in the mean time, fearful of being surrounded, had resolved to abandon his position, but awaited the attack of the navy in Fort Henry with just enough men to manage his guns. Grant had ordered an immediate attack; and on the 6th January at eleven o'clock his forces began to move up the river to the fort. While they were on their way, however, its fate had been decided. The iron-clads and gun-boats under Commodore Foote steamed up and commenced a rapid fire upon Fort Henry. Tilghman's guns replied with great vigor and effect; a shot disabled the *Essex*, wounded its commander, Porter, and killed and wounded twenty-nine men. But very soon the fire of the fort was silenced; Tilghman surrendered at discretion; the greater part of the garrison escaped to Fort Donelson; and when Grant arrived, half an hour afterward, he found himself the master of the powerful work. His plan having been thus far successful he next determined to take the companion fort on the Cumberland, and telegraphed at once to Halleck: "Fort Henry is ours! I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th."

But he was deceived. The winter rains fell heavily; the whole country was under water; his army scarcely saved their baggage from the flood; and it was not until the 12th that his main body of fifteen thousand men, the weather having cleared up, could move toward Donelson. Yet he had used the greatest expedition, for he heard that the enemy were gathering all their strength in defense of the fort. Foote led his shattered navy up the Cumberland, and a little after mid-day of the 12th Grant drove in the enemy's pickets. His movement might seem almost rash in its daring. He was in the centre of the enemy's grand strategic line. Behind him was Columbus, before him Donelson,

sustained by the abundant resources of Bowling Green. The force in the fort itself was greater than his own, and he was about to besiege a garrison superior to his own army in strength, defended by long lines of works that gave them every advantage for an attack. To an inexperienced eye Donelson would have seemed impregnable; it was a series of intrenchments on the west bank of the Cumberland, seated on hills and rugged ground often over a hundred feet high, surrounding a lofty central fort that covered a hundred acres of ground. Fifteen heavy guns, with some carronades, armed this work; below it, on the hill-sides, were water-batteries commanding the river. The garrison numbered nearly, if not quite, twenty-one thousand men, and they were in open communication with Bowling Green, the centre of the rebel armies.

Few, therefore, whether military or civilian, thought Donelson assailable in that period of doubt; no one would have been surprised had Grant's attack proved another Ball's Bluff and Edwards's Ferry. Meantime his brave soldiers, chiefly from Illinois, sat down in excellent order before the fort; but at first all was disaster. A gallant attack had been made upon a rebel battery, without Grant's orders, which failed. Brave Commodore Foote assailed the fort from the river with his shattered fleet, and was driven back with severe loss; his gun-boats were rendered incapable of further service, and he himself was wounded. Grant looked eagerly for reinforcements that did not come. Suddenly the winter appeared in all its severity; the nights were intensely cold; men froze to death in the lines; sharp tempests of sleet and snow on the night of the 14th rained upon the hapless soldiers, who lay upon the bare ground, without tents or blankets, afraid to light fires lest they might prove marks for the enemy's sharp-shooters. Yet, such was their ardor in their cause, their confidence in their commander, that men who had never slept out of comfortable homes, or felt the hardships of a campaign, now lay cheerfully on the frozen ground, with their arms at their side, and when the enemy attacked met them with the calm courage of veterans.

At two o'clock in the morning of February 15, 1862, an eventful day, Grant was summoned by a message from the wounded Commodore to meet him on his flag-ship. He went before daylight. The force of the besiegers had been considerably reinforced, and now amounted to about twenty-one thousand men; and the long line of Union troops lay on their arms, expecting a difficult siege, and looking almost hopelessly upon the well-fortified heights before them. But Grant's energy and the increase of his army had filled the rebels with alarm. They had already resolved upon flight. Buckner, Floyd, Pillow, Forrest, their chiefs, had met in council and planned to cut their way through the Union lines on this very morning when Grant was on the river. In the chill winter

dawn the rebels massed their forces in one corner of their fort, and leaped down fiercely upon M'Clelland's division, which was nearest the river bank on the south; they hoped to break through the line by an overwhelming attack. But the Union troops, although surprised and driven back, behaved with singular resolution; new regiments came up to the aid of their fellows; a large part of the army was engaged; and by nine o'clock the rebels, who had fought with the vigor of despair, had ceased to attack. Then Grant came riding in, and at once ordered an assault. C. F. Smith gallantly led the famous Iowa Second Infantry in two lines up a steep and thorny hill, broke the rebel lines at point of bayonet, and took possession of a position within their intrenchments that decided the fate of the fort. Meanwhile, on the other side of the works, M'Clelland and Wallace led their weary troops in a fresh charge against the enemy, recovered the ground they had lost in the morning, and closed up the avenue of retreat. Night came, and the battle ceased. The weary soldiers sank on the cold ground to slumber. Smith and his companions slept on the frozen hill they had won; Grant in a negro hut.

But on that memorable night there was no repose for the rebel chiefs. They met in a second council in their powerful strong-hold to debate, with fierce regrets and vain recrimination, the best plan of escape. Floyd and Pillow resolved to abandon their troops and save themselves; they made their way down the river in the night. Forrest waded through a half-frozen stream with his cavalry, and reached Nashville. Buckner was left in command, raised a white flag on Donelson, and sent a messenger to Grant asking for terms. Grant made his memorable reply: "No terms except unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Then Buckner yielded, and Donelson fell. Fourteen thousand prisoners, sixty-five guns, and a vast amount of stores and small-arms came to the victors, the command of two great rivers, and a pathway to the centre of the rebellion.

A cheer rang out over the exultant North when the news flashed over the land. The spell of ill success seemed broken, and the name of Grant was a sound of good omen. There had prevailed, indeed, among many at the North a superstition, coming down from the Middle Ages, that the industrial classes did not make good soldiers; that men coming from the farm or the factory were incapable of self-defense; that they must be the natural prey of the wild chivalry of the South, who had been accustomed to handle the bowie-knife or the pistol from boyhood, and who, in their half-savage country, had ruled over their fellow-citizens by brutal violence and noisy assumption. It was this class that had driven the South into the war; that filled up its armies and controlled its councils; that had conquered at Bull Run, and since then had never ceased

its vainglorious boasting. But now the gallant regiments just gathered from the farms and factories of Illinois and Iowa, led by one of their own men, had met the boasting chivalry on less than equal terms, besieged a larger force than their own in a powerful fortress, beaten them in a moment of surprise, stormed their works, and forced them to surrender or to a disgraceful flight. It was the triumph of moral and mental vigor over vain pretense. It proved of what Northern soldiers were capable when well commanded. It showed that the vast preparations of the nation for suppressing the rebellion would not be in vain.

But the results of the fall of Donelson still farther awakened the enthusiasm of the people. They were such as no civilian could have anticipated. As Grant had foreseen, he had broken the enemy's great strategic line: a chain of fortresses fell with Donelson. Bowling Green was at once abandoned as untenable; Nashville surrendered without a blow; Columbus, the impregnable fortress which commanded the Mississippi and threatened the Ohio, was deserted by its garrison; Missouri was made secure; Kentucky was freed from its invaders; and the great State of Tennessee, larger than many a European kingdom, was again restored to the Union. Grant was now made a Major-General of Volunteers by President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, and placed in command of a department that was not limited in extent to the southward. The nation looked to his future career with new hope. Several other successes meantime had increased the general confidence. In January, before the fall of the two forts, General George H. Thomas had won the battle of Mill Spring. General Butler and Commodore Stringham had begun a series of naval victories by a successful expedition against Hatteras Inlet; Burnside captured Roanoke Island; and finally Farragut and Butler, in April, 1862, entered New Orleans. Again the North rang with hearty cheers as the gallant exploit of Farragut was told from man to man. Cities were illuminated; flags hung from every house; the churches offered thanksgiving, and peace seemed near.

Grant's next battle was at Shiloh; a victory so signal that if he had been permitted to follow it up Vicksburg would have fallen, and the war might have had a speedier close. Yet such were the misrepresentations that were long allowed to hang over the result of this contest that many believed, both at the time and afterward, that Shiloh was an actual defeat of the Union army. Eager to press upon the enemy in the centre of their strength, Grant, at the head of a force of about thirty-three thousand men, had placed himself, in the first days of April, on the lower side of the Tennessee River, at Pittsburg Landing, near Shiloh. He knew that a superior force of the enemy was on his front, commanded by two of their best officers, A. S. Johnston and Beauregard, and had sent orders to General Buell to hasten up with his

division to his aid. He was eager to make the first attack, but was ordered to remain on the defensive. On the 5th Buell's forces, delayed on their march, had not yet arrived. The enemy, who knew Grant's weakness, resolved to crush him by a vigorous attack before his reinforcements came. The position of the Union army had been carefully selected; it was protected on either side by two small rivers running into the Tennessee, and also on one of the sides by a deep ravine; in front the ground was broken and thickly wooded, and here the enemy would be obliged to make his attack. Sherman's division, and those of M'Clelland and Prentiss, were in advance, and on them the first fury of the battle fell. About daybreak of Sunday, the 6th of April, 1862, Johnston, with from forty to fifty thousand men, threw himself upon the Union line, with a courage and resolution unsurpassed in the history of the war. Ably led and managed, the enemy's charge had all that spirit and fire which a bold attacking force always possesses, while their superiority in numbers enabled them to press back the Union line almost by their physical strength alone. It happened, unfortunately, that Sherman's division was composed chiefly of new recruits who had never heard a shot fired in battle, and many of whom, as the danger drew near, fled shamefully in a panic-stricken throng to the landing. A part of Prentiss's division also gave way; and nothing but Sherman's courage and skill could have atoned for this disaster. Wounded and feeble, he still rallied his faithful regiments, and, aided by M'Clelland, W. Wallace, Prentiss, and the other division commanders, presented a bold front to the foe. Slowly the Union lines were driven back toward the river; the carnage on both sides was fearful; it was the most terrible fighting, Sherman said, that he had ever seen; the brave rebel general, Johnston, fell on the battlefield, and Beauregard took his place; but the Union lines were never broken, and as they retreated toward the river their faces were still toward the foe. At length the rebels made a last fierce assault upon the ravine; they saw their prey escaping, and they rushed with fierce shouts against the last defenses; but the Union line stood unshaken; the gun-boats from the river poured in their fire upon the foe, and they retreated. The battle lasted from daybreak until about five in the afternoon, during all which time Grant, Sherman, and their brave commanders and soldiers knew no repose. Grant was struck by a ball but not injured; Sherman was slightly wounded; General W. Wallace was killed; General Prentiss, who acted with signal courage, was taken prisoner. The loss of the rebels was nearly if not quite equal to that of the Union army, except that the latter lost several thousand prisoners.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of the first day's battle that two divisions, numbering many thousand men, who were scarcely five miles from the battle-field, and who were or-

dered by General Grant to march at once to the aid of their fellows, did not arrive until the battle was over and the position secure. If these fresh troops had reached the scene by noon, or if General Buell's forces had been at hand, the repulse at Shiloh might have been turned into a most disastrous defeat for the foe. That night Beauregard slept at Shiloh church. He had won all the Union camps; had driven in their lines; had taken many prisoners; but he felt that his shattered forces were incapable of any vigorous resistance on the morrow. He had wholly failed of his object, and nearly destroyed his army. All night a tempest of rain fell on the wounded who were left on the battle-field, and on the Union soldiers who slept on their arms. But early the next morning, at the head of the fresh troops who should have decided the fight of yesterday, Grant attacked Beauregard, and easily drove him from the field. All the strength and ardor of the rebel army was gone. They still fought well, but they fought without hope. Of forty thousand gallant men who rushed to the capture of the Union post on Sunday not twenty thousand were now fit for battle; and had Grant been permitted to pursue this broken army, as he wished to do, it is scarcely possible that they could have escaped. His policy had always been that of a rapid attack, a quick pursuit; and like the elder Fabius, who threw down all Cato's intrenchments and bade him trust only to his soldiers' valor for defense, Grant would at once have swept Mississippi with his powerful army and followed the enemy without a pause. His superiors, however, disapproved of his plans. He was deprived of his large army, and left with only twenty thousand men to hold Corinth, a fortified station in the heart of the enemy's country. His chief care must now be to save himself from falling a sacrifice to their superior resources.

Halleck was placed in the chief command at Washington. Again the nation had been plunged in gloom by a succession of disasters. Shiloh was for many months the last success. The vast and well-appointed army which in the spring had set out so hopefully for the capture of Richmond, was seen flying past the defenses of Washington, broken, disordered, more than decimated, and rapidly pursued by the triumphant squadrons of Jackson and Lee. Washington itself was all summer in actual danger. The triumphant foe invaded Maryland; Baltimore and even Philadelphia were threatened; and at length the battle of Antietam closed a campaign which seemed to have destroyed forever the hope of a successful termination of the war. In the West the prospect was no less discouraging. Bragg's army, in spite of all the efforts of Buell, who had assumed the command of the forces lately under Grant, had broken into Tennessee, and seemed likely to press onward to the Ohio. The fruits of the fall of Donelson had nearly been lost, and once more the Government at Richmond could point to a series

of successes worthy the arms of a powerful nation.

During this period of dismay and disaster Grant, almost abandoned by the Government in the general ruin of its affairs, was forced to provide for his own safety by incessant vigilance, and to oppose, in a series of successful movements, the superior numbers of his foes. He was stationed at Corinth in the upper part of Mississippi, in a hostile country, with scarcely twenty thousand men. The enemy could bring into battle nearly forty thousand, commanded by bold and active leaders. For supplies Grant must look to the long chain of railroads and posts connecting him with the Ohio or the Mississippi. On the south Vicksburg separated him from New Orleans. On the north and west his communications were liable to constant interruptions. If Buell's army were cut to pieces by Bragg there would be little hope of escape for Grant. In the midst of these dangers Grant relieved himself by inflicting two defeats upon the foe. He contrived to attack Price separately at Iuka; and Rosecrans, under his direction, afterward repulsed the whole force of the rebels from Corinth, which Grant had carefully fortified. He was now aided by that brilliant young officer, M'Pherson, too early lost; and the successes in Grant's department were the only cheering news that at this time lightened the public gloom.

By October, 1862, Grant's army had been considerably reinforced. He now urged Halleck to be allowed to plunge into the heart of hostile Mississippi and to take Vicksburg. This powerful fortress was the last obstacle to the command of the great river, and it had long been Grant's chief desire to capture it as he had captured Donelson, and thus lay open the whole of the Mississippi region to the free navigation of the Union fleets. If Vicksburg fell the Confederacy would suffer an almost mortal blow. It would be cut off from the supplies it had been accustomed to obtain from the rich fields of Texas and Western Louisiana; from great droves of cattle, from abundant stores of corn, and from the arms and ammunition it had been in the habit of obtaining through its foreign allies at Matamoras. But Vicksburg was now so strongly fortified by art and nature as to be impregnable to any direct attack. It was seated on a series of high bluffs at a bend in the river, so elevated as to be above the reach of the guns of the naval force. On the north a range of high land and the Yazoo River protected it from attack. Around it were dismal swamps and fens, wide wastes of land overflowed by the Mississippi, a rough and broken country, ravines, forests, and bayous. Every point, too, in its neighborhood, capable of defense, was covered with earth-works and defended by cannon; and its inaccessible height seemed to well deserve the appellation Jefferson Davis gave it, of the Gibraltar of America. Its garrison numbered about thirty thousand men; but it also formed the rallying-point of several detached

armies of the Confederates, who kept open its communications and aided it in its moment of need. Below Vicksburg on the Mississippi two other powerful and well-fortified posts—Grand Gulf and Port Hudson—also seated on high bluffs, formed part of its defenses, and the three fortresses mutually aided each other in commanding the navigation of the river and opening a connection with the western shore.

On one point alone was Vicksburg vulnerable. Its supplies came chiefly from the interior of the State of Mississippi; it was connected by railroad with the capital, Jackson; and if Grant could interpose his forces between that city and the fortress it must be starved into surrender. Hence his chief object in his long and painful campaign against Vicksburg was to bring his army below the city, destroy Jackson and the railroad, defeat the hostile forces, and approach Vicksburg from the south. Yet he seems not to have decided definitely upon this plan until he had fairly tested the strength of its fortifications on the upper side, and in December, 1862, a combined attack was planned, by which Grant and Sherman were to advance in two strong columns from the north, strike the defenses of the city on that side, and take it by assault. It is possible that under two such leaders such an attack might have proved successful. Grant advanced rapidly toward the rear of Vicksburg, and drove the enemy under Van Dorn before him; Pemberton had fallen back to Canton, a few miles above Jackson; Grant sent orders to Sherman to move, when suddenly there occurred one of those unaccountable disasters in military affairs which so often disconcert the wisest plans. Holly Springs, a town on Grant's line of communication in his rear, although carefully fortified and garrisoned by a thousand men, was surprised and captured by a cavalry force of the enemy under Van Dorn. Colonel Murphy, its commander, although he knew of the approaching danger, made no preparations for resistance. He was afterward dismissed the army for his misconduct, but his cowardice had defeated for the time the plan of a combined assault. An immense amount of stores had been destroyed at Holly Springs; the subsistence of the army was cut off; for nearly two weeks Grant was shut out from all communication with the North, and he was obliged to move back to Holly Springs, where, by December 23, he established his head-quarters.

When Pemberton, the rebel general, heard of Grant's retreat he threw himself into the defenses of Vicksburg and awaited the approach of Sherman. This bold leader, at the head of about forty thousand men, descended the Mississippi from Memphis, hoping to take the fortress by assault while Pemberton's army was employed in opposing Grant; and he little suspected, as he prepared to make his vigorous charge against the fortified bluffs on the Yazoo, that they were defended by a force as large, if not larger than his own. His brave soldiers

landed hopefully in swamps and quicksands, amidst deep ravines, wild shrubbery, and a region overflowed by the rising river; threw themselves with Western energy against the fortified hill-sides; waded fighting to the enemy's intrenchments through bayous three feet deep, with bottoms of shifting sand; captured several positions; fell thickly before the cross-fire of the numerous batteries and ten thousand rifles, and then were withdrawn in calm array. It was another "charge of the six hundred." The attempt was hopeless, and on the second of January, 1863, Sherman led his shattered expedition to the transports and passed out of the Yazoo. Nothing could now exceed the joy of the rebels. To foil Grant and Sherman, whose merits they at least had perceived; to drive back the famous Western soldiers whose vigor they had so often felt from Donelson to Iuka; to prove the invincibility of their great fortress in the West, completed that proud self-confidence with which they had beheld the discomfiture of the Army of the Potomac, and the terror with which Bragg's march to Louisville had filled Ohio and Pennsylvania. The close of the year 1862 left the Confederates victors on every field. In politics the opposition party had won the elections at the North, and seemed ready to embarrass the Government by its unfriendly policy. European writers, in laborious essays in leading reviews, showed with the utmost clearness that the Union was forever gone, and gently suggested that its destruction was a benefit to mankind; France stretched out a velvet hand to save Mexico from the general conflagration; England grew rich by blockade-running, privateers, and the splendid prospects of the Confederate Loan; while her wonderful Lancashire operatives starved rather than lend aid to the cause of slavery, and thus saved us a decade of war; and again ambassadors from Richmond were in close correspondence with the busy diplomatists of western Europe.

At this moment of confusion in our national affairs, when the Government was unpopular and tottering, the country divided, the national credit nearly gone, all our armies retreating, the enemy on the advance, whose hand could stay the wave of ill success? Statesmanship was no longer of any avail; it could create but not command armies. Poetry, oratory, history, philosophy, were powerless to avert the ruin of a nation. Intellect had ceased to be sufficient, except intellect of the rarest form. We wanted an Epaminondas rather than a Demosthenes—a Scipio rather than a Cato; we wanted some one who could wield the sword. Grant still hovered over Vicksburg. If his attack had failed in the north he had still various other plans by which to assail the haughty fortress. His aim from January, 1863, was to turn its batteries, to transport his fleet and army to the south, to cut off Vicksburg from its resources, and inclose it with his gallant troops. In all his laborious efforts to accomplish this design he was assisted with unflinching energy by Com-

modore Porter and his admirable officers and crews. He had, too, ever at his side Sherman and M'Pherson, his devoted aids; and his gallant army, disciplined by trial, moved with the precision of a machine in every path of duty. From January, 1863, to July 4 the campaign against Vicksburg was pressed with a resolution that, in the face of a thousand difficulties, finally led on to success.

The first method proposed for getting below the city was the famous canal. Opposite the bluffs of Vicksburg the Mississippi pursues so eccentric a course as to produce a long, narrow peninsula, hardly more than a mile in width, projecting far into the river. It was plain that if a canal could be cut across this neck of land, beyond the reach of the guns of the fortress, the stream might be turned from its usual channel, Vicksburg be left far in the front, and Grant's army be carried down the river in transports to any point below that might afford a favorable landing. The design seemed very attractive. President Lincoln was anxious to have it tried. Grant never had approved of it; but in order to keep his soldiers from idleness he consented to go on with the work. Thousands of men were employed in January and February in enlarging or improving the canal begun by General Williams; the river was rising, and tall levees were raised to protect the workmen; the canal slowly advanced. It struck the general attention. New York and Washington watched its slow progress. The rebels in Vicksburg ridiculed it, and sometimes threw shells among the laborers. But they had already made it altogether useless by raising new batteries on the Vicksburg shore that wholly commanded its outlet. At length, on the 8th of March, a rapid rise in the river took place; the embankments on the peninsula gave way; the waters flowed in wild inundation over the western shore; and workmen and soldiers fled in terror to the higher ground. The famous canal had now perfectly failed.

Several other projects for opening a free navigation through the low and marshy country around Vicksburg were tried by Grant and his accomplished engineer, M'Pherson, chiefly, probably, for the purpose of giving employment to his men during the season of high water, when no movement of the army could be made across the inundated lowlands. One was the Lake Providence route, which was intended to unite all the bayous, rivers, and swamps on the west side of the Mississippi through Louisiana, and thus to divert the course of the river to a new channel which would have left both Vicksburg and New Orleans far in the inland; another, to form a similar passage behind Vicksburg by enlarging and clearing the interior rivers. But Grant had little confidence in any of these projects. He had already resolved upon a bold plan for his future campaign, which all these apparently useless labors served to cover from his opponents. Meantime various daring and successful attempts had been made by Com-

modore Porter's naval force to pass the batteries at Vicksburg, which were of signal service in producing the fall of the city. On the night of the 16th of April the fleet was prepared for a general attempt to get below the enemy. Porter's seven iron-clads were to engage the batteries, while a fleet of river steamers, protected by cotton-bales, and manned by volunteers from the army, were to run the gauntlet of fifteen miles of continuous fire. The night was dark; the flotilla moved silently down the river; Porter, in the *Benton*, led the way. Grant watched the movement from a transport above the bend. But suddenly the enemy discovered the leading vessels, and a shower of shot and shell poured in upon the long line of almost defenseless ships as they sailed into the awful pass. The river was lighted up by the flash of an incessant cannonade; the enemy set fire to houses on the shore in order to guide their aim, and the light, bright as day, streamed over the waters. Every object was visible, and the brave voyagers saw as they passed the soldiers in Vicksburg training the guns that were to hail death and wounds upon their helpless vessels. At length, about midnight, the ships were opposite the centre of the city, and here every shot from the hostile shore took effect. Every vessel was struck in the awful rain of the most destructive missiles; the sides of the strongest iron-clads were crushed in; rigging was torn to pieces, smoke-pipes riddled, vessels pierced from side to side; the transport *Henry Clay* took fire and floated down the river, a blazing beacon of evil omen to the army encamped below. For two hours and forty minutes the fleet was exposed to the merciless fire; but slowly the shattered vessels drifted out of range, with comparatively little damage; the attempt was successful beyond expectation; the blazing fires burned out; the batteries ceased to roar; and silence and darkness once more settled upon the beleaguered city. Not long after this brave exploit a number of barges and steamers made their way past the batteries; yet it is certain that there never was a bolder act than the attempt to pass the cannon of Vicksburg.

Grant, thus aided by a powerful fleet, had now unfolded the plan of his campaign. He was about to move his army down the Louisiana side of the Mississippi, cross the river at some favorable point, and throw himself in the midst of the enemy's country. But in the mean time his long and apparently useless delay before Vicksburg had sunk him low in the public esteem. His slow movements, the failure of his canals and other devices, disappointed the people. They looked for rapid success, and could not wait for the slow progress of a great design. President Lincoln, too, seems to have lost confidence in Grant; military authorities denounced him; it was said that he had wasted his fine army in useless labors, and that its strength and hope were gone. It was even proposed to remove this unlucky commander, and put M'Clelland, Hunter, Fremont, or McClell-

lan in his place. But now Grant pursued a course of conduct which seems to have been still less in accordance with the usual tactics of the time. He led his fine army, with infinite toil, through the swamps and wild-woods of Louisiana, on the west side of the Mississippi; crossed again below Grand Gulf to the Mississippi shore, and, with a force of only thirty thousand men, marched into the hostile country. But of these thirty thousand every man was a soldier, bound to his chief by the subtle bond of perfect trust. Sherman and M'Pherson were with him; and he did not fear to encounter twice his own numbers; he was now certain of success. It would be impossible to enumerate all the rare achievements of this band of heroes. They carried with them no supplies, but lived upon the corn and beef of the fertile country. They were in perfect health and vigor, and felt as if they could march over Vicksburg, said one of them, to the Mississippi. They threw themselves between two powerful armies; defeated them separately; turned and captured the powerful works at Grand Gulf; took and destroyed Jackson, the capital of Mississippi; routed Pemberton at the well-contested battle of Champion's Hill; and finally drove his dismayed and shattered army within the walls of Vicksburg. All this was done within twenty days. Haines's Bluff and the strong defenses of the rebels on the Yazoo fell into Grant's hands, and his triumphant army of heroes advanced at once upon Vicksburg itself.

The true siege of the city now began. High over the attacking army arose a range of hills fortified with a skill seldom equaled in the annals of war: covered with cannon, lined with a maze of intrenchments, inclosing three lofty fortifications, each in itself apparently an impregnable castle. Nature had done even more than art for the American Gibraltar, and its rear was so protected by deep ravines, gullies, and sandy precipices that no force could approach it except in scattered parties. It was defended by a garrison of more than thirty thousand men, who had resolved to give their lives to the preservation of a post which now seemed the keystone of the Confederacy. Never were there braver men, never more devoted women, than those who now occupied the fated city. Johnston, after the loss of Haines's Bluff, had ordered Pemberton to abandon Vicksburg; but the latter refused to obey. His soldiers were confident that they could maintain their position until they had received aid from the Eastern armies. Pemberton, resolved to stand a siege, gave directions to the inhabitants to leave the city; but they said they desired to remain and share in all the dangers of bombardment and assault. Grant, hoping to take the city by storm, had ordered a general attack on the 19th of May, which failed. On the 22d, at ten o'clock, he began another in concert with the fleet. The vessels opened a bombardment which lasted through the morning; the land batteries encircled the city with a girdle of fire.

At length Grant's whole army, led by its brave chiefs, advanced up the hills and strove to break the enemy's lines; but each corps recoiled before the fatal strength of the rebel position, and was forced to retire with great loss. It was a most disastrous check, and the commander had evidently counted too much upon the dismay and discouragement of the rebels. It was evident that they were about to fight with the vigor of despair for the command of the Mississippi.

Grant, therefore, prepared for a long siege. His army, weak in numbers, but not disheartened, began to erect a line of intrenchments around Vicksburg, reaching from Haines's Bluff on the Yazoo, once so formidable to Sherman, to the Mississippi and Porter's fleet on the south. The hot summer came on; the land was parched and dusty; the weary soldiers toiled in that severe climate with a patient calmness that promised success. But their labors were redoubled by the danger that threatened their rear. It should be remembered that at the moment when Grant entered the hostile country around Vicksburg the Confederate armies were triumphant in the East. Bragg, it is true, slowly retreated before Rosecrans, but it was only to fix himself at Chattanooga; he was luring his opponent to his destruction. On the Potomac all was ruin and disaster to the Union arms. Lee was pressing on toward Pennsylvania; each Union commander had suffered some severe defeat, and the public had lost confidence in its armies; the crisis of the war was at hand, and many discouraged Unionists even talked of submission and peace. At such a moment Grant was in the heart of the Confederacy, surrounded by a hostile population, besieging a fortress garrisoned by a force not much less than his own, far from his supplies, cut off from a retreat, and conscious that he must enter Vicksburg or suffer a disastrous defeat. Meanwhile in his rear was gathering a powerful Confederate force under Johnston, one of their best Generals, who was ready for any desperate effort to break the siege. Grant felt that his position was full of danger. A combined attack from the fortress and the skillful Johnston might at any moment be looked for; Davis might send on from triumphant Richmond a force sufficient to overwhelm him; Bragg might defeat Rosecrans and rush to the aid of Vicksburg. All around him the enemy were stirring. Milliken's Bend was attacked; in Louisiana hostile forces threatened the opposite shore; and Grant, although his army had gradually increased to sixty thousand men, had yet drawn in his rear a powerful line of intrenchments, extending from Haines's Bluff to Black River, that shielded him from sudden attack. Like the Romans at Capua, he was inclosed in a series of wonderful works equally formidable both in front and rear. Johnston never ventured to attack him, and lingered, like Hannibal, vainly hoping for an unguarded moment or a strategical mistake.

The siege proceeded slowly and painfully; the eager and disheartened country watched it with but little hope. The glow of expectation had been crushed by the disappointments of two years of unsuccessful warfare. Many feared that Grant would be lost in the distant and unknown land; some believed him rash and inconsiderate; and the rebels every where pointed to the dangers by which he was environed. "Johnston," they said, "with sixty thousand men, was about to fling himself upon the rash invader; all Mississippi was in arms; every Western rebel was a hero; the country was rising; and soon the brave garrison of Vicksburg, descending from its height, would join the forces without and sweep away, in an irresistible tide, the sick and disheartened besiegers." But the threatened inundation never came. Johnston forebore to attack, and still the famished garrison saw stretching far away beneath them the long array of the Union intrenchments; still the shot and shell rained upon them; still the blazing sun of summer poured down its burning rays upon that overcrowded height. Yet the condition of the Union army was little more favorable than that of the besieged. The hot sun of the South, the damp nights, the malaria of swamps and fens, spread fevers through the camp. Water was scarce, and on that bare and arid plain it grew almost as precious as in Arabian deserts. A well was more valuable than a mine of gold; a shower of rain more welcome than that of Danae. In dreary sands and intolerable heat the besiegers pressed on their works, cut trenches through the broad ravines, pierced the hill-sides, slowly crept from station to station, until from their lines they could almost touch the enemy's walls. Several mines were sprung of almost unequalled dimensions. In one more than two thousand pounds of powder were exploded; the earth opened like the crater of a volcano, and the city shook upon its hills; in another an entire redan was blown into the air. The earth around the fortress was tunneled by innumerable mines, and it seemed as if the untiring besiegers would soon excavate a way into the city.

And now Grant felt that his prize must soon be won. On the 1st of July he had prepared for a general assault on the 6th; but Vicksburg was spared from the final struggle that usually concludes a vigorous defense. It surrendered on the 4th of July. Pemberton and Grant met under a tree about two hundred feet from the enemy's lines; the works on both sides were filled with throngs of unarmed men gazing eagerly upon the conference. Terms were at length arranged, and on the 4th of July Grant rode into the city, followed by his staff and Logan's division. He was received with cold discourtesy by the hostile chiefs, his prisoners; but the gallant soldiers of both armies readily mingled in friendly groups. Nearly thirty-two thousand prisoners were paroled; and as they passed slowly and sadly between the serried

lines of their captors no word was uttered, no cheer was raised to remind these brave men of their humiliation. But tears were seen to trickle down many a war-worn cheek among the captured soldiers as they wound in a long procession out of Vicksburg.

Thus fell this famous fortress, and with it sank forever the rebellion in the West. Grant received due honors for his great achievement, and even the most cautious strategists were now forced to confess that his bold tactics were better than their own. The enemy were soon driven far from the Mississippi; Port Hudson soon after surrendered, and at length the great river of the West rolled untroubled and peaceful to the Gulf. In coming centuries, when a vast population shall have gathered along its banks, and when a countless throng of busy cities, full of culture, intellect, wealth, and ease, shall have made the valley of the Mississippi the chosen home of freemen and the garden of the world, historians will point to the heights of Vicksburg and relate how it was once held by a band of traitors, and how the brave chief and his Western soldiers, with unequalled labors and sufferings, crushed rebellion and made the great river once more free—forever free from the bitter blight of slavery, from the slave gang and the slave coffin, from the mental and moral ruin that otherwise must have necessarily fallen upon a people the foundation of whose society was laid upon a great political crime.

History has no exploit more remarkable than that which Grant and his war-worn soldiers were not long after called upon to perform. On the southern shore of the Tennessee River, amidst a confused throng of the Cumberland Mountains, lies Chattanooga, or the "Eagle's Nest." It is a low point of land a few miles in circumference, bounded on all sides in the rear by tall, precipitous peaks, and in front by the Tennessee. Yet Chattanooga is the gateway from the North to the extreme South, and a network of railways here meet, coming down from Knoxville or Nashville, entering the narrow pass between the mountains, and radiating in various directions to Atlanta, Charleston, and Mobile. To secure this pass had long been a favorite aim of the Union commanders. When Bragg retreated before Rosecrans, in the autumn of 1863, he endeavored to defend Chattanooga; but when his too active opponent plunged boldly among the mountains, spreading his army along the difficult roads, Bragg took advantage of his imprudence to inflict upon him a terrible defeat. With sixty thousand men he attacked Rosecrans at Chickamauga. The right wing of the Union army was destroyed, and the whole force must have been crushed and beaten had not General Thomas, the most unflinching of commanders, held his position with an iron firmness that has seldom been equaled in warfare. Rosecrans then withdrew his disheartened army to Chattanooga; but here he was besieged and held in a kind of prison by the large forces

of the rebels. Bragg fixed his head-quarters on Missionary Ridge, a long mountain range encircling Chattanooga on the south and east; while on the west he had seized upon Lookout Mountain, a high peak piercing the clouds, that inclosed in that direction the unfortunate Union army. Below this mountain ran the Nashville Railroad, the only line of communication open to Rosecrans, and this Bragg commanded by his guns on Lookout, and held with his troops. From his post on Missionary Ridge the rebel chief looked down exultingly on his prey below, now and then threw shell into their encampment, but resolved to await the effect of famine and starve them into surrender or flight. The only means by which Rosecrans could obtain any supplies was a rude mountain road over the Tennessee hills in front, but this was soon found to be almost impassable. The Union soldiers were reduced to half-rations; famine preyed upon them, and they awaited faint and feeble for the inevitable moment of surrender. A general exultation filled the South when the news of the impending fate of the invading army was told. Bragg boasted that he had his prey as in a vice. Jefferson Davis came down from Richmond to gaze with joy from Missionary Ridge upon the starving army at his feet. New York and Washington watched with helpless alarm the condition of their brave troops, and dreaded a disaster that would more than atone for the fall of Vicksburg and the conquest of Mississippi.

One man alone was thought capable of saving Chattanooga. As in the days of romance, when some single knight of rare renown rode into the gallant tournament, and by his soft address and vigor, restoring the victory to his fallen colors, beat down a *Front de Bœuf* or a *Bois de Guilbert*, so men instinctively believed that if Grant were in the beleaguered lines the starving army might yet be saved. But he to whom the nation thus turned in its distress was now lying maimed and bruised upon a bed of pain. At a review at New Orleans Grant had been thrown from his horse and severely injured. He spoke, indeed, of his accident with his usual hopefulness; he said he would soon be well again, and at the service of his country. But for twenty days he was confined to his bed; and when, in the pressing need of the moment, he came too early from his chamber he was still a cripple, scarcely able to move. He was now at the head of all the armies west of the Alleghanies, and his weary brain and feeble frame were weighed down by the care of a nation's destiny. Grant, as soon as he could act or move, sent word to Thomas not to give up Chattanooga. "I will hold it," replied the modern Ajax, "until I starve." Soon Grant came to East Tennessee, pressed down with a small attendance to the mountains, and in his crippled state made his way over the almost impassable defiles. Often he was carried in the arms of his men over ravines and broken places; often the faithful soldiers bore in their arms not Cæsar's destiny but that of

freedom. At length he entered Chattanooga. The rain fell in heavy showers; the commander was drenched, weary, and in pain; and when he came to the camp he was met by throngs of famished and desponding soldiers who had long lost hope. Above him rose the line of encircling mountains, apparently too steep for even the curious traveler to ascend; along their top he saw the flags and pickets of an army greater than his own. His provisions, notwithstanding all the economy used, were nearly gone; ammunition was scarce; he was hemmed in on every side; his horses and mules were nearly all dead; his artillery useless; and his feeble soldiers, pallid with fevers, hunger, and despair, seemed wholly incapable of making a last effort for safety. The maimed commander, the famished army, were objects of ridicule and almost pity to their triumphant enemies on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

Why Bragg did not attack while his opponents were thus enfeebled can scarcely be imagined. He might, one would suppose, have swept them easily from their low ground with his superior forces. Perhaps the shadow of a great name held him in awe. Perhaps he shrank from coming down to meet the two renowned leaders on equal terms. But his opportunity was soon to slip from his grasp. Grant saw at once that his soldiers must have food. Three days after his arrival, on the 26th of October, a flotilla of sixty pontoon boats sailed in the dark and foggy night down the Tennessee. They were to seize the Lookout Valley, and strike the enemy in an unguarded point; Hooker co-operated with the bold movement; every link in the strategic sally was well preserved, and after a fierce battle with Longstreet at Wauhatchie the valley was won—the army was safe. Supplies at once poured in, and the baffled enemy saw with rage and amazement his blockade completely broken by a brilliant stroke of strategic skill. Grant's army was now gradually reinforced until it amounted to sixty thousand men. Hooker had brought ten thousand tried soldiers from the battle-fields of the Potomac, eager to prove their courage in a new campaign. Sherman was there with twenty thousand of his favorite troops; Thomas had thirty thousand. They were soldiers unsurpassed in any land; they were led by men who had no superiors in the art of war; and Grant, who knew their merits, now resolved to test them by an unprecedented effort. He proposed to charge the enemy on their mountains, to clamber up the precipitous sides of Lookout and Missionary Ridge, in the face of powerful intrenchments, long lines of artillery, the fire of countless muskets—to fight a battle of giants on the top of the Cumberland range.

Fortunately Bragg, secure in his powerful works and his inaccessible position, had never suspected that his opponent would venture upon so hopeless an attempt. He had even weakened his army by sending off a large force to aid in crushing Burnside, who was now hard pressed

in Eastern Tennessee. He had but forty-five thousand left, but he no doubt supposed that the advantages of his situation were a full compensation for the superior numbers of his foes. What commander, indeed, had ever dared to scale precipitous mountains and assail a great army on their tops? The attempt would be madness; a hundred men on Missionary Ridge seemed equal to a thousand on the plain below. Grant seized upon the fortunate moment and prepared to profit by the error of his adversary. Hooker was to scale the rough sides of Lookout, Sherman to attack the north extremity of Missionary Ridge, and Thomas, in the centre, to advance up the mountain to the heart of the enemy's defenses. On the morning of the 23d of November Thomas moved out of the Union lines at the head of twenty thousand men, and so little did the enemy look for any hostile movement that they gazed down with curiosity and admiration at the splendid array of the Union forces on the plain below, believing it to be nothing more than a morning parade. All around the magnificent amphitheatre of mountains and crags the rebel pickets leaned on their muskets and watched at ease the glittering host as it passed beyond its intrenchments. Suddenly the rattle of musketry roused them from their delusion. The Union force swept on to the enemy's first lines and captured all their defenses below Missionary Ridge. Sheridan was there, now for the first time fighting under Grant's eye; Thomas had planted himself firmly on the front; and although the cannon roared from the hostile heights, and sharp showers of musket-balls fell on either side, yet the Union forces intrenched themselves safely in the lines they had won, and that night slept on their arms, prepared for a wonderful achievement the next morning.

Meanwhile Sherman had led his forces along the opposite side of the river, hidden in a kind of ambush, had toiled through unlooked-for difficulties in that wild region, crossed safely over to the north side of Missionary Ridge, driven in the enemy's advance, and by the evening of the 24th had fixed himself firmly on the coveted position. A thick mist hid his movements in a friendly veil until his right had formed a connection with Howard's corps of the central army. Thus the Union forces on the morning of the 25th formed a connected line, of which the left extremity was intrenched on Missionary Ridge and threatened Bragg's right wing. But in the interval a wonderful contest had been going on along the declivities of Lookout Mountain. It was the Battle among the Clouds. Hooker on the 24th led out his forces from the Lookout Valley. He had ten thousand men, partly from the Army of the Potomac. It was their appointed part in the great drama to climb the precipitous sides of the Eagle's Nest, now defended by a force of seven thousand of the enemy, and to plant their flag upon its topmost peak; they performed it without a single repulse. The mountain is steep, thickly wooded, and broken by huge crags that project like bat-

tlements amidst the masses of rich foliage. Half-way up its side is a plateau of arable land which was defended by redans, rifle-pits, and all the resources of military art. Its peak shoots up a huge crest of rock, the favorite signal post of the enemy. Heavy mists hung around the mountain as the brave soldiers began to climb its sides; soon they were lost to sight from the plain below, and only the flash and rattle of musketry breaking through the clouds announced their gradual advance. At length Geary, who led the Potomac men, creeping over ledges and boulders, breaking their way through wild forests never trodden by human step, often under the muzzles of the enemy's guns, emerged on the plateau where the rebel intrenchments were strongest. A sharp battle at once began; the enemy were driven on all sides; and at length, about two o'clock, when a dense mass of clouds had enveloped the combatants in darkness, Hooker could announce to his commander that the mountain was won. Yet all night long the flashes of musketry glittered along the wild sides of Lookout, and the rebel signal-fires on the peak, which had not been occupied, were seen announcing to Bragg their danger and defeat. In the night they abandoned the mountain.

The next morning (the 25th) broke bright and cold, and the November sun shone over the mountains and the plain. Grant had ordered a general assault on Missionary Ridge. Before him rose the tall mountain range, on which could be seen, glittering in the sunlight, the bayonets of nearly fifty thousand practiced soldiers, trained in mountain warfare. In the centre was Bragg's head-quarters, along the crest of the hills ran lines of earth-works and felled trees; and the open mouths of thirty heavy cannon, besides lesser artillery, threatened death to the bold assailant who should attempt to climb the height. The Union army, the rebel works no longer hid in mist, came out in bold distinctness on that fair November day, and the two commanders watched each other's motions from their elevated stations, prepared for the final shock. Meantime at dawn Sherman's guns were heard on the northern side of the Ridge, and from daylight until noon that active leader was slowly pressing on along the mountains to cut Bragg off from his base of supplies at Chickamauga. He was as yet fighting the battle alone; for Hooker had not arrived to attack on the right, delayed by the rough roads, and the centre under Thomas had not stirred. Bragg about three o'clock weakened his centre by sending a large force to cut off Sherman. Grant saw the opportunity. Hooker was now coming up, and the commander, swift to seize his moment of attack, ordered a general charge up the hill. Never was there such a charge. The Army of the Cumberland, which had all day been chained behind its intrenchments like a dangerous mastiff, and had heard with impatience the bold advance of Sherman, now broke into a run up the steep

declivity, swept over intrenchments and rifle-pits, drove the frightened enemy out of their defenses, and with a wild shout followed them so closely that they had no time to pause. Sheridan, who led the way, looked back and saw a huge mass of bayonets glittering in the sunlight, and swelling like a wave up the mountain-side. Even he describes the spectacle as terrific. But to the enemy the charge was fatal. In vain they poured down a plunging fire from thirty cannon into the glittering sea of steel; in vain their musketry flashed from every side. The thick line of the Army of the Cumberland never wavered nor paused; where they could not run they climbed or crept; they refused to stop even at the command of their officers, and, moved by the instinct of victory, drove the enemy in wild flight before them to the very crest of the Ridge. Here they swept over the powerful intrenchments, shot down the gunners at their cannon, captured whole regiments of panic-stricken soldiers, and broke in six places those lines which had so long frowned upon them in the valley of the Eagle's Nest.

There was now victory all along the line. Hooker, Sherman, Thomas, had been successful. Bragg fled, leaving six thousand prisoners and all his guns, and was closely pursued by Sheridan and Sherman. The news of the great victory was flashed over the country; again the name of Grant was uttered with gratitude by every loyal tongue; thanksgiving was offered in the churches; and once more peace seemed near. Again Grant urged an immediate advance on Mobile, and again was rebuked for his imprudence. But the people now acknowledged their leader; they began to reflect upon Belmont and Paducah, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and they felt that a military genius had arisen who saw what other men could not see, and who possessed the intellect, force, and ingenuity necessary to carry out his own conceptions. The President sent Grant his honest congratulations; Congress voted him thanks; Burnside was saved; the cotton States lay open to the Union forces; and at length nothing remained of the rebellion but that central power which had so long ruled at Richmond, sustained by the military skill of Lee.

The contest now grew in epic interest as those two renowned commanders, who had been for three years giving battle successfully to their various opponents, and who had been almost equally victorious in every encounter, who were the acknowledged leaders of the North and the South, and on whose single prowess seemed to rest the decision of the dreadful struggle, approached each other and prepared for their last campaign. General Grant had been placed at the head of all the Union forces, and now directed the movements of an army of nearly one million of men. But from this number one-third must be subtracted for absences, sickness, and various other causes, leaving the whole number of Union forces on duty not far from

seven hundred thousand. Of these he had about one hundred and fifty thousand for offensive operations against General Lee at Richmond, besides the forces in Western Virginia and North Carolina. This immense army was well supplied with arms, food, and all the last improvements in the military art; it was admirably officered by Meade, Hancock, Warren, and Sedgwick. Sheridan commanded a fine body of ten thousand cavalry; and the army which General Grant led out from Washington in May, 1864, has scarcely been surpassed in efficiency by that of any commander in history. It was the magnificent result of the direction of all the energies of the people of the North to the art of war.

Lee, on the other hand, had but sixty thousand men. His soldiers were no doubt excellent, but he had no subordinate officers equal to Meade and Hancock, Sheridan and Sedgwick. He was probably limited in his supplies of the munitions of war, and the succession of disasters to the Confederate arms had thrown a shade of discouragement over those gallant spirits who still sustained with desperate courage their falling cause. Yet Lee had his own peculiar advantages. It is a well-known principle in warfare that an army within a range of fortifications is held to be capable of resisting a force greatly superior to itself for an unlimited period; indeed, the only mode of conquering an intrenched army, well-commanded, is by turning its flank and cutting off its supplies. But with so brilliant and daring a strategist as Lee this would necessarily prove a most difficult and hazardous operation, since he might at any moment choose his mode of attack, and direct all his strength against any weak point in the advancing line of his opponent. The country around Richmond, too, was well suited to conceal any sudden movement. It was in many places a thick wilderness, covered by almost impenetrable woods; in others protected by rivers, swamps, and morasses overgrown with wild vegetation. The Confederate leader was familiar with all the paths that led through this difficult country, and was prepared to strike his foe when he was least conscious of his danger; nor could any hostile army approach Richmond without being broken up by the nature of the ground into separate detachments, and exposed to the irresistible onset of an active assailant. Thus, while Grant had the advantage of superior numbers and greater resources, his opponent retained a certain superiority in his almost impregnable position. Richmond was, in fact, assailable only from the south, where lay its lines of supplies; and so long as these remained open it could defy any force that might attack it on any other side.

Grant's plan, therefore, from the first had been to cross the James River, and place himself below the hostile city; but before doing so he was desirous of inflicting some severe defeat upon Lee, in order to drive him into his intrenchments. He thought that by striking the

hostile army a succession of blows he might so weaken it as to prevent it from assuming the offensive in future, or of interfering effectually with the proposed siege. Viewed in this light the various battles that he delivered against Lee's army during the early part of the campaign had very important results; since, although attended with great loss to the Union army, they were in proportion far more injurious to the foe. Grant lost about 60,000, Lee 30,000; but the loss of the latter in comparison to his numbers was one-half, Grant's loss one-third of the disposable forces. Nor does the Union loss seem excessive when we consider the magnitude of the contest, or compare it with the waste of life in other wars. In the Dutch struggle for freedom Mr. Motley tells us that one hundred thousand men laid down their lives at a single siege. At Cannæ the Roman dead were estimated at sixty thousand. Napoleon's various campaigns were far more destructive. The Spanish Armada must have lost twenty thousand men. The army of the Potomac had but eight thousand killed, the rest of its loss being wounded or prisoners; and if we compare Grant's whole campaign with any one of Marlborough's, or with Wellington's Spanish exploits, we shall find that it was not marked by unusual loss—that it was comparatively merciful to friend and foe.

On the 4th of May, 1864, the army set out through Virginia for a final effort to conquer peace. Here, while embarrassed in the rough region known as the Wilderness, Lee struck it a severe blow—such as he had been accustomed to deliver with fatal success in his former campaigns. Now, however, although he inflicted a severe loss, his own was so considerable as to prevent him from checking the onward movement. Grant, with his usual perseverance, sought at once to turn his enemy's flank by advancing to Spottsylvania, and again a second battle took place, in which, owing to Hancock's brilliant charge, the loss on both sides was nearly equal. The Union army next moved to the North Anna, where it was once more repelled by the skillful movements of Lee; and Grant, still pursuing his design of turning the enemy, pressed on to Cold Harbor, where he made a general assault upon Lee's intrenchments, which was altogether unsuccessful. But the enemy was much enfeebled by his various and incessant efforts, and Grant seems to have felt that as his own army was now reinforced to its original numbers he was at liberty to choose his own point of attack. Thirty-seven days of fighting had passed since he had entered the Wilderness. After some repose, on the 14th of June the army began to cross the James.

It was the same strategy with which Grant had thrown himself below Vicksburg, in the heart of the enemy's country; had maintained himself at Corinth surrounded by foes; had pierced the grand strategic line at Donelson, or chained Columbus at Belmont. He at least saw that Richmond could only be captured from

the south; that so long as its lines of communication lay open it was only an intrenched camp, as impregnable as the heights of Torres Vedras. The plan was new and difficult of execution; the country looked on with doubt, and even alarm; some thought that Grant would be crushed by a sudden movement of his indomitable assailant, who had struck him severe blows at the Wilderness and Cold Harbor; some that Lee would seize the moment of his absence to march upon Washington and levy contributions on the prosperous North. But Grant knew that his enemy's resources were swiftly diminishing; that the late battles had already destroyed his capacity for offensive movements; that Richmond was badly supplied with provisions and stores; and that the time had come when the wisest policy was to sit down before the citadel of rebellion, and crush the rebel army, Government, President, nation, by the slow but fatal operations of the siege. Yet it was evident to all that it must be a prolonged one; for Grant was at first able only to draw his lines around a portion of his enemy's defenses. Singularly enough, to the north and west Richmond was never invested: there its bold leaders swept the valley with their active cavalry, and beat back the Union troops to the mountains; were often threatening Washington, and at one moment had nearly entered the hostile capital and driven its Administration into exile. It was almost a renewal of the siege of Troy, for wherever Grant was not Lee was certain to conquer; the modern but modest Hector ruled over the field triumphant unless opposed by a humane Achilles.

One striking trait in this bold plan was that it involved the siege of an army rather than a town. In all other investments of fortified towns the garrison has usually been far inferior to its assailants. Marlborough, in all his great achievements, never ventured to besiege an army. Napoleon, at Ulm, forced his enemy to a battle that proved decisive. But owing to Lee's fortunate situation, having various lines of access open to him, and possessing a force not much less than half that of his opponent, he was always enabled to threaten any single point in Grant's works with superior strength, and he was constantly assuming the offensive on the north side of Richmond, while his enemy was slowly and painfully turning his flank upon the south. A clear proof of the difficulty of the siege is seen in the affair of Petersburg. That important post had been left undefended until Grant had crossed the James River, but no sooner did he attempt to seize it than Lee, aided by the hesitation of several Union commanders, filled it with his best troops, beat back the assailants, and soon surrounded it with lines of earth-works that made it invulnerable to a sudden attack. Like Todleben at Sebastopol, Lee and his active engineers created a powerful fortress in the face of the foe. His numerous forces enabled him to retain a garrison at Richmond capable of repelling the Union troops

on the north, and yet to throw so large an army into Petersburg as to check the progress of his besieger. Grant was therefore compelled to extend his line far to the south of Richmond, and thus to offer a still feebler front to any united attack of his active foe.

Lee's intrenchments began at Chapin's Bluff on the James River, about ten miles below Richmond. From thence they extended, except where the river supplied their place, quite around to the west side of Petersburg; and here they were gradually advanced, as those of Grant made it necessary, until they had reached far on toward the Southside Railroad. His chief supplies came by the Weldon and Southside railroads, and it was for the possession of these that Grant was to struggle for more than nine months. The siege began on the 18th of June, 1864, and continued until April, 1865. Grant's important attacks were all made at the extreme western end of his line, where he constantly strove to turn the enemy's flank or to seize his railroads, and where various fierce battles took place in which Grant's army lost largely, but was still slowly enveloping its struggling foes. The Weldon Railroad was first seized after a severe contest; then the long chain of earth-works was pushed cautiously on toward the Southside; and then Grant lay quiet in the winter, after one or two apparently unsuccessful attacks, calmly improving his defenses and covering himself with impregnable earth-works. Meantime the nation grew weary of the slow movement of the siege, and could not understand why its immense army failed to crush its comparatively feeble foe. Curious visitors came trooping from the Northern cities to inspect Grant's admirable lines, and returned from their holiday excursion to wonder why so little was done; the summer had passed away, the autumn came, winter drove the troops into their comfortable camp; spring was near again, and yet nothing had been told except that Grant was building earth-works and that Lee was building opposite him. Both armies seemed contending only with their spades; why might they not build sand-hills opposite to each other forever?

Grant, however, saw that the moment had nearly come for the completion of his grand design. He had watched with fixed attention the last struggles of the falling Confederacy. Locked in his iron grasp its powerful frame had withered and slowly faded into weakness. Its last army, half fed and never paid, must soon abandon Richmond or surrender; Sheridan had swept the valley of Virginia, and rejoined his chief at Petersburg; Wilmington, from whence Lee had obtained his foreign supplies of food and arms, was fallen; the long lines of the besiegers were approaching the Southside Railroad, and when that fell the contest would be over. His chief fear now was that Lee would be able to escape from Richmond by some sudden flight, join Johnston's army in North Carolina, and thus, at the head of a hundred thou-

sand men, prolong the war in some distant quarter. At length, in the end of March, he wrote to Sheridan, "I wish to finish this thing," and a grand attack was made on the extreme end of the enemy's line. It was the decisive battle of the Five Forks. Sheridan struck the hostile force sent to protect the important point, and, aided by Warren, crushed a whole division of the enemy; the line was turned, the disaster was irreparable; and Lee felt that Richmond and Petersburg were no longer tenable. His only hope for the future was by a rapid flight to join his forces to those of Johnston. Meanwhile an assault had been made on Petersburg, and Wright, at the head of the famous Sixth Corps, broke through the strong intrenchments.

On Sunday morning, April 2, when the churches at Richmond were filled with worshippers, and Jefferson Davis was kneeling in his pew, a note was placed in his hand informing him of the great disaster. He left the church broken in spirit, if never before, to prepare for a hasty flight. The news soon spread, and the gay and hopeful city was filled with a terrible consternation. All was disorder, confusion, despair; the President, his Cabinet, and the army fled hastily from their capital; on every side were heard the explosion of arsenals and the crash of blazing buildings; robbers filled the streets and plundered the houses of the citizens; and Ewell set on fire the finest quarter of the town, and reduced the wealthiest portion of Richmond to ashes.

Meantime a wild chase was going on, in which the huntsman Grant pursued with relentless activity the flying forces of Lee. That able chief, never desponding, had obtained a start of twenty miles, with forty thousand men, and was moving rapidly along the north side of the Appomattox River, hoping to reach the Danville Railroad; Sheridan and Grant swept yet more rapidly along the south side, and soon began to cut off the stragglers and assail the rear of the luckless foe. Still Lee might have escaped had not the complete failure of his food forced him to pause to give his men rest, and checked him in his rapid flight. He was overtaken, and nothing remained but surrender. He yielded gracefully. The two great Generals met at the little hamlet of Appomattox Court House, and for the first time saw each other face to face; unless, perhaps, they had met before during the Mexican War, when Grant was a young lieutenant, promoted for courage, and Lee already a distinguished officer—the chief favorite of his commander. Grant consented to honorable terms; his labors were over, and peace had come.

And never was a peace more gladly welcomed than this. Grant and his gallant leaders had mourned, in the midst of their triumphs, the sufferings which a misguided faction had brought upon their common country, and to none was the gentle voice of Peace so sweet and welcome as to the heroes of the Great Rebellion.



A STREET ARAB.

RAGGED the jacket and trowsers he wears,
 Ragged the shoes on his feet;
 For shoe or jacket little he cares,
 This Arab of the street,
 "Pitching pennies" here in the Park
 Along with a noisy crowd,
 All of them ragged and dirty like him,
 Wrangling and shouting aloud.

I wonder whether he has a home,
 This ragged urchin, and how
 He earns the coppers he's tossing there
 With those other Arabs now;
 If mother or brother or sister has he,
 If ever a father he knew;
 If he sleeps in a bed like you and me,
 And eats as the rest of us do?

Scarcely human he seems, somehow,
 With his semi-savage shout,
 As he gives each nickel a curious toss,
 And capers wildly about.
 Yet the same God made him that made us all,
 The God that dwells above,
 Who watches even the sparrow's fall,
 In the fullness of His love.

All at once, as twelve o'clock draws near,
 Our Arab leaves his play,
 Gathers together what nickels are his,
 And suddenly darts away.
 A moment more and his shrill voice sounds,
 Shouting the news in the street,
 With fifty more, like a pack of hounds,
 Following close at his feet.

In and out of the cars he springs,
 He heeds neither hoofs nor wheels;
 His ragged feet seem gifted with wings,
 Like famous Mercury's heels;
 Now he stops a moment a paper to sell
 To some one passing by,
 Then away he goes on a rapid run,
 With a wild halloo and cry.

High up past the dizzy roofs his voice
 Ascends on its skyward way;
 A moving shadow he flits along
 In the garish light of day,
 'Twixt the rows of buildings on either side,
 With their windows, staring down
 Like so many giants, Argus-eyed,
 Sleeplessly watching the town.

I wonder if ever in thought he sees
 The rows of buildings fade,
 If ever in fancy he conjures up
 The desert without shade?
 If ever, winding before his sight,
 Long caravans appear,
 If the Bedouin chiefs of the sands he sees
 In himself and these others here?

For to me to-day as I stand in the Park,
 Watching them here at their play,
 Like a bright mirage, in the distance seen,
 Seem the buildings on Broadway;
 And I almost forget that this half-tamed boy,
 With the ragged shoes on his feet,
 Is not the scheik of some wandering tribe,
 But an Arab of the street.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

With Illustrations.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER this day the curate's family began painfully to recognize that they were really "poor" people.

Not that Mr. Scanlan's salary was small; indeed, the rector had been most liberal: but the real property of a family consists, not so much in what comes in, as in what goes out. Had they never been richer than now, no doubt they would have considered themselves tolerably well off, and have received smiling even the third little "encumbrance," which ere long made the cottage too busy and too noisy for Mr. Scanlan to "study" there with any sort of comfort. Not that he was fond of reading, or ever read very much; but he liked to have his books about him, especially the Greek and Latin ones: it "looked well," he said. He had come to Ditchley breathing a great aroma of classical learning, and he did not like it to die out: it gave him such an influence in the parish. So he was much annoyed to find that it was now difficult to keep up the appearance of a man of literature; for instance, his few books had daily to be cleared away that the family might dine upon his study-table—and though that rarely incommoded him personally, he being so often absent at dinner-hour—and invariably on "fast-days," as Bridget called them, she having been once a Catholic. She was not one now; having soon expressed her willingness to turn Protestant, or indeed any religion that Mrs. Scanlan chose: she wished to go to heaven with her

mistress, she said, and how she went, or by what road, was of no great consequence.

These "fast-days" were always made a joke of, by both her, her mistress, and the children, who were brought up to accept them as natural circumstances. But the truth was, the little family did not eat meat every day; they could not afford it. They always chose for their maigre days those days when Mr. Scanlan was out—which happened pretty frequently—for he had all the parochial visiting to do: the parish was large and the houses scattered. Moreover, he was so agreeable—had such a deal to say for himself, and such a pleasant Irish way of saying it, that every body was delighted to see him. His welcome from house to house was universal, and his invitations were endless. At first he used to refuse them, not liking to go any where without his wife; but when her accompanying him began to grow difficult, nay impossible, he refused less and less. The neighbors were so very pressing, he said, and he could not well offend his own parishioners. Gradually, as summer advanced, their eagerness for his society grew to that pass that he might have dined away from home every day in the week; in fact he often was absent three or four days out of the seven.

At first, I think, his young wife fretted a good deal about this. She did not care to have him stopping at home all day long; the children were a weariness and a trouble to him, for there was no nursery to hide them in; and besides, she could not do her duty properly to

them when he was there. Nor to him—as she often vexed herself with thinking—when they, poor little pets! were always wanting her, and always in the way. But she would have preferred to see her husband come regularly home of evenings. She would have liked to sit and watch for him across the common at a certain fixed hour; to have known that—punctual as the sun—he would have come in and shone upon her; her sunrising being at the ordinary sunset—the close of the day. It would have been good for her, and sweet to her, she knew, if, though he disliked to be troubled and worried—and she should always avoid that—he had taken a kindly, husbandly interest in things at home. It would have helped her, and made her strong, braver, and fresher to bear the thousand little household burdens, that are, in the total, so heavy—men have little idea how heavy!—upon women's weak shoulders. Especially young women—who have yet to learn how God fits the back to the burden, and how He never suffers the brave heart to fail, however tottering may be the feeble knees.

But Mr. Scanlan did not seem to understand these little difficulties of his wife. He was very kind, very affectionate; but it never occurred to him that she, being young and inexperienced, needed help as well as love, shelter as well as sunshine. He was very good when all was smooth and bright, but when any temporary cloud came over Wren's Nest, as clouds will come—slight sicknesses of the children, or small domestic cares of any kind—he just slipped away, and left her to bear the brunt of the battle. True, when he reappeared, he overwhelmed her with praise for having borne it so exceedingly well; which was most pleasant to his wife's heart—so pleasant that it seldom occurred to her till afterward that the battle might have been easier had she not been left to fight it single-handed.

Still, a husband at home all day is a great nuisance, especially with a young family; and she was not always sorry for Mr. Scanlan's absence, particularly at dinner-time. Women can put up with so many things that are intolerable to men. When butcher's meat ran short, Bridget developed quite a genius for puddings, which delighted the children amazingly. And then their mother tried her delicate hand at various French cookeries which she remembered out of "the days of her youth," as she began to call them now, and especially the *potau-feu*, which her mother used to see when, as the young demoiselle of the château, she was taken by her nurse to visit old Norman cottages. She loved to tell about this wonderful Normandy to her little César, who listened eagerly, with the precocity not rare in eldest children, when the circumstances of the household compel them to the lot—often a most happy one—of being constantly under the mother's eye, and constituted the mother's principal companion.

These details I take from the Saturday night's

journal, which Mrs. Scanlan kept so scrupulously and for so many years. It was, as I have said, written in French, her fondly-remembered native tongue, but it was not at all French in its style, being quite free from that sentimental exaggeration of feeling which makes French journals and letters of the last century or half-century seem so queer and affected to our British undemonstrativeness. Hers was as plain, as accurate, as if she had been the "thorough Englishwoman"—into which, as their summit of well-meant praise, her neighbors told her she was growing. She records the fact, but makes no comment thereon.

Nor will I. I believe firmly in the science of anthropology; that you might as well expect to evolve certain qualities out of certain races, as to grow a rose out of a tulip; but you can modify both rose and tulip to an almost infinite extent, cultivating their good points, and repressing their bad ones; and to quarrel with a tulip because it is not a rose is certainly an act of supreme folly, even though one may like the rose far better. I myself own to having a warm love for roses, and a strong aversion to tulips; yet when a certain great and good man once took me to his favorite tulip-bed, and dilated on its merits, exhibiting with delighted admiration the different sorts of blooms, I felt tempted to say within myself, Can I have been mistaken? is a tulip a desirable, not a detestable, flower after all? And I was such a tender hypocrite to my old friend that I had not the courage to confess I had detested tulips all my life, but meant henceforward to have a kindly feeling toward them—for his sake.

So those of my readers who hate French people and Irish people, with their national characteristics—may be a little lenient to both, as they read on farther in this story.

Mrs. Scanlan's neighbors, though they did pay her these doubtful compliments as to her foreign extraction, were very kind and neighborly. They admired her without being envious of her, for indeed there was no need. She came into competition with none of them. The young ladies, unto whom her beauty might have made her a sore rival, were quite safe—she was already married. The matrons, with whom she might otherwise have contested social distinction, were also secure—she never gave entertainments, and competed for the queenship of society with no one. The one field in which, had she fought, she must certainly have come off victorious, there being no lady for miles round who was her equal in qualities which I think are more French than English—in the gifts of being a good talker, a better listener; of making people comfortable together without knowing why; and of always looking so sweet and pleasant and pleased with every thing that all people were perforce pleased, both with themselves and her—from that grand arena Mrs. Scanlan retired; and so soon that nobody had time to dislike her for succeeding in it.

She had another quality which made her

popular at Ditchley—she always sympathized with her neighbors, and interested herself warmly in their affairs, without ever troubling them with her own. I remember a certain line out of a once popular ballad, which then struck me as a very unfair balance of things, but which I have since recognized as the easiest and safest plan after all, with regard to all but the one or two intimate friends that one makes in a lifetime—

“So let us hope the future as the past has been
will be,
I will share with thee thy sorrows, and thou thy
joys with me.”

It illustrates exactly the unconscious creed and daily practice of Josephine Scanlan.

Thus, narrow-minded as Ditchley was in some things—as all country towns necessarily must be, and were then, before the era of railways, much more so than now—it had a warm heart, and kept the warmest side of it to the curate's wife, a stranger though she was. Of her small outside world Mrs. Scanlan had nothing to complain. It may have criticised her pretty freely; very likely it did; but the criticisms fell harmless. She never heard them, or if she had heard, would not have heeded. She was so entirely free from ill-nature herself that she never suspected it in others. If people talked about her, what harm did it do her? She was very sure they never said any thing unkind.

And, strange to relate, I believe they never did. She was so entirely simple and straightforward—ay, from the first day when she explained, quite unhesitatingly, the dire mystery which had agitated Ditchley for weeks, the Scanlan and Co. porter-bottle!—that spite laid down its arrows unused, meanness shrank ashamed into its own dark corners, and even malice retired abashed before the innocent brightness of her unconscious face.

“Every body likes me,” she said of herself at this time. “I really don't know why they do it, but I am sure they do. And I am so glad. It is such a comfort to me.”

Was she beginning to need comfort—outside comfort—even already?

Her outside gayety was certainly ceasing by slow degrees. She was invited as usual, with her husband; but gradually it came to be an understood thing that Mr. Scanlan went and Mrs. Scanlan remained at home. “She could not leave the baby,” was at first a valid and generally accepted excuse, and by the time it ceased to be available her absence had become such a matter of habit that nobody wondered at it. For a while the “every body” who liked her so much missed her a little, and even remonstrated with her as to whether she was not sacrificing herself too much to her family, and whether she was not afraid of making Mr. Scanlan angry in thus letting him go out alone. “Oh no!” she would reply, with a faint smile, “my husband is not at all angry. He quite understands the state of the case.”

He did understand, after his fashion—that

is, he presently discovered that it is somewhat inconvenient to take into society a wife who has no carriage to go out in, but must spoil her elegant attire by walking. Or still worse, who has no elegant attire at all, and wherever she appears is sure to be dressed more plainly than any lady in the room.

It may seem ridiculously small, but the subject of clothes was now growing one of the burdens of Mrs. Scanlan's life. She had never thought much of dress before her marriage, and afterward her rich toilet had been accepted by her both pleasantly and naturally. Every body about her dressed well, and so did she, for her husband liked it. Fortunately her good clothes were so many that they lasted long after her good days—that is to say, her rich days—were done.

But now the purple and fine linen began to come to an end, and were hopeless of replacement. The first time she went to Ditchley to buy herself a new dress, which her husband declared she must have, she was horrified to find that a gown like one of her old worn-out ones would involve the sacrifice of two months' income to the little household at Wren's Nest. So her dream of a new silk dress vanished: she brought home a muslin one, to the extreme indignation of Mr. Scanlan.

Poor man! he could not understand why clothes should wear out, and as little why they should not be perpetually renewed. He had never seen his mother dress shabbily—why should his wife do so? His wife, upon whom his credit rested. If she had only herself to consider it would not have signified; but a married lady—the Reverend Edward Scanlan's wife—was quite another thing. He could not see the reason for it: she must be learning slatternly ways; yielding to matronly untidiness, as he saw young mothers sometimes do—which he always thought a great shame, and a great unkindness to the husband. Which arguments were perfectly true in the main, and Josephine recognized the fact. Yet the last one went rather sharply into the young matron's heart.

She changed her style of dress altogether. Her costly but no longer fresh silks and satins were put away—indeed, they fell away of themselves, having been remodeled and altered to the last extremity of even French feminine ingenuity. She now appeared almost exclusively in cotton print of a morning, in white dimity of an afternoon: dresses which Bridget could wash endlessly, and which each week looked fresh and new again. Her children the same. She could not give them a clean frock every day, as their father wished—every other child he saw had always a clean frock on, and why not his children?—but she dressed them in neat blue-spotted pinafores—blouses she called them—the familiar French name—with a plain leather belt round the waist—and they looked so pretty, so very pretty!—or she and Bridget thought so many a time.

It is a curious and sad indication of how

things changed after the first sunshiny summer at Wren's Nest, that the mistress and servant seemed to have settled their domestic affairs together, and shared their domestic griefs and joys, very much more than the mistress and master. Whenever there was a sacrifice to be made, or a vexation or fatigue to be endured, it was they who suffered—any how, *not* Mr. Scanlan. Mrs. Scanlan contrived to shield her husband—almost as she did her little children—from any household perplexity or calamity, and especially from a certain dim sound heard in the distance, every day approaching nearer and nearer—the howling of that blatant beast, “the wolf at the door.”

“Hardships are so much worse to him than to me,” she would reason. “With me it is but just going back to old times, when I lived at home with my father—and we were so very poor—and so very happy too, I think—whereas with my husband it is different. He has been rolling in money all his life—poor Edward!”

No doubt this was true. Nor do I wish to judge the curate more harshly than his wife judged him. Besides, people are variously constituted; their ideals of happiness are different. I can imagine that when Josephine Scanlan sat in front of her neat cottage—with César and Adrienne playing at her feet, and her baby-boy asleep on her lap—sewing hard, for she had never done sewing—yet stopping a minute now and then to refresh her eyes with the sweet landscape—green, low hills, smooth and sunny, which shut out the not very distant sea, beyond which lay *la belle France*, which she had always dreamed of, but never beheld—I can imagine, I say, that it mattered very little to Josephine Scanlan whether she lived in a great house or a small one; whether she went clad in satin and velvet, or in the common dimity gown, which Bridget often sat up half the night to wash and iron for Sundays, and in which, as she went to church with a child in either hand, poor Bridget declared, the mistress looked “like an angel just dropped from the sky.”

Whether the rest of the congregation were of that opinion can not now be discovered. They still paid occasional visits to Wren's Nest, stopping in carriage-and-pair at the garden-gate, and causing Bridget a world of flurry to get a clean apron and smooth her hair before rushing to open it. But it is a very different thing, paying visits in a carriage after an idle morning, and paying them on foot after a morning's hard work in arranging the house affairs and looking after the children. Mrs. Scanlan had to explain this—which she did very simply—to such of her husband's parishioners as were specially kind to her, and with whom she would have liked to associate, had fate allowed. Her excuses were readily and graciously accepted; but, after a time, the natural results of such an unequal balance of things ensued. Her visitors became fewer and fewer: sometimes, in winter,

whole weeks passed without a single foot crossing the threshold of Wren's Nest.

Necessarily, too, there came a decline in other branches of parish duty that Mr. Scanlan considered essential, and urged his wife to keep up; which she did at first to the utmost of her power—Dorcas societies, district visiting, village school-feasts, and so on; various forms of benevolence which had lain dormant until the young curate came. Ditchley, having a very small number of poor, and abounding in wealthy families with nothing to do, soon found charity a charming amusement; and the different schemes which the new clergyman started for its administration made him very popular.

But with Mrs. Scanlan the case was different.

“I can't sit making clothes for little negroes, and let my own children run ragged,” said she once, smiling: and arguing half in earnest, half in jest—for she found that the latter often answered best—with her husband, who had been sharply reproving her. “And, Edward, it is rather hard to sit smilingly distributing fuel and blankets to the ‘believing poor,’ as you call them, when I remember how thinly-covered is poor Bridget's bed, and how empty our own coal-cellar. Still, I will do my best, since you wish it.”

“Do so—there's a dear girl!” replied he, carelessly kissing her. “Charity looks so well in a clergyman and a clergyman's wife. And, besides, giving to the poor is lending to the Lord.”

Mrs. Scanlan cast a keen glance at her husband—she always did when he said these sort of things. She had begun to wonder how much they meant—at least how much he meant by them, and whether he really considered their meaning at all. I am afraid, for a clergyman's wife, she was not as religious a woman as she ought to have been; but she had had too much of religion when she lived in Merriion Square. In that particular set to which her husband belonged its cant phraseology had been painfully dinned into her ears. She recognized all the intrinsic goodness of the Evangelical sect, their sincere and earnest piety; but she often wished they could do without a set of stock phrases—such as Edward Scanlan had just used—which gradually came to fall on her ear as mere words, implying nothing.

“Lending to the Lord!” said she. “I wish He would begin to pay me back a little that He owes me.” “I wish He would send me a new pair of shoes for each of the children. They want them badly enough.”

At which Mr. Scanlan looked horrified, especially as this unfortunate speech had been made in presence of his rector, Mr. Oldham, who had just come in for a call. Possibly he did not hear, being very deaf, and using his deafness sometimes both conveniently and cleverly.

He was the one visitor whose visits never ceased, and were always welcome; for they caused no inconvenience. If the mother were busy, he would be quite content to talk to the

children; who liked him well enough, though they were a little afraid of him, chiefly through their father's always impressing upon them that they must behave so exceedingly well when they went to the Rectory, which was now almost the only house in the neighborhood they did go to. At first, when César and Adrienne had acquired sufficiently walking capabilities and good manners, their father amused himself by taking them about with him pretty often; but being not angels, only children, they sometimes vexed him considerably. They would get tired and cross; or, from the great contrast of living at home and abroad, they would be tempted—poor little souls—to overeat themselves, which naturally annoyed the curate much. By degrees both they and their mother found that going out with papa was not unmixed felicity; so that when the habit was given up it was a relief to all parties.

Gradually the parents and children seldom appeared in public all together, except when they were invited to the Rectory—as they had been lately—to enjoy a strawberry feast, in the garden of which its owner was so justly proud.

"I am glad you approve of my roses," said Mr. Oldham, when, with a half deprecating, half threatening look at his wife, lest she should make some other unlucky observation, Mr. Scanlan had disappeared on important parish business. "I often think, Madame"—(he changed his old-fashioned "Madam" into Madame, out of compliment to her birth, and because he liked to air his French a little)—"I think my garden is to me what your children are to you. I only hope it may be equally flourishing, and may reward me as well for all my care."

The rector was sitting in the porch, his stick between his knees—he always wore breeches, gaiters, a long coat, and a large clerical hat—watching César, who was pulling up weeds in the somewhat neglected borders in front of the garden, but doing laborer's work with the air and mien of a young nobleman in disguise—a real Vicomte de Bougainville. One does see these anomalies sometimes, though I grant not often; poor gentlefolks' children are prone to sink to the level of the ordinary poor; but Josephine had taken great pains in the up-bringing of hers. As her eyes followed the direction of Mr. Oldham's, and then both their eyes met, there was in one countenance a touch of envy, in the other of pity—which accounted for his frequent visits and the kindly welcome which she always gave him.

That is, of late years. At first Mrs. Scanlan had been rather shy of her husband's rector, perhaps like the children, because her husband always impressed upon her the importance of being civil to him. Not until she found this needless—that the little old bachelor exacted nothing from her, and that, moreover, there was nothing to be got out of him—did Josephine become as friendly with Mr. Oldham as she was with her other neighbors. Her cold-

ness seemed rather to amuse him; nor did he ever take offense at it. He admired openly her beauty, her breeding, her good sense; and with his own pedigree, a yard long, hanging up in his hall, it is probable that he did not think the less of his curate's wife for being descended from so many noble De Bougainvilles.

What the old rector thought of his curate people never quite discovered. He kept his opinion to himself. When the parish went crazy about Mr. Scanlan, his beautiful sermons, his many accomplishments, Mr. Oldham listened, silent; when, as years ran on, a few holes were picked in the curate's coat, he listened, equally silent. But he himself always treated Mr. Scanlan with pointed respect, courtesy, and consideration.

He sat watching the children—there were four now, "baby" being exalted into Louis, and another little white bundle lying across Mrs. Scanlan's lap, as she sat busy at her ceaseless needle even while she conversed with her guest.

"Another girl, I understand, for I am to have the pleasure of christening her next Sunday. Are you offended with me, Madame, for declining to be godfather? As you are aware, your husband asked me."

She was not aware, and would have disliked it extremely; but she would not betray either fact, and therefore only smiled.

"What do you mean to do with your eldest son?" pointing to César. "As I was saying to his father, it is high time he went to school. But Scanlan tells me he prefers teaching him himself."

"Yes," said Josephine, briefly, for her visitor had touched upon a sore point. In early days her husband had been very proud of his "son and heir," who was a fine little fellow, the image of the grandfather whose name he bore—for all the children had French names, Mr. Scanlan not caring to perpetuate the Dennises and Judiths of his ancestry. He had insisted on educating César himself—who could so well teach a boy as his own father? Only, unfortunately, the father had no aptitude for teaching, was extremely desultory in his ways, and, as he gave the lessons chiefly for his own amusement, took them up and relinquished them whenever it suited him. Consequently, things went hard with little César. He was a bright, bold, noble lad, but he was not particularly clever nor overfond of his book. Difficulties ensued. Not that Edward Scanlan was one of your brutal fathers: he never lifted his hand to strike his son—I should have liked to have seen the mother's face if he had!—but he made her perpetually anxious and restless, because "papa and César did not get on together," and because, in spite of papa's classical acquirements, her big boy, the pride of her heart, was growing up a great dunce.

Yet when she suggested sending him to school, Mr. Scanlan had opened eyes of the widest astonishment. What necessity was

there? when he could teach him himself at home. Besides, how could they possibly afford the expense of schooling, when only lately she had told him, the father of the family, that he must do without a suit of new clothes for another six months? Differences ensued, which ended in César's remaining another year at home, while his mother learned Latin in order to teach him herself. And, somehow or other, his father appeared at the next visitation in a bran-new suit of best London-made clerical clothes, dined with the Archbishop, and preached a sermon on the text of "Charity suffereth long and is kind;" which was so much admired that he came home covered with glory, and, except that it was, fortunately, extempore, would have gone to the expense of printing and publishing it immediately.

Thus, when Mr. Oldham spoke, Josephine replied with that quick "Yes," and over her face came the shadow which he, who had all the quick observation which often belongs to deaf people, detected at once, and changed the conversation.

"I have my newly-married cousin, Lady Emma Lascelles, coming with her husband to dine with me on Thursday; will you come too? I asked Mr. Scanlan, and he accepted immediately."

"Oh yes, of course he will be most happy."

"I should like you to meet Lady Emma," pursued the old gentleman; "she was a nice little girl, and I dare say has grown up a sweet young woman. She will be sure to take to you—I mean, you will suit her better than most of the ladies of Ditchley."

"Indeed!" said the curate's wife, smiling.

"You see they will all stand in such awe of her"—and there was a slight satirical expression on the rector's thin mouth. "It is not often a 'lady' in her own right comes our way. Though the most innocent eagle that ever was, Emma will flutter our dove-cote, even as Coriolanus 'fluttered the Volscians in Corioli.' You will see!"

"Shall I? No; I fear I shall not. I am sorry to decline your kindness, Mr. Oldham, but you know I never go out now. I have not been at a dinner-party for years."

"So your husband said; but he said also that meeting Lady Emma was an exceptional case, and that I was to persuade you to go, as he wished it extremely."

"Did he? did he really?" said Josephine, with a sudden glow of pleasure; she had not grown quite insensible to the amusements of life, still less to that keenest enjoyment of them—to a wife—the consciousness that her husband likes to enjoy them with her; that he is proud of her, and admires her himself, besides having a natural satisfaction in seeing other people admire her too. But scarcely had she spoken than the glow faded. "I think you must have mistaken him, Mr. Oldham. My husband knows very well I do not visit. Indeed, I can not do it."

"Why not?"

The rector was a daring man to put the question, but he had often wished to get an answer to it. Observant as he was, his observation only went a certain length; and intimate as Mrs. Scanlan now was with him, her intimacy had its limits too. So neat was Wren's Nest whenever he called, so great was its mistress's feminine ingenuity in keeping in the back-ground all painful indications of poverty, that the rich man, who had been rich all his days, never guessed but that his curate was exceedingly comfortable in his circumstances, indeed, rather well off for a curate. Thus, when he asked "Why not?" he had no idea that he was putting any painful or intrusive question, or saying any thing beyond an innocent joke, which, as an old man and a clergyman, he might well venture. When he saw Mrs. Scanlan look grave and troubled he drew back immediately.

"I beg your pardon. Pray, do not answer me."

"No; I think I had rather answer, once for all," said she, after a pause. "It is but honest, and it will prevent your thinking me ungrateful or rude. I have given up visiting, because, in truth, we can not afford it."

"I am aware, Madame," said Mr. Oldham, "that fate, which has given you almost every thing else, has denied you riches; but I think that should not affect you socially—certainly not in the visits with which you honor my house. Let me hope still to see you on Thursday."

"I can not," she said, uneasily; then laughing and blushing, "If there were no other, there is one very ridiculous reason. This is a grand bridal party, and I have no suitable clothes!"

"Why not come as you are? This is white," touching, half reverentially, half paternally, her dimity dress. "Would not this do?"

She shook her head. "I should not mind it; if I were dressed ever so plainly I should like to come. But—my husband—"

She stopped, for the same slightly satirical expression crossed the old man's mouth.

"I have no doubt my friend Scanlan has perfect taste; and, being an old bachelor, I can not be expected to understand how husbands feel on the subject of their wives' dress. Still, if I had a wife, and she looked as charming as Madame looks at this moment, whatever her costume might be, I should— But we will not further discuss the subject. Thursday is a good way off; before then I shall hope to bring you or your husband, or both, round to my opinion. May I go into the house, Mrs. Scanlan? for it is growing rather chill outside for an old man like me."

He went in, and sat an hour or more with her and the children; but, though he talked on indifferent subjects, and asked no further questions, she could see his sharp eyes wandering here, there, and every where, as if a new light

had broken in upon him, and he was anxious to discover every thing he could respecting the internal economy of Wren's Nest. Such a shabby little nest as it was now growing! with carpets wearing threadbare and curtains all darned, and furniture which had to be kept neat and pretty by every conceivable device—all those things which a woman's eye at once discovers, a man's never, unless they are brought pointedly to his notice, or his attention is awakened so that he begins to hunt them out for himself.

Mr. Oldham talked a good deal, and looked about him a good deal more; but not a syllable said he with reference to the matter which, the moment she had referred to it, Josephine could have bit her tongue off for doing so. Not that she was ashamed of her poverty, in itself—she had been brought up in too lofty a school for that—but she was ashamed of the shame her husband felt concerning it. And any thing like a betrayal of it before his patron would have seemed like begging for an increase of income, which she knew Mr. Scanlan desired, and thought his just due, and which every half-year she had some difficulty to keep him from applying for.

Therefore it was a real relief to Josephine when the rector said not a word more of the dinner-party, until, just as he was leaving, he observed, "By-the-by, I quite forget, I had come to consult you upon whom I should invite to meet Lady Emma."

"Me!"

"Who so fitting? Are you not hand-in-glove with all our neighbors? Do they not come to you for advice and sympathy on all occasions? Is there a birth or a death or a wedding in the parish that you don't know all about before it happens?"

"It used to be so," she said, half amused, half sadly; "and if not now, perhaps it is my fault. But tell me whom you mean to invite. I should like to hear all about the entertainment, though I do not go. It is such an important event in Ditchley, a dinner-party at the Rectory, and to a young bride."

So she took pencil and paper, and made out a list of names, he dictating them—for the old man seemed quite pleased with his little outburst of hospitality—until they came to one at which Mrs. Scanlan stopped.

"Dr. and Mrs. Waters. No; that will be useless. She—she does not go out."

"Bless my soul, I had forgotten. How stupid of me!" cried Mr. Oldham; and then he too stopped, and his keen, inquisitive eyes sought Josephine's. But she had dropped them, and was making idle marks upon the paper, to hide a certain awkwardness. They had both evidently hit upon a subject in which each was uncertain how much the other knew.

"I ought not to have forgotten. My good old friend! Of course, I must ask him; and—his wife."

"You had better ask him without his wife,"

said Josephine, quietly, with her eyes still cast down. "If you ask her, and she hears of it, she is sure to want to come; and—she ought not to come."

"I suppose not. Poor Mrs. Waters! she is—ahem!—a great invalid."

Mrs. Scanlan was silent.

"I thought," said the rector, clearing his throat, "that my poor old friend and I had arranged all between us, so that nobody in Ditchley was any the wiser for this—this sad affair. I hate gossip, and gossip about such a painful thing would be hard to bear. Waters and I took every precaution, and his house is a large house, and quite out of the town; one would have thought a person could be—ill—there without the whole town's knowing."

"I am not aware that the town does know; I hardly see how it can," said Josephine, gently, for she saw how troubled the rector was. She well knew why, only she had not expected so much warm feeling in the cold-mannered, lonely old man, who was supposed to care for nobody but himself.

"But you know?" said he, anxiously. "Yes, from your face now I am sure of it. Tell me frankly, how much do you know?"

"Every thing, I believe. I found it out by accident."

"How long since?"

"Six months ago."

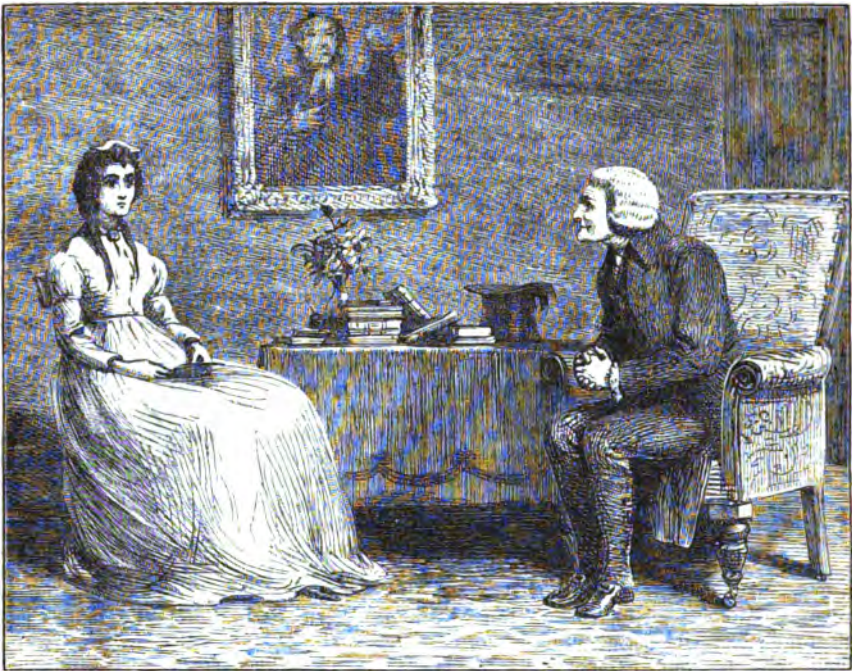
"And you have never told—not a creature? And in the many times that I have spoken to you about the Waters family, you have never once betrayed that you knew any thing? Well, you are a wonderful woman—the only woman I ever knew who could hold her tongue."

"Am I?" said Josephine, smiling, half sadly, for she had had a few sharp lessons—conjugal and domestic—before arriving at that height of perfection.

Still anxious, Mr. Oldham begged she would tell him exactly what she knew, and there came out one of those terrible domestic tragedies, which people always hide if they can, and which had hitherto been successfully hidden, even from gossiping Ditchley. Dr. Waters's wife, of whom he was very fond, had suddenly gone mad, and tried to destroy both him and herself. The fit over without harm, she had partially recovered, but still required to be kept in strict seclusion as a "great invalid," appearing little outside her own house, and then only with her so-called "nurse"—in reality her keeper. This woman, once meeting Mrs. Scanlan when she had lost her mistress on the common, and was frantically searching for her, had betrayed the whole sad truth, imploring her to keep the secret, which she did faithfully.

"Even from your husband?" inquired, rather pointedly, Mr. Oldham.

"Yes. It did not affect him, nor would he have taken much interest in the matter," she answered, half apologetically. She could not say the other fact—that he would have told it the next day, quite unwittingly, to every body



A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

in Ditchley. "Besides, I had promised, and a promise ought to be kept implicitly."

"Certainly, my dear Madame, certainly!"

The old man sat rubbing his hands, and looking at her with great admiration. "A remarkable woman—the most remarkable woman I ever knew!" Then, as a knock came to the door, "There is Scanlan coming home to his tea, and I must go to my dinner. I will just shake hands with him, and depart. Adieu, Madame. Au revoir."

He bowed over her hand—his quaint, formal little bow—and disappeared.

But the next day Mrs. Scanlan received by coach, from the largest linen-draper's shop in the county town, a magnificent silk dress, richer than any thing ever seen in Ditchley. With it was an envelope, addressed to herself, containing these lines, written in French, and in the delicate, precise hand which was at once recognizable: "From an old man, in token of his respect for a lady who can both keep a promise and hold her tongue about it."

Alas! by this time there was no need for Mrs. Scanlan to hold her tongue any longer. Mrs. Waters had had another "attack," during which she had gone—Ditchley never quite knew how—to that world where she would wake up in her right mind, and heaven would be as tender over her as her dearly-loved and loving husband was, to the last, in this.

There was no dinner-party at which to show off the beautiful new gown; the rector was too shocked and sad to give any. But Lady Emma

came, and Mrs. Scanlan saw her, greatly to Mr. Scanlan's delight. Nay, the bride praised so warmly his Josephine that he admired her himself more than ever, for at least ten days, and took great interest in the handsome appearance she would make in her new silk dress. But Mrs. Scanlan herself had little pleasure in it, and, though she thanked the rector for it, and accepted it kindly—as, indeed, the kindness of the gift deserved—she laid it by in a drawer, almost as sadly as if it had been a mourning weed.

CHAPTER IV.

ON Josephine Scanlan's lovely face a slight shadow was now deepening every year and with every child—for a child came almost every year. Fortunately—or at least so said the neighbors—but did the mother?—fortunately, not all were living; but ere ten years were past Wren's Nest contained six little nestlings, growing up from babies into big boys and girls—César, Adrienne, Louis, Gabrielle, Martin, Catherine. Josephine had insisted on this latter name, in remembrance of her gentle, kindly, vulgar, good old mother-in-law, now long gone to her rest. Curiously enough, except Adrienne, who was the plain one of the family, but, as if by tender compensation, the sweetest little soul among them all, the whole of the children were De Bougainvilles—handsome, well-grown, graceful; a young tribe that any mother might be proud

of. And she was very proud of them, and very happy in them, at times—yet still the shadow in her face grew and grew.

There is a portrait of her, taken about this time, I believe, by a wandering artist who had settled for the summer at Ditchley, and with whom the curate struck up one of his sudden friendships. Mr. Summerhayes, attracted by Mrs. Scanlan's beauty, requested permission to paint her, and afterward, out of politeness, painted, as a companion picture, her husband likewise.

The two heads are very characteristic. The one is full of a lovely gravity, nay, something more, for the expression is anxious even to severity; in the other is that careless *insouciance* which may be charming in itself, but which has the result of creating in other people its very opposite. That painful earnestness about great things and small, that unnatural and exaggerated "taking thought for the morrow," which sometimes grows to be an actual misfortune, so as to make the misery of to-day—might never have come to Josephine, if her Edward had been blessed with a little more of these qualities. There is no need to do more than look at the two portraits, speaking so plainly through the silence of years, in order to detect at once the secret of their married life; how that the burden which the man shirked and shrunk from the woman had to take up and bear. Josephine Scanlan did this, and did it to the end.

Without murmuring either, except, perhaps, just at the first. There might have been a season when, like most young wives and many-childed mothers, she had expected to be cherished and taken care of; to be protected as well as loved; helped as well as admired; but that time had passed by. Not without a struggle; still it did pass, and she accepted her destiny; accepted it as a fact; nay, more, as a natural necessity. She was young and strong; physically, quite as strong as her husband, delicate though her appearance was; morally, no person who was in their company for an hour could have doubted the relative calibre of Mr. and Mrs. Scanlan. A man is not necessarily "a man," in the true spiritual sense, because he happens to wear coat and trousers; nor is a woman always of the "weaker sex" because she has a soft voice, a quiet manner, a feeble and feminine frame. 'I have seen many and many a couple in which, without any great external show of the thing, Nature seemed to have adapted herself to circumstances, and "turned the tables" in a most wonderful way between husbands and wives, giving to the one wherewithal to supply the other's lack; and that so gradually, so imperceptibly, that they themselves scarcely recognized how completely they had changed places—the man becoming the woman, and the woman the man. A sad sight, theoretically: but, practically, often not so sad as it seems.

Possibly Mrs. Scanlan grew to be dimly conscious of one fact as concerned herself and her

husband—that, whether or not she was the cleverer, he being always considered such a brilliant and talented young man—she was certainly the stronger, wiser, more sensible of the two. But at any rate she experienced its results, and accepted them, and the additional duties they involved, with a great, silent courage, such as the urgency of the case demanded. For she was a mother, and mothers must never know either despondency or fear.

If she began to look anxious and care-worn, so care-worn that it spoiled her beauty and made her husband gradually become indifferent to whatever sort of dress she wore, it was no wonder. The mere thought of her children was enough to weigh her down night and day; to say nothing of the incessant physical weariness of taking care of so many little folk, bright, loving, mischievous monkeys, who had all the activity of healthy, country-bred children, placed under the very simplest discipline, and a discipline that was, of necessity, wholly maternal; for the father took less and less notice of them every day.

She did not spoil them, I think—at least Bridget protested she never did; that she always kept a wholesome authority over them, and never indulged them in any way. Poor little souls! there was small opportunity for indulgence in their primitive, all but penurious life; but she was obliged to see them growing up around her almost as wild as young colts; deprived of every advantage which good food, good clothes, good society, and, above all, good education, give to young people; that unconscious influence of outward things, which affects children, even at that early age, far more than we suspect.

Their mother saw all this; knew all that they lacked—which she would have given any thing to provide them with. Yet here she was, bound hand and foot with the iron bands of poverty; able to do almost nothing for them, except love them. She did that. God only knows how a mother's heart goes out to her children—with a perfect torrent of passionate devotedness—when in its other channel, deepest and holiest of all, the natural stream is slowly drying up; or becoming, as Wordsworth mournfully sings of it, no longer a living fountain, but

"A comfortless and hidden well."

I have no right to take any thing for granted—but straws show which way the wind blows—and I find in Mrs. Scanlan's journal, hidden under its safe French, many a sentence such as this, which betrays a good deal more than appears on the surface:

"My poor Adrienne is ailing, which casts a gloom over the whole house, and makes me busier than ever; for she has grown to be such a help to her mother, dear child! I wish I could take her to the sea, if only for a week; but how could I leave home—leave papa all to himself? Things would be sure to go wrong if I did; and besides, Edward would be so very

uncomfortable. Nor should I like to propose it; for it would cost a deal of money—nearly as much as that projected journey of his to London with Mr. Summerhayes, against which I have set my face so firmly, telling him he must give it up; we could not possibly afford it.

"Nor can we. Even with all the lightening of my housekeeping through Mr. Oldham's kindness" (the rector had long ago given the children what he called "a quarter of a cow," namely, a can of new milk daily, with eggs and butter, fruit and vegetables in unlimited supply, from his own farm and garden)—"even with all this I shall scarcely succeed in making ends meet this Christmas; and if we have any extraneous expenses out of the house we shall not be able to pay our Christmas bills. And oh! what a terrible thing that would be—sorer than any thing which has yet happened to us!"

Some things had happened them occasionally; but she rarely noted them down except by implication. This, perhaps, was one of them:

"César, mon petit César, wearies me to let him learn drawing of Mr. Summerhayes. Not that he has any particular talent for it, but it amuses him, and he likes it better than his book. And it takes him away from home—from our poor little house—going sketching about the country with papa and Mr. Summerhayes. Not that they do much work; indeed, I think Mr. Summerhayes has little need to work—he is not a "poor" artist apparently; but it is a lively, wandering, pleasant life, such as most men take to eagerly. I wish Edward did not take to it quite so much; it does no good, and it is very expensive. I myself have no great faith, nor a very warm interest in this Mr. Summerhayes. Still, he is a pleasant young fellow enough: my husband likes him, and so do my children, especially my two eldest. Poor little Adrienne, who at eleven years old is twice as clever as her brother in her drawing as in other things, though she is such a tiny dot of a child—Adrienne, I see, quite adores Mr. Summerhayes."

"My" children—alas! a deep meaning lies under that small word, that unimpressive, apparently unimportant "my."

There came a period in Mrs. Scanlan's marriage—as it does in many a marriage which looks comfortable enough to the world and jogs on fairly to the last—when the wife was gradually becoming absorbed in the mother.—Now a voice at my elbow, and one I can not choose but listen to, knowing it is often both wiser and tenderer than my own, whispers that this is a wrong thing, a wicked thing—that any woman who deliberately prefers her children to her husband is unworthy the name of wife. To which I reply that no man worthy the name of husband need ever fear that his wife *will* love him less than she loves her children—the thing is unnatural, improbable, impossible. But all the shams in the world will not exalt an unworthy husband into a position which, even if he had it, he could not keep. He will find his level, and the chil-

dren will find theirs; in the heart which is never likely to be very false to either.

But of that mysterious thing, love, it is as true as it is of most other things—what people win they must earn. When Josephine de Bougainville married Edward Scanlan she was a mere girl, little beyond a child; and he a grown man—at least he considered himself as such. When she developed into the woman that she was, a creature embodying more than any one I ever knew Wordsworth's picture of

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"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,"

he remaining still what he was, an average young man, no better than most young men and inferior to many—the difference between the two showed fearfully plain. Less in their mental than in their moral stature: Edward Scanlan was a very clever fellow in his way; brilliant with all Hibernian brilliancy, and the Hibernian aptitude of putting every talent well forward, so that, like the shops in the Rue de Rivoli and the Palais Royal—all the jewelry was in the windows. Of mere brains he had quite as much as she; or even if he had not it would have mattered little. Many a clever woman loves passionately a not particularly clever man, when she sees in his nature something which is different from and nobler than her own. And seeing this she can always place herself, quite naturally, in the inferior attitude, which to all women and wives is at once so delicious and so indispensable.

But to wake up from that love-dream and find that its object is quite another sort of person from what he was fondly imagined to be; that her affection toward him must, if it is to continue at all, entirely change its character, and become not a loving up but a loving down—an excusing of weaknesses, a covering over of faults, perhaps a deliberate pardoning of sins—this must be, to any wife, a most awful blow. Yet it has happened, hundreds of times; and women have survived it, even as they survive love-disappointments, and losses by death, and other agonizing sorrows, by which Heaven teaches us poor mortals that here is not our rest; and that, deeper than any thing stock phraseology can teach, comes back and back upon us the lesson of life—to lay up our treasure not overmuch in this world, but in that world "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

The blow falls, but, happily, it seldom falls suddenly. And being so utterly irremediable, women, especially those who have children, become reconciled to it; make the best of it; take it as other women have done before them, and pass gradually out of its first blinding darkness into that twilight stage of much-enduring matrimony, which seems to be the lot of so many, and with which so many are apparently quite content. Nevertheless, to those happy wives who, thank God! know what it is to

live daily and hourly in the full daylight of satisfied love, such a region appears only a better sort of Hades, peopled with the fitting ghosts of departed joys.

Into that silent valley of endless shade the young matron, Josephine Scanlan, had slowly passed.

I do not allege that her husband was unkind to her: personal unkindness was not in his nature; he was far too easy and good-tempered for that. It would almost have been better if he had been a little unkind sometimes. Many a bad-tempered man is not essentially a bad man, and a woman like Josephine could have borne patiently some small ill-usage, had it come from a husband whom in other things she could deeply respect. I have heard her say sometimes, "that common men break their wives' heads, and gentlemen their hearts: and the former was a less heinous crime than the latter." Be that as it may, I think she herself would have borne any personal wrong easier than to sit still and endure the maddening sight of watching her youth's idol slowly crumble down into the very commonest of clay.

It may be urged, first, why did she set him up as an idol, when he was but an ordinary man? Well, that may have been a very silly thing, yet do not all women do it? And would their love be much worth having if they did not do it?—Secondly, finding him to be what he was, why did she not try to improve him?

It is a melancholy fact that some men can not be improved. A strong nature, warped to evil, may be gradually bent back again to good; but over a weak nature no person has any power; there is nothing to catch hold of; it is like throwing out the ship's sheet-anchor into shifting sands. Edward Scanlan's higher impulses were as little permanent as his lower ones. "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel," had been his curse through life; though—so bright and sweet are the self-delusions of youth—it was not for some years that his wife discovered it.

And, mercifully, Ditchley did not discover it at all, at least not for a long time. It was one of those failings which do not show outside. He was still the most interesting of men and of clergymen; played first fiddle in all societies; and if he did hang up that invaluable instrument at his own door, why, nobody was any the wiser: his wife never told. Perhaps, indeed, it was rather a comfort to her to have the fiddling silenced within the house—it would have been such a cruel contrast to the struggle that went on there: the continual battle with toil, poverty, and grinding care.

The one bit of sunshine at Wren's Nest was undoubtedly the children. Rough as they were, they were very good children, better than many rich men's offspring in their self-denial, self-dependence, and uncomplaining gayety amidst all deprivations, which they, however, having never known any thing better, did not much feel. Here, too, the Irish light-heartedness of their

faithful Bridget stood them in good stead; and their mother's French adaptability taught them to make the best of things. The little girls began to do house-work, sew, and mind the baby; the little boys to garden and help their mother in all sorts of domestic ways; and this at an age when most children are still in a state of nursery helplessness, or worse. The incessant activity of little people, which in well-to-do households finds no outlet but mischievousness, here was always led into a useful channel, and so did good instead of harm. Work became their play, and to "help mother" their favorite amusement. She has many an entry in her diary concerning them, such as this:

"This morning, Adrienne, standing on a stool at my ironing-table, began to iron pocket-handkerchiefs, and really, for her first attempt, did it quite beautiful. She was so proud; she means to do it every week now, and I mean to let her, provided it does not injure her poor back, which not yet is as strong as it should be. I shall not, however, allow her to carry the next baby." Alas! the "next" baby.

Or this:

"César and Louis went up to the Rectory all by themselves, to fetch a great bundle of young cauliflowers, which my children are so fond of, saying, when I cook them at *la Française*, meat at dinner is quite unnecessary. They planted them all by themselves, too. Papa said he would show them how, but he happened to be out. He takes very little interest in the garden; but my two boys are born gardeners, and love every inch of the ground, and every living thing upon it. I wish they may make it produce more than it does, and then we need not accept so much from the Rectory. It is always a bad thing to be too much dependent upon even the kindest of neighbors; and so I often say to the children, telling them they must learn to shift for themselves—as assuredly they will have to do—and try and be as independent as possible.

"I had to tell them yesterday that they must try and do without sugar to their tea—grocery is so very dear now. They pulled a wry face or two at the first cup, but afterward they did not complain at all, saying 'that what mother did, surely they could do.' My children are such exceedingly good children."

So it came to pass that finding, young as they were, she could actually respect and trust them more than she could their father, she gradually loved them best. A mournful truth; but does any mother wonder at it? I, for one, do not.

No household is very dreary so long as it has children in it—good children, and merry with all the mirth of youth. The little Scanlans must have had their fill of mirth; their happiness made their mother happy also, in a sort of reflected way. She was still young enough to become a child with them, to share in all their holiday frolics, their primrose gatherings, hay-makings, nuttings, skatings, and slidings. All the year round there was something doing;



HELPING MOTHER.

in the endless variety which country children enjoy. But from these festivals the father was usually absent. They were "not in his line," he said; and when he did go, he enjoyed himself so little that the rest of the young party found, in plain language, "his room was better than his company." That grand and lovely sight—I use advisedly these strong adjectives—of a father taking a day's pleasure with all his children round him; stooping from his large worldly pursuits to their small, unworldly ones; forgetting himself in the delight of making them happy—with a happiness which they will remember long after he is laid in dust—this sight was never seen at Ditchley, so far as concerned the Scanlan family. If Ditchley ever noticed the fact, reasons for it were never lacking. Poor Mr. Scanlan's parish duties were so very heavy;—it was quite sad to think how little he saw of his family—how continually he was obliged to be away from home.

That was true; only, strange to say, nobody at home seemed much to miss his absence. Perhaps, unconsciously, the little folks betrayed this; and, as they grew up—being remarkably

simple and straightforward children—found it difficult not to let their father see that they had discovered certain weak points in his character—inaccuracies and exaggerations of speech, selfishnesses and injustices of action—which discovery could hardly have been altogether pleasant to Mr. Scanlan. He gradually ceased to look oftener than he could help into César's honest eyes; which sometimes expressed such intense astonishment, to say the least of it, at the father's words and ways; and he gave up petting little Adrienne, who sometimes, when he did something that "grieved mother," followed him about the house with mute looks of such gentle reproach that he could not stand them. His love of approbation was so strong that he could not bear to be disapproved of, even by a child; but he did not try to amend matters and win approval; he only got vexed, and took the usual remedy of an uneasy conscience—he ran away.

Alas for his wife, the woman who had to excuse him not only to herself but to these others—the quick-sighted little people, whose feelings were so fresh and clear—what must her diffi-

culties have been? And when, all excuses failing before her stern sense of absolute right—the justice without which mercy is a miserable weakness or a cowardly sham, the duty toward God, which is beyond all obedience to man—she had, as her sole resource, to maintain a dead silence toward her children with regard to their father—how terrible her trial!

The only comfort was, that nobody knew it. Ditchley pitied the curate's wife for many things: because she had such narrow means and such a large family; because, being such a charming, elegant, and accomplished woman, she was only a curate's wife, doomed to have her light hidden under a bushel all her days. But it never thought of pitying her for the one only thing for which she would have pitied herself—the blank in her heart where an idol should have been—the sad silence there instead of singing—the dull patience and forbearance which had taken the place of joy and love.

No wonder that her beauty began to fade, that her cheerfulness declined, or was only prominent in her intercourse with children—her own and other people's. Grown-up people she rather avoided; her neighbors, with whom she had been so popular once, said among themselves that Mrs. Scanlan was not quite so pleasant as she used to be; was overridden by domestic cares, and growing rather unsocial, hard, and cold. Nay, some of them sympathized with her husband in having so little of a companion in his wife, and quite understood how it was he went out so much, and alone; one or two married ladies, who were very well off and had no children, blamed her openly for this; and said it was "all her fault if Mr. Scanlan went too much into society."

Mrs. Scanlan heard it, of course. Birds of the air always carry such a matter. She heard, and set her lips together in that stern hard line which was becoming natural to them—but she said not a word. She never defended herself at all, either then or afterward. So, by degrees, the kindest of the Ditchley ladies left her to herself, to carry out her lonely life at Wren's Nest, which was a good mile away from the town and its prying gossip. Often she passed days and weeks without receiving a single visitor, and then the visiting was confined to an exchange of calls, at long intervals, kept up, Ditchley owned, for civility's sake, and chiefly out of respect to Mr. Scanlan. He was popular enough; not run after quite as much as at first, perhaps, yet still very well liked in the neighborhood, and always welcome in any society. But it was such exceedingly up-hill work keeping up acquaintance with Mrs. Scanlan.

One person, however, maintained toward her a firm fidelity, and that was the rector. Not that he showed it in any strongly demonstrative way—he was by no means a demonstrative man—but he always spoke of her in the highest terms, as "a first-rate woman," and specially "a woman who could hold her tongue." And though, from something she let fall in thanking

him for her silk dress, he delicately forbore making her any more personal presents, his thoughtful kindness with regard to the children was continual.

He did not raise his curate's salary, in spite of many a broad hint from that gentleman; but he helped the household in many a quiet way, often obvious to no one but the mistress of it—and to Bridget, who had a very great respect for Mr. Oldham—at least so far as was consistent with her evident and outspoken disapprobation of men as a race, and especially as clergymen.

"I'd like to put my missis in the pulpit," said this excellent woman, who lived before the great question of women's rights was broached. "I wonder what she'd say? Any how, she'd say it better than most men; and she'd act up to it too, which isn't always the way with your parsons. Their religion's in their head and in their mouths; I'd like to see it a bit plainer in their lives."

This may show that the curate's was not exactly a "religious" family. They kept up all the forms of piety; had prayers twice a day, and so on; the Bible, lying always open on Mr. Scanlan's desk, and tossing about in his coat-pockets, was read aloud enough, especially the Epistles, for all the household to know it by heart. But Bridget once told me her mistress had confessed that, for years, to hear certain portions of the Bible read actually turned her sick, until she had laid it aside long enough to come to it with a fresh and understanding soul, free from all the painful associations of the past.

And so the Scanlan household struggled on, living "from hand to mouth"—with often a wide space between the hand and the mouth; while many a time it needed all Josephine's vigilance to take care that even the hand which led to the mouth—those poor hungry mouths of her dear children!—should be strictly an honest hand. For that creed of the De Bougainvilles, "*Noblesse oblige*," which held that a gentleman may starve, but he must neither beg nor borrow—this creed was not the creed of the Scanlan family. It was Mrs. Scanlan's hardest trial to keep sternly before her children's eyes that code of honor which her husband talked about, but neither practiced nor believed in. And when at last the climax came—when their "difficulties" increased so much that it was obvious the year's income could not possibly meet the year's expenses—then she recognized fully what a death-blow it is to all conjugal peace and domestic union when the husband holds one standard of right and the wife another; or, rather, when it is the wife only who has any fixed standard of right at all.

As usual, the collapse came suddenly—that is, the discovery of it; for Mr. Scanlan would go on for days and weeks playing on the brink of a precipice rather than acknowledge it was a precipice, or speak of it as such. He disliked even to open his lips on what he called "unpleasant subjects." He left all these to his wife.

"Do you manage it, my dear," he would say; "you manage so beautifully." The little flattery only now awoke in her a passing smile, but she managed the troubles for all that.

At length a day came when she could not manage them any longer; when she was obliged to insist upon her husband's speaking out his mind to her upon the critical position of their affairs.

Very much astonished was poor Mr. Scanlan! Surely this pressure must be all a mistake, springing from his wife's overweening anxiety about money-matters; an anxiety common to all mothers, he thought.

"It is not a mistake," said she, calmly, though with a hot cheek. "See there!"

And she laid before him, written out, in plain black and white, all the sums they owed, and all the money they had in hand to meet them. Alas! it was a heavy deficit.

Mr. Scanlan took up the paper carelessly. "How neatly you have set it all down, and what capital arithmetic! Really, Josephine, you ought to apply for a situation as clerk and book-keeper somewhere."

"I wish I could!" said she, beneath her breath; but her husband either did not or would not hear. Still he looked a little vexed. "You should have told me this before, my dear!"

"I have told you, but you said it did not matter, and that I was not to trouble you with it. Nor would I have done so, till the last extremity."

"I can't conceive what you mean by the last extremity. And how has it all come about? It must be your fault, for you manage every thing and spend every thing."

"Not quite," said she, and put before him a second list of figures, in two lines, headed severally "House expenses" and "Papa's expenses." It was remarkable how equal the sum total of each was; and, naturally, this fact made papa very angry. He burst out into some very bitter words, which his wife received in stolid silence.

I do not here praise Josephine Scanlan; I think she must have gradually got into a hard way of saying and doing things, which, no doubt, was very aggravating to the impulsive Irish nature of her husband. He was fond of her still, in his sort of selfish way, and he liked to have her love and her approbation. He would have been much better pleased, no doubt, had she put her arms about his neck with "Never mind, dearest Edward!" and passed the whole thing over, instead of standing in front of him thus—the embodiment of moral right—a sort of domestic Themis, pointing with one hand to those terrible lines of figures, and pressing the other tightly upon her heart, the agitated beating of which he did not know. But she stood quite still, betraying no weakness. The thing had to be done, and she did it, in what seemed to her the best and only way. There might have been another, a gentler way: but I do

not know. Alas! that one unfailing strength of a wife, the power of appeal to her husband's conscience, certain that, even if he has erred a little, his sense of duty will soon right itself; this engine of righteous power was wanting to poor Mrs. Scanlan. She had tried it so often and found it fail, that now she never tried it any more.

She stood in dead silence, waiting until his torrent of words had expended itself; then she said:

"Now, without more talking, we had better see what is best to be done."

"Done? Why, what can we do? Where was the use of your coming to me about all this? I'm not Midas; I can't turn pebbles into pounds!" And even in the midst of his annoyance Mr. Scanlan smiled at his own apt illustration.

His wife might have replied that to throw away pounds like pebbles was more in his line, but she checked the sharp answer, and made none at all.

"I can not imagine what is to be done," he continued. "If we had any relatives, any friends, to whom I could have applied—"

"We have none, happily."

"Why do you say happily? But I know your crotchets on this head. You are totally mistaken, Josephine. Friends ought to help one another. Does not Scripture itself say, 'Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.'"

"But Scripture does not say, 'Go a borrowing, knowing all the while that you never can pay.'"

"Nonsense! We should pay in course of time."

"We might, but I should be sorry to risk the experiment. No; fortunately for them and us, we have no friends."

She spoke in such a measured, impassive voice that Mr. Scanlan looked at her, uncertain whether she were in jest or earnest, pleased or vexed.

"You are an odd kind of woman, Josephine; much more so than you used to be. I can't understand you at all. But come, since my idea is scouted, what plan do you propose? I leave it all to you, for I am sick of the whole matter." And he threw himself on the sofa with a weary and much injured air.

She sat down by him, and suggested a very simple scheme—selling some of her jewelry, which was valuable, and almost useless to her now. But she had reckoned without her host. The sacrifice which to Mrs. Scanlan had seemed trifling, to Mr. Scanlan appeared quite dreadful.

"What! part with these lovely emeralds and diamonds, which have been so much admired, and which make you look well-dressed, however careless you are in other ways? And sell them in Ditchley, that some neighbor may parade them before your very face, and proclaim to all the world how poor we are? Intolera-

ble! I will never allow it; you must not think of such a thing."

But finding she still did think of it, he took another tack, and appealed to her feelings.

"I wonder at you! To sell my gifts, and my poor father's and mother's—the pretty things you used to look so sweet in when we were first married! Josephine, you must have the heart of a stone!"

"Have I?" cried she. "I almost wish I had." And as her husband put his arm round her she burst into tears; upon which he began to caress and coax her, and she to excuse him: thinking, after all, it was loving of him to wish not to part with these mementoes of old days. "Oh, Edward!" she said, leaning her head against his shoulder, "we used to be so fond of one another."

"Used to be? I hope we are still. You are a very good wife to me, and I am sure I try to be a good husband to you. We should never have these differences at all, if you would only mind what I say, and not hold to your own opinion so firmly. Remember, the husband is head of the wife, and she must obey him."

Here Edward Scanlan assumed rather a lordly air, which he usually did when his Josephine was particularly humble. Like most men of his character, he remembered that celebrated nettle which, if you "tenderly touch it—"

"stings you for your pains; Bat be like a man of mettle and it soft as silk remains."

"It is no use, my dear," continued he; "you must give in to me a little more. The root of all our miseries is our being so poor, which we always shall be while we stick in the mud of Ditchley—this wretched country town, where I am not half appreciated. As I have so often said, we must remove to London."

Mrs. Scanlan drew back from him, turning so white that he was frightened.

"My dear, you are ill. Have a glass of wine. Bridget! Here, Bridget!"

"Don't call her. I need it not. And, besides, there is no wine in the house."

"Then there ought to be," returned Mr. Scanlan, angrily: for this too was a sore subject. He had been brought up in the old-fashioned school of considering stimulants a necessity. Old Mr. Scanlan used to imbibe his bottle of port a day, and young Mr. Scanlan his three or four glasses; which habit, Josephine, accustomed to her father's French abstinence, had greatly disliked, and succeeded in breaking him off from just in time, before their changed circumstances required him to do so as a point of economy. He did it cheerfully enough, for he was no drunkard; still he sometimes went back to the old leaven, enjoyed and envied the wine at other men's tables, and grumbled sorely at the want of it at his own.

"I tell you what, Josephine, I won't stand this miserable penny any longer. That a man like me should be hidden in this hole of a place, deprived of every comfort of life, and hindered from taking his rightful position in the world,

is a very great shame. It must be somebody's fault or other."

"Whose?" At the flash of her eyes his own fell.

"Not yours, my dear; I never meant to accuse you of it. Nor the children's—though it is an uncomfortable fact that a man with a family is much more hampered, and kept back in the world, than a man who has none. Still, they can't help it, poor little things! But I am sure it would be a great deal better for them, and even for you, if we had a wider sphere. We *must* go and live in London."

But he said "must" very doubtfully, being aware of his wife's mind on the subject.

This bone of contention had been thrown between the husband and wife by Mr. Summerhayes, the artist. He had persuaded Edward Scanlan, who was easily enough persuaded by any body, that his great talents for preaching were entirely wasted in the provinces; that if he came to the metropolis, and rented a proprietary chapel, crowds would flock to hear him: Irish eloquence was so highly appreciated. He would soon become as popular in London as he had been in Dublin, and derive a large income from his pew-rents, besides being in a much more independent position as preacher in a licensed Church of England chapel than as curate of a country parish. At the time, Josephine had been able to reason the scheme out of his head, showing him that the whole thing was a matter of chance, built upon premises which probably did not exist, and running certain risks for very uncertain benefits. Her arguments were so strong, that, with his usual habit of agreeing with the last speaker, her husband had agreed with her—at first: still he went back and back upon the project: and whenever he was restless, or sick, or dissatisfied, brought it up again—using all the old complainings, and old inducements, just as if she had never set them aside; proving, with that clear common-sense of hers, that such a project was worse than imprudent—all but insane. Still, by this time she had ceased to argue; she simply held her peace—and her own opinion.

"We must *not* go to London, Edward. It would be utter ruin to both me, the children, and yourself."

"Ay, there it is," returned he, bitterly; "'me' first, the children second, your husband last—always last."

This form of her speech had been purely accidental, and if it sprung from an underlying truth, that truth was unrecognized by herself. So, naturally, her whole soul sprang up indignant at her husband's injustice.

"I do not think of myself first; that is not my way—not any mother's way. My whole life is spent for you and the children, and you know it. I am right in what I say. And I will not have my poor lambs carried away from here, where at least we have bread to eat, and one or two people who care for us, and taken up to London to starve. I *will not*, Edward."

She spoke so loudly that Adrienne put her little anxious face in at the parlor door, asking "if mother called?" Then the mother came to her right senses at once.

"No, my darling," she whispered, putting the child out, and shutting the door after her. "Run away; papa and I are busy talking."

Then she turned, saying gently, "Husband, I beg your pardon."

"You have need," said he, grimly. But he was not of a grim nature, and when she further made concessions, he soon came round.

"Nevertheless," she said, when they were quite reconciled, "I hold to my point. I can not consent to this scheme of yours, or rather of Mr. Summerhayes's."

"You are very unjust—you always were—to my friend Summerhayes. He is a capital fellow, worth any number of the stupid folk of Ditchley—associations quite unfitted for a man like me. But if you will have me thrown away—bury your husband all his life down here, like a diamond in a dunghill—why, take your way! Only you must also take the consequences."

"I will!" she said. And then her heart smote her once more. She had been so furious, Edward so good-tempered, and he had yielded to her so completely, that her generous nature recoiled from accepting what seemed such a sacrifice from him to her. She could not have done it, were there only herself to think of. But—those six children! And a vision rose up before her of London as she had seen it, only once in her life—passing through from Ireland to Ditchley;—ghastly London, where, in the midst of splendor, people can so easily die of want. As, supposing her husband were unsuccessful, her poor little children might die. No, she could not consent. Besides, what use would it be if she did? They had no money whatsoever, not even enough to pay the expenses of the journey.

Still, remorse for her hardness toward him made her listen patiently to another scheme of Mr. Scanlan's, which many a time he had tried vainly to persuade her to; namely, asking Mr. Oldham for an increase of salary.

"I quite deserve it," said the curate. "I do all the work, and he has all the pay. My income is hundreds to his thousands. I wonder, by-the-way, how large his income is, and who will drop in for it? His property is considerable; but he is as stingy as all rich men are. He would drive a bargain and stick to it to the very last."

"I see no harm in sticking to a bargain, if it is not an unfair one," said Josephine, smiling; "nor do I think Mr. Oldham so very stingy. Think how kind he is to the children."

"The children, pooh! Has he ever been kind to me? Has he ever fairly appreciated my abilities, and the sacrifice I make in continuing to be his curate, when I might so easily— But I won't vex you, my dear; I'll never refer to that subject again."

Nevertheless he did; being one of those peo-

ple who can not take "No" for an answer, or believe that "Yes" implies a decision; but are always trusting to the chance of other people being as weak and undecided as themselves. At last, partly in a kind of despair, and partly because she really saw some justice in the thing, Mrs. Scanlan consented that the rector should be appealed to for more salary.

But who should "bell the cat?"—a rather unpleasant business.

"I think you would do it best, my dear; women are cleverer at these things than men, and you are such an extraordinarily clever woman."

Josephine smiled at the "blarney," which she was not quite deaf to yet; seeing it was the blarney of affection. And her husband did feel great affection for her at that minute. She had saved him from a difficulty; she had consented to what he wanted, and he was really grateful to her, with that shallow gratitude for small mercies and deep sensibility to temporary reliefs which formed part of his *insouciant* disposition.

And then she paused to think the matter over. It was not her business certainly, but her husband's; still, as he said, she would probably manage it best. Mr. Oldham was rather difficult to deal with; Edward might vex him and spoil all. At any rate, he disliked the burden of doing it; and most of his burdens had gradually fallen upon her, till her delicate shoulders had grown hardened to the weight. How many another woman has been driven to the same lot, and then blamed for tacitly accepting it; ridiculed as masculine, strong-minded—the "gray mare," which is called contemptuously the "better horse!" And why? Because she is the better horse.

(While I say this a firm arm holds me, and a tender voice suggests that I am talking nonsense. But I can not be calmly judicial on this head. I know, and he who holds me knows too, that it is the truth I speak; forced on me by the remembrance of the sad life of my dear Lady de Bougainville.)

"Come, my darling," said Edward Scanlan, caressingly. "Please go to the Rectory and do this difficult business. You will do it so beautifully—a thousand times better than I. For you have a way of doing and saying any thing so as to offend nobody. Never was there a truer proverb: 'One man may steal a sheep, while another mayn't look over the hedge.'"

"And so you want me to go and steal your sheep for you?" said Josephine, laughing, and clinging to her husband fondly, in that vain hoping against hope which had so often beguiled her—that if he were a richer he would be both a happier and a better man; and that, whether or no, her continuing to love him would help him to become all she wished him to be. "Well, I will try to get you out of this difficulty, and, perhaps, things may be easier for the future. I will go and speak to Mr. Oldham to-morrow."

THE LOVER'S INTERDICT.

Stop, traveler, just a moment at my gate,
And I will give you news so very sweet
That you will thank me. Where the branches meet
Across your road, and droop as with the weight
Of shadows laid upon them, pause, I pray,
And turn aside a little from your way.

You see the drooping branches overspread
With shadows, as I told you—look you now
To the high elm-tree with the dead white bough
Loose swinging out of joint, and there, with head
Tricked out with scarlet, pouring his wild lay,
You see a blackbird: turn your steps that way.

Holding along the honey-suckle hedge,
Make for the meadows lying down so low—
Ah! now I need not say that you must go
No further than that little silver wedge
Of daisy-land, pushed inward by the flood
Betwixt the hills—you could not, if you would.

For you will see there, as the sun goes down,
And freckles all the daisy leaves with gold,
A little maiden, in their evening fold
Penning two lambs—her soft, fawn-colored gown
Tucked over hems of violet, by a hand
Dainty as any lady's in the land.

Such gracious light she will about her bring,
That, when the Day, being wedded to the shade,
Wears the moon's circle, blushing, as the maid
Blushes to wear the unused marriage-ring,
And all the quickened clouds do fall astir
With daffodils, your thoughts will stay with her.

No ornaments but her two sapphire eyes,
And the twin roses in her cheeks that grow;
The nice-set pearls, that make so fine a show
When that she either softly smiles or sighs,
And the long tresses, colored like a bee—
Brown, with a sunlight shimmer. You will see,

When you have ceased to watch the airy spring
Of her white feet, a fallen beech hard by,
The yellow earth about the gnarled roots dry,
And if you hide there, you will hear her sing
That song Kit Marlow made so long ago—
Come live with me, and be my love, you know.

Dear soul, you would not be at heaven's high gate
Among the larks, that constellated hour,
Nor locked alone in some green-hearted bower
Among the nightingales, being in your fate,
By fortune's sweet selection, graced above
All grace, to hear that—Come, and be my love!

But when the singer singeth down the sweets
To that most maiden-like and lovely bed—
All out of soft persuasive roses spread—
You must not touch the fair and flowery sheets
Even in your thought! and from your perfect bliss
I furthermore must interdict you this:

When all the wayward mists, because of her,
Lie in their white wings, moveless, on the air,
You must not let the loose net of her hair
Drag your heart to her! nor from hushed breath stir
Out of your sacred hiding. As you guess
She is my love—this woodland shepherdess.

The cap, the clasps, the kirtle fringed along
With myrtles, as the hand of dear old Kit
Did of his cunning pleasure broider it,
To ornament that dulcet piece of song
Immortalized with refrains of—Live with me!
These to your fancy, one and all are free.

But, favored traveler, ere you quit my gate,
Promise to hold it, in your mind to be
Enamored only of the melody,
Else will I pray that all yon woody weight
Of branch and shadow, as you pass along,
Crush you among the echoes of the song.

ALICE CARY.

NOTES FOR TRAVELERS IN EUROPE.

L—ENGLISH LODGINGS.

THE American traveler abroad, who lingers a week or more in the charming rural or sea-side resorts of England, or in some valley or on some lake shore in Switzerland, or dwells a month or two in Paris, often turns aside from the hotels, to which travelers chiefly resort, and establishes himself in private rooms. In England, France, and Switzerland there are the most admirable arrangements, in this respect, for the convenience of visitors. Each country, however, has its own peculiar system, quite unlike that of the others.

An English family of modest tastes and moderate means, leaving home to spend a week or more in some summer resort, rarely go to a hotel, but generally seek "lodgings," as they are called, on account of economy, retirement, and comfort. Such lodgings are to be found in great variety in every town which is the resort of visitors for health or pleasure.

On alighting at the station the traveler may leave his "luggage" in charge of the railway porter, and either take a carriage, or better, if fond of walking, ramble through the town, to see its attractions, and choose the pleasantest region. As you walk along the street, or the roads which lead from the village into the country, you see here and there in the windows of modern houses, or pretty, ivy-embowered cottages, a little white ticket with the word on it "Lodgings," or "Apartments." Noting in mind, as he passes, the most inviting of these places, the visitor pursues his circuit through the town, and, after forming a general idea which will enable him to choose somewhat his location, he stops at the door of one of these establishments that most attracts him.

A bright, tidy-looking English girl generally answers the summons, and invites the party to

walk in. This young woman, whom you do not know at first whether to consider as a servant or not, is probably the landlady. She is a well-trained servant by profession, who has accumulated a little sum out of her own earnings, and has hired and furnished the house, and is now mistress of her own establishment. She attends to your wants herself, thoroughly understands her business, and makes every thing go smoothly and well. There are larger establishments, in which there are many rooms in a *suite*, many servants, and a much more pretentious style of landlady, with prices in proportion. There are also here and there slovenly and ill-kept establishments, and a visitor must exercise some judgment if he would choose the most agreeable. On asking what apartments she has the landlady describes the rooms, saying, perhaps: "We have a sitting-room, with two bedrooms connecting, on the second-floor, and a third bedroom on the floor above, if you desire a third."

Upon asking to see the rooms they are shown to you—pleasant rooms, neatly and very prettily furnished, without ostentation, but with a fair share of that peculiar air of comfort which characterizes English homes. There is a side-board in the sitting-room; there is also a secretary, with all the conveniences for writing ready to be used, a few books upon a shelf, and, if the season be cool, perhaps coals laid in the grate ready to be lighted at a moment's notice. In every respect the rooms are prepared for immediate occupation.

The engagement of English lodgings is by the week in the first instance. The lodging-house keepers do not wish to come in competition with the hotels, and decline usually to take any one for less than that period. After the first week one can terminate his occupancy

on any day, paying at the same rate up to the time of leaving.

The prices, of course, vary very much in different places, and especially in different seasons of the year in those places which are of most fashionable resort. During the height of the season, at the sea-side resorts on the south coast of England, the prices are often double that which they are when the town is not full. During a summer sojourn of three months in England, taking lodgings in some of the most charming resorts in that country, the writer found the prices for lodgings, embracing a sitting-room and two bedrooms (one of which was occupied by a child), to be from twenty-five to thirty shillings per week—equal to about ten dollars currency. This price includes not only the rent of the rooms, furniture, and appointments, but the services of the landlady and her servant in cooking the food, serving the table, and all other household attendance necessary in the ordinary course of things for a family of visitors. A few shillings additional is, however, expected by way of gratuity, in view of the boots having been brushed, or some extra coal having been burned on the kitchen fire. And, if the visitor's agreement is not explicit that the price includes every thing, there are very likely to be some unexpected extras charged at the termination of the time. It is the usage of English people, however, to be very explicit in regard to all these details in making the arrangement in the first instance, and no American need feel that it is unbecoming to do so if he is willing to pay a good, fair price for whatever is thus explicitly agreed on. It is one thing to be exact, it is another thing to be close.

If on the first inquiry the rooms are not found to suit, or the terms are too high, the visitor bids the landlady good-morning and looks further. Whenever he is suited with the place, there is nothing to do but to sit down in an easy-chair, tell the landlady what time you wish to have dinner, and what you wish her to provide, and ask her to send to the station for the luggage; and your party is immediately at home.

As has been indicated above, the price paid to the landlady does not include the marketing. Upon the English system of lodgings, the family is left to make its own choice from day to day in this respect. One of their number may do the marketing for the family, or, if they prefer, the landlady will do it, and keep an account of her disbursements, which are to be paid in addition to her price. The former plan is quite common. Being a stranger in the town you perhaps leave it to the landlady to provide the first meal, and tell her that you will do the marketing yourself afterward. After breakfast or dinner you sailly out for another walk to look in at the shops. You first inquire of the landlady where is the best market, and the best grocer, and, availing yourself of these directions, you soon find yourself in a very small but very neat little shop, having more the styl-

ish and tasty appearance of a druggist's or confectioner's shop than a grocer's, where you buy a pound of coffee, or half a pound of tea, a pound of sugar, and a little salt, a pound of butter, and some of the nice English biscuit or crackers, a little pot of marmalade, or a box of sardines, or a jar of potted beef or fish, if you like, for a breakfast relish, and invariably a pound of candles. Ordering these to be sent home, you ramble on in search of the butcher's. You find a number of other ladies out upon the same errands, each buying snug little supplies for a few days, so that you feel yourself quite in harmony with the customs of the country; and the shops are generally so neat and attractive (relying largely for their patronage upon their pleasing just such visitors as yourself), that to many persons it is a decided addition to the enjoyment of the week's sojourn in such a place to have some such errands to do every day or two.

It is not necessary, however, that the visitor should do any thing of the kind. You may say to the landlady: "I wish you to do the marketing, and I wish for dinner this afternoon such and such things, and such and such for breakfast to-morrow morning." She will make the purchases herself, and, if you are inclined to be prudent and precise in expenditures, you will require her to report to you each morning at breakfast what she paid the previous day, and reimburse her the amount.

Such establishments as these are found in the sea-coast watering-places; at all such resorts as Hastings, the Isle of Wight, Ilfracombe; in all the most charming villages of the English lake district; and in the interior watering-places, such as Matlock, Buxton, and Leamington.

There are also in many of these places boarding-houses in which all the inmates meet around a common table, breakfasting perhaps at 9, dining at 2, taking tea at 6, and a hearty supper, with meat, cheese, and ale, at 9 or half past in the evening. But living in apartments or lodgings is very different from being in a boarding-house. In lodgings each party have their own sitting-room, in which their meals are served for themselves exclusively, and at any hour in the day which they may designate; and they may change the hour as often as they please. There are, very likely, other families in the house; but every thing in English life is so adjusted to the isolation and independence of families that you will wonder, after having been in the house a week, how it has happened that you have not met any of the family who are occupying the place above you or below you. Or, if you have met one or two of them, it is after all only a matter of conjecture whether they are occupants of the same house or only casual callers. An American family occupying such lodgings sometimes make the acquaintance of an English family sojourning in the same house, because they are Americans. English people, perhaps, never would make acquaintance with each other under such circumstances.

II.—FRENCH APPARTEMENTS.

The French system is entirely different. The visitor to Paris sees here and there in the windows on the second, third, fourth, or fifth floor of the lofty houses a large card, either white or yellow, with the word "*Appartement*" upon it. If the ticket is white the rooms are unfurnished; if it is yellow they are furnished; and this device often saves one from climbing many flights of stairs, where the ticket is too high to be legible from the street.

The Parisian "*appartement*" has been often described, and a few words referring to the more modest sort must suffice to contrast it with the English lodgings and the Swiss Pension.

An "*appartement*" consists of a number of rooms, each room being called a "*piece*." The suite is usually a complete congeries of rooms for housekeeping. We do not speak of the hotel lodgings in the strangers' quarter of the town, but the temporary homes of quiet French sojourners. The rooms of one suite are all upon one floor. The visitor enters, perhaps, a small room with a polished dark wood floor, which is the ante-room; perhaps a little dark bedroom, intended for the servant, opens off from it in one corner. Little folding-doors at one end of the ante-room open into a little parlor. At one side of the parlor a door leads into one or two bedrooms. Returning to the ante-room little folding-doors at the other end open into the dining-room, warmed perhaps in the winter season by a stove made of white porcelain and bound with brass, looking like a china barrel with golden hoops, and from the dining-room a door leads into the little kitchen, which is about as large as an American housekeeper's pantry, but contains a range, or rather a stone table with circular grated holes in it for burning charcoal for the cooking, a water fountain, a sink, and invariably, too, a mirror to lighten up the room and allow the pretty *bonne* to admire her face. At one side are closets, which complete the premises necessary for the household. There are two or three suites of rooms like this upon every floor, and each has its own door-bell, the handle or cord being in the hall or on the landing of the staircase. The "*appartement*" thus constitutes a house within a house. It is a complete little house by itself; and the usages are consequently somewhat different from those in the case of apartments in an ordinary hotel.

An American traveler spending some months in Paris, who engaged such a lodging, looked in vain through all his rooms for the bell by which to summon a servant, as he would in a hotel or an English lodging-house. At last he looked out into the hall, where his eye fell upon a neat bell-pull by his own door-post. With a mingled feeling of surprise at its position, and of satisfaction at his cleverness in finding it, he pulled it, heard the bell ring, and went back to his room. Receiving no answer, he was obliged to go down stairs for what he wanted, and when Madame came up he said to her that he had rung the bell in vain.

"What bell, Monsieur?" she asked.

"The bell by the door."

"Ah, Monsieur, pardon! I should have told you. That bell is not for me, but for those who come to your door." And she pointed up to where the bell hung in a dark corner of his own little ante-room. With this explanation she joined in his hearty laugh that he had been out ringing his own door-bell.

If the occupant of such suite of rooms desires a servant he will inquire for one of the *concierge*, or mistress of the house, or of some tradesman, or perhaps go to one of the little intelligence-offices, which are always indicated by a red bulletin-board with tickets announcing employment wanted. These are under constant police surveillance. Every servant is required to keep a book containing a record of all previous employments and her recommendations.

Such an *appartement* is engaged by the month, the price varying so much with the location, the size of the room, and the altitude of the floor, that one can not give any general idea of the rate. The occupant is expected either to engage a servant and "keep house," or, as most American sojourners in Paris might prefer to do, he may usually have his meals, or a part of them, furnished in his room by the master of the establishment, and take others at restaurants.

In the vicinity of the Boulevards and the Palais Royal, the regions most frequented by English and American visitors in Paris, there are many establishments of a character intermediate between this and a hotel, where engagements can be made by the day or week. We have described rather that sort of *appartement* which French people sojourning in Paris would choose, and which is both more economical and more strictly Parisian.

It is said that those who take *appartements* in what is called the English Quarter of Paris, where exorbitant dealing is often tolerated, should be precise in the terms of the contract, and protect themselves against unfounded demands as to the furniture by taking an inventory.

III.—SWISS "PENSIONS."

Perhaps the most charming of all such arrangements for the convenience of visitors and sojourners is the Swiss *pension*.

The traveler upon the Continent, in parts of France, and throughout Italy, will observe among the hotels in almost every city one of a less pretending appearance than many of the others, bearing the sign "*Pension Suisse*." The Swiss hotels are proverbially neat and pleasant, and this fact has led to the establishment of hotels by Swiss proprietors in a great many of the continental cities. But the native *pension* found upon the soil of Switzerland is quite different. It may be a picturesque *chalet*, with its great projecting eaves and outside balcony, perched upon the green slope of the mountains, two thousand feet above the level of the railways and the lakes, and reached by the aid of

mules. Or it may be an old-fashioned rural house, standing in a plain, surrounded by orchards and shade trees, with its flower-garden and gravel paths, and within five minutes' walk of the station and the telegraph-office. It may be a modern American-looking house, with a large sign-board over the front-door. It may be a handsome villa in the Italian style, adorned with a row of Lombardy poplars, and standing upon the slope of the beautiful banks of one of the most charming lakes in the world.

Its arrangements are intermediate between those of a boarding-house and an hotel. The visitor will usually find in such a *pension* a number of English-speaking visitors, as well as those of French or German nationalities. New-comers soon become more or less acquainted. All usually meet at breakfast, dinner, and tea, in the common dining-room, and, such as find it congenial to do so, spend the evening together in the parlor, where a good piano, chess, and other games, and a little library of entertaining reading, are generally found as a part of the appointments of the establishment. Inmates are not received in *pensions* for less than a week, though after the first week the arrangement may be continued from day to day at pleasure. The prices vary from seven-frances down to three or four per day for each person, which covers all expenses except wine and washing. The cheaper *pensions* are usually cheaper not so much because of an inferior quality of food or service, but because of being in less frequented places.

Most American travelers pass too rapidly through Switzerland to enjoy the comfort and the delightful leisure of a week's quiet repose at one of these establishments. But many of those who have tried them soon modify their mode of traveling so as to resort less to hotels, and spend more time in certain selected places, making each the head-quarters from which to take excursions in the neighborhood.

One of the most charming of these which the writer has seen was on the banks of the Lake of the Four Cantons, five minutes' walk from the *quai* in the city of Lucerne. A green terraced garden rose directly from the bank of the lake, and upon it stood a commodious modern stone building, surrounded by ornamental grounds. This house was the *dependance* of the *pension*, the principal building being upon the hill, the other side of the road. At one corner of the *dependance* a very large covered piazza afforded the breakfast and tea room, in which a little company of Americans and English whom chance had brought together in the same house were accustomed to take those meals in the open air looking off upon the Lake of Lucerne. A bell-pull in the hall, connected by a subterranean wire, rang a bell in the house upon the hill whenever a servant was wanted. The Swiss girls, in their picturesque costume, came down through the garden, bringing the meals whenever called for; and, at nine o'clock, about the time breakfast was finished, Madamc, the

landlady, herself came down, followed by her serving-man, and embarked in her little gondola at the boat-house at the foot of the garden, to row down to the city to do her morning's shopping. Before us upon the lake the pleasure steamers came and went, and beyond the water, on either hand, rose Pilatus and Rigi. A week of summer at the *Pension Kaufmann* was like living in fairy-land.

It was one of these *pensions*, in an elevated situation upon a hill overlooking the city of Lucerne, that Queen Victoria took for her residence during her visit to Switzerland the last summer.

English guide-books do not generally give much information in regard to these pleasant resorts; but nothing is easier than to seek them out, and to gain information from fellow-travelers as to what are the best houses of this kind in places which one is about to visit. And a traveler who occasionally delays in a rapid course, and turns aside from the great hotels to spend a week in some of these agreeable retreats, will probably find both the experience itself, and the recollection of it, among the most charming things afforded by his travels.

IV.—PARIS RESTAURANTS.—DINNERS AT A FIXED PRICE.

The stranger in Paris, on looking about in search of a breakfast or a dinner, finds himself embarrassed by the multiplicity of opportunities which offer at every step. An inquiring Yankee, who recently spent three months in exploring that city, dined every day at a different restaurant, and breakfasted at still others, so that he made a list of over a hundred whose style he had inspected and whose delicacies he had tasted.

Many of the restaurants of a more unpretending character announce upon their signs, "*Dîners à prix fixe*." In this country it seems to be generally thought that the two systems, of meals at a fixed price and dishes served *à la carte*, are incompatible—they are not carried on at the same establishments. One finds the former method at the hotels, and the latter, generally, at the restaurants. But in most of the restaurants in the Palais Royal, and many of those upon or near the Boulevards, it is optional with every visitor whether he will take his breakfast or his dinner at a fixed price, which covers every thing, including *vin ordinaire*, or whether he will pay by the card according to the dishes which he orders.

Most of the restaurants of this class in the Palais Royal are up two flights of stairs, looking out upon one side into the streets, upon the other, by a long row of handsome windows alternating with mirrors, into the garden of the palace, where on summer afternoons a military band plays under the trees. The appointments of the room are simple but tasteful—the tables small wooden tables, a little less than two feet by three, and many of them placed together in couples so as to accommodate parties of four.

No matter at what hour you may enter, the table-cloths are spotless, though not of the finest linen, and the knives and plates bright and clean. The restaurateurs of Paris understand the art of attracting patronage in this respect better than do those of the United States, where it is next to impossible to find a clean table-cloth and fresh air unless one goes to the most expensive of places.

On taking a seat at the table the waiter hands you the bill of fare for the day, which is headed with a little statement of the fixed price for the meal, and what a meal consists of when so taken. Let us take, for example, that class of very excellent and very moderate places where breakfasts are a franc and a half (forty-two cents currency), and dinners two francs and a quarter (sixty-two cents currency). The bill of fare is divided into *entrées*—fish, vegetables, salads, and *entremets*. These bills are generally lithographed, a new one being made for every day.

The franc and a half for breakfast entitles the visitor to two dishes, to be chosen at will from either of these classes, and one dessert, as well as half a bottle of *vin ordinaire* or table claret. The bill for dinner has the addition of soups and roast joints, and the visitor is entitled, for his two francs and a quarter, to a soup and three dishes, with dessert and wine as before. The bill of fare contains several dishes under each head, and, as these are changed every day, an ample variety is provided.

It is true that the epicure will prefer to pay six or eight francs for his dinner; but then every body is not an epicure.

In Paris it is not thought derogatory to one's dignity to consult economy; and as the portions served are ample, a party of three or four, especially if one or more of them are children, usually order meals for less than the number of the party. Thus two dishes of meat will often suffice for a party of three, and so with the two dishes of vegetables and the other courses of the dinner.

It is a part of the system in these establishments for the waiters to understand and promote, as far as may be, the economies practiced by their visitors; and a waiter will not unfrequently suggest such a thing to a stranger who is ignorant or unaccustomed to it. The visitor is allowed to order any additional dish besides the meal to which he is entitled, paying therefor half a franc (fourteen cents currency), and to order any superior kind of wine in place of that included in the bill, in which case he is allowed half a franc for the *vin ordinaire* which he does not take.

There are a great variety of those places at different prices, from seventy centimes for breakfast, and eighty centimes for dinner (that is, about twenty cents currency), up to three and four francs each (about a dollar currency). In general the proprietors of the cheapest places make up for an inferior quality of viands by a greater variety upon the bill. The best places

offer less variety from which to choose, the most expensive usually offering no choice at all, but a simple bill of one excellent dish of each class, giving the same dinner alike to all visitors.

It is the universal usage to give the waiter one sou for every franc paid for the meal. All moneys thus received the waiters drop into a box on the counter, and divide the contents among themselves at the end of every week.

There is no fixed hour for these meals like that necessarily set for a *table d'hôte*; but the breakfast is usually served from ten until one or two, the dinner from five to eight.

At any of these places the visitor may, if he prefer, order special dishes, and paying according to what he orders; but the dinner of the day is usually composed with so much "artistic" judgment, and it is so much more economical for one who wishes a full meal to take it at the fixed price, that that method is generally pursued by the habitual frequenters of such restaurants.

The politeness, attention, and good taste that make even the humblest of these places agreeable to the visitor, is in very marked contrast to the manners which often appear in the restaurants of other cities.

These establishments, by affording good meals, with a scrupulously neat service, at moderate prices, avoiding the waste which a great variety of dishes involves, and the high rents which rooms on the first-floor demand, secure a large, regular, and constant patronage. Many of them sell "*cachets*," or meal-tickets, by the package of fifteen or twenty at a slight reduction from the rates fixed for single meals.

It would be a happy day for gentlemen who have to dine "down town," if a similar system should ever be found profitable in American cities.

V.—SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL.

The least acquisitive of people begin, before they have finished a European tour, to show some symptoms of the disposition of a "collector." And there is good reason for it. Recollections are a large part of the pleasure to which foreign travel gives rise; and recollections are perpetuated and revived by the possession and use of the articles which the traveler collects. Long purses and big trunks may have no embarrassment here; but moderate means may be helped out by a little reflection on the nature of souvenirs.

It is a mistake to suppose that the excellence of a souvenir has any direct relation to its intrinsic value. A very costly article, which is to be rarely used, is not so good a memento as something which is to be often in sight. It is not the intrinsic value, but the associations the thing awakens in the mind that afford the pleasure; and these associations are multiplied by the frequency of use.

"My dear," said a lady to her husband shortly before leaving Paris, "before we go I wish you would go out and get me a button-hook—a little

one, to button my gloves with. You can get it across the street."

"We can do better than that," he replied. "It will be just the errand we shall want in the next town we stop at. So, if you don't want it this morning, we will reserve that for Dijon."

At Dijon, therefore, after visiting the regular lions of the town, it became necessary to explore the town for a button-hook. This exploration involved a charming ramble on the walls, and the discovery of a new "lion" in the form of a medieval church newly restored, and with a perfect blaze of color and gold lining the whole interior (decorations that had just been completed, and had not yet found mention in the guide-books); and last of all, the party found a little cutler's shop. As they approached it across the square they were informed by an inscription on a black marble tablet that in this house Bossuet was born. The little shop was all as bright and shining as a new knife-blade. A pretty French girl showed the wares, and gossiped in their chatty style during the momentous process of selecting a button-hook in Bossuet's house. I doubt if that lady ever uses her button-hook without a delicious dream of foreign scenes stealing over her mind: first comes the vision of the pretty cutlery shop in Dijon, then the memory of the great preacher, then his tomb previously seen in Paris, then the resplendent church in Dijon again, the vision fading away into a sunny memory of the walk upon the old walls overlooking vineyards and the ancient moat, and curiously mixing itself with the sunset glories of another evening upon the old walls of the English Chester.

An old and experienced traveler, who understood well the secret of pleasant associations, once said that his principal preparation for going abroad consisted in using up and giving away his "American things," so that he might begin to supply himself anew as he traveled on the other side. When he came home it was with a sole-leather trunk that reminded him of Liverpool, an umbrella that spread the brilliant panorama of Regent Street, a hat that always made him think of the Boulevard des Italiennes when he looked into it as he put it on, a pencil-case which had a sort of Palais Royal feeling, a watch that spoke of Switzerland at every tick, a cane that he had cut perhaps in the Tyrol, a pocket-book of Russia leather from Vienna, and a pair of spectacles from Berlin.

Every body collects something; one gets photographs, another flowers. A young lady to whom finding herself in a country where nice kid gloves can be had for half a dollar a pair is the most lively sensation of the trip, buys a new pair in every town she visits, and could rehearse the journey by recalling the gradations of style and color in that article. It would be very amusing to peep into the pockets and bags of a dozen parties of tourists thrown together

by chance in one boat returning from the Continent across the English Channel, and compare their acquisitions. Here is a little girl who has her Paris doll—a charming lady; her Swiss doll—Bernese costume with white sleeves, velvet bodice, and silver chains; her Florence doll—a Sister of Charity with white sun-bonnet; her German doll—a fat, rosy-cheeked Gretchen; and half a dozen others; besides a Nice hat, a Spesia hat, a Bavarian head-dress, and other local costumes, on the doll scale. The little girl's father has his pocket-book crammed with his complete collection of hotel bills, which he is fond of comparing with other gentlemen interested in that subject. Another tourist has collected all the guide-books in the English language, and has a map of every city he has been in. This lady has a flower or a leaf from every place which bears bright or tender associations. Here is a young man who has picked up a copy of all the caricatures and grotesque prints he has seen between the *quais* of Paris and the curiosity shops of Rome. This young lady has commemorated every city with a new brooch and ear-rings. Another has Byron's "Childe Harold" and Rogers's "Italy," with views of every place described, which she has gathered in suitable size to be bound in when she reaches home. This young girl has a collection of *carte de visite* pictures of places or of costumes. Another has a complete collection of the coins of every principality he has entered. That gentleman has, besides his Alpenstock, between twenty and thirty canes, each purchased for a separate walk, and brought home "to remember it by." That energetic young man, who has destructiveness large, as the saying is, and is not over-reverent though he is a theological student, has a piece of wood, stone, metal, or brick, which he has cut, knocked, or wrenched off of every sacred place he could lay his hands on. You can not help being interested in a little written prayer with a thread through the paper, which he shows you, saying that the way they pray in Langres is, to tie a paper like that to the iron grating of the Lady Chapel in the Cathedral, and go away and leave it for the Holy Virgin to read: he took it off when the sacristan was not looking. You say nothing to his bits of marble, slyly kicked up from the mosaic floor of the Pantheon, over the tomb of Raffaele; but when, after describing to you the consternation of the vergier in Luther's old church in Nuremberg when he rushed up into the pulpit and struck up Old Hundred, he whispers to you, in confidence, that he has "got a leaf out of the Bible Luther used to read from," you are tempted to collar him, and give him in charge to the first policeman.

Many persons regret, as they draw near the close of their tour, that they have not preserved more mementoes of the scenes through which they have passed. This is often the case with those who travel rapidly, and find their impressions becoming confused and inexact. Photographs of the places seen rectify and perpetuate

our recollections; and one could not have a more valuable souvenir of a glimpse of Europe than a port-folio of large photographs. The traveler can supply this, in some degree at least, in Paris or New York, on his return; but half the value of the picture is dependent on the recollection that you bought it on the spot, or picked it out as the best, from among Alessandri's or Macpherson's treasures at Rome, or Carlo Ponti's under the arcades in Venice. Large photographs can be conveniently bought unmounted. They can then be rolled, and a large number can be carried in a small space; and at home any good photographic artist can mount them at a trifling expense.

Many who visit Venice now bring away one of Carlo Ponti's "Megalectoscopes"—a sort of gigantic stereoscope which magnifies large photographs, and gives a semblance of reality to the view. Views purchased for this instrument should not be more than about 9½ inches by 13½ in the plate. Smaller views may be used in it.

Stereoscopic pictures may be found every where. For young people nothing is better than the little photographs of *carte de visite* size. If you require a young girl to choose these for herself, and to write with her own hand, on the back of each, the name of its subject, and the place and date of purchasing it, she will make a charming itinerary without the trouble of "journalizing." She will look them over constantly, to while away tedious hours in railway cars and describe them to companions she meets, and will bring home far more vivid recollections than unaided memory could retain. Not only scenery and cities are illustrated in this way, but copies of the finest works of art, pictures of the picturesque local costumes, and portraits of noted men and women, may be obtained in the same form. Nothing could be a more instructive amusement than to collect in this way notable ideals in the art, history, and topography of the countries visited.

Those who have leisure and inclination for much writing either send long letters to friends at home or keep a journal. The wise man does not always keep a journal, but he often carries upon his travels a little pocket-book in which he jots down each day the name of the place he is in, and of the things which seem to him of most interest, the addresses of the acquaintances he finds, and the places and things on his route which fellow-travelers recommend him to seek.

One who keeps a journal will find it easy to add much interest to it by inserting pictures of the places visited. All through England and Scotland pretty views upon note-paper of the places frequented by tourists can be bought at the stationers'. Small photographs can also be used for embellishing a journal. Let them lie in a basin of water for half an hour, and the thin proof will peel off the card, and when dry it may be gummed into the book. The writer has seen several illustrated journals kept in this

way by different persons, and the families of their possessors prize such records beyond measure. One little girl who was learning to write about the time the family she was with landed in England, was provided with a neat scrap-book, and encouraged to fill it with pictures of English scenes, writing, or at first printing, in her rude way, her own account of what she saw. Were it possible to present a fac-simile of one of her pages it would be more entertaining than any of these paragraphs.

Those who do not wish to write at all will find it amusing to keep a scrap-book. Put in a bill of fare from the steamer table; the programme of the great musical festival you attended; the cards of friends who called on you in London; the pictures of the hotels you stopped at, cut from the top of their bills; the label of the first wine-bottle that is opened for you in France, if you please; that little sample of silk that you saw woven with your own eyes in Lyons; the card that admitted you to the ambassador's ball; the certificate of perpetual indulgence which you bought, for the joke of the thing, in Italy; the passport you carried; and the unfortunately useless duplicate of your bill of exchange. These, and a thousand other things, have each their own story, and many of them you will wish to refer to. When you have stuck them into a volume, and put in, for a frontispiece, a piece of a map cut out of an old Bradshaw, and marked your route plainly on it with a colored pencil, you have made a history of your voyage without writing a word.

The prettiest books of this sort are the albums of pressed flowers which some ladies bring home with them. Two little pieces of board, or of very stiff pasteboard, as large as a pocket-book, with a few dozen pieces of blotting-paper between them, and a stout cord to wind about them, constitute a flower-press that can be carried in the pocket. It assists in preserving the colors to change the papers after a few hours' pressure. Flowers thus gathered from the gardens, the palaces, the cottages, and the graves visited, form a beautiful memorial of cherished associations. When arranged upon the white pages of a suitable scrap-book, they present the story of a pilgrimage to a hundred shrines. Here is a daisy from the fields that Burns plowed; here a wild weed that grew on the mossy mantle-piece of the now roofless chamber in which Mary Queen of Scots was born; here is ivy from Kenilworth; and here Alpine flowers from the Valley of Chamouni. Of course there is much scope for fancy in the arrangement of such leaflets. The writer recently saw such a volume in which a few feathers, dropped by the famous pigeons in the square of St. Mark at Venice, had been ingeniously arranged in the similitude of a black gondola. In another Dryburgh Abbey was pictured with leaves and mosses. Another similar volume had the word "*Malmaison*," the home of the unhappy Josephine, spelled out on the page in tiny trefoil gathered in the garden, of that

charming, melancholy villa. Another volume contained a photograph in the centre of each page, bordered with leaves and flowers.

Some persons prefer to do this work of arrangement while on the journey; others to bring home their treasures in a compacter way, and arrange them afterward. Newspaper will serve for packing the flowers, but blotting-paper is much better for pressing them in the first instance, and better still is a whitey-brown paper sold for the purpose in Europe. As for mucilage, powdered gum carried in a little vial, and mixed, a few grains at a time with a few drops of water, as wanted, is the most convenient. Gum-tragacanth is better than gum-arabic for fastening pressed flowers. Scrap-books are plentiful in England, but hard to find on the Continent. Even in Paris they must be made to order, if wanted.

In all this we have hardly spoken of the regular souvenirs, "the specialties of the place:" articles de Paris, Swiss carvings, Italian paintings, laces of Brussels, mosaics and statuettes of Florence, coral of Naples, gold and silver filigree of Genoa. These have an intrinsic value that distinguishes them from souvenirs whose whole interest is in the significance of association. But after all the trifles often give as great a pleasure. The button-hook of Dijon, the Burns daisy, the sprig of living ivy brought from Stratford-on-Avon and fairly rooted on the garden-wall at home, have their own peculiar value, though they cost nothing.

VL—GETTING THROUGH THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Children who go out on a ramble come home with their pockets loaded with shining pebbles, bright leaves, cones, fungi, acorns, wilted flowers, mossy twigs, and boxberry leaves. So we, of a larger growth, bring home from our wanderings our own equally precious selections. Fortunately, that which is rubbish to mamma is treasure to the child. Uncle Sam, too, who maternally inspects us and pries into our acquisitions as we come through the custom-house, does not value things according to their capacity for giving pleasure to the possessor. The inspector turns up the corner of the folds of

garments in the trunk—what does he care for that brown stick? Take care—don't drop that out for the world! that's a piece of box-wood that I cut growing upon the magnificent ruins of the Coliseum at Rome, and is to be made into the most precious of pen-handles for my library table. I would rather you should confiscate a dozen purchases than lose that.

"But how shall we get through the custom-house? Are they very strict? Do you think they will object to my things?" These are anxious questions which you hear new travelers put. If you are only a traveler, nothing is easier than to get through the custom-house. Produce your keys, and stand still, and they'll put you through. It is a mistake to suppose that a traveler is entitled to bring in any thing and every thing free of duty, if it be only for his own use and not to be sold. He may bring the baggage of a traveler only. A set of Brussels carpets, though woven to order for one's own house, a pipe of wine, or even a barrel of oatmeal, for one's own cellar, are not exempt. The law allows the traveler to bring his personal effects, not merchandise. On landing at New York the passengers are furnished with a blank form, in which they are to set down the number of pieces of baggage, and a statement of whether they have in their baggage or on their persons any thing besides wearing apparel in actual use, and other personal effects, not merchandise. Wearing apparel, which is new and not in actual use, whether made up or not, is to be stated; and a false statement subjects the articles to seizure and forfeiture. The rule is a strict one; but it is liberally and not harshly applied. Whatever travelers carry as travelers, with liberal allowance for the difficulty of drawing an exact line, is freely passed. The search is just thorough enough to act as a sort of sieve to let the travelers through, and catch the smugglers and smuggling travelers. And those travelers who are said to drop a gold coin or two into the hands of the inspector, while other eyes are supposed to be turned away, are guilty of a double folly. It were better to pay a hundred dollars into Uncle Sam's treasury than ten to corrupt one of his servants.

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIX. .

SWEARING ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP.

BITTERLY and severely did I echo next morning the opinion of my friend the critic. What a confounded fool I had made of myself! was the first thought present to my mind. How *she* must have despised me! How steadily I had been sinking of late! This proof, the most grotesque and ridiculous humiliation I had ever been put to, was perhaps not the sharpest proof of a lowered nature which pricked my conscience.

For I had yet a conscience and a sense of

honor. I have read somewhere a story of a prince to whom a loving fairy gave a magical ring, which was to be his guide and guard through life. Whenever he did wrong, the ring was to prick his finger—sharply, in proportion to the magnitude of his fault. He erred and erred; was pricked and pricked. At last he could not stand the thing any longer; and so he angrily plucked the ring off his finger and flung it away. For a while he was perfectly happy, and could do as he liked unpricked of conscience. But of course I need not say that he went to the bad utterly—unless, perhaps, the fairy came in and somehow

redeemed him in the end. Now I had not thrown away my ring, and I felt its sharp pressure very keenly even if I had not conscience and spirit enough to do right, and thus avoid its censure.

Two things, at all events, I must do. I must make an humble apology to Christina, and another to Mr. Levison, the critic. The latter gave me no troubling thought; I knew he would receive it like a gentleman, and, indeed, that he was not likely in any case to feel much about the matter. But to meet Madame Reichstein and talk of my shame to her was something quite different—something I dreaded. Perhaps I dreaded it none the less because I saw how altered were our relations now; and I expected from her none of that tender, forgiving interest with which women who care for us as lovers, or brothers, or friends, are only too happy to anticipate our penitence and cover our humiliation.

It had to be done, however; and with an aching head and dogged heart I set about doing it. I lived now, since the Lyndons had left London, in the same house with Edward Lambert. We had taken lodgings together in Brompton; and though our hours and ways differed so much that I sometimes did not meet him for whole days together, we were still friendly as ever, with only one or two subjects on which we suspended, rather than withheld, reciprocal confidence. All this I shall presently come to; for the moment I pass it by.

This particular morning I was glad not to see him; I did not want to talk to any body. I dressed myself as carefully and well as I could; but it seemed, as I nervously and often scrutinized my appearance, that I could not get a certain dissipated and rowdy look out of my eyes and hair. All that tubbing, and sponging, and brushes, and pomade, and perfumery could do was done energetically; but I still thought the rowdy look remained, like the blood-spots on Lady Macbeth's hands or Bluebeard's key. My soul sickened at the thought of breakfast. I rejected eggs and toast and kidneys, and would not look at the *Times*. When something like a reasonable hour had approached, I started on my errand, and walked to Jermyn Street.

When I stood at the door, this soft and sunny noon, I could not but think of the drear and dripping night when, prouder of soul and purer of heart than now, I stood at this same door and sought Christina in vain. Since then I had many times crossed the threshold, but never sought to speak with her alone and face to face. If we were to speak together now, in a room alone, it would be for the first time since the night when she called a farewell to me, and the rose dropped from her bosom.

I sent up my card, was invited to come up, and I found her alone.

The room was small, elegant, with nothing even in the graceful carelessness of its appearance to remind one of the profession. Every thing was quiet, unpretentious, and even home-

ly-looking. Christina had been playing on the piano and singing in a low tone as I came; and when I entered the room she had just turned round and was rising to meet me. She was dressed in a morning-robe of purple cashmere, or some such material, with a white rose in her bosom. The color of the dress made her bright complexion, luxuriant fair hair, and deep dark eyes look even more striking and dazzling than they were wont to do, and her hair now fell around her as unconfining and careless as when it used to rouse the spinster-like anger of good Miss Griffin in the choir long ago. Rising from the piano, she threw back her hair with one hand and with an impatient toss of the head, and then held out her other hand to me. She scarcely looked up, and our eyes did not meet.

"You see," she said, with a smile, "how entirely without ceremony I receive you. My hair is in terrible disarray; but if you will make such early morning calls what can one do?"

"I ought to apologize to you for coming, and I would do so if I had not so much more serious an apology to make. I am ashamed of myself, Madame Reichstein, and of the world; and, most of all, of you."

"What an alarming preface! What have you done?"

"It is useless kindness, Madame Reichstein, to profess ignorance. You know only too well what I have done to shame myself, and what I have come to apologize for. Don't, Christina, don't force me to think you have really lost all interest in me by telling me that you were not angry with me, or ashamed of me, for what happened last night."

I had till now been standing, and Christina had not left her music-stool. While I was speaking she rose and came toward me.

"Emanuel," she said, gravely, "I am glad to hear you speak in this way. I am glad indeed; and I will not go on in the tone I tried to take. I was angry with you for—for what happened last night. I was angry, and deeply pained, and ashamed—on your account. I could not recognize you last night; but I am glad to believe you could not recognize yourself, and my mind is much relieved. I have thought of it ever since; but now, if you bid me, I will think of it no more. You are not changed, Emanuel? Not really changed, I mean? You have not allowed the world to corrupt you? There was a word or two which used to be favorite with you once—about keeping the whiteness of the soul. You have kept the whiteness of your soul, *nicht wahr?*"

She spoke with a friendly, confiding tenderness and frankness, as unlike her ordinary manner now as my drunken display of the previous night could be to my penitent sadness of this morning.

"I hope I have not changed wholly, Christina. I hope so. But times have changed, and most people round me; and I sometimes think and fear that I have been allowing myself to

sink into something of which once I should have been ashamed."

She laid her hand gently on mine.

"Emanuel, I too fear it. I have watched you closely—from friendship, believe me; and I do fear that you are allowing yourself to—well, not to improve."

"Can you wonder at it?" I interrupted her, in bitter tone. "What have I to care for? Why should I care for myself? If I have changed, have not you changed? Are you the same that you were? Do I not see that you can fling yourself into a frivolous and foolish life?"

"Do you want answers to all these questions, Emanuel?"

"No, I don't; I have no right to ask them. I have nothing to do with your way of living, or your friends, or the people you allow to hang after you, or the reports that other people spread about—I want no answer, Christina; but when you reproach me with having changed, and sunk, and all that, I can only—"

"Tell me to look at myself, Emanuel, and bring my moral lessons to bear *there*, you were going to say."

"No, I was not going to say that, although—But I was not going to say it, indeed. I was only going to say that I never set up for any thing—for great moral purpose, or nobleness, or virtue, or any of that sort of thing. I take my color—most men do—from the hues of those around them. You, Christina, were my dream for long, long years; and you know it. Well, I am awake; and I can't pretend to be dreaming any more. We are all poor creatures, I suppose; and I accept the situation, and don't set up to be any better than my neighbors. I am heartily ashamed of what I said and did last night, and I apologize profoundly for it. I offended you, and insulted your guests, and made a beast and a brute of myself; and it is very kind of you to receive me at all after such a scandal. But for the rest I have not much to say. I have not improved of late; and that's all."

I could not keep back the bitterness of my soul; it found relief, and I was not sorry. Christina did not wince, however; no, not in the least.

"Emanuel, *zwischen uns sei Wahrheit*. You remember the old scene in *Iphigenia*? Between us be the truth! You think I have greatly changed, and for the worse?"

I made no answer.

"Come, speak out!" she said, impatiently.

"You think I have become worldly, and frivolous, and cunning, don't you?"

"Sometimes I do, Christina."

"I asked you when we met for the first time—I mean the first time since long ago—not to judge me merely from the outside. I don't show to advantage, and I don't always want to; but I don't wish to lose your good opinion wholly, Emanuel; the more as you seem to make my falling off a sort of excuse for your

own. Come," she said, and she sat in a chair and pointed me to another—"come and tell me my faults. Be a friend, and speak out. I have spoken frankly to you."

"To-day, just for this moment, you have."

"To-morrow, perhaps, I shall be cold and careless and frivolous; very likely I shall seem so. You, I might have thought, could judge a little better than by mere seemings. Well, will you tell me my faults?"

"No; and I have not been speaking of faults; only of the change that seems to have come over you."

"Then I will speak for you. You think I have no heart and no memory, and no care for any thing but flattery and excitement?"

"I have lately thought so."

"Then you are wrong, Emanuel; indeed, indeed you are. I have a sort of part to play, and I must play it. I do not deny that I love praise and excitement; but I could have loved other things better; and I still am no more in heart what you commonly see me than I am Amina or Leonora."

"Why do you keep that old man hanging after you?"

"I might reply by another question, and say, What right have you to ask? I might evade the question for a moment, as most women would, I think, and innocently ask, What old man? But I suppose of course you mean Mr. Lyndon. Well, Mr. Lyndon has long been an intimate friend of mine, and—"

"And is likely soon to be more, people say."

"Do they? How kind people are! What do they say?"

"Well, five out of every six say you will marry him."

She smiled.

"Indeed! And the sixth—who I suppose has reason to know better—what does he say on the subject?"

"Even he, I think, knows no particular reason to the contrary."

"Do you know no reason to the contrary?"

"None whatever."

"Then you know nothing of my life for the past few years?"

"Nothing. Except, of course, what all the world knows."

She sighed audibly.

"I am glad of it," she said; "you shall know it all some time—before long, perhaps, but not now. For a while, Emanuel, take me on trust; I am better than I seem. Listen, and I will speak to you as I never meant to speak to you again. Your good opinion is dear to me. Your friendship I would have if I could. Once, Emanuel, I loved you better than all things on earth, except—see how frank I am!—except success."

I could not repress a groan; and I rose from my chair and turned partly away.

"But I always dreamed of that success with you. And you loved me; but not so deeply and wholly—no, don't speak; if I am stayed

now I shall never be able to continue—not so deeply as I would have had. We went our ways, hoping to meet again before it should be too late. We did not so meet; it was too late. When I wrote to you in London, Emanuel, it was too late.”

“No, no, Christina—no, by Heaven! It was the idlest chance, the purest delusion, the error of a kindly, well-meaning friend that made you think—”

“All that I have since learned or guessed. But I did not and could not know it then; and you kept yourself hidden away until I hated you and myself for the unwomanly advance I had made, and the silence that followed it.”

“I never knew, I never dreamed, that Mlle. Reichstein was Christina Braun; and I was poor and obscure and hopeless, a beggar without a name.”

“Well, it is vain talking; let all that be laid aside. It is now too late, and Providence has kindly ordered it for the best. I have only brought back all this that I may say one thing for myself. I have chosen another part in life, and I mean to play it faithfully and loyally to the end. Therefore, Emanuel, I have kept back from you, and received you not even as a friend. If we were friends, you might come to know in time why I do things which appear to you now strange. I can not have you think badly of me. Your word, Emanuel; can we be friends?”

She held her hand out frankly, and her eyes met mine.

“You do not speak. Will you be my friend? Your word, and I shall expect that, once pledged, it shall be as your oath. Will you be my friend?”

I could not answer for a moment; I could not answer unconditionally at all. For half a life I had loved her; lately I had almost hated her. How could I in a moment promise to subside into pure and enduring friendship? I saw that in her eyes there came a look of anxiety and pity and pathos. She leaned now on the chimney-piece, and looked steadfastly at me.

“Christina,” I answered at last, and in tones that only struggled to be calm and clear, “I will do my best; I will indeed. That is my promise.”

She held her hand out again, and I raised it and touched it with my lips. I noticed that it was the left hand, and I saw the plain hoop of gold on the third finger.

Her eyes too fell upon it; and she colored and looked embarrassed. She glanced at me doubtfully, inquiringly, as one who considers whether the time has not come to make some confession. I wish I had allowed her or encouraged her to speak; but I did not. I had little doubt that there was some painful story—I would not call it secret—connected with her past life; either that she had lost by death a husband whom she loved, or had been separated from one who was not worthy of her. In either case I shrank with keen sensitiveness from provoking a confidence which must be painful.

Despite my pledge of friendship just made, I could not speak to Christina of her husband. I rose to take my leave.

“We understand each other, Emanuel, again; do we not?” she asked, hesitatingly.

“Better at least than before, Christina.”

“And you will not, I hope and pray, throw away your time and your prospects on—on folly and people unworthy of you.”

“Some kind friend, Christina, has evidently been telling good-natured tales of me.”

“No; but I have heard, and I have even myself observed, things that grieved me.”

“Well, Christina, I mean to reform. I hope to become a model member of society; almost, perhaps, like your friend Mr. Lyndon.”

“You talk lightly and bitterly. It pains me to hear you.”

“Forgive me; I will not talk lightly or bitterly if I can. I do mean to improve. I am not nearly so bad, Christina, as some of my friends or yours appear to think. But I am ashamed of myself; and I will try to take up again the broken threads of my life. I confess that I find life sometimes rather bitter and barren; and I don’t well know what particular gain one has from living and struggling at all.”

“Nor I, Emanuel, sometimes. But we still live, my dear; and we must do our best to make life worth having. Do you think life is more of a restraint and a disappointment to you than to me? Do you think you have less to hope for or more to strive against in every way than I have? Are you the only one who has to crush down warm and dear feelings? Ah no, Emanuel! There are others who are more tried, and have less chance of escaping. Hush!—don’t speak; did you hear nothing?”

She went to the window and looked out. It opened casement-fashion, and I saw that she was about to throw it open and apparently to step out on the little balcony in front; but she checked herself, and after a mere glance into the street, drew cautiously back. Her face was very pale when she turned to me, and her eyes shone with a lustre the more striking.

I was about to speak, but she raised her hand to enjoin silence. I remained silent, and without moving. The street outside was singularly quiet. It seemed as if sleeping in the hot glare of the sun. From where I stood I could see through the window only a part of the far side of the street. There was no life stirring there; not even a hurdy-gurdy was heard. For the few seconds we remained silent not a cab rattled down the street. In the room nothing was heard but the ticking of the little gilt clock on the chimney-piece. When, as we stood and looked at each other, a piano-string suddenly snapped, the clang came so loud and sharp on the ear that Christina positively started.

Then, in the silence which followed, I heard—just what I had heard before, in fact, as Christina broke off our conversation—three bars of what seemed to be an operatic air, but which was certainly unfamiliar to me, whistled in the

street below. The whistle was of a somewhat peculiar kind, shrill and sibilating; and the whistler stopped suddenly short at one particular note each time; almost as a bird does which is trying to learn some air from its master, and can not get over some difficult turn, and so stops and begins again. I marked all this now because my ears and senses were on the stretch for something; otherwise I should never have paid any attention to it, or perhaps even been aware of the sound at all. It was, however, the only sound to be heard; and it was clear that Christina was listening to it with all her ears.

Her face, from paleness, had grown to a deep flush of excitement, and her lips quivered visibly. When the whistling had the second time reached the same note she sighed audibly, as with profound resignation or profound relief, one could not tell which.

"Has any thing happened?" I asked.

"Oh yes; something has happened. Something very unexpected. I must ask you to leave me, Emanuel."

"Two words only. Nothing bad?"

"No; something good—very good. I did not expect it yet. I ought to be deeply thankful; I am thankful. Good-morning, Emanuel. Please don't ask me any more; and don't stay."

She was all trembling, and quite eager and excited. I obeyed her and put no further questions, but hurried from the room. Just as I was leaving, her German companion or follower came in, looking excited too, but seemingly in a wholly joyous sense. She came like one who brings good news.

When I reached the street I could see nobody on either side of it who seemed likely to have been the mysterious whistler. A man was wheeling a barrowful of fruit, wrapped in blue papers, along toward the St. James's Street end. A policeman was tramping the other way. A girl, with a roll of music in her hand, and petticoats high kilted, passed close to me. Other human beings near at hand I could not see. It did not seem likely that any one of those I had seen could have had the faculty of startling Christina by whistling the fag-end of a tune.

CHAPTER XX.

AN EXPLANATION.

THE conversation I had just had with Christina will help still further to explain a little of my past life. It was certain that I had degenerated since the renewal of our acquaintance. Life has to be got through somehow after the heaviest disappointment; and not often in real existence can we raise a Rolandseck over the wasted scene of frustrated love and ruined hope, and go and be pious and patient there. It was only after I had met Christina again that the full bitterness of the thought came to me that I had no longer any thing to

live for. While we were separated there was always an object, if not a hope. Now there seemed neither. I confess that I sank a little way into a sort of unmeaning joyless dissipation, for which I had naturally no taste, and into which I could not by any possibility throw my soul. The Champagne of the night and the headache of the morning just a little distracted me, and no more. Ned Lambert sometimes shook his honest head and tried a gentle laconic remonstrance; with the usual effect. I have no doubt he spoke to Christina on the subject, and urged her to bring her influence to bear. Perhaps to this I owed the pledge of friendship we had just made.

Any how, the pledge of friendship did not procure me much more of Christina's society, or apparently of her confidence. There was perhaps a warmer pressure of the hand when we met; and there was occasionally a deeper shade of interest and anxiety in her eyes as they rested on me for a moment. Sometimes I fear I only set this down to her dread on the score of my degenerating habits; and I felt rather inclined to resent than to feel grateful for it.

No explanation had come or suggested itself regarding her sudden emotion on the day when our ceremonial of friendship-vowing was so strangely interrupted.

Mr. Lyndon of course often came to the Opera. One night, just about this time, I observed him enter the stalls rather late. He came in along with a tall, thin, dark-bearded, remarkable-looking man—a man with a high forehead, sloping rather back and seamed with premature wrinkles; a man with a face which would have been stern and sharp in its expression but for a certain soft and melancholy sweetness in his liquid, luminous eyes. There was something about this man's appearance which attracted me in an instant; and I could not help thinking it attracted Christina too, for I observed that from time to time she glanced under her eyes in the direction where he and Lyndon sat; and she was too much of a true artist ever to think under ordinary conditions of sending her eyes roaming about the house in search of admiration. If you could have got a boxful of emperors, Christina Reichstein would have scorned to sing at them. So I had some reason for silent surprise when I observed that she did now and then glance quietly in the direction where this man was sitting with his friend. He was, I perceived, usually very marked and emphatic in his applause.

Mr. Lyndon and this man escorted Christina to her little brougham after the Opera. Needless to say that I did not feel much inclined to obtrude myself on such company. Christina saw me, and called a friendly good-night, with two or three words added in German, which bade me see her as early as possible next day. Mr. Lyndon and I exchanged, as usual, a very cold salute.

As I turned away I met a brother artist,



"HOW MANY YEARS AGO?"

whom I saw exchanging a salute a little more friendly with the dark and pale-faced stranger.

"Who's our friend?" I asked, nodding in the direction of the stranger, who had gone with

Mr. Lyndon to the carriage of the latter. I threw an immense amount of scorn into my voice; why, I don't know. He to whom I spoke was a Frenchman.

"But I have forgot his name. He is an Italian—indeed, that goes without saying—and he is going to be a lion of your salons here for a season, I am told. He is a patriot; he is an escaped—"

"Convict?"

"Convict—yes; that is, Austrian convict, or at least Austrian prisoner."

"I thought he had a look of Toulon about him."

"Nothing of the sort. You are not *sympathique*; nor I, indeed, no more. He has escaped somehow from Spielberg, or death, or something, and he is going to agitate your country to take up arms for the independence of Italy. And she will! Oh yes; England will spend all her moneys, and her powders and shots, and her cottons, just for a dream."

"But this person?"

"Well, that is all I know. He is a very distinguished man—quite celebrated."

"Whose name you have forgotten."

"Yes, and of whom I never heard before."

"How did you come to know him?"

"Madame Reichstein did me the honor to present me."

"How does *she* know him?"

"Oh, for that, my dear, you must not ask me. Perhaps your Lyndon has taken him in charge."

"Ah, very likely; he patronizes illustrious foreigners a good deal."

"But rather when they are in *jupons* than in pantaloons, is it not?—Where are you going?"

"Home, I think."

"Ridiculous—at this hour! Come and have a game of billiards."

"Thanks—not to-night."

"Come at least and smoke a pipe."

"No; I can't to-night."

Indeed my pipe was quite put out for that evening. I can not tell how it was that I came to associate the man I had seen in the stalls with the scene in Christina's room the other day; but I did so associate him in my mind at once. When, as she was leaving the theatre, she asked me to come and see her next day—asked me in pressing tones, and in German (we hardly ever spoke German to each other now)—I felt in some strange way that my conjecture was confirmed. I went home moodily, expecting something painful, I hardly knew what.

Christina received me very graciously when I visited her next morning—very graciously and sweetly. There was a pathetic, anxious sort of kindness about her manner which was not usual with her of late. She was embarrassed, too; and her thoughts seemed dwelling on any thing rather than the subject we first talked of. For a few minutes there was indeed an awkward pause every now and then in the conversation we carried on, as if each was expecting the other to put some question or begin some explanation.

We spoke a few words about Ned Lambert and his love, and his separation from Lilla Lyndon, of which Christina appeared to know a

good deal. I made some allusion to the one great cause of Lilla's resolution to leave London, and found that Christina seemed to understand or have guessed it.

"That, too, I know," she said. "You speak of the wretched man, Stephen Lyndon?"

"I do."

"I did not know his real name or his real nature until lately." (Here she paused.) "But I don't want to speak of him just now. I have sent for you for another purpose, Emanuel." Another pause—and then she said: "I am going to introduce you to-day to a man whose friend I want you to be; for my sake first, and then for his own. I wish you and him to be friends, and I wish that you should know our secrets. You saw me speak to a tall and dark-haired Italian last night?"

"I did."

"He will come here to-day. He is my husband."

Christina dropped her eyes as she spoke the words, and I was glad that no gaze was on me; for, despite all that had come and gone, this was a heavy shock. Spoken suddenly, firmly, the words seemed to go through me like a rifle-bullet or the thrust of a sword.

Then she looked up again, and a faint sweet smile came over her face, and our eyes met frankly; and she held out her hand to me across the table, as if in obedience to some involuntary and kindly impulse.

I pressed it silently. Thus we sealed our new friendship, and the dream of my boyhood was really over.

After a moment's pause she said: "My husband is an Italian, as you see. His name is Carlo Farini Salaris. He had a title and orders and honors; but he dropped them all because he was disappointed in Charles Albert, and in others too. He had two passions in his life—music and his country. Chance brought him to know me when I was a poor girl—an adventuress, many people would have called me—a beggar almost. He liked my voice; he had faith in me; he had me educated; he brought me out. All that I am he made me. All that I could do for him in return I have done, I am doing."

"I knew that—that you had been married, Christina. I did not know that your husband was living."

"Nor must you know it now. Understand me, it is a secret only known to you, and perhaps one or two others. He has only lately escaped from an Austrian prison, where he was sent for the part he took in Lombard plots and revolutions. He has escaped only, I fear, to take part in other plots. Think how happy the life of his wife must be! I can help him, however, in many ways while I am not known to be his wife. I have carried the fiery crosses for him from the Alps to the Straits of Messina, when not even Austrian or Neapolitan police suspected the German soprano of being an emissary of the revolution. Ah, it would be a long and

weary tale to tell; it is a sad memory! In this way I hold my life at his disposal, and my happiness. I will plot for him, scheme for him; smile while I know that he is in danger, flirt when every moment I think to hear news of his death. This is the only way in which I can repay him: I owe him all."

"Surely you have given him something that might repay any thing he has done for you?"

"I have given him all I could, Emanuel; and he was generous enough to have confidence in me, and to believe that I would have given him more if I could. Listen, and I will speak to you with a frankness which others might misunderstand, but you will not. I will speak to you as if I were a ghost come back from the grave, to whom the world could no longer have reality, and who had nothing more to do with human hopes, and loves, and misunderstandings, and all the rest of it. Even before I had made a success of any kind, he would have married me, and I would not. You know the reason why. I succeeded through him altogether. He pressed me again and again—tenderly, delicately, like a man with a noble nature. I was coming to England. For the first time since I had left it, you understand. He guessed why I was coming, and I told him all."

"All? All of the past, or—"

"I spoke to him as freely as some of his own countrywomen do to their confessor. I told him that I loved you—yes, I am not ashamed to say it now, and I was not then—and that my dearest hope was to find you. And he said, with his melancholy smile, 'Go to England; but if you do not find him, or have any cause to change your purpose, then promise me that you will come back to me.' I went to England, and you know the rest—~~the~~ fate was against us."

"Fate was cruelly against me!" I said, starting up; "Fate was against me! And you too, Christina! You threw me away at a word; you had done so before. Don't tell me of love—you never loved me; you were too glad to escape from me; you had your ambition and your career, and you followed your destiny. Well, I don't blame you, and I am not surprised. Peace be between us for the future, and let us be friends if you will; only do not torture me to no purpose by trying to persuade me that that might have been which never could have been. Well, forgive me for interrupting you—"

"You have not interrupted me; the story is all over. It was not very long to tell."

"Oh no; let me finish it. You saw me; and I was poor and obscure; and you found no difficulty in taking the chance word of a good-natured, thoughtless girl as decisive of my fate; and you hurried back, and married your friend and patron, who had influence and power. You were grateful to him—quite right; and he exacted his recompense for what he had done, and you gave him yourself as his reward. Well, I offer you my congratulations, and to him too. I am late in the expression of my good wishes,

but you must remember how well you kept the secret of your happiness, and that I thought you were a widow, not a wife."

I saw Christina's cheek flush, and her eyes first sparkle and then fill with tears; but I was not in a mood to be stayed. Every thing seemed to have conspired to make me savage, and some infernal spirit within appeared to drive me on, adding word to word.

"Emanuel!"

"Yes; I thought you were a widow. So, I suppose, did your other friend and patron, Mr. Lyndon. He surely is not in your secrets? Or is he supposed to be your husband's friend, appointed to console you, and give you courage in his absence and his dangers?"

"I have at least had no reason, as yet, to repent of any confidence I may have placed in him, as I have now to repent of the confidence I placed in you. Emanuel, I know you will be ashamed of your bitterness and your cruelty, and I forgive you beforehand. I know you have reason to complain. I owe you something, too; let me pay a part of my obligation by bearing patiently any insult you may choose to offer. You do not know how cruel you are. I have striven to be a devoted and loyal wife to my husband, as a brave German woman ought to be; and I have suffered much; and if I have had my ambition, it has not been fed for nothing, or bought without heavy penalty; and of the old days nothing remains; and now you insult and scorn me. It is much; but I bear it for the sake of old memories."

She had been seated on a sofa. She now stood up and leaned against the chimney-piece, and tossed her bright mass of hair back over her shoulders with the old familiar impatient action of one whom the weight of it oppressed in a moment of excitement. She looked so like the Christina of old that my anger melted away, and I bitterly repented my hasty words.

"I am always asking you to forgive me, Christina; I must ask you now again, sincerely and humbly, for pardon. I was very bitter, and rude, and brutal, and I knew how unjust I was even at the time. But I only ask you to make some allowance for me. You know how I loved you. Oh, I am speaking now only of the past, and I might say it if your husband stood there! I loved you deeply. No woman can be loved so twice in a life."

"I know it, Emanuel, and I do forgive you, freely and fully, your harsh words. You too must make allowance for me. My life is an anxious one in many ways. So far it has been a failure; and yet the best has passed. When I look at you, Emanuel, and make you my own mirror, I see that I too am no longer young. What a handsome, fair-haired boy you were when I first saw you! How many years ago?"

"Twelve years ago."

"How old are you now? You may tell me; I shall not betray confidence."

"I don't know—thirty-two or three."

"Ach Gott!—so old! And I am—but that

does not concern you to know. Yes, youth is gone for both of us. I am talking wildly to-day, am I not? Yes, I can't help it; but I don't often get into these moods. Youth is gone."

She turned to the mirror over the chimney-piece, and still keeping back her hair, gazed intently into her own face. Truth to speak, with all its lustrous beauty, there were faint, faint marks under the eyes, which hinted mournfully of Time's premature footprints.

"I was handsome, Emanuel, when a girl—was I not?"

She spoke without turning to me.

"You were beautiful; but surely you must know that you are still"—I was going to say, "that you are still beautiful;" but the expression of her face was so entirely abstracted and *distracted* that the compliment, if it could be called one, died upon my lips.

"Yes," she went on, almost as one who talks in a dream, "I was very handsome, and very, very ambitious. I thought I was born for something great—born, perhaps, to conquer the world. You could not know how ambitious I was, and how my heart was set on success; and nothing has come of it, after all."

"Nothing! and you the most successful of the day?"

"Yes, the most successful of the day; but who will be the most successful of to-morrow? I shall sing, perhaps, another season or two, and then be forgotten. I know well enough that I am not like Giulia Grisi. There is a singer to be remembered. I shall be extinguished when I cease to sing. My success will die with the echo of my voice. I have often thought that I am like the man in my much-loved Schiller's play, who says he staked his happiness and his heaven on being a hero, and in the end no hero was there, only a failure."

She leaned now on the chimney-piece, and still contemplated her own face. I dare say an ordinary looker-on would have thought there was something theatric and self-conscious in her attitudes and her ways. I did not think there was. From her childhood almost—she was little more than a child when first I knew her—there was that rare and striking harmony of mind and body in her which made every word find unconsciously its natural expression in some gesture or attitude. This was not surely, one would have thought, a German attribute. Still less was it a faculty any one can get up, or even cultivate. It came by nature. It made her a successful actress; it made her seem natural on the stage, because every action expressed so easily and gracefully the emotion which suggested it; it made her seem theatric off the stage, because so few people either will or can allow their moods to find any outward expression beyond that of voice and complexion.

She suddenly turned to me, and going back to the earlier part of our conversation, she said:

"You think I kept all this purposely a secret from you?"

I knew, of course, she meant her marriage and its story.

"I did think so, Christina."

"Well, perhaps it was partly a secret—at least, until I could learn what sort of person time and change had made you. Perhaps you did not at first show yourself in a manner which greatly invited confidence. Perhaps I fancied that you already knew nearly all the truth. Perhaps I may have thought—" and she stopped and sighed, and then smiled a strange, nervous, painful smile I did not like to see. Then she made a quick gesture with both hands as if she flung the subject from her, and came back to her seat. Looking at her watch, she said:

"My husband will be here soon. You know now why I was so much confused and embarrassed the last day you were here?"

"Yes; that was his signal I heard?"

"It was. He always whistles those few bars—first once, then again with the slight variation; and I know he is coming. That is, you understand, when I have not seen him for some time—when his coming is unexpected; and it may be necessary to make some preparation to get rid of inconvenient visitors—"

"Like me?"

"Like you that last day, before he knew you or had given me leave to trust you. Oh, I am thoroughly disciplined and obedient to him, believe me. I have heard that whistle in many places—in places where I knew that a mistake or a delay, or a precipitate motion on my part, might involve his discovery and his death. I did not expect to hear it so soon, although I knew that the plan for his escape out of the Lombard prison was in good hands and progressing well. I have not a genius for conspiracy, Emanuel, and they don't trust me much with details; even *he* does not. I wait and watch and keep the secrets, and do faithfully as I am told. And I have denationalized myself for his sake, and forgotten my country; indeed, had I not forgotten it long ago? and I have learned to hope that the German soldiers may one day be chased across the Alps. My husband is a man to inspire any one with his own hopes and his own will, as you are sure to discover before long."

A card was put into Christina's hand, and she directed that the visitor should be shown up.

"It is *he*," she whispered to me when the servant had left the room. "*Here*, just now, he is only on my ordinary visiting-list. He is to me an Italian patriot who honors me with his acquaintance—no more."

In a moment Signor Salaris entered.

I do not know whether he had expected to find her alone, but in the mere flash of time from his announcement to his reaching Christina, I saw three distinct changes of expression in his face. His wife stood at one side of the chimney-piece, nearly opposite the door; I had

fallen back to one of the windows looking into Jermyn Street. As he came in I could see him, but he, naturally looking directly before him, did not see me. He crossed the threshold, therefore, with the formal bow of an ordinary visitor, and the corresponding expression. Apparently then, as he only saw his wife, he assumed that she was alone, and his pale face lighted up with a warm and bright expression, and he seemed for the instant, the second, like one rejoicing to throw off a weary disguise. And then he saw me; and with a change quick as the motion of light itself, his countenance subsided into the genial, courteous expression of one who presents himself to a friend. Probably no unprepared eye could have noted these changes. I saw them clearly, and they were significant of a character and a life.

Christina reassured him with a smile and a few words.

"My dear Carlo, here we are all friends, and you are my husband, not my visitor."

"Then this gentleman," he said, turning to me and speaking in excellent English, though a little slow and with a deep Italian accent, "this is Mr. Temple? I might have known him, indeed.—I have seen and heard you more than once, Mr. Temple, but I did not at first recognize you. I offer you my hand; I am, if you will allow me, your friend."

I gave him my hand, and we exchanged a cordial grasp. I think both our faces flushed. I felt mine grow hot. I know that across his pale cheek something faintly approaching to a crimson tinge came flashing, and a strange sudden spasm passed over it. Can we be friends? Here is the man who has robbed me of Christina; can I be his friend, sincerely, truly?

I think so; at least I will try. I like the expression of his face; I like his soft dark liquid eyes, with an expression at once wild and gentle and beseeching in them, like the eyes of a gazelle; I like the contrast they present to the rigid, deep-thinking, inflexible expression of the brow and the lips and the chin. I feel sure this man has an unconquerable will, and a pure tender heart. He is artist and conspirator in one. He ought to have lived centuries ago, and been a minstrel and a patriot at once. Or he ought to have lived half a century back or thereabouts, and been a Girondist and led the chorus of the Marseillaise on the day when he and his brothers went out to die.

Yes, I liked the man at once; and as I looked from his face to Christina's and noted her expression, I liked him all the better, for I felt an indescribable pang of sympathy and pity for him. His liquid loving eye looked melancholy when it turned on her, and hers sank beneath his glance.

We talked like friends. He told me of his escape from prison in a pleasant simple kind of way, very agreeable, and even fascinating, to hear. There was a quiet modesty about all he said relating to himself that won upon one immensely. We talked of music and art, on

which he was almost eloquent. When for a moment the conversation lapsed into what may be called generalities and conventional talk, he subsided into silence, and his mind evidently withdrew itself altogether into its own habitual thoughts.

I noted that Christina's eye always quietly followed his expressions of feature; I noted that the moment he lapsed into silence she changed the conversation, appealed directly to him with some question or other, and drew him forward again. I think I read their story.

"She has given herself to him;" I thought, "and she esteems him, and fears for him; and she would love him if she could. But she can not, and she knows it; and neither is happy. I read in his face high aim, and courage, and absolute self-devotion, and brooding perseverance—and failure. Whatever his hopes, they are doomed to fail."

Heavy and blank was the first feeling of disappointment with which I left Christina's house that day, knowing as a certainty and for the first time that she had a living, loving husband. But was I only disappointed—was the disappointment utter and without shade? Was there not some vague perception of a sense of relief? Month after month, year after year, I had worn myself out with almost unendurable agony of longing and disappointment, hopes and sickening pangs of despair; and now at last the doubt and the conflict of feeling were over, and I was released from the struggle. Now the torment of hope was quelled; now the worst was known; now the bitterness of death was past. Many a man sleeps, says the jailer in Scott's romance, the night before he is executed, but no man the night before he is tried.

Yes, I felt a sense of relief. I should torture myself with doubt and hope no more. I should walk up and down my room of nights trying to squeeze hope out of every word she had uttered, every glance I had caught—as shipwrecked sailors becalmed on a burning southern sea strive to squeeze moisture out of rags—no more. I should rehearse what I could say when next we met, or lament that I had not said this and that when last we met—no more. I should now be able to drudge through my life unvexed because hopeless. A resolve, too, came up at once with a great new pang of relief. I had become a singer and taken to the lyric stage to please her, to win her, to prove to her that I could succeed; now I would give it up. I would cease to sham an artist's part, for which I really had no true taste or soul. I would go to some other country, to America, and see my brother. How fraternal we all grow, how we think of far-off brothers and sisters and mothers, when some woman has thrown us over! We are all like the gamester in the famous classic comedy of France, who only remembers her to whom he owes his duty when the luck of the night has gone against him. I might have lived long enough content with very rare and passing scraps of news from my

brother, but now a sudden and surprising tenderness had sprang up in my heart, and I wondered how I had existed so long without seeing him; and I quite resolved to go out to the States, and perhaps, with such money as I could get together, join him in some new Western settlement, and be a farmer. I thought of my own stout and sinewy arms and rather athletic frame, and came to the conclusion that, after all, digging, or felling trees, or hunting, was the sort of thing for which Nature had clearly intended me.

In a word, I was used up, and wanted a new and freshening life. I envied my Italian friend his schemes and his aspirations, and thought I should dearly like to have an oppressed nationality to plot for, and if needs were, die for; and I really wished I could, even through his influence, get up within myself a sort of bastard philo-Italianism, and fling myself into the cause of Italy as so many Englishmen were beginning to do even then, and as Byron and Stanhope, and Hastings and Finlay, and so many others, had done for Greece. But I was never much of a politician; and I was so sick of the stage that I recoiled from the notion of converting my individual life into a new piece of acting. I had long come to think, and I do still think it seriously and profoundly, that nothing in life—no, nothing whatever—is so enviable as the capacity to merge one's individuality and very existence wholly in some great cause, and to heed no personal sacrifice which is offered in its name. I don't much care whether the cause be political, or artistic, or scientific, or what not; let there but be a cause to which the individual is subjected, in which he freely loses himself, and I hold that man happy, if man can ever be happy at all. Never had it been my fortunate fate to have found such an object. My own profession never gave it to me. Therefore I accounted existence so far a failure. I had tried many modes of activity and amusement, and distraction and enjoyment, and they had done nothing for me, because I had never gone deeply enough into any path of life, or thought, or work; I had never had a cause to live for, and I might as well not have lived at all. If I have any faith left in me, it is that faith in a cause, as the soul, the grace, the beauty, the purpose of life.

I will seek then, I said to myself, a new activity. I will steep life in freshness, and recolor it in the dyes of new sensations. *Ich will mein Glück probiren—marschiren!*

CHAPTER XXI.

EXILE AND OUTCAST.

YES; I began to think seriously of going to the United States, making my way out Westward, buying land, and turning farmer. Vague and delightful visions of the forest scenery of the New World filled me; visions of woods

where tints, which in our European region we know of only in manufactured colors, mingle and contrast in the living glory of the autumnal foliage. Dreams of the rolling prairie, and the deep wine-colored brooklet, and the rushing river, were in my mind and before my senses. It seemed to me that nothing but the fresh bosom of the young mother-Nature of the West could revive my exhausted and flagging temperament. I was fast growing more and more weary of life as I found it, and as I made it. Heat and crowd, and midnight suppers, or lonely midnight grumbings and reflections, perpetual excitement, fatigue, overwork, too much wine, and the almost incessant cigar—these began to take effect just as I might reasonably have expected. I found that my voice already was beginning to show signs of suffering. Nobody else noticed it yet; but I could not be deceived. I consulted a medical man, who recommended rest and country air; and I thought of acting on his advice soon—some time, perhaps, when the season was over, or next year, or whenever convenient.

Meanwhile I went on as before; I mixed a great deal with joyous company of all kinds. A positive necessity for distraction of some sort seemed to have seized hold of me, and it even appeared as if distraction relieved my mind and improved my physical condition. The resolve to give up the stage and go to America supplied a delightful excuse and temptation. It would be clearly a waste of power, an unnecessary vexation, to put myself under heavy restraint just now, when so short a time was to bring about a total change of life and habits. The fresh manly life of the New World would soon restore me to that physical strength and brightness of temperament which I used to enjoy. No use, then, in beginning any reform before I undertake the enterprise which shall change scene and habits and life altogether.

I sometimes even thought of the expediency of marrying and ranging myself, taking a companion with me to America to be a backwoodsman's wife. But I always ended by dismissing the idea as one that brought up a sensation of repulsiveness with it. To begin with, I knew nobody whom I would or could marry. Most of the women I knew were singers or actresses; and I saw most of them too closely to be likely to fall in love with any, even if a deeper and earlier feeling did not absorb my heart. There was one to whom at times I did feel myself slightly attracted; she was the little Frenchwoman with whom I had had a sort of flirtation on the evening when I otherwise made a fool of myself at Christina's apartments. She did not discourage my attentions whenever they were offered, and I did sometimes pay court to her. She was young and very pretty. She was not witty or intellectual, or gifted with any conversational power beyond what mere animal vivacity or flow of talk may give. I do not know why on earth I cared for her company, except that she was easy of access and full of life, and

her society served to distract me, just as smoking or drinking might.

My new friend, who called herself Mlle. Finola, and was the daughter, I came to know, of a fat couple who sold slippers in one of the passages of the Palais Royal, was a girl with a very agreeable light French sort of soprano voice, and pleasing vivacious ways, and an inordinate amount of self-conceit. She was not by any means a bad little person, and would rather, all things being equal, do a kindly thing than not. She was, I have no doubt, practically, or as Heine would say, anatomically, virtuous; but she had no particular prejudice in favor of virtue, and probably never troubled herself much by thinking on the subject. Her ideas of life consisted of flattery, singing, lyrical successes, complimentary critiques in newspapers, jewels, crinoline (crinoline was rather a new fashion then), pleasant little dinners and suppers, carriages, and a fair prospect of a brilliant match. She had no more true lyrical genius than an Italian boy's monkey; but she sometimes captivated audiences, and set them applauding with a genuine enthusiasm which Pasta might have failed to arouse. She had a quick arch way of glinting with her eyes, which conveyed to some people an idea of immense latent humor and *espèçlerie*, that, I can answer for it, had no existence in my little friend's mental constitution. She turned her bright beaming orbs in flashing rapidity from stalls to boxes in a manner which irresistibly kept attention alive. Who could withdraw his interest for a moment from the stage when he could not tell but that the very next moment those glittering laughing brown eyes might roguishly seek out his own? She had apparently the faculty of eye-flirting with every man in a whole theatre in turn. Then she shrugged her very full, white, and bare shoulders with such a piquancy, and had such quick graceful gestures, and so fluttered her pretty plumage, that it was quite a pleasant sight to see. Of course all this told with much more decided effect in the Italians, or some such house, than in one of our great temples of opera; but even in our vast house it had its effect upon the limited section from whom the rest of the audience, and the town generally, took their time.

Not, however, to be merely *piquante* and vivacious, Mlle. Finola had a way of throwing a momentary gleam of tender softness into her eyes, and looking pensively before her, as if consciousness had withdrawn itself wholly from the audience, and buried itself in the depths of some sweet inner sadness; and she so thrilled out a prolonged, plaintive, and dreamy note, that people sometimes declared her pathetic power quite equal to her humor and vivacity. When ordinary observers note any little effect produced with ease they are apt to believe that the performer has a capacity for doing something infinitely greater, if he or she would only try, and did but care to succeed. A sad mistake generally; for on the stage and in real

life we almost invariably do all we can and the best we can; and that which you see is the display of our whole stock of capability. But audiences could not readily believe that the one little bit of effective show had exhausted Mlle. Finola's whole resources. The result was that in her own parts, Rosinas, Figlias del Reggimento, and so on, she was greatly admired, and her little tricks of instinctive coquetry and vivacity were accepted by many as the deliberate and triumphant efforts of graceful art, if not indeed the stray sparks which indicated the existence of a latent fire of true lyrical genius.

Now this little personage was beginning to be very popular about the time when Christina's husband came to London. She had not, indeed, come as yet into any sort of antagonism or rivalry with Madame Reichstein, and they never sang together; but Finola's nights were usually very successful, and she was even rallying a sort of party round her both in audiences and critics. Perhaps Christina's passionate, enthusiastic style had begun to be too much for some of her hearers. True art is a sad strain upon the intellects of many of us; and little Finola was a great relief. She was Offenbach after Meyerbeer; and a good many occupants of opera-stalls to-day know what that means, and can appreciate the charming relaxation to wearied inanity which it implies. And though not as yet any thing of a rival to Christina, Finola was beginning to be talked about a good deal. I don't think Christina at this time cared in the least, or grudged the little thing any sprays of laurel that might fall to her. But she always affected to think me an admirer of Finola, one of Finola's party, and indeed, more than that, one of Finola's lovers; and at last, out of pure spleen at being so set down, I acted intentionally as if I were one of that silly throng; and as Mlle. Finola liked flirting with any one, she showed herself willing enough to flirt with me.

I have spoken of all this for the purpose of showing how matters stood as regarded Christina and myself just about the time when her husband made his appearance so unexpectedly in London. We—Christina and I—were on strange, cold, almost unfriendly terms, so far as all outer appearances went. My soul was still filled with love for her, wildly dashed sometimes with a bitterness not much unlike hate. She, on her side, seemed to me to be leading the life almost of a frivolous, careless, heartless coquette; I was drifting away from all my old moorings of steadfastness and perseverance and patience, and becoming an idler with the idle; I drank midnight, and thought midnight, as the phrase has it. With the sudden appearance of the Italian exile came a change in all our relationships; chance, utter chance, conspired with his own character and purpose, and the place he held in Christina's life, to make his presence the source of change and event to all of us.

In a very short time after his coming, Signor Salaris became the recognized lion of the London season. He had, in the *impresario's* sense of the word, quite a wonderful success. He delivered lectures on his imprisonment and his escape, which crowded Willis's Rooms, and filled King Street with coroneted carriages. He pleaded the cause of his country; he called upon England to regard the independence of Italy as Europe's most pressing and vital question; and countesses clapped their kid-gloved hands and waved their perfumed handkerchiefs. He dined now with a Cabinet minister, and now with the leader of the Opposition. He spent great part of his time at Mr. Lyndon's. He was intrigued for and battled for as the attraction of evening parties. He bore it all patiently, as one who does a work of drudgery with a good object; but he smiled sadly and shook his head when one congratulated him privately on his success. I once told him he ought to be a proud man. He said he felt profoundly discouraged. A great illusion, he calmly said, was gone. England, he now knew, would do nothing for his country. He had come to plead for protection and help. He found himself the hero of a carnival scene, pelted with flowers and sugar-plums.

I am not a politician, and this is not a political story. I introduce the subject of Salaris and his success, because at this time in one way, as later in another, it affected my own life.

I went one evening to hear my new friend tell his story and make his appeal in Willis's Rooms. I went alone; the room was crowded; Mr. Lyndon, M.P., presided. There were present what Ned Lambert would have called "no end of swells." Salaris was speaking when I got in. He was really not, in the rhetorical sense, an eloquent man. He had nothing of Kossuth about him, nor had his style any thing of the poetic grandiloquence of Mazzini. He talked in a simple, severe, unpretending sort of way, with hardly any gesticulation. The sincerity of his purpose, the clear straightforwardness of his language, the sweetness of his expression, made the great charm which, added, of course, to the romantic nature of his recent escape, delighted the West End. He was a novelty in the way of exiles. He positively seemed, I heard a lady near me remark, quite like an English gentleman. In fact, the Thaddeus of Warsaw personage was played out; and the West End now thrilled with a new sensation, to see an escaped and exiled patriot who looked like an ordinary gentleman, and spoke as composedly as a financial member of Parliament.

I looked round the room, expecting to see Christina there. I was not disappointed. She was seated two or three rows of seats away from me, and she looked very handsome, but melancholy, and a little fatigued. She was apparently not listening much more attentively than I was. She saw me, and nodded a salutation,

and whispered something to a lady at her side. The lady, who seemed to have been listening very closely to the speaker, looked up, and glanced toward me. She was very young—about nineteen, perhaps—with a delicate, clearly-shaped, youthful Madonna face, and eyes that had a tender violet light in them. They were eyes that did not flash or glitter or sparkle. They rested on you with a quiet luminous depth, like the light a planet seems to give. Her face had a thoughtful, sweet, almost sad expression until the violet light arising in the eyes suffused the whole countenance with its genial radiance. It was a face not to be forgotten, once you had seen it; and I had not forgotten it, for I had seen it before, and had many a time wished to see it again. It was the face of Mr. Lyndon's youngest daughter; the girl to whom I had spoken in Palace Yard when wild Stephen Lyndon made his absurd mistake.

Did you ever on an evening of reckless revelry, amidst an atmosphere steaming with heat and lights and the fumes of wine, in a room ringing with laughter and frivolity, suddenly open a window, and looking out catch a glimpse of the blue summer heaven and the pure light of the stars? If so, you will understand how I felt when I looked up from the increasing degeneracy of my life, with its foolish excitements and its barren spasmodic passion, and saw the face of Lilla Lyndon.

I glanced many times to where she sat, and I forgot the cause of Italy's independence. Once, only once, she looked toward me.

There was a slight movement on the platform; a letter was handed to Mr. Lyndon. That gentleman said a word to the lecturer, who at once stopped, bowed, and drew back; and Mr. Lyndon rising came to the front and apologized for having to leave the chair. He was obliged to go down to the House immediately. His distinguished friend, the Dean of some place or other, whose remarkable work recently published had proved how well he understood the Italian question and how thoroughly he sympathized with the cause of Italy, had kindly consented to take the chair. There was a murmur of genteel applause for Mr. Lyndon, another for the Dean, as the latter gracefully threw himself into the vacated chair; and then Mr. Lyndon disappeared from the platform, the lecture went on, and the audience settled itself to listen as before.

Once, and only once, did Salaris make any attempt at eloquence; and even that was but the eloquence of passionate conviction. It was at the close, where he proclaimed, rather than merely predicted, to his hearers that, let who would be friend or foe, the day of Italy's independence was sure and near. "Only yesterday," he said, "an English lady—I see her now in this room—gave me as an omen of good a translation of a noble poem by a great living poet, a German, which bids my country be of good cheer and expect her deliverance. Will you listen to a few lines? The German poet

reminds my country of the story of Penelope: how she was fair, and persecuted for her beauty, and how the reckless strangers reveled in her hall:

'Twenty years the purple tissue span she weeping on her throne;
Twenty years in bitter sorrow nurtured her beloved son;
Twenty years remained she faithful to her husband and her name—
Weeping, hoping, sending seekers—lo, and her Ulysses came!

'Woe to the audacious wooers when they heard the avenger's tread,
And the bitter death-charged arrows from his clanging bow were sped;
With the red blood of the strangers hall and pavement dripping lay,
And a fearful feast of vengeance then was held at Ithaca.

'Knowest thou that song, Italia? Listen, and in patience wait,
Even although the swarm of strangers throng through thy ancestral gate;
Rear thy sons to fearless manhood, though with many a burning tear;
Wait and hope; thy hour is coming; thy Ulysses too is near.'

To the closing lines he gave all the dignity, the thrilling force, the strength of pathos and of hope, which the words deserved, and which his penetrating voice, his noble earnestness, his expression, now animated, could lend. "It is," he added, slowly, "the poetry, the hope, the encouragement of a German! *Quod minime reris!* The sympathy and the hope are the more welcome, the more delightful. I accept the omen for my country, and I say to her: 'Wait and hope; thy hour is coming; thy Ulysses too is near.'"

He remained for a moment motionless and silent, and the audience did not know whether he had finished or not; then his hand dropped upon the desk near him, and he bowed to the assemblage, and drew back from the front of the platform.

There was quite a cordial and enthusiastic demonstration of applause; and then began the rustling of silks, and calling of carriages, and the babble of talk with acquaintances, and the crowding on the stairs.

The moment the movement of departure began Madame Reichstein invited me by a look to come to her. She and Miss Lyndon had withdrawn into a corner a little out of the stream of the departing crowd. I made my way through groups of people and over trailing skirts to where they stood.

"How did you like it?" were Christina's first words; and then, without waiting for an answer, she said, "I wish to introduce you to Miss Lyndon—Miss Lilla Lyndon."

Before the ceremony of introduction was well through two or three acquaintances closed round Madame Reichstein, and Miss Lyndon and I were left for the moment together.

"Am I wrong, Mr. Temple," she said, "in thinking that we have met and spoken together before?"

"No, Miss Lyndon, you are quite right."

"That day in Palace Yard, when that poor man came up and stopped the carriage and called me by my name?"

"That was the day. You have a good memory."

"It made a painful impression on me, that scene and that poor man. I thought I could not have been mistaken, Mr. Temple, in you, when I saw you a few nights ago for the first time since that day. May I congratulate you now on your success—the name you have won since I first saw you? It always gave me pleasure to believe that it was you with whom I had spoken that day, for you were kind to that strange poor creature."

This was a subject that somewhat embarrassed me; I turned to something else.

"The lines that Signor Salaris recited were translated by you, Miss Lyndon, I venture to think?"

"They were. Did you like them?"

"I thought them noble in spirit, and I hope prophetic; and they sounded to me—I have not seen the original—like a pure and exquisite translation."

"I am very glad; they are Geibel's. They seemed to me prophetic, and so I showed them to Signor Salaris. He is a noble creature, and I hope whatever he engages in may succeed; but I don't understand much of Italian affairs."

"Nor I, indeed, Miss Lyndon."

"Not you? And yet you ought to be at least a sort of step-son of Italy."

"I only know my step-mother's voice. Her interests she keeps for her own children."

"We are going, Emanuel," said Christina, who was leaning on the arm of some gentleman.

I offered Miss Lyndon my arm, and she leaned on it: I felt the pressure of her light touch, and I was thrilled by it.

"Do you know, Mr. Temple," she said, as we descended the stairs, "I have never ceased to think that there was some mystery about that man in Palace Yard which I ought to know, and that you could explain it. How did he come to know my name, and why did his face seem so strange, and yet so familiar to me? Will you tell me?"

"Pray, Miss Lyndon, don't ask me; I can not tell you any thing about him—at least not now; not without thinking over it. The secret, if it be one, may not be mine to tell."

"Then there is something?"

"There is."

"And he had some reason for knowing me and calling me by my name?"

"Pray don't ask any more. He had."

"I knew it," she said; and an unconscious vibration passed from her arm to mine.

"Some time, Miss Lyndon, you may know all; and it may be in your power to do good by the knowledge to people who are unhappy, and who don't deserve to be so."

She looked into my face, with surprise and deep interest in her clear pensive eyes.

Christina was already at the door of her little brougham waiting for us. I handed Miss Lyndon in. Christina gave me her hand without a word, and I saw a strange expression in her face, as if something had both perplexed and irritated her. I could not understand it.

Miss Lyndon held out her delicate little hand with a frank and friendly expression. I touched it, and the light pressure lingered long with me. As I left the place I felt like one on whom the first breath of some purifying and sacred influence has fallen. The presence of this girl had strangely affected me when first I saw her, and I had never forgotten the sensation. Now it filled me almost wholly. It was indescribable; at least, I can not describe it any better than by saying that while the presence of Christina seemed to allure me with the rich incense of flowers, that of Lilla Lyndon made me thoughtful and full of pure regret and humility, like the light of the stars.

In most stories of ghosts and demons and warlocks it is not sufficient to speak of the odious and supernatural creature in order to evoke his presence? Apparently some spell of the same kind haunted me this night. Miss Lyndon and I had spoken of the man who accosted her in Palace Yard; I had never seen him since my return from Italy. I had hardly got a dozen paces from the door of Willis's Rooms when I came straight on him.

Keeping the same side as you walk from Willis's Rooms toward St. James's Square, you may see as you look across the street a row of white and stuccoed houses on the other side, one of which has a fame attached to it. When I nearly fell over Stephen Lyndon he was standing on the edge of the foot-path, looking up at that particular house. He did not seem a day older than when I saw him last. He wore the black wig as before, and was rather better dressed than I had seen him on some former occasions, though not up to the mark of one memorable occasion when he came out resplendent. It seemed to me, too, that there was a little more of quietness and caution about him than was his wont in earlier times.

I did not know then that he was there waiting for me. So I felt vexed when I nearly ran up against him, and recognized him in the clear moonlight of a beautiful night, and saw that he had recognized me, and there was no escape without at least a parley.

"Good-evening, Temple," he said, in the coolest and easiest kind of way, as if we had met only the night before last; and he quietly laid his hand on my arm and stayed my going farther. "I have been contemplating that house over there; the first of the row. I have been meditating, Temple. An exile lived there once, my child of song—an illustrious exile. Where is he now, Temple? Only on a throne, my swan. There are exiles and exiles, Temple. Our patriotic and banished friend Salaris will hardly, I think, come to so brilliant a place. The throne for one conspirator, and the prison,

or very likely the block, for another. Crowns for the crowns that have brains under them; blocks for the blockheads. He is a gifted and touching blockhead, that friend of ours, Mr. Temple. I like him; but I was always a child of sentiment. I saw you in Willis's Rooms."

"Were you there?"

"I was there; oh yes. He and I, you know, are old friends. I saw Goodboy on the platform, and he saw me. I think he winced a little, but it was a lost fear. I have given up my notion of doing any thing with him in the way of street-scenes."

"I am very glad to hear it. I do hope you have turned decent and honorable and manly. Mr. Lyndon, there are many reasons why I wish you well."

"Thanks; I dare say. I really believe you, Temple; and I think you are a good sort of a fellow in your way. Yes, I am quite a reformed man. In fact, Temple, he was too much for me in that way."

"What way?"

"You never heard, then?"

"I have not heard any thing about you for a long time."

"True; you were away in Italian myrtle-bowers, and that sort of delightful thing. Well, I opened fire regularly on Goodboy; waylaid him at his door; pursued him to the House, to the Club, to the Opera. What do you think he did? He coolly took the bull by the horns. He gave me in charge to a policeman; he followed up the charge at the police-court; he delivered his version of the business with a dignified mock humility which quite touched and charmed 'the worthy magistrate.' He recounted all the things he had done for me, and all our venerable father had done; and it was a magnificent scene, quite. And do you know, Temple, while the whole thing was a hideous lie from beginning to end, there was not a word in it which was not literally true? It put me in an unpleasant light; that I must frankly confess. Well, there was nothing for me but to find bail—which of course I couldn't do—or be sent to prison, or pledge my honor to molest him no more—in that way. Temple, I was defeated. I had fought Respectability, and was overthrown! At least, I had the sense to know that I was beaten, and I surrendered and promised."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"Are you? So I dare say is Goodboy. But wait for the end. Do you ever read the Greek dramatists, Temple? I suppose not. Well, there is some good advice given by one of them about counting no man successful until you have seen the game all out. You just wait. If I detested Goodboy before, do you think I like him any better now? Do you know, the cunning old boy managed so well, that not a line of the business got into the papers; so that I had not even the satisfaction of bringing open scandal on him. I wrote letter after letter to the papers; need I say that no editor did me

the favor of putting the tale of the wrongs I had suffered into print? Well, there's enough of that. I have had rather a hard life of it since. Give you my word, I don't think any thing could have kept me up but my deep religious feeling and my determination to be revenged upon my enemies. I thought it well to retire from the metropolis for a little. I broke loose from my base, and marched right into the heart of the country—Liverpool, Manchester, and that sort of place. Coarse, cloddish, without soul, without humor, and, let me tell you, by no means green or awkward with the cards and the billiards. Ah, *mon Dieu!* it was hard and dull. No matter, I live! Providentially preserved, I still live! I return to town at last, led doubtless by my star. I find two of my old acquaintances established as lions of the season. You are one; my Carbonaro of Willis's Rooms is the other. Good Heaven, it ought to teach the vainest of us a lesson in modesty, when such people can be successful."

We were now walking round St. James's Square. We might have been mistaken for two dear and intimate friends. Lyndon was leaning affectionately on my arm, even when he was propounding lessons of humility drawn from the incomprehensible fact that such a personage as I had succeeded.

I thought of him then as I had thought of him always since our first meeting—as a hopeless old reprobate, whose inner nature no power on earth could touch, and whose utterly selfish and heartless levity could only be explained or excused by the theory that something not unlike insanity was mingled with his blood. Yet I now walked with him, listened to him, allowed him to lean on me, felt even a positive interest in his welfare.

Why? Was it for the sake of Ned Lambert and his love, and my sincere friendship for them both?

In sad sober truth, it was not.

It was because the thoughtful violet eyes of Lilla Lyndon the younger had looked into mine with kindly interest while she spoke of this man. The thought of her transfigured him in my mind. Nay, this miserable wretch was a sort of link between us. His very misery might be the cause of our meeting again.

And at this time I had no more thought of loving Lilla Lyndon than I had of falling in love with a saint or a star. I still believed that my life was to be forever shadowed and frustrated by hopeless unfading passion for Christina Reichstein.

I listened, then, to Lyndon's talk, and even encouraged him, and assured him I would save him if I could.

"Now that," he said, "is the very thing I am coming at. I really do think, Temple, that you are a sincere sort of person; and that you mean what you say. My daughter has disappeared somewhere; I can not find out where; and I don't suppose, you know, that it much matters, because I dare say the girl is hard up,

and drudging and toiling, and that sort of thing, and of course she couldn't do any thing for me. I should think Goodboy turned her adrift; he's quite mean enough for it. Well, you see, it's no use my looking her up. Do you know, I am so sensitive, and epicurean, and chivalrous in all my ways, that I can't bear to see women who are drudging and poor and overworked. It isn't the poetic idea of womanhood, is it? Women don't look as if they ought to be seen then. They get pale and washed-out-looking, and the plump outlines go, and their hands look dirty and needle-marked, and all the rest of it. No; I really prefer, as a father, not to see my daughter just now. You follow me, Temple?"

"I do," was my grim reply. Even the color of those violet eyes was fading from my mind as he talked in this way.

"You appreciate what I mean?"

"Quite," I replied, more grimly.

"Now, on the other hand, look at my niece. Aha, have I touched you?" I suppose I started. "There is a lovely girl, charming to look at; a little pale, you will say; but so very interesting, and with such an expression of goodness. Now, Temple, don't you think *she* could be brought to do something for me? Don't you think, at least, she ought to be allowed to know of my existence? I know it's kept a secret from her. I know she is ignorant of the tender tie that binds her to me. Now, Temple, my boy, here is your opportunity! You know her, you are in your own way a kind of success, and I dare say would pass off easily upon her—she's evidently very green and innocent—as quite a distinguished and delightful sort of person. I saw you handing her to the carriage to-day; you did the thing quite in good style; I dare say she wouldn't notice any difference. Now, *your* motive can not be suspected. Mine, I confess, is open to misinterpretation! Temple, do a benevolent deed. Here is an outcast uncle panting for love and redemption, and very, very hard up. There is a lovely niece, with her little bosom overflowing with family affection and benevolence and romantic nonsense of all kinds, and with unlimited influence over papa's purse. Temple, need I say more? You have a heart, and quite a presentable appearance. Bring us together, and look for your reward Above."

I managed to escape at last, without making a promise of any kind; but he squeezed my hand warmly, accepted a trifling loan, and went away humming a hopeful tune.

FISHING IN MISTS.

LOOKING through my blinds one October morning, to welcome the Orient sun, I saw in the sky no burnished shafts forthcoming, no golden glow outspread, but a misty, white veil, underneath which tears were falling to earth. The sun was weeping. He had chosen to weep veiled. Why he wept I can not imagine; for the moon last night had been her fair, benign-

nant self. But he wept, and his tears spattered and teased the earth.

I mean the earth's people. Inanimate things never utter that old, animate plaint against drizzly days. The trees like better the slowly, gently falling drops that come at intervals, and come with benedictions, than incessant, drenching torrents, I am sure. The flowers nod daintily, shake themselves coyly, at wary rain-woosers; but they rock with great tremors, they bow low from great weakness—poor little flowers!—when lovers take by storm what they could not win else. The meadow-grasses are fresher and sweeter, blither and sprightlier, after gentle rains. They are crushed and sodden after storms.

I know that the trees, the flowers, and the meadows like to feel the sun back of his grief. They get his tears, and his warmth too, and are glad that a cold deluge does not quite hide him. They like, and I, in spite of my animated existence, like, above all things, a warm, drizzly day.

Therefore, had I been a boy, had I been a little girl, had I been any thing less provoking to be than Miss Rebecca Thissell, aged seventeen years and a half, I would have given three rousing cheers and a tiger for the day. As it was, I merely contemplated it with a mild satisfaction becoming my condition, and made plans for its celebration without disturbing in the least the repose of my sister Jane.

I had just come home to supper in my vision, having passed a most delightful day wandering, in water-proof and rubbers, up and down secluded streets; finding little puddles to plash my toes in, little pools to set leaves swimming in, little eddies to whirl sticks in—having held my face up for the rain to kiss over and over. I had just come home to supper in my vision, and was about to commence the actualities of the day by leaving the window, seizing and donning my garments, pendent on a bed-post, when I heard the thuds of a spade below.

Though the grave-yard was directly opposite, I knew the lazy sexton wasn't at work thus early; so I accepted the more plausible theory that Fax was digging bait around the corner of the house. I built on the hypothesis a new and gorgeous vision. If Fax were digging bait, I would help him use it. If he intended to go fishing, so did I. If he should try to coax me out of it he should fail. I resolved that for once I would not be bought nor wheedled. It was one of my days, and out of respect to it I would assert my independent free-will. If Fax went fishing, I would go fishing.

The dignity of my resolution fired every effort I put forth, accelerated my dressing, hurried me down stairs, and into the back-yard, where the thuds were still audible, where I found Fax in his little rainy-day cap that always made me love him better—it made him so much handsomer.

He lifted his bonny brown eyes from the spade to me, and said, in that unbecoming tone of patronage that big brothers will affect:

"Run in out of the rain, Becky."

"Good-morning, Fax," I responded, in tones meant to be dulcet. "What you doing, dearie?"

"Extricating worms from oblivion," he answered, seizing and squeezing a poor wriggler by the head.

Instead of slapping him for his cruelty, as I might possibly have done at another time, I continued to smile and propound innocent questions.

"Going fishing, Fax?"

"Do you think I'd miss such a day?" he said. "It's the day of days for fishing. Don't stand in the rain, Becky; you'll get cold."

"Get cold!" I exclaimed, unable to sustain my part longer. "You don't know me, Fax Thissell!"

"Oh! I beg pardon. Are you above such weaknesses?"

"I'm not a baby, to sneeze for this drizzle. I could be out in it all day without knowing the difference—as I intend to be."

"Picnic, Becky?"

"Fishing, Fax."

He understood me, though he affected innocence until I had explained, with greatest perspicuity, my intentions. Then the coaxing came. I resisted it. Then offers of bribes. I turned my back on them—and this was the dénouement: Fax dug an extra quantity of bait, and I prepared a double luncheon.

And by-and-by, after breakfast was over, after the remonstrances and persistencies had run their inevitable course, we started forth with our tackle and basket, chatting as harmoniously as if we had never had a discussion. For we were both philosophically inclined. I, triumphant, had no disposition to glory. Fax, defeated, had no disposition to grumble. So we talked of jolly things on our way to the lake.

For instance, Fax congratulated me on my apparel, which, excepting my straw turban, was water-proof and rubber, and I returned the compliment by admiring his little cap and big boots. And then we united in extolling the day. Then Fax told me how sorry he was that he must go back to college next week and leave me. And I told him how sorely I should miss him. As Fax expressed the affection for me that I knew was in his big heart, I ventured to ask a question that had been puzzling me all the morning.

"Fax," I said, "what is the real reason why you don't want to take me fishing?"

"The real reason, my dear! Haven't I told you a hundred times that the fearful responsibility of exposing you to squalls and sharks, vapors and duckings, cancels the pleasure I should otherwise experience in your company?"

"Nonsense, Fax! Please tell me truly. I want to know the selfish reason."

"You don't believe in my disinterestedness, Becky?"

"No, you humbug!"

"Well, you Yankee, if you will know, it's baiting the hooks."

"Fax!" I cried, disgusted with his selfish-

ness, "you've baited the last hook you'll ever bait for me."

Fax laughed incredulously.

"You see, Becky, I know your sex so well."

That brother of mine had only lived twenty years; but oh, he knew our sex so well! Marvelous students of woman nature are these students of text-books in college halls! An alarming and tremendous thing is that volume of stale statistics they fondly hug!

"I know your sex so well! There isn't one of them that can be depended upon in any thing. You take a young lady fishing, *par exemple*, and she never discovers that her hook wants baiting until you're hauling in your biggest fish; then she frightens him back in the water telling you of it. And then, though they catch so few fish, they consume the most astounding proportion of bait."

I never said a word to my ugly brother in re-tort, but just treasured up all my wrath for future outpouring. He gave me his hand to help me down the declivity that led to the water. But, instead of taking it, I leaped and ran to the very edge, which frightened him so that there was not a drop of my vengeance left. I considered him fully paid.

The old sailor who kept the boats sat rocking in one of them. Now I never saw him doing such a thing on a rainy day before in my life. Though he had weathered so many storms in his hardy young manhood, sailing the big blue seas, when old age came on he anchored. His final port was our little inland village. There, in the wee house on the shore, he had sat and rented boats, warding off draughts and influenza with huge wrappings, as meekly as if he had never been a daring, dashing lad—for many a day.

Apparently the old man was under some distracting influence. It flashed into my head that he might fancy the young days back again—for his mind was errant at times—that perhaps he thought that little boat was one of the old prizes, and that he and the elements were waging one of their old fights for it.

Before I could express my rather absurd ideas to Fax, the old man spoke, and we saw that the person whom he addressed was waiting for him to untie the little boat. And after all that was what the old man was sitting out there in the rain for.

The man who waited stood on the end of the little pier, and I want to notice him standing there, because except for him I should have no story to tell.

.....Let me first insert an apologetic paragraph in behalf of girls aged seventeen and thereabout. I look into the teens of girlhood and what do I see? Susceptibilities. Not much else comparatively. Susceptibilities constantly wrought upon by influences of good and evil. That young girls who read romances then are romantic; that fictions awaken desires for, and absolute credence in, parallel realities, is not strange.....

I had spent my last evening in the depths of a rocking-chair devouring a novel. Its hero was tall and stalwart, erect and kingly. So was the man on the pier. The hero came into the book with folded arms and downcast eyes. So the man stood looking into the lake. Of course I identified him with that last hero, with whom I was just a little bit more in love than with his immediate predecessor. I was always a little deeper in with the last than with the one before him.

The concurrence of events caused my credulous, silly little heart to palpitate with the joy of conviction. Here was what I had trusted in so long come at last—the hero from a book had come into my life beyond a doubt. Skepticism might prevail, but I was brave enough to believe in the dear old creed of counterparts. There stood mine. I resolved upon a flirtation.

The old sailor stepped out and bade us good-morning. The man on the pier stepped into the boat, pushed off, and rowed out through the grasses into clear water, without raising his eyes to the shore or us. He did not even glance at me. I was piqued.

"Why," said Fax, "he has taken our boat."

"Did you want that boat?"

"You know I always want it. I thought I'd be here early enough to secure it this morning."

Out beyond and around the long pier went the coveted green and white stripes of the *May Queen*. Fax, sulkily withdrawing his gaze from them, selected a dingy lavender, put me in one end of it, the tackle in the other, and sat down between the oars.

"I'm provoked about that boat, Becky," he said as we floundered in the grasses. "It doesn't seem like home in any other. What a queer fellow that was that took it, any way!"

"Queer?"

"Why, I don't believe he saw us at all, though we stood close by him. He was bound we shouldn't see him, at any rate. That big hat he has on is a regular extinguisher. What's become of him?"

"See, he's drifting!"

Through the thin, misty rain we saw, as in a picture, the man and the boat. He had dropped his oars that he might assume the old attitude. His arms were folded and his eyes were still downcast. Scarcely moved by the tide—which was hardly a tide at all that day—he fathomed one low wave, on which his eyes were fastened.

"Making plummets of his eyes, isn't he?" said Fax. "Wonder if he's getting the lake's dimensions."

I made no answer, but watched him, and in doing so I seemed to lose gradually the reality I had fancied secured; for the mist became momentarily denser, the rain fell faster, and fainter than the outlines of imagination grew the outlined living picture yonder. For a minute he left me, and in that minute the skepticism named practically had a new proselyte. But the sun smiled, dried up the rain, and the im-

movable figure, mist-enshrouded, downward-gazing, reclaimed me.

I seized the rudder. Fax was lost in a little reverie, and, rowing mechanically up the well-known route, he did not notice that I turned the track of our boat very near the track of the other.

"Becky!" he exclaimed, waking up as the boats almost grazed, "where are you going?"

"Fishing," I answered, leaning forward boldly to catch a glimpse of the hidden face, and noticing, after my failure, fishing implements in the *May Queen*.

Vas viciis! There was not a responsive sound or gesture. Chagrined beyond expression, a little frightened, too, I dropped the rudder and let Fax row me swiftly up the shore.

Beyond the banks, beyond projecting beaches white with shells and pebbles, beyond great clumps of shoreward-tending trees, dipping, for pastime, their green leaves in the green water, on and on Fax pulled us with great strokes, and close behind us pulled the man who saw not banks, nor trees, nor beaches.

Fax was noticing now, not me, nor the shore, but the man. Throwing down his oars, he suddenly thrust his head into my face, and whispered:

"He's followed us long enough. I've a mind to thrash him on the spot."

"You'd better," I said, "and drown us all. I think it's fun. Let it go on."

"All right," he said. "Let it go on then."

Plying his right oar vigorously he turned us out into the lake. Straight for its centre we darted. Straight for its centre the man followed. Plying his left we came shoreward again. Shoreward came the man. We cut right, acute, and obtuse angles. We made arcs and circles; ran with the waves, against, and across them. We danced, skipped, and played antics innumerable; and wherever we went, whatever we did, the *May Queen* did likewise.

Finally, after a long time spent in the exhilaration of this strange sport, Fax folded his arms from exhaustion. Only too glad of a pretext the man refolded his, and, having not yet lifted his eyes, there was my hero again, very near us. If at first the pursuit had flattered me, the recollection of it now filled me with a most intense curiosity and apprehension. Who was the pursuer? No longer the one I had fancied him, no candidate for flirtation—who was he?

I could find no answer in the lineaments I scrutinized, and even while I sought it he took up his oars and left us behind him. Perhaps he thought we were ready to resume the game, letting him lead it; but Fax, proud as he was of his muscular endurance, could not match this dauntless unknown. So we rested a while, and watched him crossing the lake.

"Now, Becky," said Fax, "what is the meaning of all this? My only solution is unmitigated impudence."

"I don't think it's that, Fax."

"What then?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, being rid of him, suppose we prepare to fish."

Speculating and laughing about our adventure we peacefully sought our destination. The spot Fax chose was not far from shore. Above it was covered with ripples; underneath, Fax told me, it was lined with rare fish. As Fax took one pole I took the other.

"This is your pole, Becky," he said.

"Give it to me, then."

"Why, I'm getting it ready."

"I can get it ready myself. Give it to me, or I'll keep this."

"Oh no!"

"Oh yes!"

"You can't bait your hook."

"I can."

"Well, you won't."

"I will."

Now, though Fax and I had been taught, from babyhood up, that contradiction is unrighteous, we indulged in it sometimes, nevertheless. Both bent on conquest, we embraced our respective poles and endeavored to stare each other out of countenance. The pantomime ended in uproarious laughter.

"Now, Becky," said Fax, "you know I wouldn't have said what I did if you hadn't forced it out of me. I'll take it all back, and do penance by baiting your hook."

"You sha'n't do penance for my sake!" I exclaimed.

"Then grant me, as a token of your forgiveness, the overwhelming felicity of baiting it."

"Fax," I said, with a solemnity that could not fail to impress, "if you should beg from now till December I wouldn't yield one inch."

Fax, knowing me, knew that I meant what I said; so, removing the cover, he gravely passed me the tin box crowded with that writhing mass of life.

"Inexorable maiden, partake!" he said.

And I, imitating the illustrious Jack Horner—with, oh, what different emotions!—put in my thumb, and pulled out one, only it wasn't a plum, and I put in one finger besides. My dainty white thumb and forefinger into that vileness!—I, who had spent a good portion of my seventeen years in fleeing from angle-worms and such infamous reptiles, not to mention four-footed beasts, took into my hand one of the things! How pale I must have turned—and Fax was looking! My sensations are indescribable; but I held him bravely, and when he tried to crawl away I pinched him.

Taking the worm, however, was only the preface to my horrid experience. He was bait, and bait is made to push hooks through. Moreover, he was an existence—a living, moving being. This live thing was to be murdered, and, in its death agonies, to be strung on a hook! Why, I would almost as soon have broken in two and pierced a kitten or a baby! But, feeling my brother's eyes on me, I did it.

I murdered the worm. I made of his lengthy unit fractions. I divided him into two pieces.

"Becky," said Fax, in a tone of the deepest commiseration, "please let me do it, dear. I've done it so often that I don't mind at all."

He saw, then, how I minded. Not answering him, I laid one half back in the box, and, despite the other half's contortions, encased my hook in it, successfully concealing the point, as I had often seen Fax do, in its head, or tail, I know not which. Then I extended my pole and dropped my hook.

A bite! What a thrill that jerk under water, so dear to fishers, sent through me! It was a big jerk, but such a little fish—not more than six inches long! Instinctively I handed it to Fax; but, remembering in time, I pulled the hook out of its mouth myself. And then, touched by its puny, homesick look, I threw it back into the water. I pulled out and threw in half a dozen of those good-for-nothing little things; while Fax brought up such fine, fat fellows. But by-and-by I began to have luck. I rivaled Fax.

"*Tenpus fugit like a mice*," said Fax, pulling out his watch. "Guess what time it is, Becky."

I guessed twelve. It was two. One never realizes how time can fly when one is having luck with fish.

"I'm hungry," said Fax, and forthwith producing our luncheon we let the fish rest while we reated. We sat there, talking idly over our sandwiches, discussing the man again, *et cetera*, for a long, delightful time. Then we commenced labor. I had pulled up several long, smooth fish, when I felt such a bite as I never felt before.

"Fax," I said, "I believe it's a whale."

"Where?"

"On my hook."

"Is it heavy?"

"Awfully."

"Steadily, carefully, Becky."

I tugged with all my might, and felt it slowly rising, rising. Breathlessly we waited. Joyously we shouted when it came above water—that mammoth, emerald beauty, flaked with white and jetty scales. That was a fish to boast of and remember. Claspng him tightly with one hand I endeavored, with its tremulant mate, to remove the hook. My obstinacy was simple barbarity; for, without Fax's assistance, I could only torture the struggling creature. It was impossible to let go his body and have my left hand free to pinch the big head and facilitate my efforts. Forgetting in my eagerness how to be scientific, still vain and willful, and at length despairing, I shut my eyes and pulled. The hook was freed; but it had torn its way out through flesh and blood. I had made two long, frightful gashes down and across the poor thing's cheek. I had made my beauty bear the mark of a cross. Half crying with remorse, I loosened my hold unintentionally. There was a sudden lunge, and my fish had taken French

leave. He had gone home to the bosom of his family.

As soon as we had recovered a little from our exceeding disappointment we noticed, what we must have noticed before except for our utter absorption in the fish episode, the striped boat and its occupant near us, near enough to have seen and heard all that transpired. He had come up, of course, in the midst of our excitement, and, sitting with his back to us, was now tranquilly baiting a hook.

"Fax," I said, in my lowest whisper, "don't let us stay here."

"Stay!" he retorted. "I will stay, and make that thing, whoever he is, leave."

"He has a right to fish here if he chooses," I said. "Please go."

So we rowed off and left him there in our place, and, having a fine display of fish, it being also late in the afternoon, we rowed homeward.

"Who is that man that has the *May Queen*, Mr. Gowl?" Fax asked the old boatman, as we landed.

"Who is he?" said the old man. "Can't you tell me that, Mr. Thissell? He's a queer one, I reckon," shaking his head ominously.

"Did you ever see him before?"

"Not him, nor the likes of him. He never raised up that hat while he spoke to me, and the only words he said was to bid me put a fishing-rod in the *May Queen*. He gave me a handful of silver beforehand too. See here."

And he showed us the extravagant price which the stranger had paid for the little boat.

All the way up the long street that led to our home Fax and I still speculated about the man. Shadows draped the square old-fashioned house when we reached it. Night was coming on, and the moon would rise late. We carried our trophies around into the back-yard, and through the dining-room door. My sister Jane shuddered, sniffing the dampness we brought in. She was getting tea. Jane, the exemplary fiancée of a clerical widower, had so far condescended as to make tea for us.

"Where's Ann?" said Fax and I together.

That something ailed Ann we knew, or Jane would never have left her ruffling and tating to go into the kitchen.

"Gone home," said Jane, disconsolately.

"Her mother was taken with chills, and sent for her. And, Fax, Neil is in the library."

"Glory, hallelujerum!" said Fax; "he promised to come some night this week—the dear old boy! and I'd forgotten it."

With that he dropped his fish and started, in his wet clothes, for the library.

"He is going to spend the night with Fax, Becky," Jane said. "You had better go right up stairs and dress for tea."

Before her advice was delivered I was already half-way up the back-stairs, and in the course of twenty minutes I had made myself beautiful as Nature would permit, in Bismarck and blue. Neil was fond of blue, and though

scarlet was my color, I could afford to become an immolator to his taste; for I liked Neil. Next to that long line of dear, shadowy heroes I liked Neil better than any body.

What a picture I saw as I entered the library! I used to think the cozy, luxurious room, with its book-lined walls, a picture in itself. But it was merely the setting now for a choice grouping—my mother, Neil, and Fax. Neil's head, adorned with those strong, manly features, was thrown back against the great chair he sat in, and his eyes were resting on the face of my little mother, who stood talking to him, with one hand on his shoulder—for mother liked Neil too. She pitied his motherlessness, and was then, I doubt not, doling out to him sweet morsels of comfort. Around Neil's other shoulder Fax's arm lay. He sat there still, on the arm of his chair, in his wet over-coat, quite absorbed in the "dear old boy."

I opened the door and spoiled the picture; for Neil rose to welcome me. Though mother and Fax were so near, I declare, as he held my hands in that long, firm clasp, he looked something into my eyes from his that I had but seen shadowed there before. Pouring that ineffable something down into my soul only, the others may not have seen the transmission. As for me, it made my heart throb with an unknown ecstasy. It made my lips quiver and my lids drop to meet the uprising flush in my cheeks.

But I recovered immediately, and, ashamed that he should so easily have found in me what he sought, I left them all, and flung myself on an ottoman by a far-away window, and commenced to jabber flippantly about the most commonplace things. Neil, quietly resuming his seat, which Fax had at length abandoned, fixed his eyes on my face, and listened.

Fax went to exchange damp clothes for dry. Mother followed him. Afraid to hear the voice which I liked so well, I would not cease talking, and, not knowing what else to say, I commenced to tell Neil about our day. He left his seat and came over by me. I do not think that he once took his eyes from my face. He sat down so near me and watched me so intently that, in my new, strange servitude, I dared not look up. The bondage, in a certain way, annoyed me; and yet I believe I was wearing one of those yokes that to women bring not fatigue and pain, but exaltation and peace.

Looking at the carpet I told Neil the whole story. It must be because his great, truthful soul, overshadowing him, made detraction impossible that I did not withhold that about the heroes; for I told him every thing—how I had watched for them; thought one come at last, and been disappointed. I finished my story. He bent over me, folded tenderly in one hand of his the two clasped on my knee.

"Poor little girl!" he said, in those perfect modulations that made his commonest words musical. "Poor little girl! I'm afraid her hero will never come."

The door opened, and Jane announced sup-

per. Mother and Fax came down, and we gathered around the table.

"Poor little girl! I'm afraid her hero will never come." The words were in my ears during the liveliest sallies and repartees we indulged in that night at supper, as well as during the few short pauses. The pity in them that would heal disappointment's wounds; the tolerance that humored, instead of ridiculing, my foolish young dreams; the implied seniority of experience; the looking back from a long distance to be sorry for—made me hate those heroes of mine, every one, from that time henceforth.

"Who is going to clean these fish?" said Jane after supper.

"Bother take Ann's mother!"

"Chills are bad enough, Fax."

"You had better throw them away," said Jane, indifferently.

"Throw them away!" I looked daggers at her. "I'll clean them all myself first."

"You won't do that, Becky," said Fax, "because I'll take the job out of your hands. I've cleaned fish before, and I can do it again. You can help, though."

We unbuttoned our cuffs and rolled up our sleeves. Neil was talking to mother again.

"Neil," Fax said, "Becky and I are going to clean fish."

He started up. "You'll let me help?"

"Shall we, Becky?"

"No; he may be spectator."

"All right, however you decree."

"Neil, suppose you read to us while we work."

"Oh yes!" I cried.

Neil would be delighted.

"You hunt up a book, Neil, while we get ready," Fax said.

"What sort of book shall I bring, Miss Becky?"

"Oh, any thing you choose."

"Provided it's Tennyson," remarked Fax. "Becky gets on the 'mild-eyed melancholy' over the 'Lotos-Eaters' semi-weekly, and it's my firm conviction she doesn't know another poem in the English language."

"You may read the 'Lotos-Eaters' if you please," I said to Neil, and chased Fax into the dining-room with evil intent.

"Here, child," said Jane, chasing me with an immense check apron.

I put it on, pinned up my trail, and commenced operations by seizing the biggest tin pan I could find.

"That's right," said Fax. "That will do for the first water. Find a second edition for rinsing water, Becky."

I seized another, and placed it by the side of the first on the dining-room table.

"I hope you don't expect to clean them in here," screamed Jane, showing the whites of her eyes fearfully.

"Come into the kitchen, then, Becky," Fax said, marching off with the pans.

"Nor there, either," shouted Jane, pursuant, "for Ann won't be home to clean up after you."

"Thunder and Mars! Where shall we go, sister Jane?"

"You can't go any where. I tell you you had better throw them away."

"Jane," I said, sternly, "we'd sooner clean them in the parlor."

"Becky!" exclaimed Fax, "the hen-house!"

"Oh, Fax, what a brilliant thought!"

I clapped my hands. It was a palatial hen-house, into which no hen had ever yet set foot. It had only been completed a few days, and was waiting for a family to move in.

"Now, Becky," said Fax, elated with the sudden turn affairs had taken, "we'll have a jolly time over these fish. You bring the pans and a big lamp, and I'll carry out chairs and improvise some sort of table."

The quadrilateral hen-house was a lattice-work structure, its only substantial being the roof overhead and a door on one side. When we brought in the lamp the interior became an illuminated theatre for outsiders. As we lived some distance from the densely habited part of the village, and as the night was likely to draw few people out of doors, the fear of being discovered and watched did not disturb us.

Neil came with Tennyson, and helped Fax bring in planks and sticks of wood. Having laid the planks across the sticks, we were supplied with work-table and bench. This article of furniture was placed close to that side of the hen-house opposite the door. On one end of it Fax sat, on the other end I sat. Between us were the pans, the fish, and the carving-knife. In front of us, with his back to the door, was Neil on a low chair. On a high chair above him stood the lamp, last mentioned, but by no means least important, of the cast within, who took and played their rôles unwittingly.

Thus disposed, Fax cut and scraped, Neil read, and I patiently waited for the fish to pass through the first water and get ready for the second.

Not wishing to look at Neil, I looked beyond. As I expected, I saw on the other side the lattice-work nothing but darkness—for a time.

The cadences that brought from the printed pages to my ears the lulling words of the "Lotus-eaters" would, if any thing could, have calmed the turbulence within me. But the man, the wounded fish, the new hatred of the heroes, and the intoxication of which my soul had partaken, had infused me with a sort of nervous expectancy that would not be calmed.

"And deep asleep he seemed; yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make,"

Neil read, drawing, with a glance, my eyes inward to his. I let them rest for a time where they had fallen, and while Neil read at me I looked at him.

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes, ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half dream!
To dream and dream like yonder amber light—"

Looking out I saw in the darkness two amber lights gleaming.

"See!" I cried.

The boys started.

"Pooh!" said Fax, "it's only a cat. She smells the fish. I'll open the door and let her in."

But my scream had frightened her away. She came creeping stealthily back in a few moments, however, smelling her way, through the open door, to the fish. She was a genuine night-prowler. Originally of gigantic proportions, her ill-gotten gains had developed her into a sleek, beautiful queen of cats. Fax threw her the refuse bits of fish. Regarding them disdainfully, she crawled under our bench, raised her proud head, lit with those burning balls, and from between her white little teeth emitted demoniac hissings. In a second she came out. She stood erect, snatched from the pan a newly-cleaned fish, and vanished once more in darkness.

"What a cat that was!" said Fax, returning from the door—which he closed—with carving-knife in hand. "As fine a feline specimen as I ever saw."

The last words that I remember in that memorable poem are these:

"—come like ghosts to trouble joy."

They are not the last that I actually heard, but I lost a few subsequent lines in thinking about them; and when I was ready to listen again my attention was drawn from the poem to a spot by the door. Distinctly I saw, not a cat's height but a man's height from the ground, two fiery eyes looking through the lattice. I did not scream. I did not speak. But how could I listen to poetry with those eyes fastened on me?

In my heart of hearts I believed that I was deceived; that my brain was upset, and a cruel hallucination tortured me. Nathless the eyes, enchained me as pitilessly as if I had known then how real they were. I could not bear the smiles, ineffectually concealed with pity, that would surely come on the boys' faces if I were frightened at nothing again. Not daring to tell them, enduring an agony of suspense, I looked at those eyes whenever they looked at me. For three times they ceased looking and moved behind the door. During that third abatement of torment Neil finished the poem and closed the book.

I was conscious that he had finished, and that any unusual emotion depicted on my face would be noticed now; so I laughed—at nothing, of course—affected an uncommon jollity, and talked of the fish.

"What progress you make, Fax!" I said. "Aren't they nice, big fellows? Oh, Fax, my lost beauty! I wish we had him."

I had scarcely uttered the words when the door of the hen-house was jerked violently open, and my wounded fish, as he had plunged from my hands to the water, plunged from a mysterious somewhere to my feet.

We heard a wild scream, a rustling of leaves, the slamming of the gate. For a second we all stood transfixed, then Fax rushed into the yard. Neil was following; but he turned and saw me trembling with fear.

Could he have helped, I wonder, coming back and sheltering me with his strong arms then? Could I have helped welcoming the shelter? Could he have helped whispering, "I will never go away unless you bid me?" Could I have helped answering "Stay?" Not in the desolateness of that night, when it was so sweet for him to give and me to receive protection. But we might have retracted in the morning. Only we did not choose.

Fax returned from an unsuccessful chase, greatly excited. He found us calmer; for a peace had come to us that quelled fears.

"Becky," Fax said, bending over the fish, "come here."

I obeyed.

"Do you see that mark?" pointing to the cruel wound—the gaping cross.

"Yes."

"Is there any mistaking it?"

"No."

"So it bit again for that stranger, and he has brought it to you." Fax looked troubled. "It is very queer."

And that was all we could say—mother, Jane, Neil, Fax, and I. It was all we could say through the long evening while we talked it over. But the next morning the light dawned.

"Read this, Becky," said Neil, at about eleven o'clock A.M. on the following day, handing me our weekly paper, which was just issued.

I read:

"An inmate of — Lunatic Asylum, a tall, finely-built, muscular man, escaped from his keepers three days ago. He employed a most skillfully-arranged plan of escape and concealment. Was traced to this village. After spending the day on the lake, in a boat of Gowla, known as the *May Queen*, he went at night to the wood half a mile beyond the late Dr. Thissell's premises, where he was captured early this morning."

"Exit Becky's hero," said Neil. "The end of act first."

"Why," I laughed, "you forget that we're in act second."

"How charmingly the plot unravels, Becky!"

Of course I shrugged my shoulders.

THE BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

I

DON'T say things are trifles till you know whether they are or not. Have you ever looked back on your life and been astonished to see that some little thing has been the means of changing the whole course of it? I can tell you a little story of the fact of a cat running across the yard with a chicken in her mouth causing a deal of suffering to two young people—to say nothing of the chicken's feelings. If you will listen I'll relate it.

VOL. XXXIX.—No. 230.—18

Nell Manning was a bright, loving body, the daughter of a worthy old couple who were "uncle" and "aunt" to the whole neighborhood; she had a warm, sympathizing heart, that caused her to feel a deep interest in her friends' love affairs, though as yet she was heart-whole herself, and seemed likely to remain so. One of her dearest friends was little Maggie Brown (the heroine of my story), a shy little shrinking thing with two lovers, both fine young fellows. One was Tom Harding, for whom she only cared in a sisterly sort of way, and treated tenderly because she was sorry she didn't care more for him. The other, Fred Bailey, was the joy of her heart; but she was too shy to give him more than the briefest glimpses of her feelings, so that poor Fred was in a more uncertain state than Tom, who did hope a little, and even more than a little.

It was Nell's birthday, and Nell was going to give a party; not a city party by any means, but a little country gathering. Of course Tom and Fred were invited. Maggie spent the day with Nell, helping her to frost the cakes and finish up various little matters of the sort; and then the two went into the gay old-fashioned garden, where bright flowers abounded, and gathered their aprons full for the adornment of the tea-table. Maggie had but little skill in the arrangement of flowers, though very fond of them, while Nell's quick fingers could group them charmingly; so when they came into the cool sitting-room Maggie poured her gatherings on a large waiter by Nell's side, and looked about for a resting-place. Now the room had but two really comfortable seats in it. One was the roomy sofa where Nell was seated with the waiter of flowers by her; so that place was pretty well taken up, for Nell was a fine specimen of a young woman; and the other was Aunt Peggy's easy-chair, styled "Sleepy Hollow," which stood by a window. It was Aunt Peggy's usual custom to sit therein and gaze out, occasionally sinking into such deep thought that her eyes were quite tightly shut during the meditation: but now the chair was vacant.

"Mother has gone out about something," said Nell; "sit down in Sleepy Hollow and rest a while, so as to be fresh for this evening"—a piece of advice that Maggie took forthwith.

Nell went on with a stream of conversation that was entirely on her own side, and in the midst of other matters gave this bit of information:

"You see I am going to put a little bouquet on each lady's plate—isn't that a pretty idea? I saw it in a book—but I am going to make yours different from the rest. I know somebody that you know that likes to wear a knot of flowers in his coat button-hole, so in the centre of your bouquet you will find a few moss-rose buds fastened by themselves, and arranged so that you can draw them out without pulling the rest to pieces—that's a real cute thought of mine, and I'm proud of it. Now be sure to

give it to him. I shall tell him to expect it, don't you disappoint Mr. F. B."

And then she talked away about something else.

Alas! Maggie had not heard. A little tired and rather heated, Sleepy Hollow and the cool room were too much for her; she sank into a brief slumber. Her nap was a short one, but quite long enough to do the mischief. She didn't hear a word about the bouquet. Now comes in my proof of trifles.

Had Aunt Peggy been in Sleepy Hollow Maggie would have staid out, and she could not have sunk into forgetfulness in any of the other chairs. But what took Aunt Peggy out of that bewitching nook? The cat running across the yard with a chicken in her mouth. Young chickens had of late disappeared mysteriously. The cook accused the cat, but Aunt Peggy said puss should not be convicted on any thing but the most direct proof; she turned up her nose at circumstantial evidence; but here was a proof the most conclusive. Aunt Peggy's eyes were good, and she was sure that she beheld the perfidious cat with a little yellow ball of a chicken partly out of her mouth; besides, there was "Old Speckle" herself charging after the enemy with her feathers ruffled to the last degree, and followed by her piping brood screaming at her heels. Out trotted Aunt Peggy to condemn the offender, and so Sleepy Hollow was empty, and Maggie sat in it and slumbered, and finally came to prolonged sorrow of heart because of this chain of circumstances.

One might well fear to step at all were it not for the watchful, loving Lord above, who turns troubles to our good; for, after all, Maggie's sorrow developed her character and made her more than she would have been had her life been without a cloud.

Later in the afternoon behold Nell and Maggie, lovely in their fresh muslins, receiving and entertaining the guests, among whom flourished Tom and Fred. Just before going in to tea Nell managed to draw the latter aside, and told him of the button-hole bouquet of moss-rose buds, which made the young man glow with delight, and give Nell a look of rapture that did not make her stout little heart flutter a bit, because she knew that he saw nothing but Maggie's face in the midst of moss-roses, though at that moment Miss Maggie was on the piazza with some young ladies and Doctor Blythe, who afterward made her more trouble than either she or he thought of. Doctor Blythe was a dapper little body, full of fun, and rather fond of practical jokes, never losing the least opportunity in that way.

At the proper hour the party filed into the tea-room, where Aunt Peggy sat at the head of the table, beaming smiles of welcome on all, and flanked by two stout domestics, who were all readiness to hand about delicious cups of tea and coffee, and the more substantial parts of the entertainment. Nell saw her guests well disposed of, and managed to have Tom at a

good distance from Maggie, who had been escorted in by Fred. Much laughing and talking prevailed; if there was not much wit, there was plenty that passed for it, and that answered all purposes. In the midst of it all some one called out to Fred,

"Why, Fred! I heard this afternoon that there was an idea of your going to China for several years, and that you were to start at once. Is that true?"

Maggie's heart gave a great thump, and she listened breathlessly for the answer.

"My uncle does wish me to go. I had a letter from him to-day, and am to decide by Monday. If I go, I must start for New York then and sail on Wednesday; but I've not quite decided yet."

"Dear me!" said Aunt Peggy; "that is short notice; to get the news on Saturday and have to say yes or no by the next Monday. The young folks will miss you a deal if you go, and so will the old folks too."

Here arose a general chorus protesting that he must not go, they could not spare him—all joining, with the exception of Maggie, who couldn't speak, and Tom, who wouldn't; for Tom, with all his hopes, had an uneasy feeling that, although he would miss Fred quite as much as the rest, it would be in a totally different manner; therefore he thought it would be as well for Fred to improve his knowledge of geography and gain some information in regard to China and the customs of its inhabitants. In the midst of the talking Fred managed to say, in an under-tone, to Maggie,

"Somebody else will decide for me. If I get the button-hole bouquet, I'll understand that means *stay*. Don't you think I ought to have it, when it was made on purpose for me?"

All which was Greek to poor Maggie; and she did not dare to ask an explanation, for her breath was coming and going in such a fluttering way that she knew she would not be able to control her voice. So she sat mute, while many of the others were eagerly talking to Fred; and Tom, regarding her from a distance, was sure she would have preferred having him by her—Tom being possessed of a good share of self-conceit.

When tea was over they flocked back to the parlor, where dancing soon commenced. But things did not go well with the unfortunate lovers. Fred had jealousy and obstinacy tolerably well developed on his handsome head; and these undesirable bumps just at this time rather ruled over the other bumps; the consequence of which was that he determined that he would say no more till Maggie made a move and gave him the flowers, or told him she would; while she—poor little dear—would gladly have gratified him had she known at all what he wanted; but she was far too timid to ask him. Then Tom took possession of her, and a silly little flirt got hold of Fred—a girl he didn't care a fig for; and the two (Fred and Maggie) were

about as miserable as any other two would have been under like circumstances.

At the close of the evening Maggie stood near a window with a young friend, a delicate girl, who looked with admiring eyes on the bouquet Maggie held in her listless hand, and exclaimed:

"Oh, what lovely moss-roses!"

"Would you like them, dear?" said Maggie. "Take them home with you."

Poor child! she was sick of the flowers and all else. The young girl took them with delight; and her brother who was standing by, tall Ned Stone, said, "I'll put them in the buggy for you while you get ready, Mary." So Mary handed them over, and Ned bore them carefully away, for he was a jewel of a brother, and his delicate sister was the apple of his eye.

Now Doctor Blythe was out on the piazza cooling himself after a rather vigorous Virginia reel. In the clear moonlight he saw Ned deposit the flowers in a basket in the back of the buggy, after which he returned to the house. Here was an opportunity for the Doctor to indulge his fondness for practical jokes; so he quickly made up a bouquet of grass and clover-heads, which he popped into the basket in place of Maggie's flowers, depositing those in his sully, which he had with him on account of having a patient to visit after the party. Great was the wonderment of Mary and Ned when, on reaching home, the substitute was examined.

Maggie and Fred parted without any explanation; but each was consoled by a secret hope that the morrow would rectify all mistakes. Fred arose the next day in a better state of mind. He felt ashamed of his feelings of the night before, and determined to seek Maggie and tell her all his hopes and fears. Yes, he would sit by her in the choir where she sang so sweetly, and then afterward would walk home with her; and then, *then*, speak directly to the point. So he dressed with great care and started for the church. The sky was bright and cloudless, and the sweet influences of nature, together with those of the holy day, softened and quieted the young man's heart; he thought of what his life would be could he gain his Maggie, and how good and gentle she was, how tender and winning. He carried his thoughts of her into the church—in which he made a mistake, for they should have been raised to more heavenly objects. But he did as we are all too apt to do. Ascending the choir stairs he reflected, "Yes, indeed, I might have known she would not have had the courage to give me the flowers, my timid little Maggie."

By this time he was just entering the choir, and raising his eyes beheld Maggie seated with her back to him, and apparently listening to something Tom Harding was saying to her, Tom bending tenderly over her to do it. Fred gazed at the pair, jealousy beginning to awake. While he did so Tom straightened himself, and Fred was transfixed by seeing in the button-hole of his coat the cluster of moss-rose buds.

There was no mistaking them. He not only recognized them, but besides that, Nell was the only one in the village who had them, and she had told him that she cut all she had for Maggie's bouquet. These thoughts passed like lightning through his mind, and brought such certain conviction with them that he instantly turned, and descending the stairs made at once for his own abode, where he remained the rest of the morning, tortured by disappointed love and raging jealousy.

Now, the offer of his uncle was considered with far different feelings. He looked on it as a means of escape, and decided to accept it. Having no relative but his uncle, a rather cold person, of whom he had seen but little, he had no family ties to prevent his leaving his country even so unexpectedly. Before, he could not bear to leave the place where Maggie dwelt; now, to remain was wretchedness; so his resolution was taken.

But how did Tom get the flowers? Of course Maggie could not have given them to him even if she had been willing to do so. Doctor Blythe returned home after his professional visit, and, sleepy as he was, did not forget to put the flowers in water. Then he slept as a healthy country physician of good nerves can sleep. He lived in a boarding-house, and one of his fellow-boarders was in the habit of straying into his room at all times, the Doctor never locking his door, because on one occasion when he did so they had to nearly batter it down before he could be awakened to attend a case that demanded immediate attention. Accordingly this young person, Jim Masters, "dropped in" on this eventful morning. As the Doctor slumbered profoundly Jim had to look out for his own amusement. He meandered around the room and soon espied the bouquet. The Doctor not being given to those things, Jim's attention was aroused; he examined it, and the flowers around the moss-roses being slightly withered, he saw that it was a bouquet within a bouquet. Nobody ever stood on ceremony with the Doctor, and Jim least of all; so he had no hesitation about drawing out the little bouquet. It was still fresh, Nell having wrapped a bit of wet moss around the stems. Then Jim drew the other flowers together to conceal the gap, and after that coolly walked off with the button-hole bouquet. Just as he left the house he encountered Tom Harding. Tom looked so jaunty, and the moss-roses seemed such a fitting ornament for his button-hole, that Jim, in a sudden fit of generosity, offered them; besides that, he didn't care to keep them. Tom stuck them in his button-hole, and shortly after entered the choir, where he was engaged in conversation with Maggie when Fred saw him, the service not having yet commenced.

II.

It was the Wednesday afternoon following, and Nell, who had been whipped off on Sunday morning immediately after church by a burly

young farmer, who had come in anxious haste for her, because his delicate little wife wanted sadly to see "Cousin Nell," and be benefited by her soothing powers, had just returned, leaving the farmer and his wife much the better for her visit. And now, after brushing her curls and otherwise touching herself up, she was seated at the tea-table and opening her small budget of news for the entertainment of her father and mother, who listened with much interest. Having finished the budget Miss Nell laid in a fresh supply of bread and butter and radishes, and said:

"Well, mother, any news to tell me?"

"Only one thing," returned Aunt Peggy; "but that's enough. Fred Bailey has gone to China."

Nell was just in the act of lifting a radish to her mouth, and remained transfixed and speechless in that attitude so long that Uncle Peter laid down his knife and fork and regarded her anxiously.

"What!" cried Nell, at last, putting down the radish. "To China! Oh, mother, don't tell me that!" For visions of poor Maggie passed before her. Uncle Peter shook his head and nearly groaned aloud.

"Yes," said Aunt Peggy, "gone for good and all. He came up Sunday night and asked for you, and seemed sorry enough when I told him where you were; and he said if it wasn't so far he'd go to see you, but it would make it too late. He looked dreadful cast down, and not like himself at all. He bid me and your father good-by, and thanked us for the pleasant times he'd had here."

At this point Aunt Peggy had a little choke in her voice, while Uncle Peter availed himself of the opportunity to give a faint groan, with his eyes still fastened on Nell.

"And he left good-by for you and all the girls," continued Aunt Peggy; "he said he had no time to go round among them. The next morning I saw him go off in the stage. He was as white as the wall. He put out his head as he passed, and just gave one wave of his hand, and then sunk back as though he couldn't look a minute longer."

Nell's appetite was gone. After a moment she rose from the table, and briefly saying, "I am going to run over to Maggie's, mother," disappeared.

As soon as the door was shut Uncle Peter exclaimed, with a mournful shake of the head, "My poor Nell! my poor little Nelly!"

Aunt Peggy surveyed him with surprise. "Why, what in all this world has taken the man? Why, father, it can't be that you think Nell cares for Fred Bailey more than a friend! You can put that out of your mind, and don't go worrying yourself for nothing." Then, in a lower tone, "Nell! What bats men are, after all!"

Uncle Peter, having unbounded faith in Aunt Peggy's wisdom and truthfulness, was much consoled, and applied himself with relish to his

supper, attending to his share of it and Nell's too.

Meanwhile Nell made her way to her friend. Her heart sank as she approached the house. She expected to find Maggie pale, drooping, heart-stricken; but as she stepped on the broad piazza to her amazement she heard a burst of laughter, in which Maggie's clear notes rang out. With wonder she entered the room, and found her, with half a dozen girls around her, listening to some joke of Tom Harding's, who sat near her, she, with bright eyes and brilliant color, laughing merrily with the rest. Nell had nothing left to do but join the circle, all receiving her with a hearty welcome. The evening passed on, Nell vainly trying to exchange a word apart with Maggie. The more she watched her the more uneasy she felt. The faithful friend could look more deeply into that tender soul than the others could, and she was not satisfied.

"Maggie," she whispered at last, "will you come over and stay all night with me, or shall I stay here?"

Maggie gave one glance, saw the determination written in Nell's face, and yielded. "I will go with you," she replied, faintly.

After the others departed, and Maggie and Nell were on their way to the house of the latter, Maggie walked so fast and asked so many questions relative to Nell's visit that there was no opportunity for aught else.

When they reached the house Maggie kissed Aunt Peggy in a laughing way, telling her one of Tom's jokes, and then ran up to Nell's room; but when Nell went up, ten minutes later, she found a despairing figure kneeling by the low window, the head resting on the arms. As Nell approached Maggie raised her head. Oh, such a pale, wan face she showed—the color gone, the light quenched! Nell said not one word; she sat down on an ottoman by her, and gathered her to her warm bosom. Then the bitter grief burst forth, not in wild cries, but in heavy sobs and tears like rain, till at last she lay quiet and exhausted in Nell's loving arms. Then Nell's voice gently broke the silence:

"Maggie! I know he loves you dearly. Why did you let him go?"

Trembling, creeping closer to Nell's bosom, she replied: "Oh, Nell! I too thought he loved me! But if he did, why did he leave me so? He never said a word—no, not a word."

Nell started in surprise. "There must be a misunderstanding," said she. "Think, Maggie, and try to tell me all—what did he say on Sunday?"

"Nothing," replied Maggie. "I never saw him, though I heard some one say he went up the choir stairs just before service began; but he was not there."

"Tell me what happened in the evening," said Nell; "he took you in to tea."

"Yes, but after that we were not together at all; and before we left the tea-table he seemed different; and all he said to me about going to

China was something at the table about another deciding for him; if he got the button-hole bouquet, he said, it would mean stay; but I didn't know what he meant."

"But you gave it to him," cried Nell, pushing Maggie back to look at her eagerly.

"Gave him what?" asked Maggie, trembling and trying to draw nearer.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Nell, "that you never gave him the moss-rose bouquet I made, and told you how to draw out? I told him you would give it to him, and that it was made for him."

Maggie uttered a sharp cry, and both started to their feet; she looked wildly at Nell.

"Tell me," she gasped. "I knew nothing of this."

Then Nell told her, told her with a sinking heart, for she guessed that Maggie had slumbered, and that her well-meant act had caused much sorrow to two hearts. When she finished Maggie wrung her hands.

"I knew nothing of it," she moaned. "Oh, my love! You did care for me, and thought my heart was cold to you, so you have left me and gone on your weary way alone. Oh, my love! my love! And I know it all too late, too late!"

She sank by the window and gazed with straining eyes toward the distant horizon, as though the soft, moon-lighted clouds she saw there were the white sails of the ship bearing away her lover.

"He is gone!" she said, in tones of utter despair, and stretched out her arms toward the clouds.

"It is not too late," cried Nell, impetuously, walking up and down the room; "it is not too late. I will write to him, and he will come back in the next ship."

"No," murmured Maggie, faintly. "No, Nell, that I will never consent to. He may have had other reasons to keep him silent. He could have spoken again on Sunday had he chosen"—for poor Maggie had never noticed the flowers in Tom's button-hole.

And to this determination did she adhere. Nell was astonished to find so much firmness in that gentle spirit; but so weak and trembling was she that Nell in alarm undressed her and laid her in the bed as one would do with a child. Still, before she laid her sorrowing head upon the pillow she made Nell promise that she would not write.

III.

The months rolled on—slowly to poor Maggie, who hid her secret so well that none guessed it; slowly to other sad hearts, but quickly to happy lovers and bright souls. Another summer bloomed, and the earth again brought forth her beauties. To Maggie every opening flower gave a fresh pang, though each pang was a hidden one. Her character developed more and more; her secret sorrow added to her pure and delicate nature the very things it needed.

It was a lovely afternoon in June. Nell was in the parlor, half dozing over some fine stitch-

ing, when a step on the piazzas roused her, and the next moment plump little Doctor Blythe trotted in. He dropped into an easy-chair and said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "Pleasant room this."

Nell continued to stitch and almost doze; the Doctor meditated, and did it with his eyes fixed on the open window; his gaze absently fell on the corner of the piazza, but after a moment his look brightened, and showed that he noticed the spot. An amused twinkle beamed in his eye, and in an instant more he chuckled. Nell looked up inquiringly, glanced at the chuckler, and then out of the window. The Doctor explained:

"I was thinking of a little joke of mine."

"What was it?" asked Nell, in a rather drowsy tone.

The Doctor, in an animated voice, related the little story of his standing on the piazza one night the previous summer, when Ned Stone put a bouquet in his buggy, and how he (the Doctor) forthwith changed the flower bouquet for one of grasses.

Nell listened with indifference. Maggie had never mentioned what she did with the bouquet, and Nell took it for granted that she kept it.

The Doctor continued: "The whole thing was a good joke—those flowers went through so many hands; I wonder I never told you of it, but I had some busy cases about that time, and it went out of my mind. I don't know where Ned Stone got the flowers; but I stole them from him, took them home, and Jim Masters stole the middle out."

Nell pricked up her ears. "The middle!" said she.

"Yes," replied the Doctor; "he told me of it afterward; said the middle came out—was made up separate from the rest. He took off the middle and gave it to Tom Harding to stick in his coat—so you see Ned Stone had the flowers, *one*; I, *two*; Jim, *three*; and Tom, *four*—four pairs of hands they passed through," added the Doctor, triumphantly.

Nell sat breathless, but she kept her eyes down and stitched on while saying, carelessly, "What kind of flowers were they, Doctor?"

"Let me see," said the Doctor, reflectively. "Tea-roses?—no; lilies of the valley?—no. I have it! Moss-roses! I remember Jim said there was moss round the roses and moss round the stems, for it seems there was some moss wrapped around the stems. I thought it a good idea."

Nell made no reply; she understood that in some way Fred had seen Tom with the unlucky flowers in his coat, and had taken it for granted that Maggie had given them. After a moment she said, in a sprightly tone, "Doctor, do you like waffles?" You may be sure that the Doctor did. "And peach marmalade?" continued Nell. The Doctor's eyes twinkled—he had a weakness for peach marmalade, and Nell knew it; he cast a speaking glance upon her. "Don't I?" he murmured. (Aunt Peggy's marmalade

was known far and wide.) "Then stay to tea," said the beguiling Nell, "and you shall have both."

The Doctor settled himself still more comfortably in his chair, and said he would. Nell went off to give directions, and in a few minutes returned. She seated herself near the Doctor and commenced a desultory conversation, that after a time worked round to Fred Bailey—how pleasant he was, and so forth.

"Have you ever written to him, Doctor?" asked Nell.

"No," replied he; "never thought of it, and don't know his direction either. You know he wrote once to old Mrs. Johnson where he boarded—the old soul was very fond of him—to tell her that he had arrived; but he gave no direction."

"You ought to write," said Nell; "he'd be delighted to hear, I know; and you could direct the letter to the care of his uncle in New York, who would send it to him."

"Dare say he would," replied the Doctor. "I will write some day. Fred was a right good fellow."

"I'll not stop to relate the whole conversation. It is enough to say that Nell, who was really not a manœuvrer, did descend to that; and so blindfolded and led the worthy little Doctor that the result was he wrote a long letter to Fred, telling him the village news—Nell sitting by him while he did it. Among other items he told him Tom Harding was engaged to Sally Mason (the same little flirt who took possession of Fred that unhappy night), and finally wound up by relating the joke of his carrying off the bouquet, and how it afterward passed into Tom Harding's hands. The Doctor never for a moment suspected that he did not write that letter entirely by himself and quite of his own accord. On the contrary, he plumed himself on the whole affair, and chuckled as he thought how Fred would laugh over the joke.

The letter went; but it had a long journey before it reached its destination. Through some mistake it wandered far and wide; the months rolled on. Nell never told Maggie of the Doctor's letter; she feared to awaken false hopes. Another summer bloomed, and Nell thought that Fred had ceased to love. She and Maggie never spoke of him when together; in fact, they had rarely done so even in the first few months after his departure. Nell's only consolation was that Maggie was not in the least compromised by the letter, as her name was never mentioned in it.

Again June brought the summer beauties on the earth. Aunt Peggy's old garden flourished, and sweet were its treasures. Down one of the long walks stood the moss-rose bush, covered with its lovely flowers, and before it late one afternoon was Maggie. Why did she come? Some magnetic attraction must have drawn her, for she always avoided this part of the garden. The sight of a moss-rose sent such a keen pain to her heart, even now, that she sickened

when she beheld one; but to-day she had sought them. Slowly she approached the bush, and gazing on it, pressed her hands upon her breast, while two heavy tears fell down her cheeks. She started, and recovering herself bent over a cluster of buds and plucked them; with drooping head she looked on them. What sad, sad memories they recalled! and yet the pain was sweet, sweeter far than forgetfulness.

But while she stood thus a step on the winding gravel-walk near her made her start; she listened, breathless and deathly pale: surely she knew that step. In another instant he appeared before her. Bronzed as he was she knew him. Both stood speechless, looking in each other's faces, while the moss-roses trembled in Maggie's clasped hands.

At last Fred said, with a trembling voice, and drawing a step nearer as he spoke:

"Will you give me the moss-rose buds now, Maggie?"

And Maggie laid them in his outstretched hand.

SQUIRE SUFFOLK'S SUBSCRIPTION.

SQUIRE SUFFOLK was the richest man in North Grafton, and gossips said the stingiest. "As close as the bark of a tree," they described him, for in a country place like North Grafton a small fortune entitles one to rank with the Rothschilds. In the mean time let us hope that the Squire was not so narrow as they believed, since deponent saith that the father of lies is not so black as he is painted; and the Squire, having made his money as a contractor, perhaps only carried his business habits into private life, and contracted his views on charity till contraction was no longer a virtue. It was said that he kept bachelor's hall because a wife would be expensive; that he went to bed at twilight because kerosene was high; that he wore his shabby clothes of an old style—old even for North Grafton—because broadcloth had gone up, and tailors had a disagreeable custom of coming down upon one; and furthermore, that he had pawned his silver to escape the grasp of the assessor.

How true all this was let Miss Catherine Poore answer. Miss Poore, who took in sewing, and had made up more than one piece of fine linen for the Squire, and who, during her vacations and hours of relaxation, purveyed for the parish or any needy body who came in her way—one human creature being quite as worthy as another of her aid and sympathy.

One summer morning Miss Poore tied on her straw bonnet—the identical bonnet she had bought with the money Squire Suffolk had paid her five years ago, and which bonnet she had sewed over with her own blessed fingers four separate times, in order to be as near the fashion of the day as respectability required—so one morning she tied on this work of art, and taking her purse, as a necessary precaution she believed, bent her steps along the blooming

country road toward the imposing mansion of Squire Suffolk, on charitable thoughts intent.

Now Miss Poore was no blooming miss of twenty, with dimples coquetting with blushes on her cheeks, and eyes running over with lovely mirth, and the peach-bloom of youth thrown like a glamour over all. She was simply a plain woman of forty or thereabout, with a face in no way remarkable, except for its expression of kindness and good-humor; and these, be it said, are the faces that best outlive youth, and that catch at last the reflections of the spirit, and grow beautiful in the illumination of good deeds and pure thoughts. Miss Poore was just the one to beg for others and desire nothing for herself; just the woman to make a thousand plans for the welfare of others, and feel their frustration as acutely as if they had been for her own personal happiness.

She was shown into the dining-room at Squire Suffolk's, where she found him dawdling over a late breakfast, which the servant had just brought in on a silver tray.

"You make me ashamed of myself," said he, reflectively sugaring his coffee by the aid of wrought silver tongs of an ancient design.

"I'm sorry. I hope to make you pleased with yourself before my visit is over."

"Then take this seat, Miss Poore, and drink a cup of this Mocha; it's my own importation. There isn't another such beverage in North Grafton, I'll venture to say."

"Thanks. I love Mocha, but it doesn't love me."

"That's odd, very odd of the Mocha; unrequited affections, eh?"

Miss Poore laughed, but she was thinking rather of a family in North Grafton who drank cold water every morning at breakfast, only indulging themselves in the luxury of tea on Sundays, in order to keep in countenance the father, who needed it to assist him through the wear and tear of the day, and who disdained any dainty which he must enjoy alone. This was the country pastor, the Rev. Herbert Hasent and family, who lived, or rather suffered, on a salary of five hundred dollars a year, and what extras were to be obtained by fitting stupid boys for college. She cleared her voice then, a little nervously, for action.

"Mr. Suffolk," said she, "I have come on a matter of business, and I may as well get it over at once and leave you at your breakfast in peace."

Some dim idea of sewing-work flashed through his mind, while he involuntarily ran over the items of his wardrobe.

"I don't see—" he began.

"Oh, please don't refuse till I tell you. With the aid of several charitable societies we are fitting out some young clergymen as missionaries to the Feejee—"

"Oh, the missionaries be hanged!" he interrupted, scenting danger perhaps for others besides the missionaries. "I beg pardon, Miss Poore; but—the devil—it seems to me that charity begins at home."

"I've no objections to that, only don't make her too much of a home-body; a little neighborliness is good."

"Eh? They'll be eaten alive, those young fools. It's downright unchristian to send them out merely as food for the savages. I won't lend a hand to such cruelty. I—"

"Very well," said crest-fallen Miss Poore, rising to leave.

"No, it's *not* very well—begging your pardon again. Sit down, sit down. Now it stands to reason that if the call was a worthy one—that is, if I believed in it, why—the fact is, I should be as ready as the next one. There's your minister now, the Rev. Mr. Hasent—never was a poor devil better named—he *hasn't* a cent to bless himself; his wife wears calico in December; he buys fuel by the barrowful—so my gardener tells me; he wears patches into the pulpit; they live on beans and oat-meal! Why doesn't some one raise a subscription there? I would come down with something handsome—upon my word I would!"

And here the Squire tossed off his cup of Mocha, well satisfied that he had staved her off with his specious humanity. But Miss Poore was valiant, and not to be worsted in the encounter.

"You speak feelingly," she said; "it does you credit, I am sure," taking out her tablets. "What a luxury it is to be able to give where your heart dictates and your judgment approves! Acting upon your suggestion, I will open a subscription for Mr. Hasent at once, and headed by *your* name. I am certain it will meet with great success."

This was a turn of affairs the Squire had hardly anticipated.

"You won't get a cent, mark my word."

"I shall make the effort, at least. What shall I put you down at? A great deal depends upon that, you know."

"I should think so. Why, my dear lady, you won't get a sixpence out of these clodhoppers. Come now, I won't put my name down, but I'll do this for you: I'll agree to double all you collect. Now isn't that handsome?—I guess I've heard the last of that story," thought the merry Squire.

"Thank you," said Miss Poore. "Then you'll see me again. Good-morning, Mr. Suffolk."

And she was away through the blossoming lanes again without a thought for any thing but Mr. Hasent's comfort and the Squire's offer.

"How very good it was of the Squire!" she said to herself; "he isn't so mean as people believe, after all, if you only work the right vein. Heigh-ho! what a godsend it will be to Mr. Hasent—a little ready money for the necessities of next winter; a new gown for little Belle, who hasn't been at church for weeks; a jacket for Tom, who is irremediably out at elbow."

What comfort, what heart's ease was laid up in that blank subscription list! Oh, if the days were each a year long, and all the farmers'

geese laid golden eggs! What a pity it was that so many close-handed people lived in North Grafton! There was Mrs. Adams and Captain Jackson; they were both well-to-do, but to what a wretched extreme they carried economy! Well, but now that she was passing she might as well go in.

"Good-morning, Captain Jackson. I'm raising a subscription for poor dear Mr. Hasent, and I want your name."

"You want my money, you mean?"

"Certainly; yours, and that of a good many other good people. How pleasant it is to have something to give away!"

"I should think very like; but I hain't got a cent ahead myself: never was so poorly off in my life."

"Dear me, what a pity!" sighed Miss Poore. "Now we all thought you were forehanded. How surprised the neighbors will be! Did you lose in that fire?"

"Lose! I hain't lost any thing. What put that bee in your bonnet? I hain't got a cent, though, to give to any prating parson—not I."

"Very well. Then I must go and try Mrs. Adams. The world has used her well; perhaps she is grateful enough to give her mite."

"A precious little mite you'll get there. Why, my dear woman, she's closer than a glove to the hand. She wouldn't give a cent to save her soul, provided she has one. Come, I'll venture to double what she gives; it won't stave a hole through my bulwarks, I will be bound!"

"Good-morning, then; perhaps you'll see me again."

And Miss Poore was off to Mrs. Adams's. She found that lady just turning a loaf of plum-cake out of the oven.

"Done to a charm, isn't it?" said the satisfied housekeeper. "You know I took a premium on bread last fall."

"I'm sure you ought to have one on cake, if it's as good as it looks. I wonder if Mrs. Hasent tastes such a thing once a year?"

"Not oftener, I guess," laughed Mrs. Adams. "She's too slack to beat up the eggs—catch her."

This didn't look promising, surely.

"She is not well, you know; she's an invalid. She has been denied the greatest blessing God can bestow, of which you and I seem to have store. Isn't it a pity that she should be deprived of so much besides?"

"Oh, but there must be a screw loose somewhere; either they're wasteful or something."

"Bless you, they haven't any thing to waste; they don't know the meaning of the word. Why, Mrs. Hasent has worn that chocolate calico for three years running."

"Well, you know, invalids don't wear out clothes as fast as active bodies like me and you, Miss Poore. Now it's my opinion, between us two, that Mrs. Hasent might sit up and do her house-work as well as her neighbors, if she chose. Law, think of the parson pothering about and cooking breakfast! I'd like to see the morsel of bread I would eat of his making!"

"I guess if you were starving you wouldn't ask who made it. I tell you it's a suffering household."

"I suppose all this talk means that you are out begging for them? Law sakes! it's as much as a widow can do to make both ends meet. What with ten tons of hay and a new barn swept off by fire, and a likely calf drowned in the freshet, I'm rather out, you see. Law, this is the world, and the other's the country."

"That's true; and we sha'n't any of us reach that country if we aren't open-hearted toward one another. But Captain Jackson, he warned me that I shouldn't get the *widow's mite* here. He was so morally certain that he offered to double whatever you gave, thinking, no doubt, that it wouldn't hurt him to double nothing—quite in his line, to be sure."

"Ha! ha! did he? Well now, that's a good one! I never expected the Captain would be so generous. I'd like to twist a few coppers out of the rusty old skinflint. It'll make him lose flesh. Now I think of it, I've got a ten-dollar bill that I was going to send away; but I suppose the Hasents may as well have it, and then, too, Captain Jackson'll have to fork over a twenty!"

"Thirty dollars is a very fair beginning," thought Miss Poore. It didn't seem exactly necessary for her to quarrel with the motive, when the action was so acceptable; and therefore her business carried her back to Captain Jackson's.

"Again!" cried he, looking a little blank. "Where's the *widow's mite*? mighty small, isn't it?" attempting the facetious.

"Well no; it's very good of her. She was just going to send it away. It's a ten-dollar bill, Captain!"

"Thunder! You don't mean it? Let's see it. It isn't counterfeit, is it? Did it give her a cramp? How did she weather it? She must be on her beam ends! Dear, dear, and I agreed to double it! Well, I've doubled the cape, and a good many other dangerous points, but bless me if this isn't double trouble. There's a *doubloon*, at all events, and gold's up, you know. I'm the last man to abandon a promise."

Very good trophies to begin with were the ten-dollar bill and the doubloon. The story of how they were obtained raised a laugh in many a farm-kitchen, and a hearty laugh opens the heart and the purse by one impulse. Miss Poore left a loophole to no one. She painted Mr. Hasent's difficulties so graphically, she related her experiences so humorously, that few could say her nay. It would have been like going to an entertainment and then refusing to pay the price of admission. Besides, none could resist Miss Poore; and who would be outdone by Mrs. Adams and Captain Jackson? No one cared to compete with those worthies; and then wasn't Squire Suffolk to double the whole amount, after all was said and done?

That was a pill which every one was anxious to administer to him, and they did their pret-

tiest in the way of compounding it. The more nauseous the better; swallow it he must, if it made him black in the face, and strangled him into the bargain.

Into every house in the place went Miss Poore and her subscription-paper. Where money was scarce she accepted produce, and borrowing a team drove into town, and drove her bargains as shrewdly as Reynard himself, only more honestly. Barn-yard fowls, and game that the neighbors' boys had brought down for the benefit of the parson and the discomfiture of the Squire; butter and eggs; lamb's-wool and sheep-skins; bags of grain, and fruit and vegetables—all was grist that came to her mill.

One morning, going into town, she met the Squire himself in his smart gig, mounted behind a tall, chestnut-colored horse, for the Squire's one extravagance was horse-flesh, said the gossips again. He reined in, however, when he recognized her, and asked if she had taken to farming, said he wanted to let his farm on the halves, would she undertake it? and threatened to waylay and rob her when she returned homeward with the funds in hand.

"You've some fine lamb's-wool there," said he, slighting to examine it. "*Card and Spinner* have engaged a hundred-weight of me at a premium. Here, I'll drop them a line, and you can take this up to them if you like, and say I sent it as an installment; they'll pay you cash down."

"But—do you know what the money's for?" hesitated Miss Poore. She couldn't make up her mind to this unfair advantage, even in the cause of the Church.

"Certainly I do. It's to ruin the Squire and enrich the parson. Shall I have to mortgage the farm, do you think? In that case I shan't ask you to take it at the halves."

"A persistent little brigand!" laughed the Squire, rolling along over the country road, and enjoying the breezy morning, the odor of wild blossoms, the gushes of bird-song that palpitated on the air in an ebb and flow of harmony, enjoying them as no mere miser could enjoy such unsubstantial pleasures.

"It's your money or your life with her. She wouldn't disfigure the old place either, *she* wouldn't. Blood will tell; she's got the high and mighty ways of the Jerrolds, and they bought their lands of the Indian rachems—nothing much older than that, I fancy, in this country—if they did part with them to the devil, so to speak. Heigh-ho! I thought danger was over when a fellow reached the fifties, but I do believe that, like the measles and whooping-cough, it goes harder with the adult."

And thus the Squire pursued his way, sometimes humming a strain of that old tune,

"Lovely Zitana, list while I play."

"Brigands abroad, I may not stay."

"But thy bright eyes if the brigand should see,
Thou art the bandit, the captive is he!"

All through the summer days Miss Poore

pursued her scheme, and into autumn; early in the dewy morning before her day's drudgery began, and again after it was finished. If she took a holiday to herself, it was only in order to swell the subscriptions. The neighbors caught the infection, and the children picked berries and went nutting in the season to pile Miss Poore's market wagon. Women who had nothing else to bestow took their knitting with them when they went out to tea or pleasuring, and gave the results. Ruth Brown made yards of tatting, like a trace of hoar-frost, while she gossiped about the neighbors' crops, the last singing-school, and the young man with the golden mustache who came to buy grain of Farmer Gould, and said sweet things to his daughter; while a reminiscence of this smart young man with the golden mustache, and the tender nothings he had said to Kate Gould, appeared in the disguises of graceful leaf and opening bud, in satin stitch and lace-work embroideries, undertaken in the cause; and if they did not sell the better for this it surely was no fault of Kate's; she had put her best into them. And it was Maggie Slope who surrendered the premium of a gold eagle, which she had taken at a by-gone county fair, very much as one surrenders an eye-tooth, only because one would feel infinitely worse to keep it; and Nell—not to be outdone—offered her ear-rings, and found that they were pinchbeck.

It seemed as if one and all were bent upon begging Squire Suffolk, for on the first day of November the amount had reached three hundred dollars, and the subscription-list was closed, except to the Squire.

Accordingly one afternoon Miss Poore put on her work of art, and taking her treasure with her, proceeded to the Suffolk place. It was a bleak autumn day, a forerunner of sleet and storms and pinching wintry weather, and Miss Poore, wrapping her threadbare shawl about her, was glad at last to find herself before the blazing fire in Squire Suffolk's drawing-room. It seemed to her at first as if he would never allow her to come to the point. Either he had forgotten all about the affair, or meant to wear out her patience; but that was simply inexhaustible. In the mean time he entertained her with a detailed account of his estate, as if he were the steward and she the master; with the increase in his crops and prices; with the story of his youth and school-days; of his first beaver and swallow-tailed coat; of his awkward first love; and when he paused it occurred to Catherine that she knew him perhaps better than he knew himself. She wondered at this strange familiarity which was growing upon her; and when at length she pulled out her subscription-list it was with a quaint reluctance of manner not at all like Miss Catherine Poore's usual promptitude. Was she afraid he would fail to fulfill his obligation, and so disappoint her hopes? Was it because, having acquired a sort of friendliness for him, she feared lest he would prove the niggard?

"Three hundred dollars," said he. "You have done finely!"

It plainly wasn't a very stunning affair to him, or he met an emergency with consummate coolness.

"Yes. I have it here in ready money. You shall count it if you will."

"Three hundred dollars! Why, child, I haven't so much on hand." She had feared it would come to that. "I never keep it about me, you know," he pursued. "I don't like to put a premium on murder, to make it worth the servants' while to put a dirk through me any time after dark."

She left her seat then and prepared to go home. She was quite miserable at that moment. To be balked thus! Six hundred dollars would have gone so far with the Hasents—they needed it so sorely! Only yesterday she had seen Tad's stockings peeping through his shoes; and then the doctor had ordered porter for the mother; but it was one thing to order and another to obtain. Here would have been porter and plenty. She did not realize that all this, bad enough truly, was yet not enough to make her so dispirited as she seemed. She felt as if some disaster had overtaken her which money in itself had no power to alleviate.

"I will send to town to-morrow," said the Squire, "and you shall have the money before night. Will that do?"

"Do!" The tears stood in her eyes, the reaction of feeling was so intense. You can not understand what it was to this woman, who loved her neighbor as herself, who made his welfare, spiritual as well as material, a personal thing, a happiness, the business of her life.

She called in at Mr. Hasent's on her way home. There was no cheerful blaze in the grate. Mrs. Hasent sat bolstered up in bed darning stockings, while her husband made the toast and tea, and lighted a solitary lamp. Miss Poore looked about her and thought of all the changes to come: of the comfortably clad children; of the warm winter fires; of the new suit that should replace the shabby black of the father's; of porter and partridges for the mother—and then she bid them good-night, and her gladness illumined the path before her so that she seemed to walk in noonday.

She went about her work as usual next day, never allowing her gaze to wander out expectantly, till a sharp ring brought her to her feet, with her nerves all quivering in the flesh, as if the points of innumerable pins were stabbing her through and through. It was the money from the Squire, in crisp bank-notes, the full three hundred dollars—but what else? What was it that made Miss Poore's hand tremble like an aspen, that sent the tears dropping slowly one by one, and made her flush and pale before this scrap of paper?

"MY DEAR MISS CATHERINE,—'The stingiest man in North Grafton' offers you his hand and heart. As it is the first time in his life that he has been gully

of such generosity, pray encourage him, and heal him of his infirmity.

JOHN SUFFOLK."

And so Mr. Hasent's heart and home were gladdened with the six hundred dollars, and this gladness rebounded upon the Squire and Catherine Poore; and there was a great wedding, for North Grafton, in Mrs. Hasent's best parlor, and every body had a new gown for the occasion, not excepting the hostess herself, whose new gowns were like angels' visits—few and far between.

[As a veracious historian I feel bound to state, however, that in looking more closely into matters Mrs. Adams's ten-dollar bill confirmed Captain Jackson's worst suspicions, and proved to be a counterfeit. Strange to say, that gentleman was so well pleased with this result that he flatly refused to take back his doubloon, as under the conditions he would have been justified in doing. As for Mrs. Adams, we will give her the benefit of a doubt.]

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Within her rustic woodland bower,
Like some warm-hearted, tender flower,
With young buds all around her,
She kept in her gracious and glad content,
And never a dream nor fancy went
From the tendriled twigs that bound her.

The house was full of the pleasant noise
Of gay glad girls and sturdy boys,
Each with a heart like a blossom;
They were seven in all—five ranged between
The head that was touching sweet sixteen
And the babe on the mother's bosom.

In hopeful toll the day went by,
And when the tired sun built in the sky
His great, red, cloudy bower,
She gathered her buds about her knee—
The sturdy three, and the gentle three—
This motherly woodland flower.

And when the glory died in the west,
And the birds were all in the sleepy nest,
She would sit in the twilight shadow,
And think how her baby should grow so fine,
And make her place in the world to shine
As the lily maketh the meadow.

Years came and went, and the pleasant noise
Was hushed in the house, and the girls and boys
Came now no more about her;
As the bird went home to the drowsy nest,
And the sun to his cloudy bower in the west,
They had learned to do without her!

The little children that used to be—
The comely three and the sturdy three—
Young men and beautiful maidens,
And each had chosen out of the heart,
And gone to be in a bower apart,
And to dress them separate Edens.

And the mother's thoughts went wearily
Across the prairie, and over the sea,
And through the wintry weather,
About the streets, o'er the desert sand,
To take them once again by the hand,
And to gather them all together.

But alway, as the sun went down,
And the gold and scarlet fell to brown,
And the brown to deeper shadow,
Her babe made all the house as bright
As the lily, with her leaves of light,
Maketh her place in the meadow.

She could not grow from the loving arms,
Nor go to meet the wide world's storms
Away from the lowly portal:
For Death, in the brodered slip and cap,
Had left her to lie in the mother's lap,
In her babyhood immortal.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE was recently in Boston a meeting of working-women to consult upon their condition. The persons who spoke told a very simple tale of labor and suffering from their own experience, and a very pitiful tale it was to read. It reminded you of that picture in which John Leech represents a skeleton figure of Death sewing blirts, in illustration of the slop-shops of London. How painful the stories were that were told of the sewing-women in London! How terrible the tragedy of the Isle of Dogs which we were lately describing in these very columns! And how near London is, after all—not further off, at least, than Boston; and the Isle of Dogs in how many slums not a thousand miles from this very Chair!

There was one woman at the Boston meeting whose description of the daily and nightly life of her hard-working sisters was startling because it was so calm and vivid: There are thousands of poor women in that city, she says, who subsist upon starvation wages. The consequences we know. The history of every city reveals them. But the most tragical point of her narration was that in which she said that, when complaint is made of the smallness of the wages, the employer, in a dry, business way, with no apparent intention to insult, and no leer of insinuation, often says to the girl that if she has any gentleman friend to supply clothes, the wages will probably be enough. How the truth puts our fine fictions to the blush! Here we are, all writing novels, stories of to-day, tales of American life, and other things; and there is the opera *bouffe* to show how our tastes incline, and we writers have not dared to depict the plain fact; or, rather, we have not known it.

Perhaps, however, the sequel of the revelation made at the meeting is still more painful. One of the newspapers, which was unwilling to believe the stories as they were told, added the remarkable statement that, if there were so many women so sorely pressed to live by the needle, there were plenty of places where they would be thankfully employed as domestic servants at good wages. This is probably true, and yet they will not go. The one thing which they can not bear is what is technically called service. What a change from the time when country girls came to town and, without losing self-respect, did all the household work of families!

"I hope I can do better than slave in a kitchen," is the instinctive and indignant reply to a remote suggestion of this kind. Oh ho! then we have not quite weeded out that tough old Canada thistle of caste, of aristocracy, of gentility, of whatever you please. What was that discourse upon the Dignity of Labor which so enchanted us a little time ago? And it is not labor after all that is dignified and ennobling, but only certain kinds of labor. Front de Boeuf and Brian de Bois-Guilbert despised the Jews because they made money in trade. Trade was for the scum and lees of humanity. The labor of thwacking the shining helmet and the thick cuirass and corselet of a knight at arms, to grapple with men as with wild-boars and to butcher them if you could, that, look you, was

work worthy of gentlemen and lords of high degree. But the peaceful exchange of commodities, fugh! that was work for the cursed Jews who had crucified the Saviour; and who should be forever well ground for their pains under the heel of Christendom.

Trade, you see, in those most wretched days—in King John's days, for instance—was as heartily despised by the lords and ladies as domestic service is by us who are lords and ladies. And yet what a prodigious reflection it is which, "in a season of calm weather," comes floating in upon our minds that we lords and ladies of to-day, who recoil from the thought of domestic service, are ourselves engaged in the very work which the barbarous lords and ladies a few centuries ago thought fit only to be left to the slag and refuse of mankind! By-and-by, say in the twenty-ninth century, will there be a class of workers and a kind of labor which will be considered so intolerable and degrading to the aristocracy engaged in domestic service as that employment seems to us now?

Some labor, indeed, as a very quick-witted young person, who has just come in, remarks, requires more brains than some other. To manage a huge commercial or manufacturing business, for instance, the same young person suggests, certainly demands higher qualities than to sweep out the counting-room which is the head-quarters of the business. And, therefore, continues the new-comer, with a force of logic which is full of promise, the labor that requires more brains is certainly the most respected; and that which requires none at all, for which a certain amount of brute strength and dexterity are alone necessary, is of the least account.

The new-comer is certainly correct as to the fact that more brains are essential to the one than to the other. But can a thing that ought to be done be more than well done, and if well done ought not the respect for it to be as pure in kind as for the doing of any other necessary thing, although it may be less in degree? Lois and Jerusha leave home to earn an honest living. Lois is quick, handy, full of tact and taste, and she is presently a milliner in high repute. It was her neat equipage that you passed in the Central Park yesterday afternoon. Jerusha is slow and heavy, and she is after a dozen years the same honest chamber-maid she was at first. We all acknowledge the superior gifts of Lois. But unless labor be in itself disgraceful we ought not to feel that Jerusha is stigmatized by the kind of labor to which she is devoted. The labor being necessary is honorable, is it not, O good American? Then there can be no dishonor in engaging in necessary labor, can there, O logical new-comer? What are the familiar lines of the sweet singer George Herbert?

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

And certainly who governs an empire not as for those laws can not be honored, whatever the brains.

Look at the case of the Boston work-women. An employer says to them, let us suppose, "Here are a dollar a week, a garret, cold, and starvation for sewing shirts." Another employer says, "Here are a home, plenty of food and fire, and eight dollars a month for chamber-work." Brains, if you please, do not much enter into the calculation. Yet there is a recoil as of insult and injury from the last, and a bitter acceptance of the first. If the reason of this recoil be what is called pride, is it an honorable pride? Jane goes into a cotton-mill, Jemima into a kitchen. May Jane, for that reason, take airs and feel that she is the lady, while poor Jemima is a menial? And menial is not originally a word of discredit or humiliation. It means merely family or household; and servile is only the quality of serving; and we Christians, you remember, do not speak ill or think ill of serving others.

"Ah, indeed, Mr. Easy Chair!" exclaims that very lively young person who has just dropped in. "And how would you like to be a waiter at Delmonico's?"

Well, my young friend, the Easy Chair would not prefer that profession, because there are natural tastes and choices. One man would be a musician, another a carpenter, another a printer, another an author, another a barber, and another a waiter. Then there are necessities. A man can not always choose what he will do—

"Yes, yes; but," interrupts that new-comer, "you are drifting away from—"

Calmly, my young friend; the Easy Chair is drifting straight to its answer. Obligated to make an honest living, if the methods which it preferred were impracticable for it, it would lay a cover and flit a napkin without the least sense of disgrace. And if the alternative were to run abominable errands at starving rates, or to wait at fair wages, which would my young friend prefer for himself? This last is the Boston alternative, as I understand it. The "pride" of the poor women, it appears, or it is assumed, prefers the starving wages for shirt-making with a "gentleman friend" to the household service.

Now it is clearly not the labor which decides, but it is another kind of consideration. It is the feeling that to do the one is to be more of a lady than to do the other. More of a lady? Why, good woman, what is a lady? If she could answer she would say, to dress finely and do nothing. Yes, and for that theory which poisons and ruins this poor life of hers—how many of these poor lives, indeed!—we, that is, society, must bear the responsibility. It is not the poor women and their pride that are to be blamed; it is we and our folly, that make the public opinion to which they sacrifice every thing that is most precious and sacred, who are the real sinners.

Now when the Biddy question has become so important, it is perhaps worth while to think of this a little. Suppose, dear Madame, that we should begin a reformation in the parlor, and free our minds of the feeling with which domestic service is usually regarded, by being humane and courteous masters and mistresses. There was no more refreshing little spectacle a few years ago in London than that of the excellent Monsieur Soyer, a cook, "a mere cook," who might any day for many years have been seen with his white cap and apron presiding over

sauce-pans—no more refreshing spectacle than that of this worthy and useful member of society driving up in his coupé to the great clubs, stepping out and paying his visit to the kitchen, like a Don of medicine to the drawing-room of a palace, then stepping into his carriage again and rattling briskly off to his next post of duty. F. M. the Duke of Wellington did his duty no better, and was no more to be honored for it, however much more we may have admired his superior qualities. His work was no more essential than good cooking, and he did it no better than Soyer did his.

The late Prime Minister Disraeli has a pleasant satire upon this fine art of cookery, and upon its eminent professors, in the opening of his capital novel of "Tancred." But read "Vivian Grey," and see if his description of his own craft of statesmanship there does not seem equally satirical. Good statesmanship is very important to a great nation, but good cooking is indispensable. Think of the kind of cooking to which this hapless country is now subject! If some good angel should smile some morning from the roof of the magnificent Park Bank—and the Easy Chair beseeches the reader not to expect it of the worthy stone angels who permanently reside upon the facade—and announce that he would straightway introduce a race of neat-handed Phillises, and artists not less skilled than Monsieur Blot, would we not gratefully build him a statue in the Central Park?

But if we doubt and despair of angels, why not cultivate an opinion that domestic service is not to be condemned by women, and by removing such stigma as may now rest upon it, persuade these hapless women of whom we were speaking that it is quite as honorable and lady-like, quite as harmonious with the truest "pride," to serve in a household as to sew in a shop, or starve in a garret, or flaunt in a gay dress at the theatre with a "gentleman friend?" It is among us who sit in the parlor that the real feeling in regard to the kitchen takes its rise, and that dirty fountain must be purified at its source, or not at all.

It is a question for "gentlemen of the Press" practically to determine whether the freedom of the Press is to cover the publication of every kind of private conversation. But in the courts of honor and good taste the question is, however, already determined. If a reporter waits upon a Senator, or any other person of high official position, and says, "Sir, I am the correspondent of a daily newspaper in every large city in this country, and I should be glad to know your views upon the *Alabama* question, and upon the Cuban question, that I may write them out and submit them to you for publication in my various journals," the Senator or other distinguished personage would govern himself accordingly, and talk with his interlocutor as if he were addressing Congress, with a regiment of reporters lying in wait for every word he uttered.

Or if one of the same gentlemen, who, with his methods of communicating with the public, and his opportunities of giving all that he relates that indefinable air of weight, justice, absurdity, or sophistry which a skillful writer can employ, is really one of the most powerful persons among us, should go to Mr. Bryant and

say, "Mr. Bryant, sharing the universal respect which is felt for you by your countrymen, and proud of your fame and of your life and character, I should be very much gratified if you would favor me with your private opinion of the poetical performances of Mr. Longfellow, and your views of the comparative poetic merits of Mr. Whittier and Mr. Emerson, and your individual preference between Mr. Stedman and Mr. Stoddard, that I may impart a freshness of interest to the letter which I am about writing to the *Echo of the Rocky Mountains*"—and if Mr. Bryant should reply, "My dear Sir, I am happy to say that I think very small beer of Mr. Longfellow and of all the other gentlemen whom you have been pleased to mention," he would have no right to be surprised at the appearance of his opinion in print; and if the correspondent stated all the facts of the interview the public could not accuse him of any impropriety, whatever judgment it might form of the discretion of Mr. Bryant.

But now, when we read in the newspapers a letter from a correspondent describing his interview with any noted person, there is a feeling of shame, as if we were overhearing a private conversation. It is a very small soul that peeps through a keyhole, and we can not escape an unpleasant conviction upon reading such letters that we have been involuntarily thrust into that position. The Easy Chair has heard, upon excellent authority, that during the happy administration of the late enlightened and docile Chief-Magistrate conversations occurred in that abode of peace called "the Executive Mansion" which were reproduced with astounding accuracy of detail in a Baltimore newspaper. This fact was especially observed by a distinguished guest who was often engaged in conversation upon public affairs by his docile Excellency—and one day, observing a door partially open in the room in which he was talking, the guest rose quietly while the President of the United States was making some interesting remark, and suddenly throwing the door wide open, discovered a short-handed reporter industriously at work. Whether the President of the United States knew of his presence was a question which the distinguished guest did not ask, but one which he undoubtedly satisfactorily answered to himself.

And even if the excellent correspondent whose business it is to collect news, and whose pride and often profit it is to serve it up with a certain spirit and flavor for the reader, tells us that he introduced himself to the noted person as a reporter, how do we know—not that fact, for is not that fact, at least, printed in the most legible type?—but how do we know that he has reproduced the exact significance, or the significance at all, of the words of the conversation? Certainly there is room for the question, for words publicly spoken are often very curiously and ludicrously misrepresented, so as to produce an effect wholly different from the fact. Many of the newspapers color very much of the news they sell to their readers. They color it favorably or unfavorably according to the tenets of the newspaper, or to its theory of the expectations of the public.

Thus the *Herald*, in "the palmy days of the Republic," when the energies of a free government were devoted to the extension and perpetuity of slavery, used to burlesque the meetings

of the Anti-Slavery Society. So the *World* now burlesques the meetings of the Equal Rights Association. The burlesque is not the sign of hostility, for these papers merely wish to raise a laugh at what they suppose the public generally to despise. But the total misrepresentation is the same. A movement that was an utter absurdity, and which was merely a convenient text for the babble of a crowd of grotesque people—which was the *Herald's* representation—would hardly in twenty years have abolished slavery and reconstructed the Union upon its present principles. The news was colored according to the prejudices and whims of the newspaper.

The *Tribune* likewise—in this very copy now lying upon the table—burlesques a Free Trade meeting at the Cooper Institute. If it had been a meeting to advocate Protection, would it have reported a speech of Mr. Greeley's, for instance, in this manner, and the Easy Chair merely changes names: "Mr. Greeley, of New York, who was next introduced, read a paper on the blessings of Protection as seen from his standpoint. Mr. Greeley is in some way interested in foreign importations, and therefore is regarded as a singularly unselfish champion of the doctrine he preaches.....After disposing of the rhetoric pertaining to his subject, the speaker unfortunately announced that he was about going into some facts and figures which were necessary to the completeness of his speech. The unmathematical and unstatistical portion of the audience, which constituted a very considerable proportion, determined to escape the infliction, and unceremoniously retreated. This movement disconcerted the speaker, etc." This, of course, is merely turning what professes to be a report of a Free Trade meeting into a fling at it. It is Dr. Johnson assuming to define words, and saying, "Patriotism: the last refuge of a scoundrel."

Now how can we be sure when we read of an interview which was announced to the object of it as preparatory to a publication of his words, that those words have been fairly reported; that the real meaning of the Senator, for instance, has been understood; or that it has not been ingeniously perverted by a sly touch of the artist who describes it? One of the most delightfully comic of the *Punch* sketches of Leech was that of a family group at the daguerrotypers'. The artist poses them all—father, mother, daughters, sons—in the most striking and picturesque attitude. Nothing can be better than the gracious amirk of the paterfamilias, except the complacent sniff of the mater. The arms of the daughters are lovingly entwined; the toes of the sons are politely turned out. The group is a model of family happiness and the domestic virtues. "Now, steady, if you please; the operation begins; look at my nose, please, while I count ten—steady—s-t-e-a-d-y." And out it comes, the most abominable and delicious caricature. "Dear, dear," the artist may be heard saying, "a most unfortunate little jog has ruined us." It is so with the reports of the conversations. There is a sense of the little jog in them. Thus they sat—and it comes out so! So he spoke—and it is reported thus!

But there are many conversations repeated in print which evidently were not meant for the public ear, which in their nature were plainly pri-

vate, and yet which reputable newspapers print. Is it not incumbent upon the editorial responsibility to prevent such publications? Some time ago a newspaper published a long string of remarks which General Grant was said to have made upon certain conspicuous citizens. It was impossible not to see at once either that General Grant had never said what was attributed to him, or that he did not mean it should be made public. The publication could have no result except to pain certain persons, gratify a taste for "personalities," and stigmatize the General as a foolishly loquacious man. The article was undoubtedly made up of inferences as to opinions derived from an estimate of the General's character and known views, and of some rumors in the air in Washington. No sensible man believed it; but there are some people in the world who are not sensible, and the story undoubtedly did mischief. Now every such performance greatly injures the character of the press, and consequently injures the people. If it is the duty of an editor to sell his paper at all hazards, it is proper that he should permit such things to be printed. If his duty is to see that the immense power of the press is not abused to the public injury, it is proper that he should carefully exclude from his paper every thing of the kind.

The public, at least, should discriminate. Every morning there is a series of reports of facts which are in their nature purely personal. So keen is supposed to be the appetite for this kind of gossip that some newspapers almost daily publish a list of what they call persons; and long ago the late Mr. N. P. Willis remarked that what the public most desire to find in a newspaper is personalities. Now personalities may be very innocent and very interesting; but obviously the lawful line of such remarks is very easily passed. A man of note is considered to be fair prey. Whatever can be ascertained about his most private habits is ruthlessly revealed. The poet Tennyson is said to have contemplated fleeing his home at Farringdon because of the importunity of those who came to gratify, by idle staring, the same prurient curiosity which is solaced by the kind of reports of which the Easy Chair has been talking. A gentleman, bent upon ministering to this idle taste, is authentically reported to have penetrated to the parlor of another poet, and to have turned over and observed the cards upon the table, that he might impart to an eager world the names of the poet's visiting acquaintances. The inevitable result is to cover with suspicion every person who is known to "write in the papers." A friend tells you an excellent and harmless joke upon the most venerable dignitary, even upon the mayor of the city or the bishop of the diocese, and suddenly remembering, a horrible apprehension overwhelms him, and he gasps, "For Heaven's sake, don't print it!"

Thus the recklessness of some, as Dr. Johnson would say, becomes the condemnation of all. And the remedy lies with the gentlemen of the profession. There is nothing so scandalous that if printed will not find readers. It is therefore for editors and publishers to decide whether they will procure readers by such means. And as the virtuous public will shrewdly observe that the names of the reporters of pri-

vate conversations with public men are not generally printed, and as the worthy reporters wish to make their stories "tell," the public must decide whether it is probably an authentic record which it peruses.

As when from under the shade of leafy boughs what time the dog-wood blossomed and all nature smiled serene, the savage Indian, with dreadful cry, rushed with knife uplifted upon the hapless husbandmen of the New England frontier, toiling in the field or loitering by the wain, even so from out the bright May sunshine bursts Thomas Tomahawk with exulting whoop, and brandishing his glittering steel, descends upon the mild Academicians, National Academicians, Associates, Fellows, and the Lord knows what not, and sanguinary is the slaughter that ensues. It is an old story; undoubtedly an old story. Old, but how direful! The savage Indians came every spring, now in the tranquil Deerfield meadows, now at Hadley, now somewhere else. Likewise Thomas Tomahawk comes every spring, and leaves his tracks in gore, while writhing A.'s and N.A.'s lie around his path, and the thick air resounds with moans and groans and many-voiced wrath.

Who did not expect just the ha-ha that we heard this year? The Easy Chair ascended those glittering steps in Twenty-third Street on one of the mornings which fill the mind with pleasant thoughts. How like a benediction fell the sun upon that pretty doorway, so that every eye must have been conscious of a gracious anointing! What good fairy, propitious to American art, distilled forbearance and charity in the warm air, that nothing should be harshly judged, but every thing tenderly entreated! "Speak them fair!" the soft May morning whispered to this Easy Chair, which, however, even in its sternest temper, T. T. regards as a mere melancholy mush. "Don't demand the Vaticano, the Stanze, the frescoed corridors! Don't insist that every tyro shall be Angelo, and every youth Raffaello, and every senior Titian! Be gentle and generous and humane! It is a cradle into which you are about to gaze; don't expect a crowned king upon his throne!"

These were the voices i' the air that murmured at the doors, and in the hall, and up the stairs. And then came the trial. Good Sir, or Madame, have you been there, and how did you like it? The wretched Easy Chair stole as silently as possible through these spacious rooms, and conned the catalogue, and gazed at the walls. "Remember," it stontly repeated to itself, recalling the pleading voices—"remember, no foolish expectations of San Sisto and of Parma. Must every portrait suggest the Julius or the Leo, the Charles First, the Doges, the Burgomasters? Because of Claude and Salvator and Turner, shall there be no —?—that is to say, because of that foreign virtue shall there be no domestic cakes and ale? And this ginger—the indigenous—can any thing be hotter i' the mouth? Come, come! Number nine hundred and ninety-nine. 'The Peak of Teneriffe at sunrise; a villegiatura in the back-ground'—what! a villeg—well, no matter! Why so censorious? Speak them fair, quoth the angels of mercy; don't demand the Vaticano."

So the Easy Chair struggled and wrangled

with itself, and slid along noiselessly and hid behind its catalogue, lest some cold voice should suddenly creak: "Ah, well! and how do you like the pictures? What do you think of the prospects of American art? This is a magnificent hot-house, how about the fruit, and the plants, and the rest of it?" How very loud and strident such voices always are! Why not whisper these appropriate questions gently and pleasantly, and not roar them out in a bluff, defiant tone? It was pure terror of encountering such a voice that kept the Easy Chair flying along and wrapping itself up, as it were, in its catalogue; and stealing furtive glances forth from time to time to see if there were any signs of T. T. What would have happened had he appeared, the Easy Chair confesses its inability to imagine. It is easy enough, however, to fancy his greeting, "Well, old masher, what conceivable slop of praise can even you contrive to spatter upon these performances?" And as he spoke his thumb would have skimmed along the edge of that remorseless weapon, that renowned, two-handed, skull-cleaving tomahawk. Fortunately he did not encounter the uncomfortable Easy Chair, which came confounded down the stairs, and emerging once more into the warm May day that seemed tenderly full of pity and vague regret, fled swiftly along, and has not since returned to insist that it would not require a Titian of every senior nor a Raffaello of every boy.

The Easy Chair asked who did not expect that wild ha-ha which rang through the familiar columns? And how awfully it seemed to echo through the rooms! And how the poor pictures seemed to shiver and fall, like the statues of the beathen gods of old when the cry that Pan was dead rang through the Eastern sea! "Dead!" quoth Thomas Tomahawk, "why, it was never alive! Have I not for six, seven, how many mortal years, declared that American art was a ridiculous name merely? Have I not exposed, every weary year, the atrocious blotches and blars with which the public is insulted under the name of pictures? Does any body suppose that a criminal who could be unblushingly guilty of Number blank is a person to be tolerated? Is it not evident to the veriest Comanche of intellects that a being who could deliberately perform such a villainy as Number blank must be an unfortunate Aztec? Do the American people propose to submit to this profanation of a noble art, to this desecration of a really handsome temple? Is such a preposterous popinjay as the author of yonder wart and pimple to be called an artist? I defy any spectator to tell whether this creature, for instance, is human, and whether he stands upon his head or his feet. And the author of *this*, ladies and gentlemen, is the Academy's Professor of Drawing!"

And the ha-ha rattled and roared and resounded far away; and like the vagrant musician of the streets who has played a tremendous tune, then lifts the strap for a moment around his neck, and with the same energy plays it again, so T. T. performed his task *da capo*. hilariously skipping through the rooms, he stopped before every picture and did what the brilliant article upon Leo and Luther in our June Number says the Cardinal Camerlengo did when the Pope died: "He entered the room, tapped the corpse on the head with a mallet of silver, and then

falling upon his knees before the lifeless body, proclaimed the death of the Pope." But T. T. did not fall upon his knees; he danced jigs upon the lifeless body, and proclaimed that it was a rickety old moribund from the beginning.

And oh! if the visitor to the Exhibition could only honestly have shouted, "You lie in your throat, miscreant! Die!" and have fallen upon him in turn and scalped him with his own tomahawk! But who could honestly do this? Who could truly say that this was a collection of pictures flattering to the national pride, and full of hope and promise for the American school? Could the painters themselves say it? Did they say it? Did not some of them protest, as Savonarola protested, as Luther protested? The Easy Chair has heard such rumors. It has heard what must seem to many as incredible as the French Revolution seemed to Burke, that there is a high and resolute rebellion within the very Academy! It has heard that there are those within the very adytum who declare that there must be a change; that Leo has so gone off with his ortolans, and Greek verses, and soft pictures, and the playing of lutes, into fat and heaviness and sloth, that nothing but a reformation shaking every thing to the very foundation can possibly restore the Church—in one word, that the Academy must be reorganized, or American art will become extinct.

Already it is said that the best men do not exhibit; that the classes and the library and the academic functions generally are susceptible of improvement (that phrase is respectfully dedicated to T. T.); that the funds are expended in some indescribable way producing no visible effect; that the building is a beautiful incubus; that the young men ask for bread and are offered a highly polished stone; that all the weakness and folly and inefficiency of the European academies are at last fully developed and illustrated in this Academy of ours; and, in fine, again, that it must be rescued from the spirit which has controlled it, or all is lost.

This is not what the Easy Chair says ("Of course not—it is too mushy," interpolates a familiar voice); it is what the painters themselves say. The hour, they insist, has sounded. Who tolled the bell? I, said T. T., with my sting like a bee, and I tolled the bell. No matter who began it. Who began our great Revolution? The colonists. Who begin this? The artists. We conquered, and they will conquer. And then—then—let us imagine the halcyon, incredible days, when we shall all loiter through the galleries arm in arm with T. T., who will have turned his tomahawk into a laureate's pen, which, with cheerful grace, will inform us that "the Exhibition opened last evening, and a more beautiful and promising collection of works of art was never offered to the just admiration of a discriminating public. We especially commend to the attention of all friends of the higher art the *Interior of a Wild-Boar*, by Titian Jones; the *Rasher of Bacon—a Home Idyl*, by Raffaello Jenkins; and an exquisite *Bit of Pork-Rind*—a perfect gem—by Michael Angelo Buffer. No one can gaze upon these lovely works, or sit entranced in any part of the rooms, without owning that at last American art shows signs of a not distant dawn. Non nobis! non nobis! good fellow-citizens!"

Editor's Book Table.

NOVELS.

OF the novels which lie on our table we unhesitatingly award the palm to *Breaking a Butterfly; or, Blanche Ellerslie's Ending*. The plot is peculiar; the situations are striking and well described; the dramatic power of the author is not inconsiderable; several of the characters are remarkably well drawn; the gradual changes which life and experience produce in character are appreciated and portrayed; and, above all, the moral is one of significance and value for Mrs. Grundy and all her protégés. Alas! only by bitter experience will they learn that rouge is not bloom, and that "as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool." The title of the book is its text. The romance of real life which is founded upon it is the sad story of a woman who trod the thorny path of gay society, hid a beating heart beneath silks and satins, and eyes swollen with weeping behind a veil of costliest lace, finally to die a lingering death at the hands of the husband who had sworn to protect her, and whose kindest act was the sharp and cruel utterance with which he slew her at the last. We know not how one can read this story without rising from its perusal with an increased respect for those homely virtues which often walk the world in homespun, and with an increased suspicion of those showy qualities which give entrance to our "best society," but which often only hide feebleness and folly. The crime which gives to "Breaking a Butterfly" its somewhat melodramatic ending is not very apt to occur in respectable circles, but the scarcely less heinous crime of an aimless life and a false heart is the common vice of good society, though it rarely reaps the bitter fruit in a *dénouement* so terrible. The curtain rises on Blanche Ellerslie, a gay young widow, with half a dozen lovers; a coquette, who plucks hearts for her trophies with as little scruple as she might pluck flowers from the garden, unconscious that they bleed and break. Among them all she chooses the one least worthy of her affections, and therefore, we may add, most likely to secure the affections of such a one as she—Mark Ramsay, a cold, selfish, unloving man, who, in return for all the wealth of her nature, has but a poor heart to give to her at best, and gives not even that. Such measure of affection as he once bestowed upon her he gradually transfers to another. She perceives that she is losing the allegiance of her husband, but is powerless to retain it, and suffers, as many a woman does, the protracted tortures of a crucifixion which death, as cruel in its delays as in its surprises, comes not to relieve. At length an old friend—a real though unrecognized lover—appears upon the scene. On the very eve of her marriage he had promised her his aid when she might need it. He detects intuitively the situation. He mixes a poison in the cosmetic of the wife's rival, that he may destroy her beauty and so break her charm. The plot succeeds. The fierce wrath of the husband, who in his fury charges complicity with the crime upon his pure and patient wife, gives her release in death. Her lover escapes the husband's vengeance only by taking his own life. While Mark Ramsay himself wan-

ders in foreign lands, self-exiled and suffering the punishment of Cain. Such is the thread of the story of Blanche Ellerslie's life; its darkness enlivened by much by-play, and its pages brilliant with many paragraphs often fine, and sometimes exquisitely so. (Harper and Brothers.)

Warwick; or, The Lost Nationalities of America, by M. T. WALWORTH, has the merit of being a sensational novel without being open to the charge of objectionable sensationalism. The first chapter introduces the story with a mysterious murder, which is not explained until the last. It is not easy, having commenced to read the book, to lay it down unfinished. The mysterious victim, whose remains are not even found until the close of the story, reappears in autographs and letters whenever our interest begins to wane. The heroine is a curious admixture who dances, discusses theology, rides an untamable steed in perilous places, and teaches in a mission school with equal zest and equal success. The author's imagination is of an original though somewhat luxuriant cast; and when, toward the close of the book, we follow the hero into the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and descending into the "bottomless pit," find there in the bowels of the earth a cave of "surpassing brilliancy formed of quartz rock incrustated with fantastic ornaments and stalactites of pure gold," we are forcibly reminded of the Arabian Nights. In short, "Warwick" is wholly unreal, but none the less interesting for all that. A pleasant dedication to the author's personal friend, Morris Phillips, Esq., the genial editor of the *Home Journal*, serves the purpose of a preface. (G. W. Carleton.)

Juliette; or, Now and Forever, by Mrs. MADELINE LESLIE, is a very religious novel. The heroine leaves a luxurious home because her otherwise indulgent father forbids her from professing to be a Christian, undergoes a great variety of martyr-like experiences in attestation of her faith, and is finally found by her lover and restored to her penitent and distracted father just in time to nurse him in his last illness. She inherits his property, marries the man of her choice, and it is to be presumed lives happily ever after. We have no very great faith in that philosophy which represents the rewards of self-sacrifice as paid in this way, nor in that kind of heroism which such a philosophy cultivates. Doubtless virtue has its reward, but this life is not always God's pay-day. (Lee and Shepard.)

That Boy of Norcott's, by CHARLES LEVER, has the advantage of being a short story, comprised within 73 pages, a cheap story, being sold for 25 cents, and a simple story, which requires no study for its appreciation. There is no complex plot; there are no incredible incidents; there are no characters which the reader needs to study; there is no occult moral; there are no passages of studied writing. There is a simple story of a life rather full of adventure, and with incident enough to make it thoroughly readable; just the thing for a lazy hour on a summer afternoon, when the mind wants rest, not a new employment, and one reads without reflection. (Harper and Brothers.)

Typhaine's Abbey, by Count A. DE GOBINEAU (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger), and *Anne Severin*, by Madame AUGUSTUS CRAVEN (G. P. Putnam and Son), are both translations from the French, and both of them historical novels. The former presents a picture of the customs and the social life of France in the 12th century. Its author is not a mere romancer. Among his previous works are included an "Essay on the Inequality of the Human Race," "Three Years in Asia," and "Philosophies and Religions in Central Asia." The value of his romance is not in its entertaining plot, nor in its strongly marked characters, but in that it affords an apparently faithful portraiture of one phase of that great conflict between feudalism and popular rights which characterized the 12th century; in other words, that it does for the chivalric days of France, though in less measure, what Walter Scott has done for the chivalric days of Scotland.—The scene of "*Anne Severin*" is laid chiefly in the same country, in the days of the First Consul. It is a religious novel, transfused with the Roman Catholic faith of its author, yet can hardly be called a Roman Catholic novel. It was originally published in a *Romish Magazine*. Its denominationalism is not, however, offensive, nor is its fascination such as to render it powerful as an argument for the faith which it indirectly inculcates.

Kathleen will need to most readers no other recommendation than the fact that it is by the author of "*Raymond's Heroine*," and the assurance that it is regarded by some very good critics as superior to its predecessor. It is purely a love story; a story of two mistaken hearts, one of whom is dazzled by a hope of marrying above his station, the other of whom mistakes gratitude on account of a signal deliverance for that love which alone constitutes a true wisely affection. Though we do not agree with the *Athenaeum* in regarding the plot as unusual, it is certainly ingeniously turned; and though the characters are not themselves remarkable, they are remarkably well drawn. (Harper and Brothers.)

Men, Women, and Ghosts, by E. S. PHELPS, consists of ten short stories, several of the best of which have already appeared in this Magazine. They are better adapted for that purpose than for republication in their present form. In fact, the ghosts form a little too large a proportion of the book to make it altogether cheerful company. (Fields, Osgood, and Co.)

Springdale Abbey purports to consist of extracts from the diaries and letters of an English Preacher, edited by JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. It is a republication of an English book, and can hardly be ranked as a novel, though we do not suppose that it is genuine biography. It is, however, autobiographical in form, and depends for its interest, not on startling adventure or striking incidents, but on a certain quiet humor that invests the occurrences of everyday life with a peculiar attractiveness. Many a pastor has a Squire Fogden in his parish. Few know how to enjoy a merry laugh under a sober face at his side-board. Many a man has sighed in his heart when every day a new society has presented its claims upon his benevolence, equally unable to deny that the cause it represents is deserving of support, or to see any occasion for a different society for every good work which Chris-

tian charity desires to undertake. But few ministers have the courage to speak out openly their sentiments on the subject; and still fewer are able to do so in a manner at once so effective and so inoffensive as the English Preacher in his letter on the evils of "Societyism." The author, whoever he may be, has a warm heart, untrammelled by conventionalism, and no less truly devout because brimful of a genial, good-natured humor. If we believed in Spiritualism, we should hazard the opinion that the book was written by a medium, and that the spirit who employed him was Sydney Smith. We have not read a more enjoyable book of its kind for many a day. We have been tempted, breaking over our rules, to transfer some paragraphs to our pages, but on looking them over for that purpose we are satisfied that so doing would no more introduce the English Preacher to the fireside of our readers than quoting a jest from a genial conversationalist would serve the purpose of making him a guest. We can, therefore, only give him a cordial letter of recommendation to all our readers as a perfect gentleman and a remarkably pleasant and genial companion. (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger.)

SCIENCE.

It was our pleasure some fifteen years ago to receive instruction as a college student in the higher mathematics from Professor ELIAS LOOMIS. With perhaps one exception he was the most popular man in the faculty. We doubt whether there was a graduate who ever passed through his course without being, at least once, unmercifully "quizzed" by him. In other rooms the usual college helps were employed. But no man ever rode a "pony" successfully under Professor Loomis. His keen eyes—and they looked no older when we last saw him than they did fifteen years before—read the student through. By intuition he knew who had studied and who had only "crammed." But we have never known one who possessed in a more eminent degree the rare faculty of communicating to common minds abstruse and difficult truths. This is the condition of successful instruction. Knowledge is not enough. Every teacher must be "apt to teach." Under Professor Loomis geometry became a positive delight, and even Logarithms and the Calculus became comprehensible. We took up, therefore, Professor Loomis's new treatise on the *Elements of Astronomy* not with an unprejudiced mind. We felt confident that we should here find, brought within the comprehension of unscientific minds, the higher truths of a science whose grandeur is lost to the common people by the technicalities in which it is enshrined. We have not been disappointed. In the rare ability of popularizing science by clear and comprehensible statements of her highest verities Mr. Jacob Abbott is the only American author who compares with Professor Elias Loomis, though other writers have surpassed them both in the number and importance of their original contributions. We know of no treatise on astronomy to which we should turn ourselves for an explanation of any of its elementary principles with such confident assurance of receiving real satisfaction; none which we should so soon place in the hands of any young person who desired an introduction to the study. We hope to see it

widely adopted as a text-book in our schools and colleges. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Wonders of Heat, by ACHILLE CAZIN, translated and edited by ELIHU RICH, constitutes the third volume of the Illustrated Library of Wonders, to which we referred in our May Number. It is less sensational than that on *Thunder and Lightning*, and less fascinating than that on *Optics*, but rather more valuable, as a book of science, than either. This is partly due to the nature of the subject, which is certainly less striking than electricity and less brilliant than light. But it is also due in part to the fact that its author has been less anxious than his companions to make an interesting book, and more anxious to make one that is instructive. It is even more elaborately illustrated than its predecessors. (Charles Scribner and Co.)

MRS. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL'S *Studies in General Science* is the work of a thoroughly earnest, honest, and studious woman, whose writing is the fruit of deep personal conviction. It is throughout characterized by thorough investigation; is evidently the result of much hard study and more hard thinking; and is a work less of extensive erudition than of independent cogitation. Its greatest defect is a certain obscurity of style, occasioned by an unnecessary introduction and repetition of technical terms, which render its pages not only unattractive to the common reader, but even rather hard reading for the thoughtful student. It is not, and does not aim to be, a popular book. It is a book of "studies." Its value will be appreciated only by those who think. It contains many seed thoughts; more, perhaps, that will incite to thought by provoking doubt and discussion. It is a pity that meat so good is inclosed in a shell so prickly. What, for example, is the scientific value of the following statement of the effect produced upon a young lady by the sudden intelligence of the death of her brother? "What quantitative force here was suddenly transformed into the dull, terrible chill of that first mental shock! The effect was mental, and the producing cause qualitative. The related material elements were insignificant, though the shock, once received, reacted upon the whole organism." The first four or five chapters are the least interesting. The book improves as we proceed. The chapter on Mind and several immediately following are perhaps the freshest and most valuable. In fact, the work is throughout more metaphysical than physical. The authoress very distinctly repudiates the materialistic ideas which underlie the extreme positivism of such tracts as Huxley's "Physical Basis of Life," and such works as Sir Henry Maudsley's "Physiology and Pathology of the Mind." Mrs. Blackwell's peculiar theology—for though she was educated in Oberlin she represents the opposite tendency of theological thought—appears only incidentally and inferentially. The book makes almost no reference to the Bible. It conducts us only to nature as a revealer of God. Indeed, it distinctly asserts that "we know him only as he is revealed in his works." The most notably theological chapter is that on "Law and its Sanctions." In this the authoress denies the fact, if not the possibility, of divine forgiveness, and inculcates a doctrine of an unforgiving and relentless God, harder and more repellent than any which were born of the

tempestuous experiences of the Reformation. We can not think she is ignorant of such replies to her position concerning the inviolability of law as are afforded by Bushnell in his "Nature and the Supernatural," and by the Duke of Argyll in his "Reign of Law." But she makes no reference to them nor to their arguments. She writes as though she knew nothing of them. In spite of these defects, however, we value the book. We want no better reply to the common declaration that a woman's logical powers are never highly developed; no better demonstration that the duties of wife and mother are not inconsistent with a high state of intellectual development. In truth, she exemplifies her own statement that those duties may perhaps have helped rather than hindered her. A father might have employed this illustration; only a mother would have penned it in these touching words: "When the little child tosses painfully on its bed of fever, it seems difficult for finite tenderness to look up trustingly to the All-Father, believing that he watches the little sufferer with boundless compassion. The piteous baby-moan smites us to the heart. We would so gladly give a portion of our own cool life-blood to soothe its hot little veins; would so gladly suffer in its stead; and God, who is so powerful, seems pitiless. The heart is tempted to cry out: 'He could spare it, but he will not.' No! he will not. His wisdom is too wise and his compassion too all-embracing to set aside the very being and constitution of all things to spare this one little sufferer; and to its own hurt." (G. P. Putnam and Son.)

THE FARM.

FARMING is a profession, not to say a science. If any one doubts this statement let him leave his city home—for no one bred in the country will doubt it—and undertake to cultivate even a garden of half an acre for the summer. He will then find that knowledge is as essential to the right use of the spade as of the pen, and that there is as great a difference between the scientific farming of Flanders, where literally not a weed is to be seen, and that of many of our farmers, the wealth of whose soil is about equally divided between fruits and weeds, as between the trade of a modern commercial city and the barter of a back-woods settlement. It is true that agriculture has been the last to receive the impetus of modern science. It is true that many agriculturists are content to go on in the ways of their fathers, because experiments are costly. But it is also true that they are unable to compete with those who understand the use of new instruments, methods, and fertilizers. Agriculture is also becoming in this country a popular recreation. Many a gentleman is content to spend on his country seat money which he makes in the counting-room. The practical farmer is thus able to get the benefit of experiments without paying for them. This change in agriculture, which has converted it from a drudgery to an art, has created a demand for a corresponding literature. "Fifty years ago a stable agricultural periodical did not exist on the American Continent." Now every considerable district has one, while almost every weekly paper, secular or religious, has its agricultural department; and it will not be long before something of a library will be a part of the furniture of every well-order-

ed farm. We group several books which would deserve a place in such a library.

The New American Farm-Book is a revised and enlarged edition of a work originally written by RICHARD L. ALLEN, then one of the editors of the "American Agriculturist." It has stood the test of nearly quarter of a century. In its present form, revised and enlarged by LEWIS F. ALLEN, it is little short of a small cyclopedia, and is probably the most complete and comprehensive manual of the kind now published. Our own references to it have satisfied us of its value to the amateur.—*Farm Implements and Machinery*, by JOHN J. THOMAS, is a smaller volume of a more limited value. It gives a pretty full account of modern implements, the explanations of which are aided by numerous illustrations. We doubt, however, how much the practical farmer will read the introductory pages on the general principles of mechanics. (Orange Judd and Co.)

The Horse in the Stable and the Field is a composite of three authors: J. H. WALSH ("Stonehenge"), Dr. ROBERT M'CLURE, and Dr. ELLWOOD HARVEY. It begins with the history of the horse; gives an account of the different breeds and varieties; discusses the best method of breaking, in which the principles employed by Mr. Rarey are fully explained, but not commended; gives full instructions as to the proper construction of stables; and devotes two hundred pages to the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the horse. It is illustrated with over eighty engravings; and, on the whole, seems to us to sustain its claim to be the only work which has brought together in a single volume, and in clear, concise, and comprehensible language, adequate information on the various subjects of which it treats. (Porter and Coates.)

While the gentleman is purchasing these volumes for his farm he will do well to purchase for his wife the new edition of PARSONS *On The Rose*. For those who are not familiar with the original edition we may say that the book contains a classification of the varieties of the rose, sufficiently full for all practical purposes, directions for its culture and propagation, a curious and interesting history of it, and of the uses to which it has been put. For those who are familiar with the original edition we may add that this one is improved in arrangement, modernized and enlarged in classification, and by a judicious pruning of poetry rendered less sentimental and more useful. (Orange Judd and Co.)

Farming by Inches is uniform with "My Ten Rod Farm" not only in shape and size, but also in that halo which it casts over the subject, and which it certainly requires only a few months of practical experience to dissipate. When by a perusal of "Farming by Inches" the reader has been incited to "take up the shovel and the hoe," we recommend him to resort to the less romantic books to learn how to use them. (Loring.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE woman's suffrage movement has assumed such proportions and has secured such advocates as render it impossible to treat it any longer as a mere intellectual *lunacy*. Its supporters are no longer confined to that small class of Ishmaelistic reformers (whose hand is against every man,

and against whom every man's hand is raised) useful but neither pleasant nor popular. The war they carry on is no longer an unrecognized brigandage. Parties are forming. Armies are being enlisted. The skirmish line is followed by heavy reserves. Among the clergy it enlists the sympathies and support of such men as Henry Ward Beecher and Bishop Simpson. Among statesmen it is advocated by men of no less note than the Chief Justice of the United States. The long and apparently hopeless labors of Lucy Stone, who for ten years past has beset every Legislature with appeals, arguments, and petitions, are rewarded by an almost unanimous report from a Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature in favor of female suffrage. It is idle any longer to attempt to stem the movement by stale platitudes or staler ridicule. The question is before Americans for earnest discussion. Its advocates number many thoroughly earnest men, a few thoroughly earnest women. It must be met, if at all, in the same spirit.

We have read with amazement Rev. J. D. FULTON's little tract on the subject—*True Woman*. We were at first of the opinion that its reverend author was, as Artemus Ward would say, "sarcastical." We regarded his treatise as a travesty—rather an unfair one to be sure—of the conservative arguments. We thought it had been written by an ingenious humorist who advocated radical principles under cover. We are not even now sure but that our first impressions were correct. We confess to having become somewhat weary of the conventional encomiums on woman. We were not, however, prepared for such an antidote as our author administers. "Woman," says Mr. Fulton, "is made for man." "She is God's first gift to him." Her mission in life is to help him. "She lives for man. She dresses and studies for him." He is the sun. She is a satellite. About him she is to revolve. By her use to him she is to be measured. She was historically a sort of after-thought made because none of the brute creation were found adequate to be his helpmeet. The Indian in setting his squaw to cultivate his garden is guilty only of an error in judgment. If he knew enough he could put her to a better use. That is all. Her equality with her master is not to be thought of. It is against Scripture. The Bible says he shall rule over her. It is against science. "Man's brain weighs on an average three pounds and eight ounces, woman's brain weighs on an average two pounds and four ounces." It is against experience. "You can not offend a woman so quick in any way as to ask her why she wishes to do thus, or why she reaches such a conclusion. Her invariable reply is 'cause! And that is all she knows about it." It is true she has warm feelings and quick intuitions. Her imagination and fancy have a lively play. "But she will never write an Iliad or a Paradise Lost.....She will not paint a Madonna like Raphael, nor chisel an Apollo Belvidere.....Woman seldom invents.....Woman can not compete with man in a long course of mental labor.....Woman never excelled in architecture." This is not the worst, however. Her inferiority appears in the moral realm. She was the first tempter. "A wicked woman was, and to a large extent is, the means employed by Satan in leading astray the unwary." The daughters of Eve have proved

worthy descendants of their mother. "Sarah introduced Abraham to polygamy. Rebekah was a pattern of lying, and Rachel of deception." Her curiosity, which was the cause of the fall, is as influential as ever. "Rouse a woman's curiosity, and there is little difficulty in leading the excited one astray." The love of companionship in sin, which led her to tempt Adam to share her fate, still actuates her. "A man loves to have a woman pure, if he is impure; temperate, if he is intemperate; holy and Christian, if he is the opposite in every particular. Not so a woman. Intemperate herself, she seeks to induce others to be like her." This is the more remarkable since she is so much better off than her first mother. For "by her office and place she is protected from all danger and temptation." (The Italics are ours.) "Within the house as ruled by her need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offense." This moral inferiority society recognizes. "Let her fall, and almost without exception she is hopelessly ruined. Society points the finger of scorn at her; and, what is worse, the barriers to virtue having been broken down they seem to be destroyed." Against this violation of love Jesus, it is true, set the weight of his precept and example. Rev. Mr. Fulton seems to account it in accordance with the divine constitution. God, according to him, shares this sentiment with humanity. "God did business with Adam; but he does not mention Eve after her fall." The conclusion of all which principles, interspersed with many patronizing eulogies of woman as long as she maintains her place, is this, that her place is that of subordination. "Her desire shall be to her husband, and he shall rule over her." This fixes her status. He is master. She is—what? Shall we, speaking for Mr. Fulton, say servant? To deny this is to be infidel. "Who demand the ballot for woman? They are not the lovers of God, nor are they the believers in Christ as a class. There may be exceptions, but the majority prefer an infidel's cheer to the favor of God and the love of the Christian community."

Such is in substance the position of the last opponent of the woman's movement, given as far as possible in his own words.

If Mr. Fulton desired to compel woman to demand the ballot he could not have drawn his bow with a surer aim. Man does not deny suffrage to woman. She declines it. The strongest argument, perhaps, against the extension of the suffrage is, that as a class women do not want it. But if Mr. Fulton can only succeed in convincing them that the denial of the ballot is the badge of their inferiority, and that its possession is essential to a recognition of their civil and social

equality, he will extort from them—if we do not greatly mistake woman's nature—such an imperious demand for the ballot, not for itself but for its significance, that no political party can resist the claim. If the Equal Rights Association would take our advice they would print 50,000 copies of Mr. Fulton's tract for general circulation among the women. That party have no advocate in their camp capable of producing so profound an impression in their favor as Mr. Fulton's pamphlet aimed against them. The shot of this gun is ridiculously feeble. Its recoil is fearful. (Lee and Shepard.)

It is evident that the Bible, while retaining its ancient sanctity as the record of faith, is now taking a new part in the literary movements of the age, and sharing, alike as to its language and its ideas, in the studies and agitations of the nineteenth century. There is hardly any fact in our recent literature more memorable, for example, than the publication of the new English version of TISCHENDORF'S *New Testament* as the one thousandth volume of the Tauchnitz Library at Leipzig: thus giving the Gospel, in new dress, the place of honor in the most select if not the most sensational popular library of the age. Dr. Noyes, in his new translation, follows Tischendorf's eighth edition so far as it was published in 1868, and accepts the previous edition for the remainder. That accomplished critic and scholar, Mr. Ezra Abbot of Cambridge, has added some corrections of the text from Tischendorf's later studies, so that the volume is now a full and fair record of the present state of the New Testament text. The translator aims to render the text as it stands, and give its true meaning without transferring his own opinions to the sacred writer's pen. Of course every man must carry with him his own convictions; and it is hard for the theologian to keep the print of his own views out of his vocabulary, and even out of his grammar and his rhetoric. Yet no candid scholar will accuse Dr. Noyes of unfairness or sectarianism, so far as theological opinions are concerned. The excellence of his version is in its earnest good sense, simplicity, and clearness. Dr. Noyes retains the old version so far as he can, and delights in its dignity and strength, but he is not afraid to untie a knotty sentence that puzzles the understanding, or brush away a cobweb that obscures the meaning. In the Epistle to the Romans, for example, the translator's terse and simple language is itself a good interpretation, and opens the mind of Paul in his own words without any dogmatic gloss. The book deserves a place in every scholar's library, and will be a gain to every Christian family. (American Unitarian Association.)

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 28th of May.—The prominent events of the month are: The completion of the Pacific Railroad; the Proclamation by the President for an Election in Virginia; the excitement in Great Britain growing out of Mr. Sumner's speech; the French Elec-

tions; the debates in the Spanish Cortes; and the progress of the insurrection in Cuba.

The 10th of May will be noted as the day upon which the construction of a railroad from the Pacific coast to the Missouri River, and thence virtually, by lines already completed, to every part of the great Valley of the Mississippi

and the whole Atlantic coast, was finally accomplished. We do not here propose to present the details of the immense preparatory work performed before the enterprise was fairly started; nor to say to which one, out of many scores for whom the credit has been claimed of having suggested the idea, the honor should be awarded. Within a short time after the value of the region of the Pacific slope was approximately ascertained, it became a settled conviction in the public mind that one or more railroads must be built to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific. Many routes were proposed, the arguments for each being based mainly upon sectional grounds as to whether the line should be northern, central, or southern. In 1853 Congress authorized the War Department to institute a series of surveys of the various routes proposed. The results of these surveys, comprised in thirteen folio volumes, were published. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, recommended a line mainly following the 32d parallel of latitude.

Nothing practical was done until July, 1862, when Congress passed an act granting aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. An association named the Union Pacific Railroad Company was empowered to build the line from a point in Nebraska Territory to the western boundary of Nevada, and there connect with the line of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, which had been already chartered by the Legislature of California. The whole line, from the Missouri to the Bay of Sacramento, was to be completed not later than July 1, 1876, and the Company first reaching the boundary line might proceed until it met the other. The aid promised by Government was of a substantial character. The Company was to have the right of way through the Government lands for 200 feet on each side of the track; besides this the Company received a grant of ten alternate sections to the mile on each side of the railroad, with the right to use material upon Government lands. Moreover, the Government promised its bonds, the interest payable in gold, at 6 per cent., at the rate of \$16,000 per mile for the whole road; but for certain parts, amounting in all to about 150 miles, which were of especial difficulty, \$48,000 per mile was granted. For the Californian section the uniform grant was \$32,000 per mile. These issues of bonds were to be made only upon the certificate of Commissioners appointed by the Government that sections of twenty miles had been duly completed and thoroughly equipped as a first-class railroad.

With all these possible advantages the work at first advanced but slowly. The Pacific Union Company was organized in 1863, with a nominal capital of \$100,000,000, but with the right to proceed when \$2,000,000—a fiftieth part of the whole capital—was actually subscribed. It was hard to get even this two million of dollars. But it was finally raised, and the Company began to work. Omaha, on the Missouri River, was fixed upon as the starting-point, from which the work was to be pushed westward. Thence to Salt Lake City was a distance of something more than a thousand miles. Here, or hereabouts, it was expected that the junction would be made with the road to be pushed eastward by the Pacific Central from Sacramento. The first actual work on

the Union Pacific road was begun in August, 1864. Three months later 12 miles had been constructed, and the occasion was duly celebrated. The next year, 1865, 28 miles more were built. At this rate it would take more than a third of a century to reach the point of junction, near the Mormon capital. The work now fell into the hands of men who were resolved to "push things," no matter at what cost. Heretofore a mile a day had been the utmost at which any railroad had ever been built. This rate was soon reached. In 1866 265 miles were built; next year 235 miles. In 1868 the work was pushed forward with a rapidity heretofore unknown. For weeks four miles a day was the usual rate at which rails were laid; and early in May, 1869, the thousand miles and more from Omaha to the head of Salt Lake had been built.

Meanwhile the Central Pacific Company had been pushing on their road to meet their eastern coadjutors. The line as originally planned was to run to the south of the Great Salt Lake, passing through Salt Lake City. It was changed so as to bend northward, passing the Salt Lake at its northwestern extremity; from this road a branch road of some fifty miles in length must be built to connect the sacred city of the Mormons with the continental line.

The ceremony of placing the last tie of the united roads was performed with as much display as was possible. The scene was a grassy valley at the head of the Great Salt Lake. About 3000 people of all sorts had here congregated. Among them were many men who had borne a prominent part in the construction of the road. The final tie was of polished laurel-wood, bound at the ends with silver bands. A golden spike sent by California, and a silver one by Nevada, and one of gold, silver, and iron by Arizona, were presented. These spikes were driven home by the representative officers of the two Companies by whom the roads had been constructed. Prayers were offered and some speeches made. Arrangements had been made by which the strokes of the hammers were connected with the telegraphic wires; and almost at the instant it was known on the Pacific and the Atlantic that the junction of the roads had been completed. The New York newspapers of the morning of the 12th contained a dispatch from San Francisco announcing that at the moment when the last spike had been driven an invoice of tea had been sent by the road, thus, as the dispatch read, "inaugurating the overland trade with China and Japan."

The length of the Union Pacific road, from Omaha to Ogden, is 1086 miles; that of the Central Pacific, from Ogden to Sacramento, is 690 miles—1776 in all. From Sacramento to San Francisco, 124 miles, a road has been built. It is impossible to state with any accuracy the entire cost of the construction and equipment of these roads. Apart from grants of land and material, the subsidies afforded by Government amount to \$52,000,000, of which \$26,000,000 have been paid to the Union Pacific, and \$20,000,000 to the Central Pacific, leaving \$6,000,000 yet due to the roads. There can be no doubt that much of the roads has been hastily and imperfectly constructed; but in September of last year a Commission appointed by Government, headed by General Gouverneur K. Warren, reported upon

890 miles of the road then in operation: "Deficiencies exist, but they are, almost without ex-

ception, those incident to all new roads, or of a character growing out of the peculiar difficulties encountered or inseparably connected with the unexampled progress of the work. They can all be supplied at an outlay but little exceeding that which would have obviated them in the first instance, but at the cost of greatly retarding the progress of the great work."

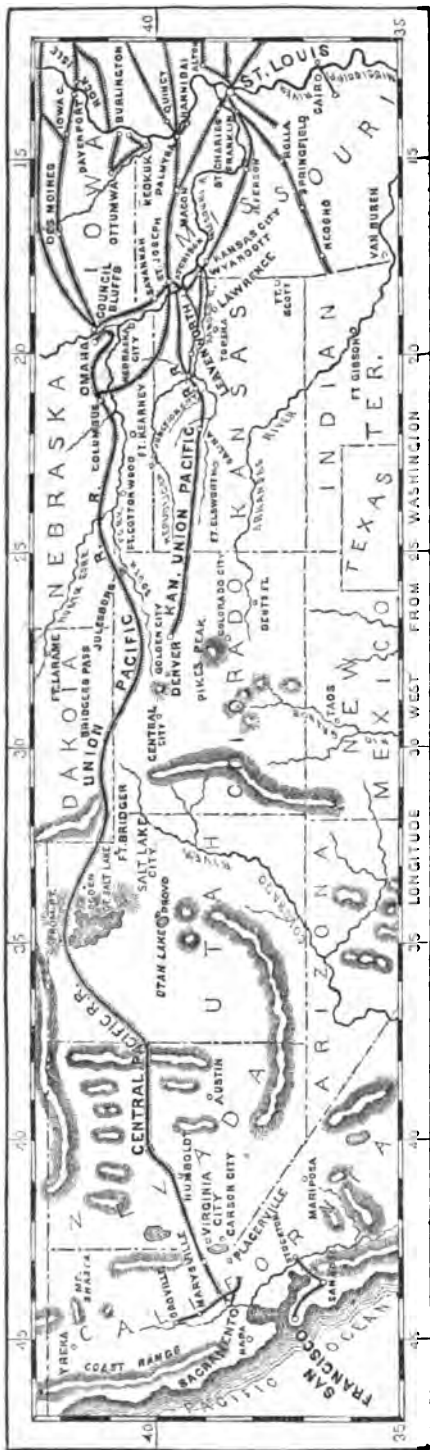
The accompanying map shows the general line of the two roads, which together may be called the Pacific Railroad. It runs almost due west, following closely the 41st parallel of latitude, bending southward a little when it approaches the Pacific coast. The map also indicates the railroads which, centring at Omaha, run in every direction, connecting this place with the Valley of the Mississippi, the Lake region, and the Atlantic sea-board. It is useless now to attempt to locate the towns which are every day springing up on the line of this long road. It passes in its course four distinct ranges of mountains: (1.) The Sierra Nevada, the highest elevation, about 100 miles from Sacramento, is 7042 feet; then it sinks gradually, but with alternate risings and fallings, to Ogden, 4320 feet. (2.) Then it climbs the Wasatch range, the highest point, 800 miles from Sacramento, being 7500 feet, whence it sinks 1500 feet; and (3.) climbs the Rocky Mountains through Bridger's Pass, where, 1000 miles from Sacramento, it gains a height of 7500 feet. Thence it runs nearly level for fifty miles, when (4.) it ascends the Black Hills, the summit, 1250 miles from Sacramento, being 8242 feet above the ocean. Then the region slopes gradually downward for 500 miles, to Omaha, which is about 1000 feet above the ocean level. There are thus four several points where the road reaches an elevation higher than the loftiest peak in America east of the Mississippi River.

No two measurements of the absolute distance by the traveled routes between New York and San Francisco exactly agree; but the sum of the discrepancies hardly amounts to a hundred miles. It is as yet impossible to lay down the precise time which will be required for the transit. The following table is a close approximation to what is proposed to be accomplished; the whole time being a few hours less than a week:

New York to Chicago	911 miles,	36½ hours.
Chicago to Omaha	491 miles,	24½ hours.
Omaha to Ogden	1001 miles,	53½ hours.
Ogden to Sacramento	748 miles,	48½ hours.
Sacramento to San Francisco	117 miles,	8½ hours.

8863 miles, 161½ hours.

Of the commercial value of this road it is yet too early to speak with confidence. Four points, however, may be assumed: (1.) The heavy articles which enter into commerce will not pass over the line. The saving in time will not compensate for the heavy charges which must be imposed. (2.) The "way traffic" upon the line will for many years be inconsiderable. A great part of the road runs through a region which will always be very thinly peopled. (3.) Assuming that the road will be operated with tolerable accuracy, nearly all the passengers between the Pacific and the Atlantic will pass over this road. By it a person starting from San Francisco will reach New York in a week. By way of the Isthmus of Panama he would require nearly a month. (4.) The political uses of the road are



incalculable. In case of war with a maritime power, our Government can transport an army to the defense of any point on the Pacific, without any possibility of obstruction from the enemy; whereas, were a force sent by sea, the vessels conveying it would be liable to capture either on the Atlantic or the Pacific side; to say nothing of the possibility that transit across the Isthmus of Panama might be blocked up. In this single point of view every dollar which the Government has expended in aiding the construction of this road has been wisely laid out.

In accordance with the Act for that purpose, noted in our last Record, the President, on the 15th of May, issued a proclamation for an election in Virginia, to be held on the 6th of July, to decide upon the ratification or rejection of the Constitution framed for that State by a Convention which met in December, 1867, and adopted this Constitution in the following April. All persons who on the 6th of July, 1869, have been registered as electors may vote upon this question. Two clauses in this Constitution are submitted to a separate vote.

The first of these clauses excludes from enfranchisement—

"Every person who has been a Senator or Representative in Congress, or Elector of President or Vice-President, or who held any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as any officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemy thereof." [Then follows a long list of the officers included in this clause.] "Provided that the Legislature may, by a vote of three-fifths of both Houses, remove the disabilities incurred by this clause from any person included therein, by a separate vote on each case."

The second clause submitted for separate vote prescribes, in substance, that almost every person elected to a civil office, before entering upon the duties thereof, shall take the following oath, provided, however, "that the disabilities therein contained may be individually removed by the three-fifths vote of the General Assembly."

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I have never voluntarily borne arms against the United States since I have been a citizen thereof; that I have voluntarily given no aid, countenance, counsel, or encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility thereto; that I have never sought or accepted, nor attempted to exercise, the functions of any office whatever under any authority or pretended authority in hostility to the United States; that I have not yielded a voluntary support to any pretended Government, authority, power, or Constitution within the United States hostile or inimical thereto. And I do further swear (or affirm) that, to the best of my knowledge and ability, I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter, so help me God."

The Proclamation then goes on to prescribe the manner of casting the vote, as follows:

"I direct the vote to be taken upon each of the above cited provisions alone, and upon the other portions of the said Constitution in the following manner, viz.: Each voter favoring the ratification of the Constitution, excluding the provisions above quoted, as framed by the Convention of December 8, 1867, shall express his judgment by voting for the Constitution; each voter favoring the rejection of the Constitution, excluding the provisions above quoted, shall express his judgment by voting against the Constitution. Each

voter will be allowed to cast a separate ballot for or against either or both of the provisions above quoted."

Serious difficulties have arisen in Alaska. The only official account of these is furnished in a report by Admiral Craven, dated March 31. In the previous winter two American traders had been killed by the Kake Indians in revenge for the death of a native killed by a United States soldier. The steamer *Saginaw* was sent, in February, to the region, and destroyed several native villages, apparently without the loss of lives on either side. "It is believed," says the report, "that the burning of the villages would be a far greater punishment than the arrest and execution of the murderers, as the Indians in that region are said to place little value on life, whereas their houses can not be replaced without great labor and time."

The bearing of the "eight-hour law" upon the rate of wages to be paid to mechanics and laborers in the employment of Government has been a matter of question. On one hand it was contended that the wages should be reduced in the ratio of the reduction of time; on the other that the rate of wages should not be changed. On the 21st of May the President issued a proclamation that "no reduction shall be made in the wages paid by Government to laborers, workmen, and mechanics, on account of such reduction of the hours of labor."

The General Assemblies of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church—the "Old School" and the "New School"—convened at New York on the 20th of May. On the 27th a plan for the union of these two organizations, which had been framed by a joint committee, was adopted, by the New School unanimously, and by the Old School by a vote of 257 to 8. Its essential provision is:

"The reunion shall be effected on the doctrinal and ecclesiastical basis of our common Standards; the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments shall be acknowledged to be the inspired Word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice; the Confession of Faith shall continue to be sincerely received and adopted as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures; and the government and discipline of the Presbyterian Church in the United States shall be approved as containing the principles and rules of our polity."

This plan is to be submitted to the several Presbyteries, who are to report their action on or before the 1st of November to the clerks of the present General Assemblies, who are to meet at Pittsburg on the second Wednesday of that month. If two-thirds of the Presbyteries accept the plan it is to take effect, and the General Assembly of the united Church is to meet at Philadelphia on the third Thursday of May, 1870.

CUBA.

We are gradually acquiring some definite information as to the course of events in Cuba. About the 10th of April delegates met at Guimaro and formally organized a republican government, Don C. M. Cespedes being President, and Manuel Quesada Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Cespedes, in accepting the position, declared that, "in the act of beginning the struggle with the oppressor, Cuba has assumed the solemn duty to consummate her independence or perish in the attempt." The contest, which up to a very recent period has been rather of the nature of a guerrilla warfare, both parties claiming great advantages, has assumed a merciless

character. In February Céspedes issued an order that "Every prisoner who has voluntarily fought against the revolution shall be executed; but soldiers of the regular army may expect clemency according to the circumstances; the property of enemies of the republic will be confiscated; no neutrality will be recognized; all persons will be considered friends or enemies, with the exception of foreigners who have been neutral since the beginning of the revolution. Those who have voluntarily done the Spanish Government or its officials any service will be executed irrespective of person." In April General Valmaseda, commander of the Spanish forces, put forth a decree of a character quite as atrocious.—Expeditions from the United States have succeeded in joining the insurgents; and sharp actions are reported. Thus, according to Spanish accounts, on the night of the 16th of May 700 men landed in the bay of Nipe, and took up a position in which they were surprised by the Spaniards, who gained some advantage; but their ammunition giving out, they were compelled to retire. According to the official Spanish account they lost four men killed, while the enemy lost 60 killed and 160 wounded.

EUROPE.

In *Great Britain* the speech of Mr. Sumner, noted in our last Record, has aroused universal attention. The newspaper press, almost without exception, look upon this speech as an official declaration by the Government of the United States, and as amounting virtually to a threat of war, in case the demands made are not complied with. The universal feeling in Great Britain is that the utmost that will be conceded is reparation for actual damages inflicted by the *Alabama*; and that in no case will any apology be made for the recognition of the belligerent rights of the Southern Confederacy.—Mr. Motley has already proceeded to Great Britain to assume the position of Minister from the United States, but the instructions under which he is to act have not been made public.

In *France* the election for members of the Legislative body closed on the 25th of May. Some time previous the Emperor made a speech at Chartres, in which he urged the voters to "second the regular advance of my Government on the path of liberal progress which it has laid down, and to oppose insuperable resistance to those subversive passions which appear to revive only to threaten the unshaken fabric of universal suffrage." The election was attended with much excitement; and the result appears to be that the Opposition gain a few members. In 59 districts the vote was so close that another ballot will be necessary. Of the candidates already chosen 41 were not members of the last Chambers.

From *Spain* we have only the brief notes sent by telegraph, which give no clear idea of the progress of events. The only things certain are that the Cortes has been considering the new Constitution; that a monarchical system of government is decided upon; but that no person has been fixed upon to wear the crown. We give briefly the sum of the most important dispatches:

April 30. Yesterday Señor Cuestas proposed an amendment to the new Constitution now under consideration, establishing the Catholic as the only religion of the country. After debate it was rejected.

May 1. An amendment to the Constitution, abolish-

ing the prerogative of the Crown in Ecclesiastical matters, was rejected.

May 2. All amendments proposed to the new Constitution have been rejected. The Cortes has voted an amnesty for all prisoners who took part in the insurrection at Cadiz, Malaga, and Xeres. A motion that the amnesty should be extended to Carlists implicated in insurrectionary movements was not agreed to. A serious disturbance at Saragossa is apprehended. It is reported that the troops there are in a state of discontent and partial insubordination.

May 4. The majority of the Cortes are in favor of a new Ministry.

May 5. Olozaga and his friends demand the establishment of a Directory; it is believed that General Prim is not unfavorable to the scheme.

May 6. The article of the Constitution guaranteeing liberty of worship was adopted, by 164 to 40. Serrano urged a postponement of the contemplated ministerial changes until a form of government had been definitely settled upon, which was agreed to. A Carlist conspiracy has been discovered at Barcelona.

May 7. All the amendments to the religious clauses of the Constitution were rejected, and the clauses as they stood were finally adopted. A Directory is proposed, to consist of Serrano, Rivero, and Olozaga, with Prim at its head, as President and Minister of War.

May 8. A proposition has been made to the Cortes to name Serrano as Regent, and Prim as President of the Council, until a King is elected.

May 9. Prim declared that the reports that he meditated an attempt against the liberal régime were unfounded; his motto, he said, was "honor and liberty." There are reports of Carlist risings in Catalonia.

May 10. The question of the reconquest of Gibraltar came up in the Cortes. The Minister of State said that before any treaty for its cession by Great Britain could be negotiated, the Spanish nation must be strongly constituted and financially reorganized.

May 11. In the Cortes Señor Olozaga made a speech in favor of the formation of a federal republic.

May 12. The Cortes, by a vote of 159 to 64, rejected the amendment to make Spain a federal republic. A proposition to create a triennial Directory was under consideration. This scheme was rejected on the next day.

May 17. The article of the Constitution declaring that the "sovereignty is in the nation, from which all power emanates," was adopted by acclamation. Amendments that the King must be a native of Spain, and elected by popular vote, were rejected. The majority of the Cortes, fearing that a civil war is imminent, favor a regency.

May 21. After sharp debate, the article of the Constitution declaring that "the form of government of the Spanish nation is a monarchy," was passed by a vote of 214 to 70. In the course of the debate Admiral Topete said that he was opposed to the restoration of Queen Isabella; he desired the elevation of the Duke of Montpensier to the throne, but should subordinate his action to that of the Prime Minister and the Minister of War, who, as all the other Ministers, awaited the decision of the Cortes for their guidance. Topete concluded by advising the Cortes to "take care that no daring man should cut the knot which they were unable to untie."

May 22. The republican newspapers assert that the vote of the 16th only deferred, but did not defeat the scheme for a federal republic, which they aver must come, sooner or later, through the want of a monarch and the absence of unanimity on the part of the majority of the Cortes. Queen Isabella proposed to abdicate in favor of her son, the Prince of Asturias.

May 23. Admiral Topete was appointed Minister of the Colonies, *ad interim*. Prince Augustus, of Portugal, has been suggested for the Spanish throne, it being reported that negotiations were in progress for a marriage between him and a daughter of the Duke of Montpensier.

May 26. The Cortes is debating the clauses in the Constitution relating to the colonies. Señor Castellano said that if Spain had, in regard to Cuba, followed the example of Great Britain in Canada, the outbreak would have been prevented. Serrano replied that General Dulce, when he entered upon the government of Cuba, had granted the liberties required, but that party-spirit had blinded some of the inhabitants as to the intentions of the Home Government. The rebellion had been suppressed by physical force, but the moral disorder was disappearing very slowly. When public order was restored slavery would be abolished by the Government, and all persons engaged in the slave-trade would be punished.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer has many little anecdotes of our warriors, big and little, but never until now one of an officer whose military record is among the best—General Slocum. In a lecture recently delivered by that gentleman he illustrated the amount of influence possessed by officers over men, and the high state of discipline that prevailed during the first months of the war, by the following incident that occurred at the battle of Bull Run during the heat of the action. An officer who has since become prominent and well-known throughout the country was then in command of a brigade on the right of the line. While riding over the field he discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the ground, which was of just sufficient dimensions to afford him shelter. The General rode up to him, inquired as to his regiment, and ordered him to join it at once. The man looked him full in the face, placed his thumb upon his nose, and replied: "*No, you don't, old fellow; you want this hole yourself!*"

EVERY thing seems to flourish in Illinois, especially sects; realizing the accuracy of the French gourmand's statement, namely, that in that State there were "two hundred and seventy religions and *one* gravy." In that famous commonwealth, in Woodford County, the dominating piety is that of the Dunkers, who are notably strict in the observance of certain ceremonies—among them that of kissing each other and washing each other's feet. Not long since the members of this society were assembled from all parts of the county to enjoy the annual reunion. Provided with vessels of water, and seated on two long rows of seats, they proceeded to the foot-washing. At the conclusion of this moist ordinance a Dunker divine arose and remarked that he was sorry to observe a Methodist brother present who had declined to join in the solemnity. After some reference to the imperative duty devolving upon Christians to wash each other's feet, he concluded with: "If our Methodist brother has any thing to say we shall be glad to hear from him." The Methodist brother, a minister, arose and said: "It's all right, friends; all right—at least *I should think so from the looks of the water!*"

WE see no reason to doubt the accuracy of the inference of a clergyman in Leesburg, Virginia (probably some army chaplain, as it occurred during the war), who, in dilating on the cure of Naaman, said: "I have no doubt when *Mr.* Naaman reached home, after his bath, that *Mrs.* Naaman was glad to see him."

Probably. The Drawer never reads one of these watery anecdotes without being reminded of a saying of Thackeray, viz., that the people of this world would be all the better if they would become "*Companions of the Most Noble Order of the Bath.*"

A CORRESPONDENT at Corning, New York, mentions that a deep religious feeling has been prevalent in that town, and that the prayer-meetings have been very numerous attended. During one of these meetings a good Methodist lady made a fervent exhortation, and illustrated

it with an anecdote of an actress. She prefaced it with the remark that she once enjoyed herself in attending theatres. In which the "*leading man*" of the meeting joined by shouting, "*So did I—bless the Lord!*"

Just before the battle of Buena Vista the Mexicans were indulging in a few odd shots with escopete balls, the whistling of which leaves an impression never to be forgotten. The division of General Joe Lane, of Indiana, was in battle array, and in it his favorite Indiana regiment. Placing himself in front of this regiment, he observed the heads of the boys bowing whenever these whistling shots came by, and indignantly gave the command, "*Indiana regiment, no dodging!*" This had the desired effect; but soon came whirling along a twenty-four-pounder, and down went the General's head with the rest; whereupon he immediately faced about, and with stentorian voice exclaimed, "*Indiana regiment, dodge the big ones!*" That order was obeyed.

AT this same battle General Lane had placed upon his staff a brave young officer who stammered, and when excited was scarcely able to talk. The night after the fight General Taylor sent for his division commanders for a council. Before Lane left his quarters to attend he ordered the young officer to ride to a prominent hill, observe the Mexicans, and bring information immediately of any movements; to stay all night, if necessary, but be sure to give the first news of their movements. The conference was long. After returning to his tent he was unable to sleep. Next morning, just at dawn, while pacing in front of his tent, he saw his aid-de-camp, spurring his horse and whipping him with his sword, riding furiously. On halting before the General, so eager was he to communicate his information, he forgot the customary salute, and said: "*Ge-Ge-Gen-eral, Santa Anna's re-re-retreating, and-and-and if he's sat-sat-sat-is-is-fied I-I-am!*" General Lane promptly dispatched this report to General Taylor, who was doubtless also sat-sat-isfied.

THAT fond fathers and mothers may know what were thought to be the advantages of being born on certain days, we quote the following quaint old specimen of lip lore written many a long year ago:

"Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is born to woe,
Thursday's child has far to go;
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child must work for its living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath-day
Is blithe and bonnie, good and gay."

THE peculiar conformation of the foot of a freedman seems to be satisfactorily accounted for by a Belle Plain, Iowa, correspondent, who says:

A little negro passing our drug-store was accosted with, "I say, Bub, what makes your feet so long behind?" The little negro answered, "Why, massa, you see when de Lord made us niggahs he thought he wouldn't give us any feet; but when he made up his mind to gub 'em, we

was so glad dat we jumped right into de middle of 'em—dat's so!"

At prayer-meetings, as well as elsewhere, brevity is the soul of—well, let it be wit. At one of these meetings, held not a thousand miles from Fall River, the congregation was large, and as there were many who would probably be glad to participate in the exercises, brevity was essential. One of the brethren, a bluff person, acted as a sort of monitor, and more than once during the evening remarked: "Brethren, there are many from whom we wish to hear to-night; so be brief as possible." This reminder had the desired effect until a Presbyterian clergyman from a neighboring town arose to speak, and, unconsciously, ran into a long argument. Our bluff brother at length interrupted him with the hint to be limited—that there were yet many to be heard from; which was too much for the reverend, who somewhat impatiently replied: "Sir, I am a *Presbyterian* minister; I *can not* be limited!"

THE anecdote of the eccentric old farmer who had never had any falling-out with the Lord, related by a New Jersey correspondent in the April Drawer, reminds an old and welcome Jefferson County contributor of a veritable occurrence that took place some years since in one of the villages of that county. Old Mr. F— was lying dangerously ill at his house with an affection of the liver. One day Parson B—, hearing of his critical condition, and knowing that he had never given much attention to the ordinances of the Church, determined to make him a call. He was admitted to the room of the sick man, when he affectionately observed:

"Mr. F—, you are very ill; you may never recover. May I inquire the condition of your heart?"

"Oh! heart is well enough; my liver is considerably diseased, so the doctors tell me. But my heart's all right; there's nothing the matter with that!"

NEW YORK is not without rivals in the art and mystery of advertising. If, as has been said by high literary authority, the culture of a nation may be inferred from its advertisements, how high in the scale shall we place Scranton, Pennsylvania, in one of whose organs of public opinion appears the following announcement of Messrs. —?

THEIR PARLOR FURNITURE IS ELEGANT,
THEIR BEDROOM FURNITURE IS RICH,
THEIR MATTRESSES ARE DOWNY.
THEIR COFFINS ARE COMFORTABLE.

GENERAL WALBRIDGE tells us that a spinster of Boston met an old gentleman at the house of his brother, and, imagining him to be a man of wealth, married him. They moved to Philadelphia. Too late she found out that he was poor as that only fowl possessed by the Scriptural planter, Job. She led him a horrible life; and, after several years of married infelicity, drove the ghost from the poor man's body. Quietly putting the defunct into a coffin, she sent it by express to Boston, and soon followed. Arrived there, she had body and all put on a cart, drove to her brother-in-law's house,

and ordered the driver to put the coffin on the front steps, which was done. Ringing the bell violently, she calmly waited. The door was opened by her brother-in-law and his wife. Imagine their horror at seeing the virago sitting on a coffin and smiling at them.

"In Heaven's name, what have you there?" they demanded.

"Oh, nothing. I've only brought old Jones back home."

"Wo-wo-won't you come in?"

"No! thank you. I've an *engagement* to keep!"

And with that off she tramped, leaving poor Jones in his coffin, and his brother cursing her and all womankind as long as she was within hearing. Her grief was hardly first-class.

A CHICAGO correspondent mentions the case of an old mulatto who belonged to an acquaintance. The old mulatto was asked if he was legally married to the woman whom he called his "wife," to which he replied: "Yes. We had no minister, but we took a-hold each other's hand, knelt down together, and I axed her if she'd be my wife till death. She said yes; and axed me if I'd be her husband till death. I said yes; and then we took de Lord's name in vain, and we was lawfully married!"

WILLIAM PRESTON, an Englishman and a stone-cutter, had been employed by Mrs. Hereford, the daughter of James Wilson, an eminent Scotch lawyer of Charlestown, Kanawha County, Virginia, deceased, to erect a tombstone over his grave. For a proper inscription he was directed to call on George W. Summers, Benjamin H. Smith, and James Craik, all leading members of the Charlestown bar. They assembled in the office of Mr. Summers, in the summer of 1833—Preston present, waiting for the epitaph. They had a discussion. All agreed that something brief and in character with the deceased should be chosen. Wilson was a man of fine education, and a lawyer of great eminence and integrity—not unlike Webster in compactness. After much talk, they were all delighted with an epitaph proposed by one. It was put in writing, and given to Preston, in these words:

JAMES WILSON.

Born in Glasgow, Scotland, A.D. ——. Died in Charlestown, A.D. —.

"A learned man and an honest lawyer."

Preston took it and went off. A student (Doddridge), reading Blackstone, ventured to suggest, modestly, that the selection seemed to imply that an *honest lawyer* was a *rara avis in terra*. He proposed to substitute the following:

"A learned lawyer and an honest man."

This was forthwith accepted, Preston recalled, and the epitaph modified accordingly. Mr. Summers quietly remarked: "Gentlemen, we must at least *appear* to respect the opinions of the world on this delicate point regarding our profession."

WITH the praiseworthy end in view of putting a stop to the absurd custom of dedicating books to distinguished persons—a custom very common nowadays, and one which we can not but think would be more honored in the breach than

the observance—we lay before our readers for their entertainment an inimitable dedication, written by the famous wit, Theodore Hook. It was prefixed to a little comedy entitled "The Trial by Jury," published in 1811. In despair of rivaling this amusing performance, we trust our authors will abolish from their future books dedications, which always appeared to us to savor too much of flunkysm:

TO BENJAMIN WADD, ESQ.

SIR.—The many private favors I have received at your hands would excuse the liberty I take in thus publicly addressing you, but the justice I, in common with every Englishman, owe to your great and splendid character renders all apology unnecessary.

As the colleague of Pitt, the associate of Fox, and the school-fellow of Nelson, you are entitled to the nation's attention; but when I come to consider the numberless acts of your comprehensive mind for the public good I feel inclined to worship you as a superior being sent from heaven to bless and benefit mankind.

It is by a close adherence to the system so admirably laid down in your "History of Naval Tactics" that our fleets have become the pride of the seas and the terror of our enemies; it is by the introduction of your regulations that our army has attained the eminence it now possesses.—In short, to you the great Wellington himself is indebted for those victories which will transmit his name to posterity in the annals of fame.

The exalted station you hold, combined with the extraordinary share of talent you possess, renders you an object of the greatest interest to the nation—every body speaks of you; all eyes are fixed on you. The line you have chosen in politics, domestic and foreign, has stamped you a true patriot; it proves the integrity of your zeal and the purity of your heart.

The part you took in the Union with Ireland displayed the same mildness of disposition which you evinced when the expedition to Walcheren failed partially of its ultimate object; and though the very onerous post assigned to you at home gives you an opportunity of forwarding the interests of the oppressed Portuguese nation, I am inclined to attribute the flourishing state of the allied armies at this moment to your personal exertions on the Peninsula.

Your skill in the *belles-lettres* and fine arts I shall not mention; indeed, the splendid exhibition of your own works, so liberally opened to the public, speaks volumes. You blend the boldness of a Titian with the minute finishing of a Dow, and unite the comicality of Teniers with the elegance of Vandyck. As a poet I have no hesitation in pronouncing that you are equaled by few; as a linguist surpassed by none. The beautiful collection of Persian odes which you originally wrote, and afterward translated into Dutch, have gained you a never-fading wreath; and the exquisite Chinese lectures on chess, printed in the fifth volume of the *Waddiana*, have added fresh laurels to your brow.

In the midst of all this brilliancy your very elaborate *Lexicon* shows your indefatigability for the improvement of mankind; and your Latin and French grammars, with your seven volumes on Mathematics, prove the versatility of your talents, as well as your steadiness in the application of them.

As a philosopher, a lawyer, a patriot, a statesman, and a gentleman you are unrivaled: but why need I repeat this truth, which England so readily allows?—it is indelibly graven on the hearts of your countrymen. With your name attached to it my little piece may reach posterity. Though nations may perish and kingdoms decay, the name of WADD will ever be remembered till Time shall cease to be.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient
And very humble servant,
THE AUTHOR.

WHISKY is a fluid used chiefly, either "neat" or in diffused combination, as an intoxicator of man. Not until now has it been applied with success to the inebriation of rat and crow. It came to pass recently that the maid-servant of an agriculturist in Illinois conceived the idea that as whisky was killing many men in the neighborhood, it might possibly be made useful as an

exterminator of rats; so the maid-servant of the agriculturist took an ordinary "horn" of the article, made it sweet with sugar, crumbled some bread therein, and placed it in the cellar. A few hours afterward she went down and found several rats, gloriously fuddled, engaged in throwing potato parings, and hauling one another up to drink! No doubt about it.

But, accurate as this is, it is surpassed by an occurrence that recently took place in Napa, California, where the crows had made themselves obnoxious by their persistent invasion of the corn-fields. A man who had been hired to watch a particularly promising field, and notify these birds that it was against the rules to pick up any thing therein, bethought himself how he could make a "soft thing" of it for himself, and at the same time meet the requirements of his contract. Finally, by a beautiful instinct, he hit upon the plan of soaking some corn in whisky and placing it in the field, so that the crows would eat it and get drunk, and thus enable him to have a sure and easy thing of killing them. He had tried the shot-gun, but crows smell powder a long way. After soaking some corn overnight he put a good supply in the field next morning, and in two or three hours went out to see how things were progressing. Mark you the result: One of the crows a little larger than the rest had taken possession of nearly all the corn, had built himself a bar out of some clods of earth, and was retailing the whisky-soaked corn to the other crows, charging them three grains of sprouted for one of soaked grain! The man thought the manoeuvre so human that he killed not a crow, but came back to the house and—took a "nip" himself.

Is it actionable to use language like the following:

"I am sitting on your crinoline, Madam," said a gentleman to an overdressed woman recently in a Providence street-car.

"It is of no consequence," she politely replied, with a gracious smile and inclination of the head.

"But I think it is," replied the gentleman; "for it hurts me."

Nor bad by an English wag, who, in speaking of the elaborate suppers served on a North River steamer, where for seventy-five cents you may partake of a banquet the variety of whose bill of fare rivals the *carte* of the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, said: "which *carte* I have heard called the *Steupandect* of Justinian."

A FEW years since there lived in one of the most populous towns of Ohio an old lady with two unmarried daughters, who owned a good property near the centre of the town. One night the old lady departed this life, and next day one of the daughters, being in a neighbor's house, remarked: "I may as well tell you now as any time—mother died last night."

Of course the neighbors made all necessary arrangements for the funeral, and procured a nice carriage for the mourners, who reluctantly consented to enter it, though the cemetery was a mile distant. After the body had been deposited in its last resting-place, and the procession was about to return, one of the bereaved stepped up

to the driver and asked, "*Can't you give us a little ride around town?*" which he politely declined to do.

A few days after the funeral a neighbor was condoling with one of the daughters, and remarked: "You must be very lonely, and miss your mother very much."

To which she replied: "Oh yes! we do—*mother used to eat up all the burned cookies!*"

We are indebted to a correspondent at Greensboro', Alabama, for the following poetic effusion, addressed by a gallant young rebel to his Dulcinea on the eve of his departure to fields of glory:

1. The time is swiftly rolen on
When parted we must be
My sould in a distan land shal dewel
To you i bid fare well
2. When you are hear and i am there
Shed not a teer for me
I'll pray for you and you for me
That we may meet a gain
3. Off time to church we youst to go
Off time you seen me thair
But a meny day shal pas away
Before we meet a gain
4. Off time at church we sot and sung
A round the fier side
With friend and neighbors dear to us
Those home we dearly love
5. You no you have poces my harte
You no i love you dear
But a meny a day shal pas away
Before we meet a gain
6. Sink down ye generating hills
Lest sin and death remane
Its love that drives my chariot wheel
And death must yeal to love
7. Now i must lay a side my pen
And to the army i am bound
So hear my harte my loving girl
To you ill bid fare well.

It seems to us that that sixth stanza puts the matter in what might be called the vigorous style.

THE following may be a little old, though we do not remember to have read it for many a year, perhaps not at all. It is of Brummel, who one day was sitting at his club, when a broad, square-framed Englishman came between him and the fire while he was reading the *Times*, and, standing with his back and large proportions turned toward the grate, sneezed twice very loudly. Brummel looked at him over the top of his paper with a very deprecating glance. It had no effect; for presently he gave another very loud blast of sternutation.

"Waitaw!" said Brummel, "we cañ't enjure this: bring us an umbrella!"

The "spray" was quite too much for his delicate organization.

A SHORT time previous to the death of the late Governor Marcy he was staying temporarily, with his family, at Congress Hall, Albany. On a raw Sunday afternoon a fire had been kindled in the office for his especial benefit, he being in poor health. A sofa was drawn near the grate, on one end of which sat the ex-Secretary, his massive head sunk upon his chest, and his eyes dreamily fixed upon the coals, in a deep brown study. The other corner was occupied by the writer hereof. Suddenly the quiet of the place was broken by the noisy entrance of three chat-

tering young men dressed in their Sunday best. The foremost of the group, his jaunty cap tipped knowingly on one side of his head, approached the dreaming statesman, and, in a confident tone, said: "How do you do, Mr. Marcy, Sir? You don't recollect me, Sir, I presume. I used to see you at the White House, Sir."

The old Governor, evidently annoyed by this flippant interruption to his meditations, slowly raised his head, and eying the speaker with comic gravity, responded: "Let's see—were you the keeper of the dogs there?"

The young "gent," nothing abashed by this blunt query, replied: "Oh no, Sir—I waited at table, Sir!"

"Humph!" growled the great man, with a sly twinkle in his eye, as his would-be acquaintance tripped gingerly away.

WE were not aware of the important fact (though a military correspondent of the Ninth Cavalry, at Fort Davis, Texas, thinks that occurrence ought to be fresh in the Drawer's recollection) that some years since a party of Indians drove off all the live-stock at Fort Lancaster. A few days afterward Captain — was passing through the post, and stopped a couple of days for rest. While there an enthusiastic officer took him out to show him the trail of the bad Indians, how they came, which way they went, etc. After following the trail for some distance the Captain turned to his guide and exclaimed: "Look here; if you want to find any Indians, you can find them; *I haven't lost any*, and am going back to camp."

Curiosity as to the precise route of the aboriginal exodus had on his part ceased to exist.

LITTLE Howard R—, of Alden, Illinois, came into the room where his mother had just hung up a clean curtain, and made the astute observation: "Oh, ma, the window has got on a clean shirt!"

A CORRESPONDENT at West Newton, Massachusetts, says: I am reminded of the following incident by the allusion to language "consistent with the naval character" in the March Drawer. Early on the morning of December 24, 1864, Admiral Porter signaled to the fleet before Fort Fisher, "Get under way and follow me." The ship to which I belonged was assigned, in the programme, to a position between two iron-clads close under the fort. We anticipated hot and terrible work. The flag-ship led the way, and was approaching within range, when Lieutenant-Commander B—, of my ship, ordered all hands called to muster. The brawny tars gathered aft on the quarter-deck, with the officers in their usual places, and our commander commenced to read from the Prayer-Book the "Prayer before Battle." It was a solemn moment; none knew who or how many among us might suddenly be ushered into the presence of the God of Battles. Our commander read as though he felt it; the whole ship's company were awed and hushed, and the throbbing of the engines and wash of water along the side seemed preternaturally loud. When about half through a signal was reported from the flag-ship—"Come to anchor in your positions." When it was read to our commander a sudden revulsion of feeling came over him. Throwing down

the Prayer-Book upon the hatch, he exclaimed: "Well, I'll be d—d if I'm going to pray if we ain't a-going to fight! *Pipe down!*"

Several of that gallant ship's company laid down their lives during the first and second attacks on the fort, and their remains lie under the sands of Federal Point, unmarked but not forgotten.

A PROMINENT member of General Grant's staff, one of those practical, sensible men which the General is noted for having about, is withal somewhat of a wag. He was recently seated at dinner with a gentleman, who, having partaken rather freely, became talkative. The latter, speaking of some one, said, "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!"

"Your enemy," replied the officer, "don't write books."

PERHAPS one of the most "enjoyable" things in a modern court of justice—where not unfrequently innocent witnesses, who are losing patience, time, and money in their compulsory occupancy of the witness-stand (which is a pillory), are "ballyragged" and tormented—is the torturing *in return* of some impudent, unfeeling advocate. A good case in point is this:

In a court not more than about five thousand miles away from the city of Gotham a legal gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar-pleading, and had coaxed, threatened, and bullied witnesses to his heart's content, when it chanced that a very stupid fellow, an hostler, was called upon the stand. He was, in fact, simplicity personified. The counsel, it should be premised, had made a great fuss about the previous witnesses speaking so low that he could not hear them.

"Now, Sir," said the "learned counsel," "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you *speak up*." (He himself spoke rudely loud.)

"I hope not, Sir!" shouted out the witness in such bellowing tones that they fairly shook the building.

"How dare you speak in *that* way, Sir?" demanded the counsel.

"*I can't speak no louder!*"—shouting louder than before, as if to atone for his fault in speaking too low!

"Have you been drinking this morning?" asked the lawyer, who had now entirely lost the command of his temper at the roars of laughter which burst forth from a crowded audience.

"Yes, Sir," said the witness, frankly.

"And what have you been drinking, Sir? Look at the jury—don't look at me, Sir, in that way!"

"Coffee, Sir."

"Did you have any thing in your coffee, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I thought so," said the counsel, with a glance at the jury. "Well, Sir," continued the "learned counsel," "you say you *had* something in your coffee. State, if you please, to the jury what that 'something' was."

"Sugar, Sir," answered the witness, without the movement of a muscle.

There was another burst of "furtive laughter" throughout the court-room.

"This man is no fool, your Honor" (addressing the Court), "but he is something *worse*."

Now, witness, you must come to the point. Had you any thing *else* in your coffee besides sugar?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Yes?—you *had*? (Well, we are likely to get at the truth after all, his turning and twisting to the contrary notwithstanding.) Well, Sir, what else was it you had in your coffee?"

"A *spune*, Sir!" shouted the witness. "Do I make you *hear* me, Square?—a *spune!*"

That was the last witness, and the last of him on the stand. Here the trial was adjourned until the next day.

VERY forcible and very quaint is the following: "Riches, oftentimes, if nobody *take* them away, make to themselves wings and *fly* away; and truly, many a time the undue *sparing* of them is but letting their wings grow, which makes them *ready* to fly away; and the contributing a part of them to do good only *clips* their wings a little, and makes them stay the longer with their owner."

Now this is exceedingly brief, but it will set many of our wealthy readers to thinking; and who knows (save the All-seeing Eye) that it may not be productive of good to "the poor, and they who have none to help them?"

THE following *Browniana* is so characteristic of the gentleman who undertakes, always with success, the organization and management of those mass meetings that in society are called fashionable parties, and gives so fair a hit at the style of young male person who disporteth himself at those assemblages, that it is worth putting in the "amber" of the Drawer. It is sent by a clever woman, well known in literature:

What an institution Brown is! I am told that he is educating a son to succeed him, when imperative Time demands an account of the original Brown for eternity. I can not believe that any son will ever come up to the mark.

The Brown has spoiled us for all imitations or successors.

There is a humor and a deliberate, sarcastic hauteur in our Brown that is inimitable. Two stories about him occur to me, which I must pause and tell.

Jack E——, the artist, having been abroad for a year or two, found himself on his return to New York more bare of invitations (it was in the height of the Carnival) than his aristocratic belongings would justify. Somebody said to him, "Brown has invitations for you, but you have neglected to pay your respects to him."

Jack consequently sauntered up to Brown, and, without the air of deference which the Great Sexton expects, said, carelessly, "Haven't you some cards for me, Brown?"

There were some people standing about: Brown put on a greater look of carelessness than Jack's, and said, "What's your name, young man?"

"E——," replied Jack, amused—"John E——."

"Humph!" said Brown; "perhaps I have some;" and then turning round to the spectators, with an affected lowering of his voice which only made it more distinct—

"Society is getting so mixed—I can not follow it."

Another young gentleman fared still worse.

He was well known to be a constant frequenter of that lair of the Tiger, Pat Hearne's. One night, when a crowd of people were leaving some ball, and Brown was shutting carriage-doors, and delivering addresses to coachmen with the correctness of a Directory, this youth undertook to resent what I suppose he considered a work of supererogation on the part of the chief pillar of Grace Church; so when Brown chanted out, not happening to be certain of his lodgings,

"Where to?"

"Where he brought me from," replied the gentleman, with lofty reticence.

Brown slammed the door with emphasis, and in a loud, slow voice said to coachee,

"Take Mr. — to Pat Hearne's."

ONE of our good old patriotic "Friends," in the time of the Revolution (he was from "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations"), is said to have remarked to a gunner who was leveling his cannon against the foe:

"Friend, I am a man of peace; I counsel no bloodshed; but if thee intends to *hit* the little man in the red jacket, thee would do well to point thine engine three inches lower!"

He *did* so, and "took his man."

"There were giants in those days" even among meek Friends.

AMONG the leather-dealers of "the Swamp" there were few who had a keener perception of the ludicrous, or who could relate an anecdote with greater effect than the late C. M. L—. He once stumbled on an odd character on board a steamboat, and daguerretyped him on the spot.

"I had just finished my supper," said he, "and was enjoying my cigar on the deck, when I heard a man declaiming, in a loud voice, to two or three attentive listeners (but evidently intended for 'whoever it might concern' at the same time, on *Pathology*. Being, as it were, thus invited, I also became a listener to something like the following:

"There it is now! Well, some people talk about *seated* fevers. I don't know any thing about seated fevers: there ain't no sich thing as a seated fever. A 'sketer-bite is a seated fever; cure the bite, and the fever quits you quick enough. Jes' so with a *bile*—the same thing. There ain't no sich thing, I tell ye, as a seated fever. Fact is, and you can't rub it out, your regular doctor practizes according to books; now I pratize accordin' to common-sense. Take a case now: There was Dr. Rugg, of our village, the very Samson of the Materier Medicker. Wa'al, he treats fevers according to the books. What's the consequence? I get all the patients! He met me one day, and says he to me, says he, 'How is it that you git all the fever cases?' I told him exactly how it was; and it is so."

"Well, doctor," interrupted one of the listeners, "how do you treat fevers?"

"Well, there it is, you see! You ask me how I treat fevers. If you'd ha' asked me when I first commenced practising, I could ha' told you—can't tell you now. I treat cases zactly as I find 'em—according, as said afore, to common-sense. And there it is! Now there was Mrs. Scuttle; she was taken sick. All the folks

said she had the consumption; hadn't the consumption more'n you've got it [singling out a burly listener, who weighed some two hundred and fifty or three hundred]; had two doctors at her at once; didn't do her a single *mossel* o' good. Wa'al, they sent for me; and as I went into the house I see a lot of tansy and a flock of chickens by the door. Felt her pulse. Says I—and she'll never forget it till her dying day does come—says I, "You ain't no more got the consumption than I've got it, not a bit." And there 'twas, you see! In two weeks I cured her."

"Well, but, doctor, how did you cure her?"

"There it is again! I told you I see a lot of tansy and a flock of chickens growing at the door. I gin her some of the tansy and a fresh-laid egg—brought her right up! It's kill or cure with me. Fact is, gentlemen," continued the doctor, "I call myself an officer. My saddlebags is my soldiers, my disease my inimy; I rush at him, and 'ither he or me has got to conquer! I never give in."

"My cigar was out," says our narrator, "and while engaged in lighting another the 'doctor' vanished, possibly hastened by the influence of one of his own prescriptions."

What this learned "doctor" was, in comparison with the medical profession as a class, the hero of the "Harp of a Thousand Strings" was to the clerical. It seems to us that both are equally "originals in their way," and their portraits will bear "suspension" as "companion-pictures."

CHEERFUL views of the verdicts of juries in cases of the higher crimes are taken by the authorities and people of Nevada. Two "gentlemen" were confined in the county jail at Austin, in that State, one of whom was sentenced to be hung on the 30th ult. Another was on trial for a similar irregularity. The case had been tried, and the jury had come into court to render their verdict. As the accused was leaving the jail for the court-room to hear the result, he asked a friend who was accompanying him what he thought the verdict would be—remarking at the same time, "I think it will be manslaughter." "I think so too," replied his companion, "and I reckon you'll be the man slaughtered!" Such was the result; or, to use an expression current in Nevada, "That's about where it lit."

A STORY is told of Mr. Harrison Riley, of Lumpkin County, Georgia (perhaps manufactured), in regard to his first session in the Georgia Legislature. He can neither read nor write. Sitting one day in the public room of the old Mill-edgeville Hotel, a strolling Italian came in with the usual petition, stating that he had been wrecked in coming over to this country; and wanted to raise a little money to get back.

He handed his paper to Mr. Riley, who thought that all things there must pertain to the Legislature, and that this seedy-looking fellow wanted him to vote for something. He could not plead ignorance, and so took the paper, and after seeming to read it carefully gave it back, saying, in a loud tone: "My duty to my constituents would never let me vote for that bill, Sir!"

His secret was out, and every body smiled out loud.

The Red Man and The White Man.



Lo! the poor Indian!



See! the poor White Man!



He hunts Deer on the Prairie.



He hunts Dears on the Streets!



He lives upon Game.



He lives by Gaming!



He creeps upon the War Trail.



He treads upon the Trail of Peace.



He lifts Hair in a Savage manner.



He lifts Hair in Barberous fashion.



He listens to the roar of the Cataract.



He hearkens to the Notes of the Waterfall.

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PICTURES OF THE JAPANESE.*



JAPANESE ARTISTS AT WORK.

AT about seven o'clock in the morning of the 9th of May, 1866, we dropped our anchor in the harbor of Yokohama. A magnificent panorama was that we passed as we sailed along the coast that bright and beautiful morning; the land green and tree-covered; hills rising from the water's edge, cultivated in terraces to their summit; every where, except on the most barren mountains, whose ribs defy flesh, a most tropical greenness; junks with their huge unwieldy looking sterns, and great mat-sails hanging idly on their single masts; natives putting their olive faces out of junk windows, or thronging the decks to see our steamship plowing through the water; temples and palaces half hiding among the trees; mossy lawns between the mountain's foot and the sea; mountains, always mountains, of every shape and color; mountains crowding close to the water's edge; mountains far away, hidden by morning cloud or veiled by early mist; mountains that were gardens from their base to their peak; mountains that were wild and barren, standing out in clear white outline; mount-

ains standing solitary like watch-towers in the midst of a garden; mountains reaching in long ranges far as the eye could see; but monarch of them all, the venerable white-headed Fusi-yama, prominent alike by reason of its towering height—12,000 feet—and its peculiar shape and isolated condition.

Yokohama was to be our home for the next two years. It was in appearance all that we could have desired. For a year we had suffered a particularly sickly season in Hong-Kong. The contrast heightened our appreciation of the lovely land in which we found ourselves that bright spring morning. Our eyes, accustomed to rest on the barren-looking hills of Kowloon and Hong-Kong, feasted on every new feature of the beautiful landscape which was spread before us, and the sight of green fields and wooded hills brought to many a heart recollections of happy country homes far away in old England. The contrast between the countries was scarcely greater than that between their respective inhabitants.

Arriving as we did from China, the land of pug-noses and yellow skins, we were at once struck with the fresh ruddy complexions, and in many instances well-cut features, of the Japanese. Besides the difference in their personal appearance, they offer a marked contrast

* The statements in this article are chiefly taken from *Our Life in Japan*, by R. MOUNTENEY JAPHESSEN and EDWARD PENNELL ELMHIRST, Officers of the Ninth Regiment of the British Horse-Guards. The pictures are from photographs or native paintings.



DIGNITARIES AND SUITORS.

to the Chinese in manner and bearing. In place of the cringing abject demeanor of the latter, they carry themselves as becomes men, fearlessly and uprightly, look you straight in the face, and consider themselves inferior to none. The better class are a fine bold set of men. Like knights of old, they are ever ready to avenge a wrong, or even to provoke a quarrel; and with their terrible two-handed swords would be any thing but contemptible antagonists in hand-to-hand fighting. Their manners are polished in the extreme. As a rule they are exceedingly good-natured, and have a keen sense of the ridiculous—rather too much so; for we believe that if the most dutiful son, possessed of the greatest filial piety, were to see his father dying, he could not repress a laugh if

the old gentleman were to do so in at all a comical way.

The Japanese ladies are almost as fair-skinned as their sisters of the West. Small but neatly—nay, sometimes faultlessly—shaped; their flowing robes displaying in its own gracefulness the model that nature has adopted, and which none of the meretricious deceptions of civilization can improve upon; with pretty captivating manners, and a language musical and soft as Italian, the laughter-loving nymphs of the Rising Sun have many and powerful charms. No one who has been in Japan will deny their claim to beauty.

The Japanese are far from being the uncivilized persons we are apt to imagine them. No people in the world are more polished in their



OFFICER, IN RAIN COAT.



HIGH-PRIEST, IN FULL COSTUME.



LADY'S-MAID.

manner, not only toward strangers, but toward each other. Even among the lower classes, two friends meeting in the street never approach until after bowing low two or three times in succession, while making that peculiar hissing noise that they use to convey a greeting. Their dress, though, of course, most



BRIDE AND BRIDEMAID.

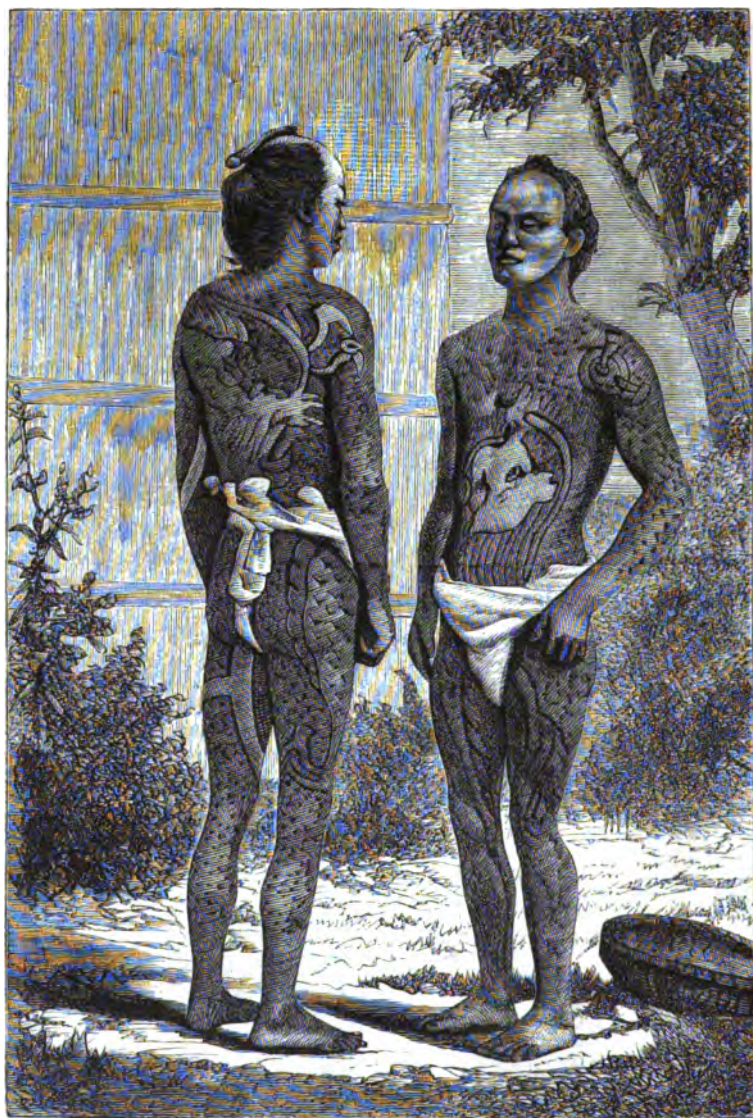
peculiar, according to our ideas, is both convenient and elegant. The loose trousers and "chimonos" (an outer garment, like the mantle of the Jews) of the men, and the robes of the women, are made of silken fabric, varying from the gauze for summer wear to the wadded quilt that can withstand the cutting blasts of



MOTHER AND SON.



MERCHANT'S FAMILY.

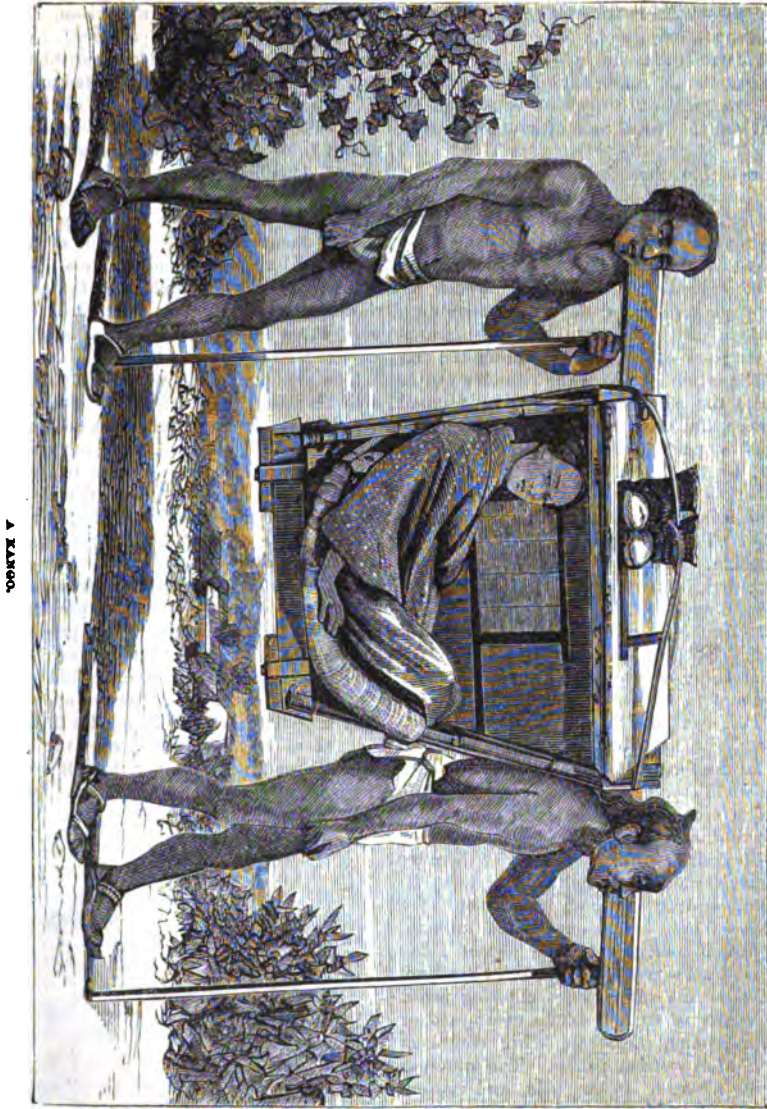


BETTOS, OR GROOMS, IN FULL COSTUME.

winter. The women's dress is confined to their waists by a colored wrapper, also of silk, and long enough to wind in perhaps a dozen folds round their bodies. This "obi" is also worn by the men, but underneath the "chimonno." The men shave the crowns of their heads, bringing the remainder of the hair, trimmed and plastered into a thin cord, forward over the bare part of the scalp; while the women tie up their long black locks in the most tasty fashion, with gold, silver, and scarlet cord. The *bettos*, or native grooms—a separate caste—in summer dispense pretty much with all clothing, and supply its place by a tight-fitting flesh sur-

tout of tattooing of the most wonderful pattern. They are capital grooms, and will face and handle the most dangerous horse; but they are terrible thieves. It is wonderful what distances and at what a pace they will run alongside their masters, when they are riding into the country—being always at hand to take charge of the horse when a halt is called, and to throw over him the rug they have carried rolled up on their shoulders.

Extreme cleanliness characterizes all classes. The matting on the floors of the poorest habitations is scrupulously neat. The utensils, mostly made of wood, are scoured and polished perpet-



A KAGO.

ually. We have often, when staying at farm-houses, taken our meals laid out on the floor; and on more than one occasion have purchased the delicate sea-weed soup that is hawked about the streets of the town without any fear of either the materials of the soup itself or the cups which contained it being less clean than at our own table. The palanquins, or "kangos," are but a sorry substitute for our carriages. They consist of a mere seat with a back and cover made of the ever-useful bamboo, and slung on a single pole, each end of which is carried on the shoulder of a coolie. Every two or three hundred yards the bearers stop, place a stick under their respective ends of the pole, and change their

burden to the other shoulder, apparently at the imminent risk of dropping kango and rider into the mud.

The savage barbarity which characterized the punishments of the Middle Ages is still a feature of punishment in Japan. The fiendish ingenuity of the Roman Inquisition is outdone by the diabolical contrivances of the acknowledged jurisdiction of Japan. The bastinado, the application of crushing weights, piled gradually heavier and still heavier on the yielding chest, the severance of member after member and limb after limb from the quivering trunk, followed by beheading, by crucifixion, by impalement on blunt spears, by tearing asunder

by means of wild cattle rendered mad by flaming torches—such are some of the many awful forms of death employed. The more common method of execution, simple beheading, is, however, a speedier and more merciful method than that of the gallows. Such an execution we were invited to witness soon after our arrival in Japan.

When within about half a mile of the prison we met an immense crowd of people, and on inquiry found that the criminal was even then being paraded on horseback through the town, and would pass us on his way to the place of execution. Remaining where we were we soon saw the cortège approaching. First of all came two men bearing placards raised on poles—the one proclaiming the nature of the crime for which the offender was to suffer and the punishment he was condemned to undergo, the other inscribed with his name and native place. Immediately following, guarded by two spearmen, rode the doomed man, tied to his horse, with his arms tightly pinioned behind him, and a rope fastened to his waist. This was held by a man who walked alongside. With a skin blanched, parched, and shriveled, features worn and distorted, eyeballs glazed and sunk, his cheek-bones appearing to be forcing themselves out, and his withered arms hanging nerveless at his side, the wretched being strove hard to bear himself bravely, and to behave at the last as became one of his race. As he passed his eye lit on our party, and he called out, with a scornful laugh, for the foreigners to come and see how a Nippon could die.

Next in order in the procession came some men on foot, and lastly two officers on horseback with their retainers. Following them we soon reached and were admitted into the prison. Built entirely of wood, it consisted of a collection of low, black, one-storied edifices, whose dismal hue and sombre aspect alone must have been enough to crush out hope from the hearts of the unfortunates entering there. In the centre of these was the court-yard or execution-ground, the whole being contained within a high wooden paling. The different cells were all open on one side, and crossed and recrossed by stout wooden bars, through which you could look upon the occupants.

Some of these—probably suffering for lesser crimes—seemed tolerably well cared for; while others, huddled together like sheep in a pen, appeared worn and emaciated—in some instances to a degree horrible to contemplate. They had no protection from the piercing night-air, which could penetrate through the open sides of their cages, and strike into frames almost equally free from clothing and from flesh.

While we had been making our tour of inspection the doomed culprit had been unlashd and dismounted from his horse at the gate. But when set on his feet he was unable to stand, owing to weakness and the constrained and painful position in which he had been kept

so long, and his guard were obliged to carry him into the precincts of the prison. Here an ample breakfast had been provided, of which he ate heartily, and with evident enjoyment. After a full half hour it was intimated to him that his presence was expected. With the assistance of an attendant on each side, he walked slowly into the execution-ground, and was placed, kneeling and sitting on his heels (in the universal Japanese posture), behind a small hole dug out for the reception of his head. Some ten yards in front of him, and separated by a rope running across the square, sat the presiding yakonin and the prison authorities, calmly fanning themselves; and beyond these again were the six or eight foreigners who had been admitted.

The prisoner's arms were then pinioned behind his back; but, before the cloth was tied over his eyes, he requested that a minute's grace might be allowed him. This being granted, he raised a weak, quavering voice to its highest pitch, and screamed out, "My friends!" Immediately an unearthly chorus of wails answered the poor wretch from his friends outside the walls, none of whom could be seen from the interior. This was followed by "Syonara" (good-by), and by a deeper and more prolonged wail from the crowd outside. The prisoner then signaled to his guards that he was ready, and submitted quietly to the operation of blind-folding; the executioner stepped up, and carefully adjusting the victim's head a little on one side, so as to hang exactly over the hole prepared to receive it, signified that all was ready; the word was given, when, without raising his





A PICNIC.

weapon more than a foot above the neck of the condemned, the executioner brought down his heavy blade with an audible thud which severed the head instantly from the body.

Immediately the head fell it was seized, carefully washed and cleaned, the procession was re-formed as before—except that the horse previously ridden by the deceased now carried the executioner in charge of the lifeless head—and wended its way to a raised mound at the side of the highway a quarter of a mile distant. Here a kind of gallows had been erected, and on this was placed the dead man's head, supported in its position by clay, there to remain for six days, in sight of all passers-by, and a warning to all evil-doers.

In the garrison every Thursday was devoted to enjoyment and recreation. One of these Thursdays was the occasion of a visit to Dai-boots, the great bronze Buddhist idol of Japan. Our road led through a succession of lovely lanes, with camellias growing luxuriantly on either side. The growth of the camellia-tree in Japan is most wonderful. Some of them attain the height of at least forty feet. For miles we rode under these camellia-trees in full flow-

er. Later in the season, when the camellias have ceased to bloom, their place is supplied by the azalea, which marks the hill-sides with gaudy patches of crimson, and the landscape becomes more gorgeous than ever. With the barley and rice in full ear, nothing but a rich mixture of gold, crimson, and green meets the eye, which turns from this, as from too much of a good thing, with a feeling almost of relief and refreshment, to dwell upon the quiet, thatched homesteads, with their well-swept yards in front, where the children are playing, and the old women are sitting at their spinning-wheels. What an air of perfect peace and contentment reigns around! The rustle of the leaves as they shimmer in the sunlight, the merry shout of some little child at play, the bark of the *fu-kee* dog as he sniffs the blood of the *tojin*—all is delicious. It was when the scene was at its loveliest, the hedges at their greenest, and the sun at its brightest that we descried coming along in the distance a laughing, merry group of Japanese. When we met them they turned out to be a troop of conjurors and top-spinners, on their way to Yokohama. Here was an opportunity of amusement not to be lost, and on the prom-



SINGING GIRLS.



DOCTOR OF MEDICINE.



MERCHANT, IN WINTER DRESS.

ise of a few *ichiboo*s (a coin worth about eighteen pence) they declared themselves ready to give us their whole *répertoire*. A shady, grassy spot, with a green bank for seats, and a level sward, was soon found just off the road, and after tying up the ponies we sat ourselves down to watch the performance. This was the first time they had ever acted before foreigners, and we seemed to be a source of infinite amusement to them; for their preparations, as they

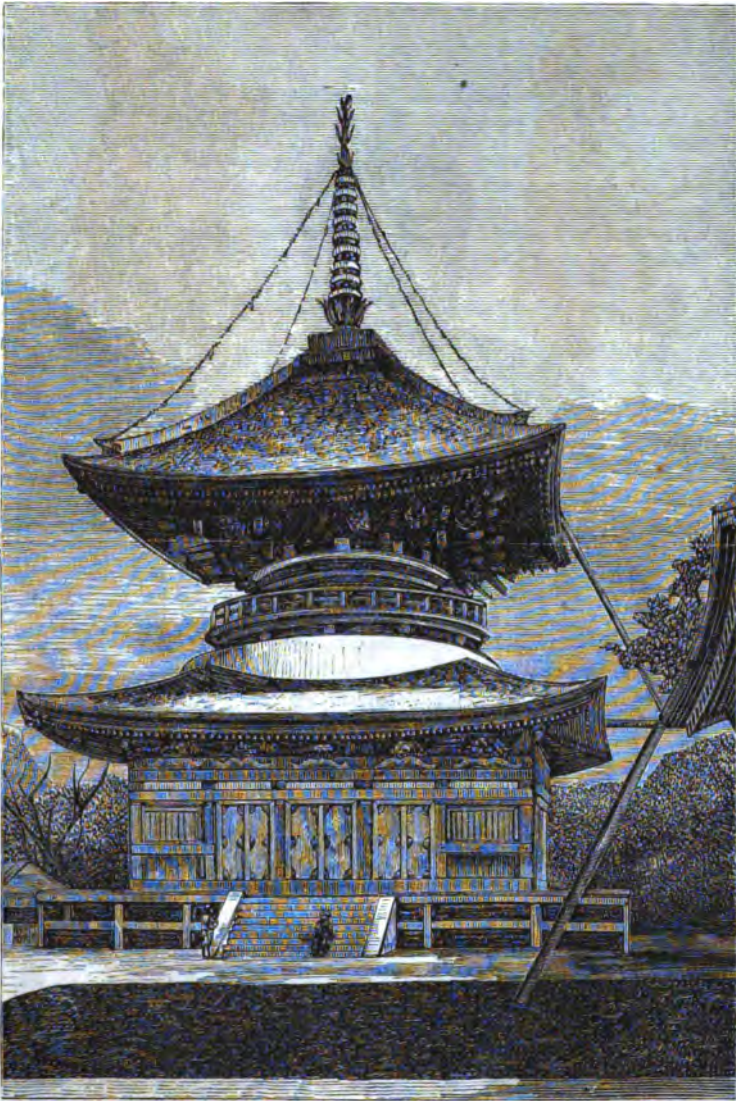
laid out all their paraphernalia on the ground, were gone through amidst much giggling and furtive glances at us. They performed the usual Japanese tricks, consisting of top-spinning in every variety, juggling, the butterfly trick, and many others, all of which we suppose are more or less familiar to our readers now; for troops of Japanese conjurors have visited America and England since then. Indeed, several of the very party who performed



COOLIE, IN FULL DRESS.



FEMALE WINTER DRESS.

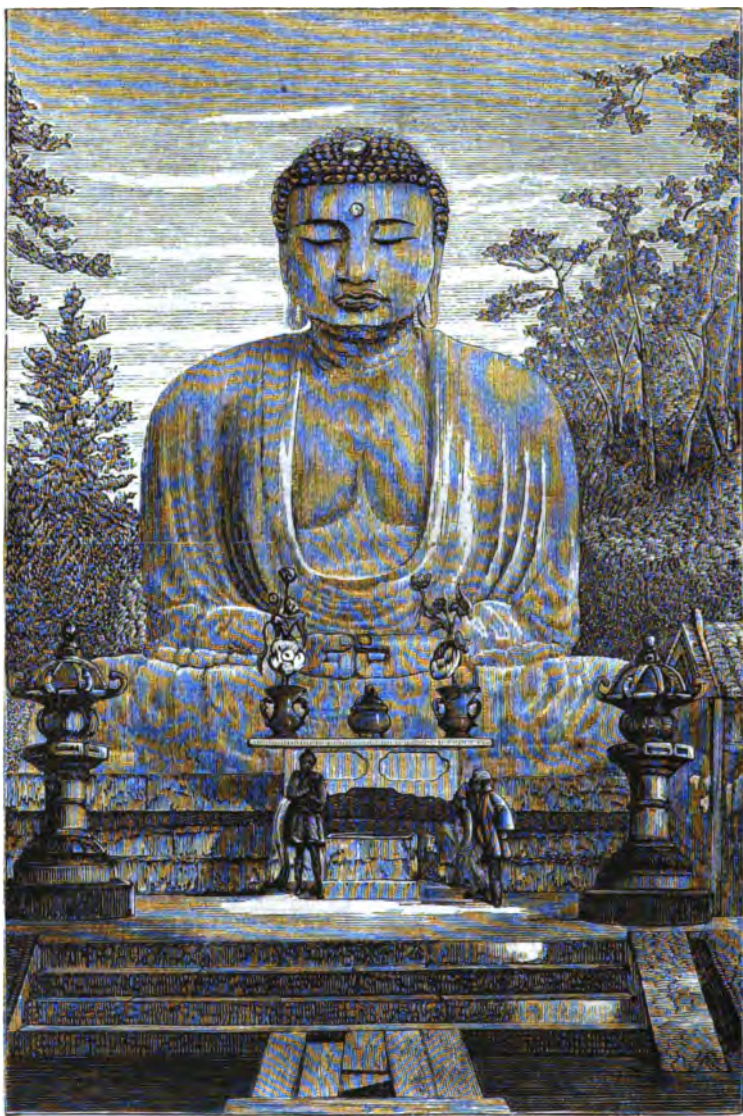


JAPANESE TEMPLE.

before us in this shady grove have since made their *début* before American and English audiences. We have seen in crowded assembly-rooms, in gorgeous theatres, in drawing-rooms among friends, wizards of the north, wizards of the south, wizards of every point of the compass, but never have we enjoyed any thing of the sort as much as we did that half-hour with these top-spinners, in that shady, quiet little glade, with its soft grassy bank whereon to recline and smoke the fragrant cheroot, and its clear limpid stream at which to slake our thirst.

About three or four miles from the village of Kanasawa we arrived at Kamakura, where we

stopped, for the purpose of visiting the temples, for which this locality is famed throughout the length and breadth of Japan, and to which pilgrims flock from all parts of the country at certain seasons of the year. The temples, as regards general outline of form, are very similar to all other sacred edifices in Japan; but in size, costly carving, and number, they far surpass any thing of the kind to be seen out there. The entrance to the sacred grounds consists of three arched stone bridges very much in the willow-pattern style over a moat which was covered with lotus plants and water-lilies. Just outside the gateway, forming a second en-



BRONZE IMAGE AT DAIBOOT.

trance, two sacred ponies are kept perpetually caparisoned in the most grotesque manner. They are never taken out of their stalls nor allowed to lie down, being slung from the roof of the stable. They are thus supposed to be ready at a moment's notice for the god of war in the event of that deity taking it into his head to ride abroad. It is of course only among the most ignorant that this superstition obtains any credence. The old priest himself, as he told us it, grinned from ear to ear, and even the little boys laughed. These ponies were both perfectly white; and one of them had pink eyes, which gave him an Albino-like expres-

sion. On payment of a *tempo* (about two-pence), the traveler may purchase for himself the unspeakable honor of being allowed to present them with two or three little saucers full of corn, which they dispatch with a relish that leads one to believe that they are dependent on this sort of charity for their food.

A brisk trot of about half an hour brought us to Daiboots, one of the most sacred edifices in Japan. This is a huge bronze figure, forty-three feet high, of a Buddhist god, who is represented sitting cross-legged and with clasped hands. The approach to it consists of a splendid avenue of trees, and the figure is seen to

advantage from the end of the vista it affords. Two windows in the small of the back ventilate the interior, which, with its shrines, images, and general decorations, resembles very much a small Roman Catholic chapel. Many a pilgrim has traveled hundreds of miles, foot-sore and weary, to have one look at this huge statue, and to return to his home, in his own opinion a wiser and a better man for having feasted his eyes on what he considers the greatest wonder of the world.

The Tycoon of Japan is not the supreme monarch, but simply the external representative of the Mikado, who is the real head of the Empire; but who, from the seclusion in which he is forced to live—being too sacred an officer for the eyes of his subjects to rest on—is not supposed to act personally in any of the affairs of state. All edicts, though emanating nominally from him, are carried out by the Tycoon, who is at once Prime Minister in civil affairs and Commander-in-Chief of the army. The first official visit to the Tycoon was paid by the English Minister in March, 1867, at Osaka, a town almost equal in size and importance to Yeddo. Our account is derived from a brother officer, who was one of the party.

The Tycoon's castle is built—or rather *was*, for it has since been destroyed by fire—on an elevation commanding the town. It was surrounded by a moat so wide and deep that a ship of 1000 tons burden could lie comfortably in it crosswise. The height, from the surface of the water to the crest of the wall on the town side, was about fifty feet, and to the top of the castle wall about one hundred and twenty-five.



FEMALE HAIR-DRESSER.

It was most solidly built; the scarp and counter-scarp being faced with huge blocks of stone, fitted into each other as nicely as a Chinese puzzle, no mortar or cement being used. This moat was crossed and divided by causeways, built in the same massive, solid way, leading to the principal gates, which were of great strength and height, made of the hardest known Japanese wood—the Ki-ya-Kee—and studded with iron bolts. These gates were never opened except to admit officials of considerable rank, a small wicket being used as the usual mode of ingress and egress.

Within the castle walls, in the grand square which they inclose, the Tycoon's palace was built, in true Japanese style. Dismounting in this square or court-yard the Minister and his suit were conducted by a court official, who acted as their guide, through a long corridor lined with Japanese soldiers, who presented arms as they passed, and were ushered into a reception-room, which was furnished handsomely, and almost entirely in European style. The screens which divided this apartment from the hall were beautifully painted, each in itself being a work of art. The blinds were made of very thin slips of bamboo, gilded and painted, with silken tassels of different bright colors—red, blue, and green. The courtiers and officials they found here were attired in the full court dress, which consisted of the robes usually worn, but made of more costly material, with capes of stiffly-starched muslin, or some such light fabric, projecting about six inches or more beyond each shoulder like wings. The ha-ka-ma, or trowsers, are made about three feet longer than necessary, and trail on the mats behind the wearer, who is obliged to shuffle along in any thing but a dignified way to avoid the catastrophe of being tripped up. Formerly any one approaching the presence of the Tycoon, or even the apartment of the Mikado, had to do so on his knees. This sometimes entailed a walk, under these trying circumstances, of 80 or 40 feet. To avoid this inconvenience the more modern fashion was introduced of long trowsers, to give the appearance and save the discomforts of the ancient attitude of humility.

After partaking in the reception-room of a lunch of sponge-cake and tea, the party passed through a veranda, the side of which was paneled and painted with gorgeous representations of various birds of resplendent plumage, and entered the audience-chamber. Here, seated in the middle of the room, on a peculiarly shaped chair of very old and valuable lacquer, sat a grave, quiet-looking young man not more than thirty years of age, with a very pleasing expression. This was the Tycoon. The room was divided in the centre, the floor of one half being raised a foot above the other. On the raised portion sat his Highness. The floor was covered with finest mats whitened to a snowy tint with rice-powder. The partition screens were of a gold ground, with birds, trees, and flowers done in the best Japanese style. The

wood-work was magnificently carved. The Tycoon himself was splendidly and becomingly dressed, with perhaps the exception of the state cap, which was of a peculiar shape made of paper. It rested on the very summit of his head, and was kept in its position by strings which fastened under his chin. His outer robe was of rich white silk, ornamented with medallions in mauve color. His stockings were of the same material. Behind him stood his sword-bearer holding his long sword, Japanese etiquette forbidding any one, no matter how high his rank, to wear his long sword in the presence of a guest. In the rear knelt several attendants. Short addresses were interchanged

between the Minister and the Tycoon, and the various members of the party were introduced to his Highness. He then retired, but shortly reappeared in another dress, consisting of a black silk jacket, or *hdo*, trousers of dark blue silk with a gold pattern running through, and a rich *obè*, or belt, in which a handsome short sword was thrust. Strange to relate, hardly a year had elapsed when all this state and position were upset by a revolution, in which the Tycoon was deposed, forced into retirement, his estates partly confiscated, and the splendid castle at Osaka, with its beautiful carvings and paintings, its massive walls and handsome palace, burned and razed to the ground.



THE TYCOON, IN COURT DRESS.



JAPANESE WRESTLER.

Wrestling is a very popular amusement all over Japan, and is practiced universally throughout the country. Wherever a village can boast of a temple a portion of its grounds is devoted to the promotion of single-stick and of wrestling. Traveling professionals exhibit their prowess in matches which afford a very popular amusement to the natives. It was our good fortune to witness one of these performances in Yokohama. An ichiboo apiece admitted us to the amphi-



AN ICHIBOO.

theatre, which was built of bamboo, and just sufficiently covered to keep out the sun and rain. Within, it was constructed very much like a circus; consisting of an inner circle kept clear for the performers, and around it rows of seats rising in tiers one above the other. When we entered two burly fellows had just stepped into the arena, and were walking around stretching their arms and legs, and showing their muscle to an applauding crowd, who shouted as loudly for their respective favorites as the backers in an Anglo-Saxon horse-race. They were tall and enormously fat, weight being accounted a greater desideratum in a Japanese wrestling

match than muscle, inasmuch as being pushed out of the ring counts as a fall. Their dress consisted of a cloth twisted around the waist. After strutting about to their satisfaction, each took a pinch of salt from a cup handed to him by an attendant, received a final sponging, and proceeded to challenge by placing a hand on each thigh just above the knee, then stooping slightly, lifting each leg in turn, at the same time raising the hand and replacing it with a loud smack as the foot came sharply to the ground. In this way they went on slowly and deliberately in front of each other for about a minute. Then keeping their hands still on their thighs, they squatted on their heels face to face and about a foot apart. The match was evidently one which excited much more interest than common. The two wrestlers were the champions of their respective districts; and, as both were strongly represented among the spectators, the house seemed to divide itself into two parties, and the betting was spirited in the extreme. It was not till after two or three false starts that the men buckled to in earnest, giving forth short, quick shouts as they struggled for a grip. The chief aim of each, in addition to obtaining and preventing a hold, was to push the other beyond the confines of the circle, and they shoved and butted at each other for some time before getting together. At last they were locked in a close grasp; and as they swayed backward and forward, round and round, the party spirit became uproarious, and the pit shouted lustily to their champions.

For a time it looked as if the bigger man would force the other down by sheer weight and strength; and at one moment he all but got him in his power, when, with a quick effort, the latter released himself, threw his weight in with a sudden push, and his adversary's foot went beyond the ring—an unexpected turn in the tide of battle which was received with the most enthusiastic applause from his party. The second bout resulted in the larger man fairly throwing his late conqueror, amidst the encouraging cheers of his friends. The third, being the deciding fall, the wrestlers took longer than before in their preparation, and it was not until the second call to time by the umpire that they took their places in the arena. The excitement was now tremendous. The blood of the wrestlers was thoroughly up. They closed at once without shouting, for neither could afford to lose any breath. Twisting and writhing, they struggled from side to side—first one obtaining a momentary advantage, then the other. Now the taller one all but succeeded in repeating the throw of the previous round; now, in his turn, he was all but tripped off his legs; and now, without relaxing their grasp, the two stood motionless for some seconds. The heavy weight, though, was too fat to last, and finally his wirier antagonist, getting a good under-grip, doubled him over his leg, and the giant staggered and fell, the other on the top of him.

At this juncture it seemed as if one-half of

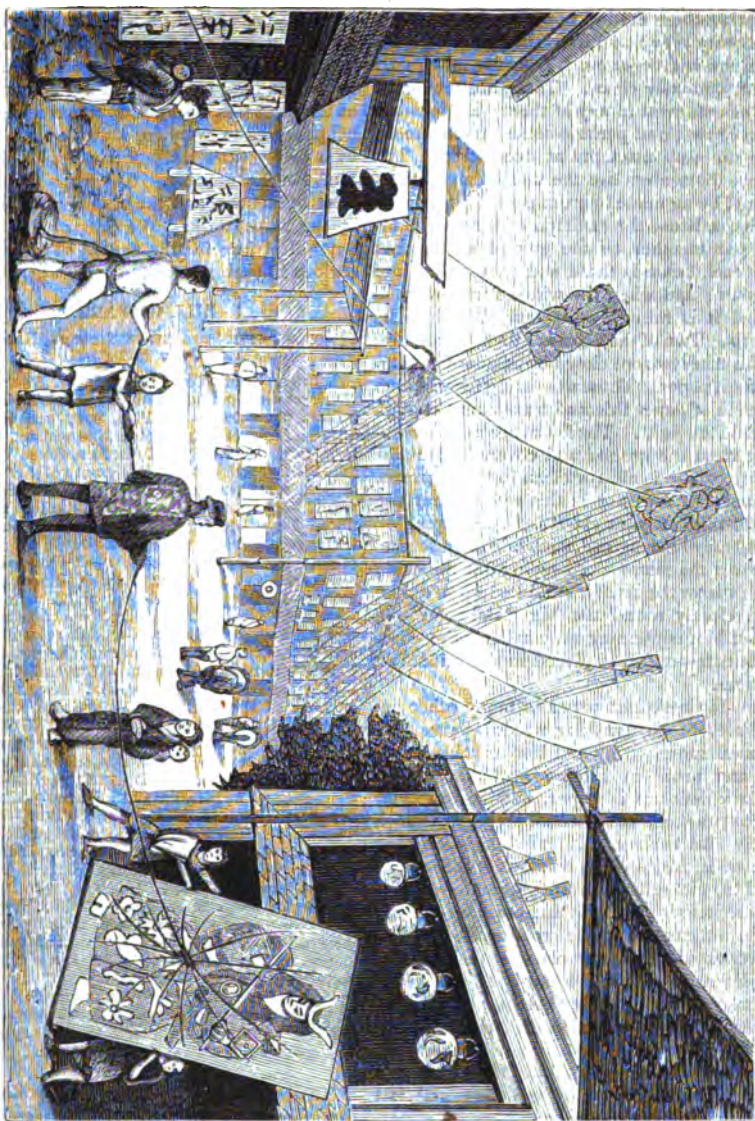
the assembled multitude had gone mad. Yelling, dancing, and singing, they testified their joy in the wildest conceivable way. Scores of coats, *obis*, and shoes were cast in to the conqueror—one man actually stripping himself to his waistcloth to swell the list of gifts. The victorious hero himself seemed intoxicated with his success, strutted about the ring, "challenging" fiercely an imaginary adversary, slapping his thighs, arms, and breasts, and behaving altogether like a barn-door warrior when he returns triumphant from the fray.

Among the most popular amusements of Japan is kite-flying. At certain seasons it becomes a passion. Among the lower classes every man and boy provides himself with a kite. No little vagabond is too poor to buy one. They are of all sizes and shapes, from a little one six inches square up to one almost as big as a house. We have seen the sky almost obscured by the number of kites soaring above—in the shape of eagles, swans, warriors, and dragons; while the air has been filled with a humming sound made by them. Sometimes may be seen, in a crowded street, nearly every fifth or sixth person flying a kite, and yet never getting the strings entangled.

Another amusement resorted to later in the season is battle-door and shuttle-cock. It is patronized chiefly by the young girls. It is played with a diminutive shuttle-cock—a small piece of wood not much bigger than a pea, with one single feather stuck in it—and a flat piece of wood, about a foot and a half long, for a battle-door. The players stand in a circle, and after the shuttle-cock has been once started any one trying to hit it, and missing it, receives a smart slap from all the players with their wooden battle-doors.

Of theatricals the Japanese are passionately fond. A piece generally lasts throughout the day. A regular Japanese play-goer will sit it out the whole time, having his meals brought to him. The stage is divided into compartments by partitions radiating from the centre. On the completion of one scene the stage revolves on a central pivot, disclosing the next compartment prepared for the ensuing scene. The Japanese are really great actors. They excel in imitating the various passions. Their gestures and pantomimic action are so expressive that it is not difficult for a foreigner to follow the plot, which is always very simple. Indeed it seems sometimes to be *impromptu*, and to be changed at the will of the audience. We witnessed such a play at a large theatre in Osaka. A woman (this was the plot) had proved unfaithful to her husband, and had been sentenced to execution. Her pleadings were disregarded by the stern judge, and she was delivered over to the hands of the executioner, who stood glaring fiercely, and feeling the edge of his keen sword, which ghastly preparation she stood looking at with a terror-stricken gaze. A subordinate, now advancing, tied a rope round her waist and dragged her to the centre

KITE-FLYING.



of the stage. Here she was forced into a kneeling position, and the executioner advanced with uplifted sword, making extravagantly frightful faces. The woman, as if unable longer to bear her agonizing terror, jumped up, rushed frantically to the foot-lights, and wildly entreated the intercession of the audience. So wonderfully well, and with such effect, was this acted, that the whole house rose, and with yells and shrieks demanded her immediate release. The judge remained firm for some time, as if determined to let the play go on in its proper course; but the audience lashed themselves into such a state of fury that he at last signaled that she was forgiven. This was received with

tumultuous applause, and the rope round her waist was untied amidst the wildest demonstrations of delight, which she acknowledged with bows and fascinating smiles. We did not remain long enough to learn whether the heroine, profiting by the narrow escape she had had, turned over a new leaf and led a better life; for we were warned by some of the Japanese officers in our box that we had better retire, as they said that the crowd, after this extraordinary scene, was almost intoxicated with excitement, and that any slight incident might make us the objects of its fury.

Every powerful Daimio possesses a strong stone castle, so guarded by moats and para-

pets that only a regular siege could subdue it. Excepting these castles, however, the Japanese houses vary very little, from the prince's palace to the peasant's cottage. They are all equally and scrupulously clean. There are few or no signs of ornament in any of them; a handsome screen or two, and perhaps some carved panels, being the only attempts at decoration. The edifices themselves are the most flimsy affairs possible, being made in great part of paper. In erecting a house the skeleton of the roof is always put together on the ground as the first step; each beam is fitted and dove-tailed into the other; and when the whole frame-work is finished it is raised bodily and placed on its supports. Two of the sides are then boarded in, and the other two are closed by means of sliding-screens of paper. Those answering for windows are made of paper thin and transparent enough to admit the light. The floors are raised about a foot from the ground and covered with fine matting, which is always clean in the extreme. So particular are they in this respect that you have to take off your shoes before stepping on it. As may be imagined, such buildings scarcely answer the purpose of keeping out the cold; and in winter the family, swaddled up in quilts, crowd closely round the big "shibatchi"—a wooden box containing an earthen-ware charcoal-burner—which is placed in the middle of the room.

The Japanese put paper to many other curious uses besides making window-panes. It is a much more woolly and less tearable fabric than any made in England. Their pocket-handkerchiefs are of paper, and so are their tobacco pouches—the material prepared to look exactly like leather. In its oiled state they make of it, besides the windows we have referred to, umbrellas and water-proof coats!

If the houses are slight and ordinary-looking affairs, the gardens which environ the summer residences of the better classes are incomparably finer than any which our boasted civilization has produced. They are such gardens as you read of in the "Arabian Nights." It was our privilege to spend many hours in wandering through the summer grounds of Prince Satsuma. They are two or three miles in extent, a perfect labyrinth of taste and beauty. An almost perpendicular hill, along the base of which they lie, affords a strikingly beautiful back-ground, with its thick bright mantle of dwarf trees and flowering shrubs, through which many a silvery stream glances out at times, till it finally leaps forth in a sparkling jet to the gold-fish in the pools below, and thence is led, in a number of miniature torrents and cascades, to form its share of a scene that might give the roughest nature an excuse for a feeling of poetry.

We had the honor to be invited on one occasion to a dinner-party by this same Prince Satsuma. The dining-saloon was a large apartment, the walls of which were, as usual, made of paper, and tastefully painted. There was no furniture of any description in the room, which

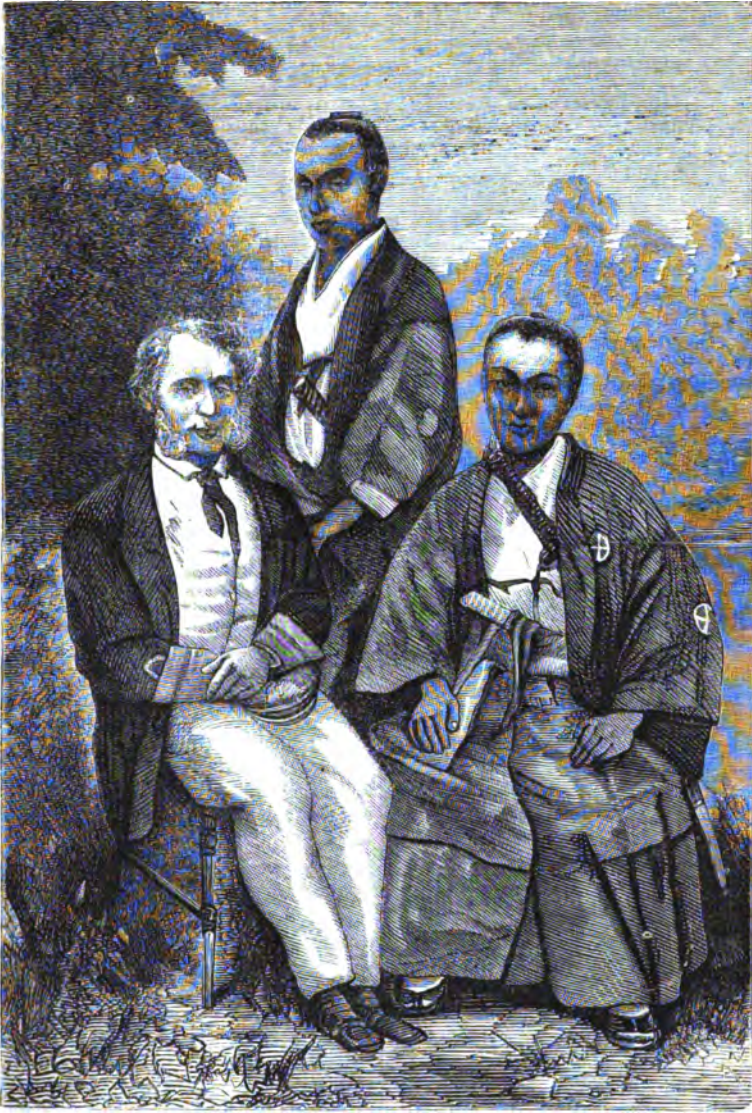
was brilliantly lighted with paper lanterns; but carpets were spread on which to sit à la Turk, and the rest of the floor was covered with fine matting. Dinner was announced at half past twelve, and did not close till five. It consisted of forty courses, brought on in succession, each being served to every guest at the same moment by a pretty little maiden who was assigned to him for the evening. The cups and platters were of lacquer, and the stands and trays were of the same work. We preserved a copy of our bill of fare for the benefit of housekeepers curious in such matters.

BILL OF FARE.

DINNER GIVEN BY PRINCE SATSUMA, KAGOSIMA,
JULY 28, 1866.

1. Bitter Green Tea (whipped).—2. Sweetmeats.—(*Band arrives, and tobacco is brought on to fill up time between the courses.*)—3. Fish, Soup, and Raw Fish, with hot Saki (a spirit, not unlike whiskey, extracted from rice).—4. Soup of Mushroom, Green Vegetable,* and Fish.—(*Exit Band, to the great relief of guests.*)—5. Dish of Prawns and Sea-weed.—6. Soup of Sea-weed, Vegetables, etc.—7. Hard-boiled Eggs and Sliced Pears.—8. Soup of Lobster and Mushroom, with very diminutive Lobsters.—9. Cold Fried Lampreys.—10. Soup of Looschoo Pork Fat, and various Vegetables.—11. Fish, with Salted Plums and Vegetables.—12. Soup of Wild-Boar and Young Bamboo.—13. Cold Fowl and Pickled Shoots of Bamboo.—14. Soup of Fish and Sea-weed.—15. Cake of Fish, Eggs, and Rice, with Green Beans and Fungus.—16. Soup of White Berries, and Sprats.—17. Small Fried Trout.—18. Soup with Acorns, etc.—19. Raw Cuttle-fish.—20. Soup of Fowl and Fruit.—21. Green Ginger, Fish in Batter, Cucumber, and Bamboo.—22. Bêche du Mer in Batter.—23. Small Bones of Chicken, and *Unlaid Eggs*.—24. Soup of Fish and Roe, with Ginger Leaves.—25. Soup of Cockles (with their shells).—26. Raw Benita, Rice, Apple and Chili Leaves.—27. Soup of Vermicelli, with "Boy" and Red Berries.—28. Sweetmeats.—29. Sea-weed Jelly, Preserved Beans, Bonbons.—30. A Tray with Rice, Thick Soup, and Pickles.—31. Another Tray containing "Daimio Fish" and various Soups.—32. A third Tray with Fish "Conglomerate," followed by Saki.—33. Hot Water in the Rice Bowl (as an appetizer).—34. Gelatine Sweetmeat (like stewed India rubber), a Chestnut, and Pickled Tripe.—35. Bitter Green Tea.—36. Large dish of Elaborate Sweetmeats.—37. Bitter Green Tea again.—38. Imitation Peaches, made of Sugar and Sweet Jelly.—39. Red Berry Syrup, Slices of Turnip, Salt, etc.—40. Dried Fish (very small), with thick Soup and hot, strong Saki.

The houses in town and city, as well as those in the country, are made of little else but thin, dry wood and paper. The consequence is that fires are of frequent occurrence, and as destructive as they are frequent. The people profit nothing by experience. They sit in these frail and highly combustible tenements round their charcoal fire, which is placed, with the dryest of matting all round it, in the centre of the room, and as occasion demands pass red-hot cinders to each other, to light their pipes with, in the most careless manner. Their lanterns, too, are of the most dangerous description, made of oiled paper and bamboo cane. When the candle burns down to the socket, unless some one is near to extinguish it, a blaze is the invariable result; and as they are generally hung up against the paper partition of the



PRINCE SATSUMA, THE PRIME MINISTER, AND ADMIRAL KING.

room, every opportunity is given to the devouring element.

Every well-to-do merchant or tradesman has on his premises a fire-proof "godown," or store, which is built of clay, with a coating of white cement smoothed and polished until it looks like marble, and in which are stored his most valuable articles. Besides these private godowns, there are also public ones, of which there are two or three in every street, where the poorer tradesmen and small shop-keepers can deposit their goods on some small periodical payment.

The way in which the Japanese run up new
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houses on the sites of the old ones which have been burned down is astounding. In a few hours after the fire has passed a whole street will be nearly rebuilt. At the great fire in Yokohama in November, 1866, nearly an entire street had been rebuilt in this manner, when, the wind suddenly shifting, the fire retraced its course and utterly consumed the newly built dwellings.

We will suppose you to be one of the first on the scene at a fire in the Japanese quarter of Yokohama. It is a novel and exciting scene. The fire has broken out in some house, and the inmates are seen madly endeavoring to save a few articles; but the fire is too quick for them:

what was only a spark a few minutes ago is now a raging flame, bursting forth from every window. The whole street is soon alarmed, and out of every house the inhabitants pour forth, staggering under as much of their household goods as they can carry; and to increase the confusion and din, each one is screaming at the top of his or her voice, while the bells are ringing their loudest call for the fire-brigade.

Hark! here it comes. That regular shout you hear rising and falling in the distance is made by them in time to their steps. More and more distinct you hear it. They enter the street you are in. A ringing noise mingles with their shouts. The crowd opens and surges to let them pass. At their head are two or three men striking on the ground as they run with long iron staves which they carry in their hands. These are the night police clearing the way for the firemen. On come the fire-brigade at a good swinging trot, keeping regular time to their shouting chorus, the officers' silver helmets gleaming in the glare, and the white fire-standards, used as signals to rally the firemen where the fire is hottest, looking weird and ghostly as they sway and wave backward and forward far above the heads of the approaching body of men. Arrived opposite that part of the fire where they mean to commence operations they halt. After a few directions from the principal officer, the small fire-engines, looking like little boxes, are unslung from the men's shoulders and at once set to work; the bamboo ladders are placed against the houses, the tops of which are in a few moments covered with firemen, each one doing his own work thoroughly, while the officers direct from below, or from some exalted and very often perilous positions. Compared with our fire-engines, the wooden Japanese contrivances, like small square boxes, and worked by one or two men, are rather feeble; but they do some good from their numbers, and also from being so small and handy that they can be got into position on the tops of houses, or at any point where they can be of the slightest service.

Inch by inch the fire is combated with; no point being abandoned until it is absolutely impossible to hold it any longer.

That man standing with one of the white fire-standards in his hand on the roof of a house, far in advance of every one else, close to the flames, which leap and dart fiercely at him, is the person who will give the signal to retire to the next point. Until he gives it no one will budge. A cry from the crowd draws your attention to him. You look up. He is on fire. But he has not retreated a step. A slight motion of his hand to the firemen below is the only movement he makes. Instantly three or four engines are playing on him, and his burning clothes are extinguished. More and more angrily the flames beset him. In a few minutes he is on fire again. This time the firemen below are much longer in subduing the flames. At last they succeed; but the fasten-

ing of his vizor has been burned away, and it drops down uselessly on his breast. The crowd cry out, and urge him to retire; but he motions them to be quiet. He is a little pale; but he looks determined. His time for retiring has not yet arrived, he thinks; and until the last chance is gone he will stay at his post of honor.

Sometimes it happens that there is a crash, a smothered cry; the volume of smoke, which rolls up as the roof falls in, envelops the intrepid standard-bearer as in a black pall; and nothing more is seen or heard of him until the fire has passed over the spot which has been his tomb, and he is dragged out a charred and blackened corpse. It is not often, though, that he meets this tragic end; for his experience generally teaches him the exact moment when to retreat, and he makes his escape a few seconds before the rafters give way, to take up his position at another point a little more remote from the flames, probably the next house to the one he has just left, and the same thing is again gone through. Thus, as we have said, the cruel element is battled with, almost inch by inch. There has always been to us a strong spice of the romantic investing this solitary figure, standing thus immovable on the summit of a roof, with its outline defined sharply against the lurid sky or back-ground of vivid flame.

After all there is much that is brave, noble, true about these Japanese, whom we despise only because we do not know them. They are a nation of heroes. Their civilization is real though peculiar. There are many lessons which we might profitably learn from them. And as increasing commerce brings them nearer to us and we know them better we shall respect them more.

THE NEW THEORY OF HEAT.

A GREAT change has taken place within a few years in the ideas entertained in the scientific world in respect to the nature of heat—a change which has led, and is still leading, to the most important practical results. It entirely alters all the reasonings and calculations, and greatly modifies the action, of men, in the management of those vast mechanical operations which constitute so important a part of the movement of civilization at the present day.

The nature of this change we propose to explain; but let not the reader imagine that by receiving the explanation he will arrive at a complete and satisfactory understanding of the subject. It seems to be a law of human progress that every advance which enables us to understand any one mystery brings into view several others more inexplicable than the first; just as every improvement in the telescope, which enables the astronomer to resolve a hundred nebulae, brings into view a thousand new ones beyond which he can not resolve.

Indeed, from the small and narrowly circumscribed field which comes within the reach

of human cognizance, we find infinity extending, as it were, in a great many different directions. It reaches back into the past in *duration*. We can see no evidence that there ever was a time when phenomena of existence had not previously taken place, under the action of the Supreme Cause. It extends forward into the future. We see no reason whatever for believing that these phenomena will ever cease. It extends in every direction around us in *space*. The farther the telescope penetrates into the regions occupied by the countless millions of suns and stars, the higher becomes the probability that the regions thus filled never come to an end. It extends inwardly, as it were, in the direction of *minuteness*. The microscopists fail as completely of finding any indications of an end to the boundless divisibility of material substances, or any lower limit to the minuteness of the organizations developed by animal and vegetable life, as do the astronomers in reaching the outer confines of space, and discovering the remotest possible nebula or star. It extends, moreover, in the direction of *intricacy and complicatedness of composition and structure*. The study of nature leads us in some few exceptional instances from the more complicated to the more simple; but in almost all cases the progress is entirely the other way. Apparently single results are found to be the effects of a vast number of combined and co-operating causes, and substances, seemingly most simple and homogeneous, are found to consist of the most complicated combination of elements and properties, each of which, on a further analysis, proves to have involved in it as intricate a maze as the apparently simple element with which the investigation was begun. What, for example, can be apparently more simple, homogeneous, and indivisible than *light*, as it strikes the senses of the uninstructed observer; but what can be more infinitely complicated than the results already attained by the very partial and incomplete analysis to which experimental philosophers have subjected it—with its multitudes of colors so homogeneously blended—its millions of spectral bands—the endless number and variety of its undulations, differing each from the other in length of wave, and in rapidity of succession and of transition through space—its polarizations—its electric and magnetic properties and relations—and the countless diversities of quality, depending on the nature and character of the radiant surface from which it comes?

We find an experience analogous with this in every case where we attempt investigations in the material world around us. The advance we make in the solution of one mystery brings glimpses to our view of twenty others beyond it more inexplicable than the first. Let no one expect, then, ever to *satisfy* his desire to know, by any progress that he can hope to make in learning. The way to be satisfied with ourselves in respect to our knowledge is carefully to abstain from all attempts to know more.

The most ignorant are the most unconscious how ignorant they are.

The first step to be taken in the consideration of the subject in question is to distinguish between the *sensation* of heat, which we experience in our bodies, and that physical entity, in the external world, whatever its nature may be, which is the cause of the sensation. The sensation of heat is an effect simply upon the nerves of the human sensorium. The sensation of cold is another effect produced by a different mode of action of the same cause. The external and material cause of these sensations must not be confounded with the sensations themselves. They are entirely distinct phenomena—the difference between them being somewhat analogous to the difference between the pain of a prick and the form of the point of the instrument which produces it.

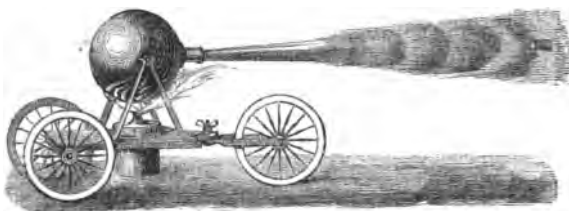
This distinction illustrates the old saying, which has so often been regarded as a pedantic paradox, but which is, nevertheless, in the sense intended, strictly true—that there is no heat in fire. The meaning is, that there is no *sensation* of heat in fire—which must, of course, be true, since there can not be any sensation of any kind in fire. It must be kept in mind, therefore, that in the present discussion the subject of investigation is not a sensation of any kind in us, but that element or power in nature which produces the effects which we attribute to what we call the action of heat—the sensations above referred to, both of heat and of cold, being included among them. The sensations are only some of the effects. What we wish to investigate is the nature of the cause.

The change which has recently taken place in scientific opinion on this subject is substantially this—that whereas heat was formerly regarded as a substance, it is now regarded as a *force or power*.

And inasmuch as we seem to be able to form no other conception of force than that of *motion communicated*, heat is now believed to be, not as it has been heretofore considered, a specific substance, producing its effects by insinuating itself among the particles of other bodies—but as a simple force or motion taking place among those particles themselves.

It was, of course, long since known that, in some way or other, heat was capable of developing force and producing motion. Bodies were found, when raised in temperature, to *expand* with great force. In certain cases, as when the application of heat had the effect of changing a substance from a liquid to a gaseous form, the amount of force brought into action was extremely great, though the amount of heat required to produce the effect was great in proportion.

A very curious instrument, made for the purpose of showing, experimentally, a method by which mechanical force could be produced through the action of heat, has been in use among philosophers from a period so remote that the origin of it is lost in antiquity. It con-



THE EOLIPILE.

sists, as made at the present day, of a strong metallic ball mounted upon wheels, as seen in the engraving, and with an alcohol lamp or other heating apparatus below.

At the rear of the ball is a tube opening into the interior of it. When the instrument is to be used a quantity of water is poured into the ball through the tube, the orifice is stopped with a cork, and the lamp below is lighted. The water soon boils—that is to say, the heat passing through the metal forming the ball exerts its expansive force upon the water—as it used formerly to be said, or as is now said, *becomes transformed* into expansive force—until at length, under the action of this force, the water becomes changed from a liquid to a gaseous form, the force all the time increasing, till finally it expels the cork with a loud report, and then the ball itself is impelled rapidly forward along the table, or over the floor, by the reaction of the steam—that is, its *push*—against the air without. The air is, of course, driven one way by this action, and the Eolipile the other.

Another mode of explaining the action of the Eolipile—or, rather, another mode of stating the same explanation—is this. When the water begins to be converted into steam, the great expansive force developed by the heat acts in every direction *within the ball*. But as this force is the *same* in every direction, and, so long as the cork remains in its place, is every where effectually resisted, no motion of the ball results. But so soon as the pressure becomes sufficiently great to drive out the cork the pressure is relieved in that direction, while it continues in full force in the other; and this, of course, causes the ball to move forward on its little truck.

The steam, in issuing from the tube in the rear of the ball, drives off the air from behind it so as to create a strong current of wind. It is from this circumstance that the instrument derives its name—Eolipile—which means *the ball of Eolus*. Eolus was the ancient god of the winds.

The principle of the Eolipile is sometimes employed in producing other effects besides driving the little carriage which supports it. When the orifice is small, and the heat beneath is raised sufficiently to produce a rapid ebullition, and a consequently high pressure of steam, the jet issues from the orifice with so much violence and noise as to give a very vivid idea to the observer of the intensity of the expansive force which the heat has developed in the steam.

Indeed, without proper precautions the experiment is not unattended with danger. For if the opening should by any accident become closed—as, for instance, by the accidental presence of some foreign substance in the water—or if it is not large enough in relation to the thickness of the shell of the ball and the rapidity of the ebullition—then the expansive force within may increase until the strength of the metal gives way, and the ball bursts with a frightful explosion.

The principle of the Eolipile is employed in the construction of a certain form of blow-pipe. In this case, instead of water, a liquid furnishing a vapor that is inflammable is put into the ball. This vapor, as it issues from the jet, is set on fire, and the flame is used like the flame of any other blow-pipe.

The fact of there being an intimate relation between heat and force, by which the one may be made the means of developing the other, has thus long been familiar to mankind. What is new in the present theory is, that heat *is* force—force existing in a peculiar form; and as the only conception we can have of force is that of a tendency to persistence in motion, what was formerly considered as the development of mechanical force from heat is now regarded as the simple change of one mode of motion into another.

The former theory was, that the phenomena of heat were produced by the agency of an extremely attenuated and subtle substance which was poured out in all directions from the sun, and from all other heat-radiating surfaces. This substance was called *caloric*. The particles of caloric were supposed to be mutually repellant in their action upon each other; and they were, moreover, imagined to exercise a repulsive force upon the particles of any substance into which they were introduced. This force was, of course, antagonistic to the force of cohesion, and thus tended to *expand* the substance affected by it, and, if the quantity was sufficiently increased, to change its structure essentially by converting it from a solid to a liquid, or from a liquid to a gaseous form.

As, however, it was found that the nicest balances could detect no difference in the weight of a body when subjected to the greatest extremes of heat and cold, it was inferred that caloric must be a substance not subject to the law of gravitation, or, at any rate, that if it were actually under that law, its tenuity was so extreme that its gravity was wholly inappreciable to human observation. There were several other substances which were supposed to be analogous in their constitution and character to this imaginary caloric, namely, substances producing respectively the phenomena of light, electricity, and magnetism—although neither of the four, except caloric, received a distinctive name.

The four, however, as they seemed to resemble each other somewhat in their supposed constitution and mode of action, were arranged in a class by themselves in the treatises on chemistry and philosophy existing half a century ago, under the head of *imponderable substances*. This classification now, however, as well as the word *caloric*, and all idea of the existence of any species of matter not subject to the law of gravitation, have been abandoned together. The phenomena of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and actinism—which is a chemical agency radiated in connection with light and heat from the sun—are now universally regarded as different forms of force; in other words, different modes of persistent motion taking place among the elementary constituents of matter.

The error of the old hypothesis, and the probable truth of the new, was indicated, in the first instance, by experiments going to show that an indefinite, and apparently an unlimited, quantity of heat might be educed from any solid body by means of friction, provided only that the mechanical force was supplied for continuing the friction. This, it is evident, was quite inconsistent with the idea that the heat consisted of a definite, and of course limited, quantity of a *material substance* contained in the body experimented upon; but agreed perfectly well with the supposition that its true source was the mechanical force employed in maintaining the friction, and that, in its nature, it was nothing else than that force itself transmuted by the effect of friction into a new and different form.

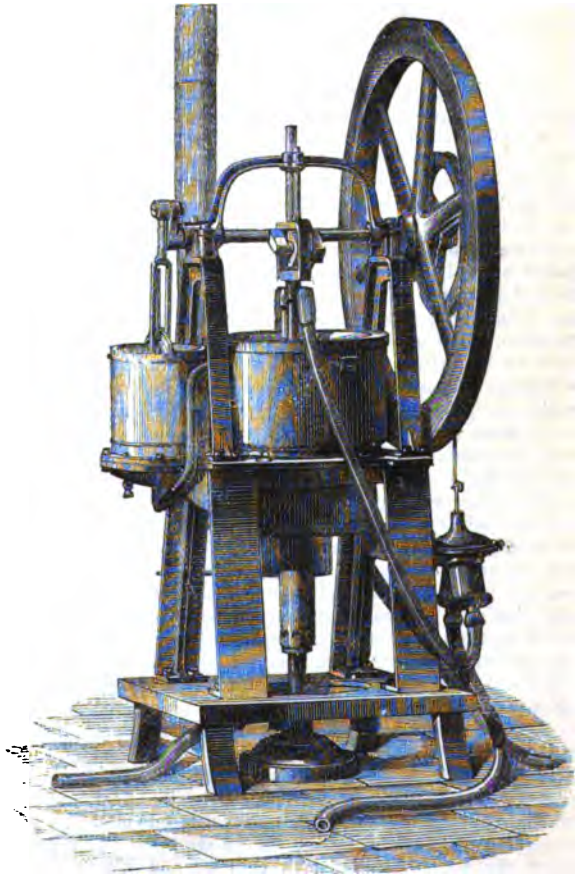
These experiments have been repeated in new forms and by means of improved appliances, until at length it is not only established that there is a close and constant relation between the *amount of mechanical force* expended and the *quantity of heat* developed, but the equivalent of one for the other has been very precisely ascertained. The investigation has been made independently, by many different experimenters, and in many different ways; and the results agree so nearly as to produce an unanimous conviction throughout the scientific world that the conclusion arrived at is substantially correct.

We will explain the principle of one of these methods, which will give the reader a general idea of the nature and character of the work that was to be done, and of the mode of doing

it. It is obvious that the inquiry might take either of two forms. We might attempt, first, to ascertain what quantity of heat would be developed by the expenditure of a given amount of mechanical force; or, secondly, what amount of mechanical force could be produced by the expenditure of a given quantity of heat. The illustration which we shall give presents the inquiry in the latter form.

The engraving represents a machine driven by the alternate heating and cooling of air. The thing to be done is to set the machine at work in producing a kind of mechanical effect which can be precisely measured, and then to ascertain exactly the quantity of heat that is expended in producing this effect, with a view to determining the equivalent of one for the other.

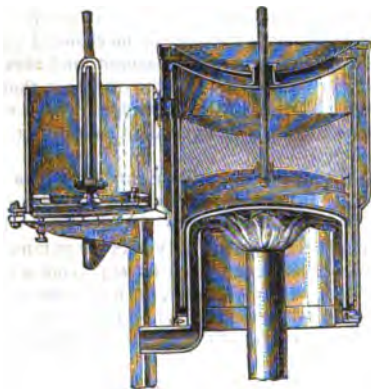
The large wheel on the right is simply a fly-wheel, so called—its function being to give continuity and steadiness to the motion. The small wheel, outside of it, works the pump seen below, which is employed for supplying a constant stream of cold water, for a purpose which will presently be explained. The small stand seen in the centre of the frame-work below rep-



HOT-AIR MACHINE.

resents the mode of supplying fuel, whether gas or coal, for furnishing the necessary heat, and the pipe seen at the left-hand corner behind is the chimney employed for carrying away the products of combustion.

All these parts are subsidiary. The essential elements of the apparatus are the two short cylinders, one in the centre, resting upon the main portion of the frame, and the other at the left, supported by a projecting shelf.



SECTION OF THE MACHINE.

The adjoining engraving shows the interior structure and arrangements of these cylinders. The smaller one—the one at the left—is substantially like the cylinder of an ordinary steam-engine—that is, it has a piston within exactly fitting the cylinder, and capable of an ascending and descending motion according as the pressure upon it from above downward or from below upward predominates. The upper surface of the piston is open to the air, so that it is at all times subject to the ordinary atmospheric pressure. The under surface has hot air and cold air alternately introduced beneath it—in a manner presently to be explained—so as to make the pressure from below upward alternately greater and less than the atmospheric pressure above, and thus to cause the piston to rise and fall.

The larger cylinder contains also a kind of piston which is made very thick and is formed of some good non-conductor of heat. The upper and under surfaces of this piston are made concave to fit the lower and upper surfaces of the cylinder. The under surface is exposed to the flame from the fire. The upper portion is surrounded by a space which is kept constantly filled with cold water, by means of the pump already referred to.

It is unnecessary to explain minutely the working mechanism of the machine. It is sufficient to say that the two cylinders are so connected by pipes, and the two pistons by the cranks seen above, that the hot air produced under the great piston by the fire passes beneath the piston in the small cylinder and forces it up. By its motion upward the piston

in the large cylinder is brought down, the communications between the two being opened and closed in such a manner as to continue the reciprocating action, by which a succession of impulses are given to the fly-wheel. The amount of work accomplished by the machine is easily ascertained by means of a cord wound around a prolongation of the axle, to the end of which a weight is suspended. The height to which the weight is raised in a given time is evidently a measure of the force exerted by it.

It would seem to be a much more difficult thing to measure with precision the amount of heat required for working the machine for any given period; still more to determine whether any portion, and if so, what portion, of this heat was actually transformed into mechanical force in such a manner as to disappear, or, in other words, to cease to exist as *heat*. The object was finally accomplished in the following ingenious manner:

First, the whole machine was inclosed in a double casing, the space included being filled with broken ice. Proper precautions were taken to prevent the admission of air of a temperature to affect the result, and the products of combustion were conveyed in pipes through the ice, so as to cool them completely before passing them into the chimney. Other precautions, which can not be here particularly described, were taken to guard against influences from without which might affect the result. A given weight of a particular kind of fuel was then burned in the engine thus inclosed—the engine being in this first experiment disconnected from the weight, so that it should have no work to do except to overcome its own friction. Of course all the heat resulting from the combustion—or very nearly all—would be expended in melting the ice surrounding the apparatus. The exact quantity of heat resulting from the combustion of that quantity and kind of fuel, measured by the quantity of ice which it was capable of melting, was thus ascertained.

The next step was to repeat the process under precisely the same conditions, except to give the machine some work to do, in the way of *lifting*, by attaching a heavy body of known weight to the cord wound around the axle. The same quantity of fuel was then burned under the same circumstances in every respect, except that now the machine was loaded and had work to do. When the combustion was completed the amount of the melting effect which it had produced upon the ice was determined by measuring the water resulting from the process. The melting effect was found to be decidedly less in this second instance than in the first, showing that when work is accomplished the heat *disappears*, or ceases to exist as heat, and becomes transformed into mechanical motion.

This experiment and others analogous to it have been made so many times, and by so many different and independent observers, as to es-

tablish the fact beyond all possible question that heat and mechanical force are convertible into each other according to a certain fixed and unvarying ratio. The expression of this ratio is called the Mechanical Equivalent of Heat.

A distinguished mechanic named Joule, of Manchester, England, was one of the most prominent of the English experimenters on this subject, and the result which he obtained is universally accepted as the correct expression of the ratio in question, in terms of English measurement. He adopted as the unit of measurement of heat that quantity required to raise one pound of water one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer, and the unit of force that amount necessary to raise one pound in weight one foot high, at the surface of the earth. Now he proved by his experiment—

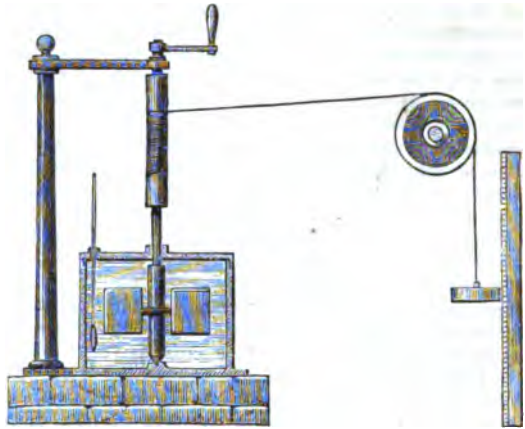
That the quantity of heat required to raise one pound of water one degree, Fahrenheit, was equivalent, if converted into mechanical force, to raise one pound in weight seven hundred and seventy-two feet into the air. And, conversely;

That a weight of one pound, falling seven hundred and seventy-two feet, and striking a solid obstacle at the foot of its descent, would develop, by the concussion, a quantity of heat sufficient to raise the temperature of a pound of water one degree. Or, to express the principle briefly, 1 unit of heat is equivalent to 772 foot-pounds.

This is known as Joule's Equivalent—the term foot-pounds meaning the force required to raise one pound one foot.

The equivalent is, of course, in fact, the same in France as in England; but the expression is different, being there accommodated to the French measurements and nomenclature. There the *centigrade* thermometer is used, each degree of which is of nearly twice the value of those of Fahrenheit. The French standard of length also is the *mètre*, which is a little more than our yard. Instead of our pound, moreover, they use the *kilogramme*, which is not far from two pounds. The unit of heat with them is therefore the quantity required to raise one kilogramme of water one centigrade degree. They call this quantity of heat a *caloric*. The unit of force is the amount required to raise one kilogramme to a height of one *mètre*. They call this a *kilogrammètre*. Now Joule's Equivalent reduced to these terms becomes: 1 caloric is equivalent to 425 kilogrammètres.

One of the most curious and most remarkable of the modes by which Joule verified the principle of the equivalence and mutual convertibility of mechanical force and heat, was one in which the mechanical force was changed into heat by being employed to produce friction among the particles of a fluid. The principle on which the apparatus acted is shown in the engraving. To the left is a reservoir containing a known weight of water, with a thermometer immersed in it to record the changes of temperature. In the centre of the reservoir is a species of paddle-wheel, with floats of copper, so arranged as to be made to revolve by the descent of a weight suspended by a cord which is wound around the axle. It was found that the descent of the weight raised the temperature of the water in a fixed and regular ratio, which, being carefully ascertained, was found not to differ sensibly from the ratio established by other experiments presenting the principle in very different forms. The experiments have been so numerous, and have been made in so many different forms and by so many different observers, as to leave no room for doubt that heat and mechanical motion are only two forms of force convertible by a fixed equivalent into each other.



JOULE'S APPARATUS.

The truth of this principle is illustrated in a thousand different ways by what we see taking place around us every day. If a musket-ball is fired against a wall the ball is heated intensely by the collision—that is, the motion of the ball, being arrested by the obstacle, is converted into heat. A horse trotting over the road imparts heat to every spot struck by the hoofs, and if the road is paved, so that the extinguishment of the motion is instantaneous, the heat is often sufficient to fuse and ignite the abrasion struck off from the iron of the shoe. The heat developed by the burning of coal in the locomotive is first, in a great measure, converted into mechanical force for moving the engine and train—the mechanical force so developed being the exact equivalent of the portion of heat expended in the production of it—and then this mechanical force is again converted into heat by the friction of the axles, of the wheels along the rails, and of the brakes on the periphery of the wheels, and by the innu-

merable shocks and concussions resulting from the inequalities in the line. Thus the heat originating in the coal is first converted into motion, and then, being restored again by frictions and concussions to the state of heat, is distributed all along the road. Thus if the lower degrees of heat were, like the higher, accompanied by luminous effects, we should see a line of light along the road after a train had passed, the result of the heat from the coal which had been left along the track, after passing through the intermediate state of motion.

The fact of the distribution of heat along a road by the frictions and concussions of carriage-wheels and horses' hoofs is made evident by the rapid disappearance of the snow from the centre of a paved street in a great city. The snow often remains unmelted at the sides of the street long after it disappears entirely from the part of the way beaten by the hoofs of the horses, and ground by the tires of the wheels.

The water of a brook or of a river develops a sensible, and sometimes a very great degree of heat, by the friction of the liquid against the banks, and of the various currents and eddies against each other. The amount of heat which any given quantity of water would thus develop, in passing through the whole course of the stream, is equal to that which, if converted into mechanical force, would be sufficient to lift that same amount of water from the level of the sea up to the level of the sources among the mountains from which the river takes its rise.

Of course the greatest amount of heat developed in the course of a river will be at those points where there is, within the same limits, the greatest fall. Calculations have been made of the quantity of heat which must result from the fall of the water in certain celebrated cataracts, and the consequent extinguishment of its motion in the abyss below. It is found that the amount must be great enough, in the case of the cataract of Schaffhausen on the Rhine, to melt daily over a hundred thousand cubic feet of ice. In the case of Niagara the amount of heat developed by the fall of the water must be almost incalculable.

In the same way the agitation and friction of the water occasioned by the incessant motion of the waves must have a constant and very material effect in raising the temperature of the water of the sea. Or, to express the effect in terms corresponding with the doctrine under consideration, the motion imparted by the winds to portions of the water, in being extinguished by collisions and friction against the rest, becomes converted into heat.

It is the same with the falling rain in a shower. Every drop develops heat by its friction in passing through the air—a degree of heat exactly proportional to the retarding effect produced by the friction. Retardation is the partial extinguishment of motion, and motion that is extinguished, be it much or little, becomes converted into heat. A still greater calorific effect is produced by the total extinguishment

of the motion remaining, when it reaches the ground. Thus the descending shower tends to warm as well as to water the ground. Even the lightest flake of snow can not alight without having its arrested motion operate to diminish, in a certain minute degree, the intensity of its cold.

The establishment of an exact equivalence between certain proportions of heat and of mechanical force has led to the determination of many other quantitative relations in respect to heat, such as the comparative degrees of facility with which different diathermic substances allow heat to be transmitted through them by radiation, and opaque substances by conduction—precisely in what proportions heat is *reflected* and *absorbed*, when falling upon the surfaces of different substances, or from differently constituted surfaces of the same substance—the different *capacities* of different substances for heat, that is, the different quantities of heat required for raising a given weight of them to the same temperature—the different quantities required for the fusion and for the vaporization of different solids and liquids—the different amounts developed by the combustion of equal weights of different kinds of fuel, and by other chemical actions—and also the precise proportion in which the heat consumed in working different kinds of engines is actually utilized by being transformed into mechanical force—and many other laws of similar character.

The following will serve as an example of the kind of reasonings and calculations referred to above.

Water is found by accurate measurement to expand to 1700 times its former bulk in being converted into steam under the average atmospheric pressure. In other words, if we suppose a tube, of an indefinite length, to stand in a vertical position, and a quantity of water of given depth to be placed in the bottom of the tube, and a film or thin plate of wood or metal, having no sensible weight, to cover the surface of the water and exactly to fit the section of the tube, without friction, so as to allow it to be forced upward by the expansive force of the steam to be generated by the boiling of the water, without allowing any of the steam to escape by the sides of it—thus forming a species of piston—and then if by the application of heat the water in the bottom of the tube is made to boil, the piston would be gradually forced upward as the steam is formed, until finally, when all the water is converted into steam, the piston would come to a state of rest at a height 1700 times as great as the space occupied originally by the water.

This of course is on the supposition that the steam is not superheated after being formed, and that no portion of it is condensed in the upper portions of the tube. We must accordingly suppose that the tube is kept, throughout its whole length, during the progress of the experiment, at the temperature of the boiling point of water.

This ratio of 1700 to 1 being thus established as the ratio of the spaces occupied respectively by water in the liquid state and by the same quantity of water in the state of steam at the same temperature—for the temperature, that is the sensible heat, as indicated by the thermometer, is not changed by the conversion of water into steam, the steam standing at 212° of Fahrenheit the instant after its formation, just as the water did at the instant before, notwithstanding that a great quantity of heat is absorbed during the process—we are prepared to take another step.

Let us suppose that the tube is square in form, and is an inch in dimension on each side, so as to give a square inch of surface to the piston. Let us also suppose that the water in the bottom of the tube is an inch in depth. We shall then have a cubic inch of water to be converted into 1700 cubic inches of steam—that is, the piston will have been pushed upward 1700 inches by the force developed.

Now we know that the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere is *fifteen pounds* upon every square inch. Of course the force exerted by the steam has been equivalent to the raising of 15 pounds 1700 inches, or about 142 feet. Now, 15 pounds lifted 142 feet is equal to 1 pound lifted a little more than 2000 feet, or 2000 pounds lifted one foot. The result we thus arrive at is that the heat absorbed in converting one cubic inch into steam, and thus disappearing as heat, becomes transformed into, or is replaced by, a mechanical force about sufficient to lift one ton one foot, against the force of gravitation. In other words, it develops a force of about 2000 foot-pounds.

The expression "horse-power" is often used in estimating the force developed by the action of a steam-engine. Of course the power capable of being exerted by a horse varies very greatly with the structure, strength, and state of health of the individual animal. It has been agreed, however—somewhat arbitrarily it must be confessed—to consider the force necessary to raise 33,000 pounds one foot, as a horse-power. In other words, a horse-power is equal to 33,000 foot-pounds.

It is found that the heat expended in the vaporization of 34 pounds of water per hour will develop a force equal to this; and as it takes about 4 pounds of coal of an average quality per hour to vaporize that quantity of water, it follows that the heat developed by the burning of 4 pounds per hour, vaporizing during that time 34 pounds of water, develops the same amount of force as that exercised by an average horse, exerting his full strength at any ordinary work:

It is abundantly proved by the various experiments and calculations here referred to, and by others analogous to them, that heat and mechanical force are convertible into each other in fixed and definite proportions. It is *inferred* from this that heat consists in some

kind of subtle motion—undulatory, vibratory, or gyratory—of the elementary atoms or molecules of which all material substances are *supposed* to be composed. This, however, is a mere theoretical inference, resting on the somewhat slender foundation that we can not conceive of force in any other light than that of some kind of persistent motion. But the human mind can not conceive of any thing, strictly speaking, but its own experiences; that is, can know nothing of what exists without, except the effects produced by the outward objects on the perceptive and reflective powers within. There may therefore be, as in fact there doubtless are, many modes of existence and of action in the natural world which have no power to reach or affect the human consciousness in any way. For us therefore to conclude that a cause must operate so and so, because we can not conceive of its operating in any other way, is a very unsafe deduction. In so reasoning we take substantially the logical position of the good old lady in the log-cabin, who, after satisfying herself by the most close and careful observation that the letters sent by the telegraph wire could not possibly pass any where on the outside of the wire, considered it proved, by that fact alone, that they must pass somehow or other through the *inside*—on the assumption—perfectly true in reference to *her* state of mind—that there was no other conceivable mode by which transmissions of thought could be made between distant places except by letters passing either inside or outside of the channel of communication.

BETROTHAL.

O for one hour of such enchanted light
As made a fairer daytime in the sky,
When on the willow-bank we sat that night,
My old-time love and I!

A while we talked so low and tenderly,
We felt the listening trees above us lean;
And louder far the silence seemed to me
That fell at last between.

Her heart lay floating on its quiet thoughts,
Like water-lilies on a tranquil lake;
And Love within, unknown, because unsought,
Lay dreaming half awake.

Ah, Love is lightest sleeper ever known!
A whisper, and he started plain to view;
Old as the heavens seemed our story grown,
While yet the moon was new.

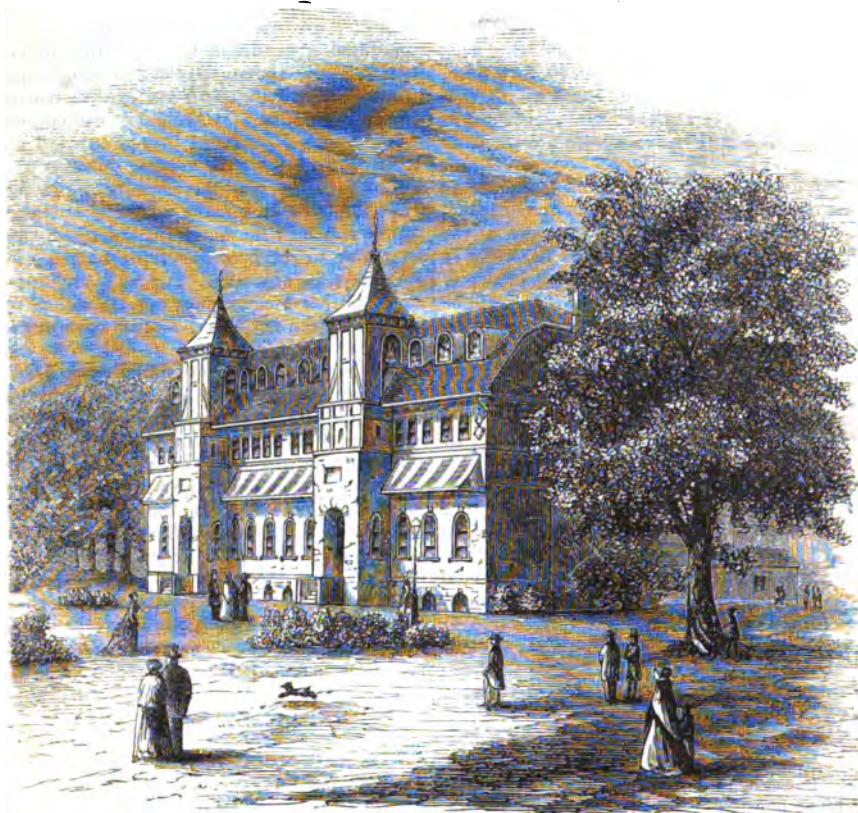
And when she spoke, her answer seemed the while
Sweeter for sweetness of the lips that told,
Setting a precious word within a smile—
A diamond ringed with gold.

Then bloomed for us the perfect century-flower;
Then filled the cup and overran the brim;
And all the stars processional, that hour,
Chanted a bridal-hymn.

Ah, Time, all after-days may fly away,
Such joy as that thou hast but once to give,
And Love is royal from his crowning-day,
Though kingdomless he live.

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter XV.]



HARMONY HALL.

THERE is a strong tendency to pessimism in the Anglo-Norman genius. It is not alone discoverable in those annual New Year reviews of the Old Year in the London press, which invariably kick out the passing year with an execration, and tell the new to its face that it promises to be no better than it should be, but even undertones Tennyson's rhyme when he bids the bells ring out the old, ring in the new :

"The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!"

"To-day is a king in disguise;" but the Englishman is not the man to unmask it. So I thought after I had parted, as told in my last Saunter, with Henry Taylor in the woods of Boscombe near Christchurch. I found that his impressions of the lower classes of his countrymen were absolutely hopeless. Most of them were, potentially, criminals, and the main problem was to invent the most suitable strait-jacket for them. His idea was that some life-long

useful work—a mitigated servitude—should be provided into which obdurate offenders should go from the police-court, never to return. Parliament had recently extended the suffrage, and had passed a stricter law against bribery; "but," said the poet, "there will be more votes sold at the coming election than ever before. Bribery can never be put down in England. In one form or another the rich will rule."

The election of 1867 was then close at hand. In every village where I stopped the people were astir, and the eager canvassers were hunting voters like pheasants. The walls were placarded with hand-bills in which candidates paraded their virtues and immaculate intentions, and uttered dark insinuations against their opponents. While walking amidst the pleasant lanes and bosky dells about Bournemouth the noise of the contest had been so distant that the judgments passed by the poet on his countrymen seemed harsh and unjust. But very soon after I had parted from him I found cause to remember them, and to see why it is that

the cultivated people of England look upon the lower orders with suspicion and hopelessness. A few minutes after leaving the gate that opens from Boscombe into the high-road I reached a place which contained a public house, a blacksmith-shop, a butcher-shop, and two or three laborers' cottages. I stopped at the public house for a bit of bread and cheese and a glass of ale, and was told the village was called Poken-ton. In the room there was a printed list of the Conservative candidate's chief supporters—"Sirs" and "Reverends"—and at the table sat a farmer, a speculator in real estate at Bournemouth, and the village butcher, each with his glass of ale or spirits before him. They were, of course, talking politics. The butcher—round and heavy as any ox he ever slaughtered—declared his intention to vote for the Tory candidate. "Why?" asked the others; and the speculator proceeded to point out that the Tories had always resisted every reform in England, until they were conquered.—"But," urged the butcher, "we want a man of some interest in this locality, and the Tory candidate has purchased real estate in Bournemouth. He is a man of wealth, Sir!"—"But," replied the other, "how do you know but that he has invested only to get into Parliament, and, once in, will be rid of his Bournemouth lots?"—"Well, all I know is, he talks of settling here."—"But even if he does," put in the farmer, "what has that to do with the great question of the Irish Church?"—"Do you know," asked the butcher, with a wink of his swinish eye, "what is the first law of nature?"—"Self," said the other; "and that's the way rich Tories rule England."—The butcher shook his sides at his own cleverness, and will never know that every calf he kills is fratricide.

The three went their way. After all, he was but a more outpoken serf than they who enabled the oily representative of Westminster to float on golden wings into the seat lately adorned by the most independent thinker in England, who refused to bribe the people or to bow to their bigotry. Yet I remember the silent scorn of the gray-haired farmer as he took his leave, and am not converted to Mr. Taylor's view of the English masses. It is true that in every race between wealth and principle in the last election the former has won, and that household suffrage has left England in the old conservative ruts; but there are other reasons why radicalism had no gains in that canvass. The abolition of the Irish Church, however just to a nice sense, means popularly a fuller sway for the Catholic priest in Ireland; and the English people hate Popery, while they do not love the Irish. But the same eternal mills of justice—ever grinding slowly, but grinding "exceeding small"—which have got hold of the Irish Church may ere long have under their burrs the English Church, or the game laws, or land-privilege, or primogeniture, or hereditary legislation. Let us wait until some question involving the rights or interests of Englishmen arises

before we conclude that the majority of these people have their price, or that household suffrage is that innocent thing which has thus far left Parliament about as it found it.

A mile or two to the east of Christchurch, on a stream whose vulgar appellation is written *Muddey*, the wanderer turns to look upon the villa, shaped like an Oriental tent; built by William Stewart Rose, and named Gundimore, after the heroine of *Partenopex de Blois*, the old romance which he translated. Rose and his poems are now forgotten, but it has not been forgotten that his home was fifty years and more ago the beautiful resort of the finest men of the time. Coleridge, Morier, Ugo Foscolo, and Walter Scott enjoyed the princely hospitalities of Gundimore; and its master wrote a poem, named after his villa, which is as good as a "visitors' book" for recording his guests. "Here," he sings—

"Here witched from summer sea and softer reign,
Foscolo courted muse of milder strain.
On these ribb'd sands was Coleridge pleased to
pace."

And—

"Here Walter Scott has woo'd the northern muse:
Here he with me has joy'd to walk or cruise;
And hence has prick'd through Ytene'sholt....
Hence have we rang'd by Celtic camps and bar-
rows,
Or climb'd th' expectant bark, to thread the Nar-
rows
Of Hurst, bound westward to the gloomy bower
Where Charles was prison'd in yon island tower."

By the last two lines the reader may perceive that from the spot there is a fine view of the Isle of Wight and Carisbrooke Castle. Sir Walter repaid his host in kind. He adorns the Rose thus in the Introduction to "*Marmion*:"

"Ytene's oaks—beneath whose shade
Their theme the merry minstrels made
Of Aescart, and Bervis bold,
And that Red King who, while of old
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled—
Ytene's oaks have heard again
Renewed such legendary strain;
For thou hast sung, how He of Gaul,
That Amadis so famed in hall,
For Orliana, foiled in fight
The Necromancer's felon might;
And well in modern verse hast wove
Partenopex's mystic love."

In a very different way is the neighboring old mansion of High Cliff celebrated. This strange medley of the pinnacles, gables, and windows of many lands and ages, looking down on the sea which is steadily undermining the treacherous clay on which it is built—repaying thus ill the motto from Lucretius on its parapet—

"Snaue mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra longum alterius spectare laborem"—

was erected in 1763 by the Earl of Bute, whose greatness was thrust upon him by royal favor, as his descendant's recent fame has been thrust upon him by inheriting three hundred thousand pounds a year. It was he of whom Frederick

Prince of Wales said: "Bute is a fine showy man, and would make an excellent ambassador in any court where there is no business." Such a man was a jewel to the king who sent William Pitt weeping from his side. So on the accession of George III. (1760) Bute was made Privy Councillor and Groom of the Stole, to be followed year after year by the positions of Secretary of State, Knight of the Garter, and First Lord of the Treasury. Yet at the end of his third year under the King he had become so unpopular that he said, plaintively: "The ground I tread upon is so hollow that I am afraid of not only falling myself, but of involving my royal master in my ruin. It is time for me to retire." And so he came to dwell on the seashore with his wife, the Baroness Montagu, the only daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The happy life he passed in her fine society throws doubt upon the rumors of the day as to his improper intimacy with the Princess of Wales, after the death of her husband (Frederick, eldest son of George II.), to whom Bute had been Lord of the Bedchamber, without, it would seem from the Prince's estimate of him already quoted, gaining his favor. But whatever may have been the relation between him and the royal widow, it is pretty certain that she helped him to gain that ascendancy over the youthful Prince which enabled him, when the latter came to be King, to supersede Pitt in his counsels. To the choice the poor King made between those two men must be attributed the American Revolution! Who knows but that had Pitt remained in office American independence might not yet have been an accomplished fact? Poor Bute! one almost pities him on seeing him at length with all the shafts of ridicule sticking in him as if he were a political St. Sebastian. John Wilkes, Churchill, "Junius," goaded him as the witches did Falstaff. Nobody pitied him except the King, for it was believed he had been bribed to grant too favorable terms to the enemy at the close of the Seven Years' War. The fatal arrow was launched by Wilkes, and Bute came here to Hampshire; but even then he ruled the King's appointments for a time. The King, however, gave him up after every body else had. Then, said Sir Egerton Brydges, "his principal delight was to listen to the melancholy roar of the sea." It is just possible, if he had come to live here at High Cliff when he was thirty instead of when he was fifty, Bute might have done better; for his good pensions to literary men—£300 per annum to Dr. Johnson among them—show that he had a taste for letters. Moreover, unless he was charitable to the poor in his later days there must have been a vast deal of snobbery in his county, for I found in an old Hampshire miscellany some verses occasioned by his death, in which it was asked:

"Where is the hand whose soft benignant care
Once cheer'd the lonely cottage of despair?
Whose timely aid disarm'd the winter's pow'r,
And shed fair comfort o'er the shivering hour?"

The Earl, after he had lost the King's friendship, and during the last years of his life, employed his time in chemical and botanical researches, and he wrote a work on English Botany, which the curious may find in the British Museum. The necessity of looking there for it involves the conclusion that the worst elements of character fostered by aristocracy had utterly turned this poor nobleman's head. His work on botany was in nine splendidly illustrated quarto volumes, the printing of which cost him ten thousand pounds; yet, after twelve copies had been printed, such was his exclusiveness, he ordered the plates to be destroyed!

The great charge against him was that of bribery; and it must be owned that Lord Camden has shown good ground for the suspicion of "Junius," in the fact that though Bute's patrimonial estate was worth only £1500 a year, he was able to invest £800,000 in land and houses. One of his sons was made Baron Cardiff in 1776, and the title of Marquis was conferred on the family representative in 1796. One of his daughters lived until 1851; she had some talent, and assisted Lord Wharnccliffe in his memoirs of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

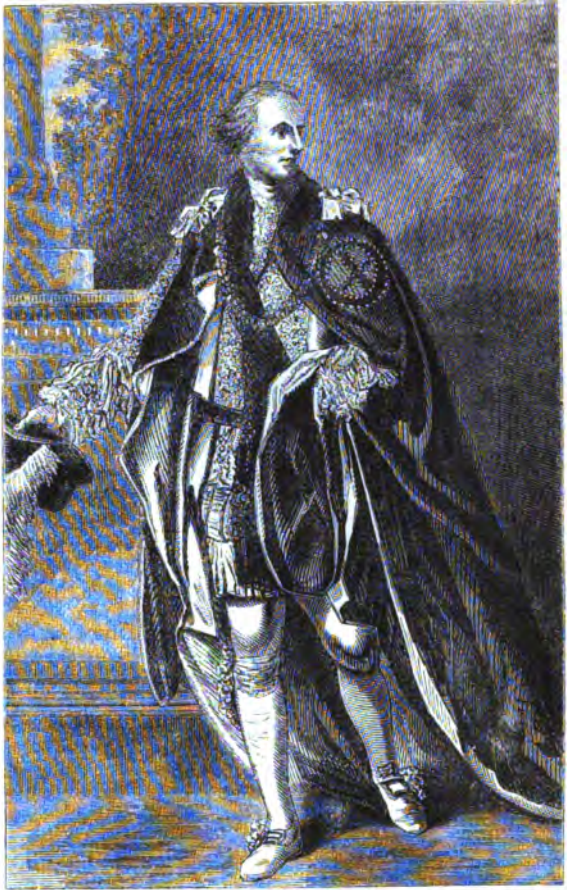
The family is now represented by Mr. Reverdy Johnson's dear friend, Lord Wharnccliffe, who owns the portrait of the Earl, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, from which our picture is copied; by Lady De Rothsby, who resides at High Cliffe; and directly by the young Marquis of Bute, who lately came into his majority and his magnificent estates at Cardiff amidst the roar of cannon, amidst palm branches and hosannas; for is not a man with one and a half millions of golden dollars a year the fount of living waters? I do not remember any thing so comically serious as the impression made upon the English mind when the recent Bute festivities led to an estimate of his fortune. Hawthorne says the Englishman is "unimaginative;" but had he lived to read the London papers on the occasion referred to he would have discovered that there *are* things that can touch even the English imagination. The moral lecture of the *Daily Telegraph* upon the "Duties Consequent Upon Great Wealth," in which the Marquis was besought not to give away in charity too much—not more than one-tenth of his income for twenty years, at least—the conclusion, however, being admitted that "every body must and will have a course, a movement, and an impetus of his own;" the grave verdict of the *Times* on the startling pile of gold, that it really could not be interfered with by the House of Commons; and the general ebullition of all the snobbery in the United Kingdom, can never be forgotten by one who was in England when one day of last autumn forty gayly decorated steamers bore across Bristol Channel to Cardiff the owner—a boy of twenty-one—of that fourth port in the British Empire! The Prince of Wales had not a third as much money; the Queen has not a fifth as much to spend as she likes; and so, even with the Welsh and Scotch

dissenters who chiefly dwell on the Marquis's estates, Bute-worship was for a little time the prevalent religion.

Three months later came the thunder-bolt. Strange hints for some weeks before Christmas filled the air that a famous English nobleman was about to enter the Church of Rome. Who, none could tell; perhaps the poor, impecunious Lord Ranelagh meant to ask Rome to make his somewhat blasé name "beautiful forever." But when it became finally indisputable that the Marquis, after starting for the Holy Land, had paused a moment at Nice, there to be received on Christmas-eve into the Roman Catholic Church, the consternation was universal. It was not that John Bull cared about the Marquis—he might go to Rome without producing any sensation; but the money! One or two newspapers began to laugh it off; but they were soon warned that the transfer of a peer with £300,000 a year from the Church of England to that of Rome was no laughing matter. The feeling of John B. began to be so profound that the *Times* had to come in, as usual in such cases, to console its master.

"We know," it said, "the Marquis is very rich, but we have no evidence that he is either very learned or very wise. The presumption, perhaps, is against it.... When the husband of Queen Anne deserted James II. in his peril, the King observed that 'after all a good trooper would have been a greater loss.' In the same way the defection of an average curate would certainly have said more for the Roman Catholic religion."

Just here, however, the *Times* heard its royal master (i. e., the upper middle class) cry: "Oh, hang your learning and wisdom and curates! What about that money?" Whereupon the *Times*, not without certain lip-quavers, whistled to keep up its courage thus: "People imagine that £300,000 a year has suddenly been transferred to the Pope. But of how much of that sum is the Marquis really master? Take away the necessary expenditure on the maintenance of his estate and his rank, and how much remains for the Pope's service?" Therefore, said the Thunderer, we are sorry for the Marquis; "but having said that, the less said the better." Meanwhile some of the most sagacious men in England recognized at once that the Church of Rome had made a most important conquest, and one which could not but influence seriously the pending religious conflicts



EARL OF BUTE.

of England. The Marquis, it is known, is a fanatic, and his ambition is very likely to take the direction of promoting the Catholic reaction in his country. That his money, directed as his new advisers will well know how to direct it, may accomplish much is as unquestionable as that his influence as a wealthy peer will be formidable. For he is not alone. There are 30 Roman Catholic peers, 50 baronets, and 88 Commoners of the same faith; and how they feel toward the English Church may be inferred from the late proceedings of the Duke of Norfolk, who, having five parishes which he must fill with English clergymen, put them up at auction in Fleet Street!

But now that I have reported what the England of the *Times* thought of it, let me quote here how two classes, which also have their strength, regarded the "perversion of the Marquis," as it was called. Two great representative men—whose names I must not mention—the one distinguished as a political, the other as a religious radical, I heard give their opinion of it. Both rejoiced in it. One



MARQUIS OF BUTE.

said: "What with Hastingses, Ranelaghs, Hamiltons, and Butes, we have some reason to hope that the whole false aristocratic system—false to the two vicious extremes of society, equally ruinous to Bute as to the pauper starving at his gate—is committing suicide. What with the irresponsibility of their property for debt, intermarriages, idleness, the old houses have run to seed, and the seeds are rotten; and every young nob who shows himself an ass or a black-leg does but help sweep away the modern refuges of ancient lies." The other said: "That both money and weight will be gained by this event for the Church of Rome is unquestionable; and, together with the decision against Ritualism, it may lead to a very powerful secession from the Church of England. For such a secession I, as a radical, watch and hope. Believing that, substantially, the two Churches are equally superstitious and equally worldly, I can not, of course, care whether men cross the frontier between them one way or the other; while, on the other hand, every reaction of the English Church Romeward has been fruitful of rationalism. As the first reaction after the Reformation planted a New England, so each one since has aroused Quakerism, Methodism, or something else—each a great liberating movement—up to the Tractarian movement, to which must be ascribed the birth of the Broad Church, with its 'Essays and Reviews,' its Colensos and Stanleys. If the judgment in 'Martin v. Mackonochie' (best pronounced M'Anarchy!) and the Marquis together do not yield us a new English Church I shall be grievously disappointed."

Rumor, of course, has attributed to the agents of Archbishop Manning herculean efforts to secure the Bute prize; but my belief is that such English Catholics as Newman and Manning care very little for him or his money. What they wish to win is brains. Their case is just that of Napoleon III., who could easily spare a score of millionaires to gain to his side an About or a Girardin. The splendor of the Tractarian or "Puseyite" movement was the brilliant intellects it bore to Romanism; since if we have heard only of rich merchants, noblemen, and fashionable ladies among its acquisitions, never of men eminent in the worlds of science, letters, or art. Another Newman, or Wiseman, or Manning, even another young Arnold, or Froude, or Aubrey de Vere, were worth a thousand Butes to the Church of Rome in England; for what it aspires to "pervert" is the thought, science, and political progress of the present age; but from the ranks of these not one steps forth with promise of filling the places of the leaders who are passing, not one to add to that Church the lustre of wit and learning which it needs so much more than the lustre of titles or gold.

If any one wishes to overleap the centuries and plunge into Old England—William the Conqueror's England—let him pass a week in the New Forest. He may not, indeed, nowadays enjoy the archaeological pleasure of being set upon by highwaymen, and may be deprived of the antiquarian delight of being treed by a wild-boar; but nearly every primitive pleasure short of these the encroachments of civilisation have spared him in that wild region. This largest and wildest woodland of Southern England is identified by historians with the *Natalae* of Saxon chronicles (so named after Natanleod, the British chief conquered by Cerdic and Cynric, A.D. 508), and was afterward known as *Ytene*, a word signifying "Furze." The Norman conqueror preserved it, and placed it under the severe restrictions of the Norman forest laws, extending it too from Southampton to the Avon, including an area of 144,000 acres. William is, by our modern estimates, the original "English gentleman." According to the prejudiced, though contemporary chronicles, he was "the father of the wild deer," one who "loved the wild beasts as if he were their father;" his love being shown by his destroying fifty churches and exterminating numerous villages that the deer might have a pleasant home; also by ordering that whoever should kill a hart should have his eyes put out, similar protection being afforded the hares.

No Egyptian ever worshiped the Sacred Animals more than the conservative English gentleman, to this day, worships the game which fattens within sight of the starving poor; and in his eyes innate depravity is simply the tendency to poach. Nevertheless, the poor Saxons took their legendary revenge on their hard master, and asserted that William was met in the New Forest by a "Fearful Shape," which foretold for him and his family the terrible

dooms which were accomplished by the violent deaths which here overtook his sons Richard and William Rufus. The all-pervading legend of the forest, to this day, is the mysterious death of the latter—the second of the Norman Kings of England. In Lyndhurst Hall one may see his iron stirrup—10½ inches wide, 7½ deep; and near Minstead is Stoney Cross, which is the memorial stone marking the spot where the fatal oak stood. “Rufus Stone” is inclosed with iron, and on its various sides are the following inscriptions:

“Here stood the oak-tree on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrell at a stag, glanced, and struck King William II. (surnamed Rufus) in the breast, of which he instantly died, on the 2d day of August, anno 1100.”

“King William II. being slain, as is before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkess, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city.”

“That where an event so memorable had happened might not be hereafter unknown, this stone was set up by Lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place, anno 1746. This stone was repaired by John Richard, Earl of Delaware, anno 1789.”

“This stone having been much mutilated, and the inscriptions on each of its three sides defaced, this more durable memorial, with the original inscriptions, was erected in the year 1841, by William Sturges Bourne, warden.”

The theories of the event are various, some saying Tyrell had been bribed by Henry I. to slay the King, others that not he, but an outraged Saxon peasant, shot the arrow. As to the interpretation put on the event by the priesthood, one may read it in Matthew Paris's “Chronicle.” There he may learn that the night before his death the King dreamed a javelin pierced his side, from which a fount of blood arose till it beclouded the sun; that the same night a monk saw the King gnawing off the limbs of a cross, until the indignant crucifix kicked him dead, a flame leaping from his mouth up to the stars; how Rufus further dreamed of devouring a child (which was of course the Church), until it cried, “Forbear! thou hast already taken too much!” upon which a bishop admonished him to cease his persecutions and avoid the chase that day; and how when the King met Tyrell he cried, “Draw, devil!” Finally, he will learn that the Earl of Cornwall, having strayed from the other huntsmen on the fatal day, saw “an immense swarthy stag bearing away the King's body, all black and miry, and wounded in the breast. Then he adjured the stag, in the name of the Holy Trinity, to declare the meaning of this fearful thing. “I bear to judgment,” said he,

“your monarch, even the tyrant William the Red. I am an evil spirit, and the avenger of the wickedness which he did to Christ's Holy Church,” and so forth. Thus the Wild Huntsman of the New Forest has become its legendary devil; though the other party contend that the oak where the event occurred used to put forth leaves in mid-winter to his honor. A few years ago the coffin of William Rufus was identified in Winchester Cathedral. With the skeleton was a broken arrow.

In 1859 Lord Palmerston said, in the House of Commons, that there was still “a Purkess in the Forest, who regarded his patrimonial piece of ground, handed down from father to son for some centuries, with as much pride as the peer of the longest pedigree and the squire of a thousand acres.” And the visitor still finds there the representative of old Purkess, the charcoal-burner, whose cart bore Rufus to Winchester, who still owns a cart and horse, and is as poor as his ancestor. But he will also find there troops of gipsies, who have haunted the woods from time immemorial, and who claim to have been the original stocks of the Lees, Stanleys, and other noble families—a gipsy girl having actually refused to marry a well-to-do farmer on the ground that she was a Stanley! And indeed no one knows but she was.

Next to Cornwall and Dartmoor the New Forest furnishes the majority of the gipsies whose Cheap Jacks, gingerbread, and roulette wheels line the English fairs and race-courses. Their normal work is, since the oppressive laws against pilfering, the making of baskets and general wicker-work; and on nearly every silent road one may meet their wagons loaded with such supplies. The old Acts of Parliament call them Egyptians: to the natural eye they are half-naked Hindoos, of a different tribe to the gipsies of Cornwall and Devonshire. They speak the mysterious Romany dialect. A friend of mine, who lives near the New Forest, wrote in a paper in *Fraser* last year that he had consulted the postman of the district, who said that few of the gipsies could read, and they



GIPSIES.

rarely received letters; they pick up many pennies by begging and fortune-telling; they have no religion; but his main puzzle was what they do with their dead, as he had never heard of a dead gipsy. They have mixed a great deal with the other foresters, and the latter are mainly the absorbed. He reports also that the dialect of the Forest is ungainly, harsh, drawing, and spoken mainly with the teeth shut. Here is a specimen: "Hev 'ee zeen t' fox, Jurge? they'se lost he, I bet!"—"Na-a-a! I zeed en goo into vuzz [i. e., furze] at t' carner o' thic [this] 'ood."—"Big un?"—"Ya-a-as!"—"Where bist gwine now, then?"—"Whoam: thee's better come with I." The "a" has not a burr, but a thin, slurring sound. They have a good many words which are not usual in book-English, and some of them expressive; for example—"fisky," *small*, like small rain; "lous-ter," *noise, confusion*; "slummakin," *slouchy, careless, untidy*; "wivvery," *giddy*, as when the head swims; "mokins" are coarse gaiters; "humwater" is a cordial with mint in it. They call the bog-myrtle or sweet-gale the "gold-withy," and the white-beam "hoar-withy."

That which strikes the American, whose country hardly furnishes what can be called a dialect, is the wild misuse of pronouns. One may often read on the grave-stones of the Forest:

"Him shall never come again to we,
But us shall surely one day go to he."

These foresters are much better off than the common agricultural peasantry of England. Most of them hold their comfortable homesteads from ancestors who squatted on them. The Duke of Bedford tried hard in the last century to exterminate the squatters, but had to yield before their resolute resistance. It is curious to observe how, in one way or another, the lands and parks throughout England, originally set aside for the enjoyment of royalty or aristocracy, come at last to serve the people. The royal lands have now become popular parks; and even the immense slices into which the land was cut up for distribution among the first peers redound to the general advantage by preserving in a country, which otherwise would have been one vast city, the green spaces which are its lungs. To these must be added the fine harvests reaped by the artists, who have free range of all estates without the trouble or expense of the poor lord who has to preserve them. After all it is almost as difficult to monopolize land as sunshine.

The New Forest has shrunk to less than half its original dimensions. The crown gets about ten thousand pounds a year from it. All the Conqueror's care of the deer, and that of Charles II. also—who tried to add the red deer of France—has not availed to make that animal thrive here. They have now disappeared. The last stag hunt in the New Forest was in 1838, when fifteen hundred sportsmen assembled at the Rufus Stone to hunt down the last descendant of the stag at which

Tyrell shot. It was hunted into a barn, and secured by John King. He (the stag) was then removed to Windsor Forest, where he was known as "King John," and where his descendants still roam. There are in the Forest queer wild hogs, with unmistakably boarish traits, believed by some to have been derived from some German wild-boars introduced there by Charles I. There is also a curious shaggy little pony, something like the Shetland, said by tradition to have come of several horses washed ashore when the Spanish Armada was wrecked, which has its habitat here. These ponies are still believed by the more illiterate of the peasants to be waylaid occasionally by the "colt-pixy," a variety of the little fairy tribe spoken of in a former Saunter, which leads horses astray by "neighing like a filly-foal."

Fox hunting is now the chief "genteel" sport of the Forest, and I can sympathize with Gilpin's hate of it. There is certainly a dash of romance about the ancient hunt of the German and English forests. That which had been man's serious pursuit as a means of subsistence had as yet a kind of dignity about it, and was better than idleness. The animals to be hunted were treated with some consideration; they must not be molested under certain circumstances and at certain seasons. The stag must enjoy its childhood. It is a *calv* in its first year, becomes a *stag* in its fifth, and a *hart* in its sixth year. If the king has pursued a hart and it escapes him, he proclaims it to be a "hart royal," and thereafter it must be undisturbed. The owners of large estates in the Blackmore Forest, Dorsetshire, paid, up to this century—and, for all I can learn, still pay—"white-hart-silver," which was originally a heavy tax levied on the estates of their ancestors for their having killed a hart which the king had "proclaimed," after it had given him pleasure and escaped him. The hunting of these times must be only a mock hunting at best, as compared with that once witnessed in the old forests. Wretched harts and hinds are kept in parks and stalls, to be brought out now and then and chased on their feeble flight until they fall before the dogs, which inflict a few wounds, to be then driven off. The hart thus pursued is kept until its wounds heal, when it is again subjected to a similar torture. If royalty could do any wrong the amiable Queen of England would be prosecuted to-morrow by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for of all animals in England that which has been most frequently and cruelly tortured by repeated hunting and wounding is "Her Majesty's favorite hind." The Queen, of course, never saw one of her stag-hounds or hinds, but the miserable conventionality which presumes that hunting is the favorite amusement of English royalty might surely attract the attention of a government sufficiently advanced to have such a sturdy Quaker as John Bright in it. Nevertheless, a majority of the

House of Commons would probably vote, even now, that the abolition of the game laws, the cessation of hunting, etc., would injuriously affect the British Constitution. And it is well known that Lord Palmerston (who in the House defended prize-fighting) was indebted for much of the confidence he received from both Whigs and Tories to his love of fox hunting. When John Bright was appointed to office an aged Whig was heard to sigh, "Well, at any rate, they say he catches a salmon splendidly!" With an unerring instinct he had, indeed, hit upon the statesman's one weakness.*

Now and then one may find certain regions in Great Britain where hunting seems to be hardly an anachronism; where it still represents the serious pursuit of the poor, and the natural exercise of the wealthy. One is thankful to believe that it saves some young squires and noblemen from the wreck of life which befalls those who leave their estates for the vices of London and the villainies of the turf. But, after all is said, the hunting squire is by no means a lovely character, and the month of sport is very apt to be also a month of dissipation. The element of daring having gone out of the hunt, has been followed by the spirit of the genuine old English huntsman. You will now and then hear of some old fellow who has tried hard to break his bones, and those of his friends, by erecting bush heaps, fences, etc., along the woods. I saw in Wales the portrait of a man who finally killed himself by his efforts to re-impart danger to the hunt, and his memory was held in much veneration; but as the forests shrink, and steam honeycombs the country, the animals become tame, and hunting excitement an affectation. Presently the velocipedes will supersede equestrianism; the horses will be chopped up to make cheap food for the million; the age of chivalry will no longer revisit the earth, even on Derby Day; and men will honestly set themselves to try and discover the characteristics, the beauties, and appropriate sports of their own age.

The pleasantest association I have hitherto had with the New Forest was that it had been the haunt of one whose name I had heard from the lips of Henry Thoreau—one who might almost be thought of as having reappeared in Thoreau—William Gilpin, author, artist, man of science, and clergyman. The descendant of that Bernard Gilpin, the pupil of Erasmus, whom the death of Mary unbound beside the stake upon which he was about to suffer, William Gilpin received the surplice almost as an hereditary mantle; but his heart worshiped with truest enthusiasm amidst these forest aisles. His works on the trees, forests, and general scenery of England, illustrated by his own pencil (with which he was almost as skill-

ful as his brother, Sawney Gilpin, the painter of animals), still have a value which few works written in the last century on subjects related to science possess.

He was an Oxonian, and upward of fifty years old when he received the living—he was poor, and had married an undowered girl because he loved her—in the village of Boldre, which was worth £700—a snug sum in 1777. An earnest, simple, and impressive preacher, a warm-hearted, industrious man, healthy and cheerful, he set to work in this wilderness; and while having an artist's eye, and a singular subtlety of observation, he divined the treasures of thought and beauty every where. He transmuted the money their publication brought him into schools for day-laborers. He was thus able to endow the schools at Boldre, Brockenhurst, and elsewhere, which still exist. In the Boldre school the day-laborers' children are taught free, the endowment being for twenty boys to be taught reading, writing, and ciphering, and the same number of girls reading, sewing, and spinning. In addition, the boys receive annually a jacket, breeches, and green vest, and the girls a black petticoat and green frock. The "green" was meant to be a kind of uniform. Near Brockenhurst Howard, the philanthropist, lived and labored three years, and the place became part of the parish in which Gilpin worked in the same spirit during the twenty-seven years of his life in the New Forest, where now his works succeed him in beneficent influence. During that period all the region around him was filled with alarms about the French Revolution, and every hill had a watchman on the outlook for a French invasion; many men were tried and imprisoned for seditious songs and words; public meetings to prepare for defense were held continually; and the British navy was grimly amusing itself and excited thousands by mock attacks and defenses of the Isle of Wight and other points about the Solent. But of all that noise and bluster (how contemptible now to all!) there is no trace in the serene and clean pages of this fine spirit, who left no cottage without trace of his humanity, and held every wild shrub or flower or tree in his discriminating sympathy. I say "discriminating," for he believed in the supremacy of Art, and could give Nature hard hits if she annoyed a fine scene by some deformity. I have found much amusement in reading a violent diatribe against him by a Hampshire critic, because of his perpetual snubbing of beech-trees! This "depreciation of the beech," says his antagonist, "disgusts our taste as well as offends our reason." Mr. Gilpin's particular admiration among trees was the ash, and among beasts the ass! On these points the critic just referred to is as furious as if Gilpin had spoken disrespectfully of the equator, being offended not only at the linear mark on the shoulder of the ass, and its long ears, but also at the associated ideas of its bray, its stubbornness and stupidity, and its being the mean-

* One who hunted in the woods without gun, and gathered from the streams without hook—Wordsworth—has reminded us

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

est beast of burden. Presuming the reader will have some curiosity to read the statement which elicited this criticism, I quote the passage from "Forest Scenery:"

"Besides the horse, the forest is much frequented by another animal of his genus, inferior indeed in dignity, but superior in picturesque beauty. I mean the ass. Among all the tribes of animals scarce one is more ornamental in the landscape. In what this picturesque beauty consists—whether in his peculiar character, in his strong lines, in his coloring, in the roughness of his coat, or in the mixture of all—would be difficult perhaps to ascertain. The observation, however, is undoubtedly true, and every picturesque eye will acknowledge it. Berghem bears full testimony to its truth. In his pictures the ass makes often the most distinguished figure; and a late excellent landscape painter (Mr. Gainsborough), I have heard, generally kept this animal by him, that he might have it always at hand to introduce in various attitudes in his pictures. I have heard also that a plaster cast of an ass, modeled by him, is sold in the shops of London; but I never saw it."

Accompanying this paragraph Mr. Gilpin has drawn a perfect love of a donkey, with a large pensive eye, a philosophical aspect, and a delicate visage, almost amiable enough to have justified the fancy of Titania. He admits the portrait is a little flattered. It is not a little remarkable that this artist and author should have anticipated by two generations the reaction favorable to the ass which has been observed both in France and England—in England especially, since the great Ass Exhibition which occurred in London a few years ago. Many of the animals exhibited on that occasion, by-the-way, were so beautiful, and they showed their possession of so many substantial qualities of mind, that there was a considerable enthusiasm about these "poor relations of ours," as Emerson calls them. Since the "Feast of the Ass" (January 14, commemorating the flight into Egypt) has ceased to be celebrated by the Churches, we have little idea of the honor in which this lowly animal was held. At that festival, in Britain and Brittany, it was customary for a beautiful young girl, with a babe at her breast, to ride on a splendidly decorated ass, through the streets, and to enter with the accompanying procession into the church, when the ass stood close to the great altar. In place of the usual responses the people brayed, and at the end of the services the priest brayed thrice. A chorus-hymn was then sung.*

* This old hymn, as written in a curious medley of Latin and French, has been preserved by Ducange. The following, if a somewhat rough, is nearly a literal translation of some of its verses:

From the country of the East,
Came this strong and handsome beast:
This able ass, beyond compare,
Heavy loads and packs to bear.
*Now, Seigneur Ass, a noble Bray,
Thy beautiful mouth at large display;
Abundant food our hay-locks yield,
And oats abundant load the field.
He-haw! He-haw! He-haw!*

He was born on Shechem's hill;
In Reuben's vales he fed his fill;
He drank of Jordan's sacred stream,
And gambled in Bethlehem.
Now, Seigneur Ass, etc.

Gilpin had the same disposition with Thoreau—the disposition, one may call it, of all men of genius—to find a glory in things generally regarded as mean. The ass was not the only Cinderella he drew out of the ashes. He finds an especial beauty in the notes of the woodpecker and the jay. "Their screams," he says, "however discordant in themselves, or when out of place, accord admirably with the forest, and produce that kind of local harmony which one of our old poets ascribes to the sound of a drum: it may be dissonant in one place, though musical in another.

'What sound is that whose concord makes a jar,
'Tis noise in peace, though harmony in war.'

It would be difficult to find a more felicitously expressed thought than that just quoted. Gilpin sometimes, though not like Thoreau always, saw the landscape tinted by "the light that never was on sea or land." How that light, which his eye brought with it, could illumine common objects may appear in this little allegory:

"As I sat carelessly at my window and threw my eyes upon a huge acacia which grew before me, I conceived it might aptly represent a country divided into provinces, towns, and families. The larger branches might hold out the first—the smaller branches, connected with them, the second—and those combinations of collateral leaves which specify the acacia might represent families composed of individuals. It was now late in the year, and the autumnal tints had taken possession of the tree. As I sat looking at it many of the yellow leaves (which, having been produced earlier, decayed sooner) were continually dropping into the lap of the great mother. Here was an emblem of natural decay. As I continued looking a gentle breeze ruffled among the leaves. Many fell which in a natural course might have enjoyed life longer. Here malady was added to decay. The blast increased, and every branch that presented itself bowed before it. A shower of leaves covered the ground. The cup of vengeance, said I, is poured out on the people. Pestilence shakes the land. Nature sickens in the gale. . . . Among the branches was one entirely withered. The leaves were withered, yet clinging to it. Here was an emblem of famine."

The Roman Catholic bishop, Dr. Milner, in his work, "The End of Religious Controversy," says: "One of the celebrated preachers of the Established Church, who of course 'never mentions hell to ears polite,' expresses his wish 'to banish the subject of everlasting punishment from all pulpits, as containing a doctrine at once improper and uncertain;' which sentiment is applauded by another eminent divine who

In leaping he excels the fawn,
The deer, the colts upon the lawn;
Less swift the dromedaries ran,
Boasted of in Midian.

Now, Seigneur Ass, etc.

Gold from Araby the blest,
Saba myrrh, of myrrh the best,
To the church this ass did bring;
We his sturdy labors sing.

Now, Seigneur Ass, etc.

The bearded harley and its stem,
And thistles, yield his fill of them;
He assists to separate,
When it's threshed, the chaff from wheat.
Now, Seigneur Ass, etc.



WILLIAM GILPIN.

reviews that sermon in the *British Critic*." In a note the bishop refers the sentiment to a sermon by Mr. Gilpin. But if the vicar of Boldre was hopeful of the future of the sinners around him, he was so resolute in dealing with them in this world as to bring upon himself the charge of "popish practices." One of his parishioners, a wealthy farmer, with an affectionate wife and large family, having caused scandal by flagrant violation of the seventh commandment, Mr. Gilpin exhorted him tenderly; but the man continuing his offense, the pastor instituted proceedings in the spiritual court. When excommunication was about being pronounced the man asked for mercy, which was allowed on condition of his doing penance in Boldre church. On an appointed day he entered the church attired in a white sheet, accompanied by church-wardens, and read after Mr. Gilpin a paper containing an avowal of his offense, of his contrition, and his deprecation of the Divine anger. This was followed by a solemn discourse from the pulpit by the pastor. A woman, guilty of a similar offense, did penance in the same fashion on another occasion. The

people seemed to have acquired a childlike faith in the man in whom they saw, as Mrs. Southey did,

"Holy Bernard's life,
In apostolic grace unimpaired."

Mr. Gilpin was a fine-looking man, rather corpulent, his face being particularly remarkable for its expression of good-nature and simplicity. In his old age, with his long, silvery hair, his cassock and clerical staff, he was as picturesque a feature of the New Forest as any object he ever described with pen or pencil. The accompanying portrait is from a crayon picture owned by one of his descendants now living in Hampshire. There is a conventional monument whose superfluous eulogy may be read inside of the quaint old Norman church, whose original dedication to St. John was reaffirmed by Gilpin's life. The church is seven hundred years old. Many pilgrims visit the grave of this good man, which is in a beautiful spot, commanding one of the most charming prospects in England, including the Solent Sea, the Isle of Wight, and Lymington, where Boldre River flows into the sea. Never was there fitter spot for a child and intimate of Nature to be buried. His grave is beneath a fine maple which he especially admired. The simple stone bears an inscription written by himself:

"In a quiet mansion beneath this stone, secure from the afflictions, and still more dangerous enjoyments of life, lie the remains of William Gilpin, sometime Vicar of this parish, together with the remains of Margaret, his wife. After living above fifty years in happy union, they hope to be raised in God's good time, through the atonement of a blessed Redeemer for their repeated transgressions, to a state of joyful immortality; then it will be new joy to meet several of those good neighbours who lie scattered in these sacred precincts around them. He died April 5th, 1804, at the age of 80. She died April 14th, 1807, at the age of 82."

In his work on "Forest Scenery" I find interesting accounts of two remarkable trees which no longer exist. One is the "Cadenham Oak," which, it may be presumed, furnished the tra-



BOLDRE CHURCH.

dition that the oak under which the king was killed always put forth new leaves in midwinter. The Cadenham Oak did put forth leaves at the time stated, or about January 5. The foresters were not inclined to regard this as in homage to the Norman king, but maintained that it was a testimony to the old as against the present Christmas-day. The Duchess of Portland, however, reared in her garden a graft from this oak, which slighted both Christmas-days by blossoming on December 21. When Gilpin visited it he found that these premature buds, after coming out, soon died, and the oak was for the rest of the year in nowise distinguishable from the rest. The other phenomenal tree was the "Groaning Tree," near Baddesley. About a hundred years ago the groans heard from this tree filled the whole forest with excitement, and brought down large numbers of visitors, among them many naturalists, from London. Even the Prince and Princess of Wales paid it a visit. The farmer on whose ground the tree stood bored a hole in it with an augur, and no more groans were heard.

Among the monuments of the past amidst which the saunterer through these regions must wander, the prophetic memorials (if the reader will permit the paradox) of the Good Time Coming are not so frequent that one can lightly pass them by. And before I proceed on my southward journey I must ask the reader to accompany me to the little village of Broughton, nearly twenty miles north of the New Forest, where the English "Brook Farm" existed. I have been at much pains to secure some notes concerning it, for its history has never been written.

The English Communists, the first considerable body in this country who ever professed Materialism, and the only party, perhaps, that never possessed it, made their first practical settlement in Hampshire, at a time when society was hard and cold, taxation heavy, the people ignorant, and working-men hopeless. Robert Owen, the first to bring a breath of courage upon those evil days with which the present generation opened, and his disciples set up a propagandism, and subscribed money to create that situation in which it should be impossible for men to be depraved or poor. Looking around on the besotted and the criminal, Owen said, "Give me a tiger and I will educate it." In that faith he called around him the most earnest men of his time for the effort which represented more high sentiment and spiritual hope than any movement England has seen. The spot chosen for it was Broughton, a little village about fourteen miles from Winchester. Here was a fine property belonging to the Goldsmid family, with which Owen had some personal relations which enabled him to secure it on good terms—a signal advantage, it not being easy in those days to procure land for Communistic purposes. Owen's ideas were always vast and costly, and he was opposed to beginning Communities until the funds were in hand.

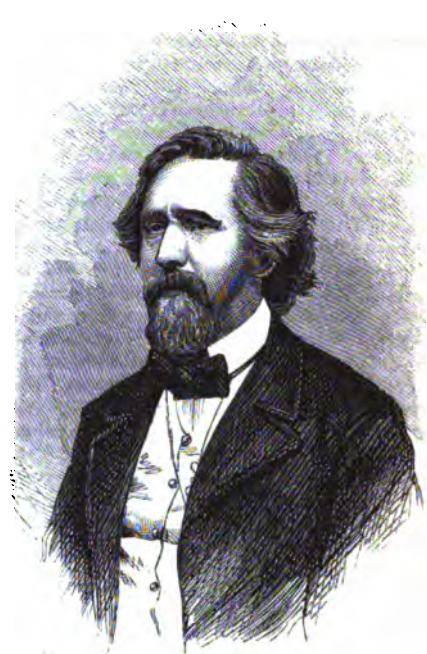


ROBERT OWEN.

But the enthusiasm of himself and his converts was at white heat. Owen had his grand fervors, and was quite convinced that Prime Ministers and distant nations would soon be asking him to remodel their governments. Among his adherents was a Salisbury banker—a great-statured, strong-minded man—who did not hesitate to lay ten thousand pounds at his master's disposal. Roads were made over the estate which the ancient Romans might have envied. Hansom, the architect of the Birmingham Town-hall, the first building of the kind erected in England which had any poetry about it, was called on to build the abode at Queenwood, which thereafter was to bear the grand but premature name of Harmony Hall. The lower rooms were wainscoted with mahogany; and indeed Solomon's Temple was hardly erected with more devotion; even the nails used were of a particularly fine quality. Unhappily all the funds were exhausted before the happy family convened. So from the start the land could not be properly farmed nor industry developed. The Millennium had not arrived in 1844; and the well-meaning who were ignorant, and the well-informed who were visionary—those who worked and never rested, and those who rested and never worked—crept in. It required a delicate despotism to manage them, and Owen and his school were merely philanthropists; the velvet glove was there, but not the iron hand beneath it. Owen's mind lacked the concrete element; it wandered out grandly in universal views; and it was maliciously said of him that when the nurses reported that the measles had broken out

in the children's wing, he answered that "he could not entertain the question until they all had it." Thus Harmony Hall came to know discord, and after a few years of struggle came to an end by a complication of disorders, such as are too familiar in such experiments to require mention in detail. The "New Moral World," as the neighbors called it, was seized for debt, and its inmates ejected. The trustees—a Liverpool iron-master, a Manchester merchant, and a London butcher—let the place for a large Quaker school, and it is now used for a school in which industrial features are joined to high class learning. A few years ago the poorer members of the Community had to sue the philanthropic trustees for their proportion of some surplus assets that had turned up, and the London butcher pleaded against them that the Bishop of Exeter had declared Owen's views immoral. Twenty years earlier the plea would have availed, but in 1862 England had ceased to believe in the infallibility of the Bishop of Exeter, and Lord Romilly said: "Ah, the Court hears all that, Mr. Green, but where is the money?" So the trustees had to refund.

Queenwood is a charming spot, and it is approached by an avenue worthy to open the way to the Millennium. It is a pity that no friendly hand has written of the interesting people who gathered there. When Robert Owen died it was stated that his son, Robert Dale Owen, was to be assisted by two eminent friends of his father in his biography, which would certainly give us some of the most valuable correspondence in existence, for Owen corresponded with nearly every public man of his time. It is to be hoped that the true story of his life will yet appear. Those who assisted in his Communistic efforts were mainly of the working-class, and in this respect differed from the Brook Farmers of Boston; but they were also men and women of marked individuality, some of them possessing genius. The most notable of them, perhaps, was George Jacob Holyoake, a man who has done as much for the elevation and enlightenment of the working-people of England as any man living. A mere boy when he began life as a reformer, Holyoake has still the elastic step and fair face of a youth as he steps along the Strand, with some bright idea leading him where a gold sovereign leads each of the throng around him—an idea which will presently shine in the columns of the *News*, or *Star*, or *Newcastle Chronicle*, or *Glasgow Herald*, or *New York Tribune*, or some other of the many journals which always find their account in printing the vigorous sentences of "Landor Praed," his favorite pseudonym. Holyoake joined Owen in 1836, and stood by his side through every failure; but when the Communists all concluded that the success of Socialism was only practicable in America, where society was more fluid and land cheaper, he remained to fight for a place for his ideas inside of the old society. He founded what is now known as Secularism, a kind of religion which



G. J. HOLYOAKE.

has regard only to the well-being of man on earth. It has now overspread this country, and is the mould into which its free thought is every where streaming. He has also been the chief man of the co-operative movements, and has written piles of pamphlets on co-operation, suffrage, the ballot, and kindred subjects, several of which have been discussed in Parliament. There was also at Harmony Hall Minter Morgan, a gentleman of fortune, author of a graceful Communistic romance entitled, "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century." He left his money to the Church, and founded an orphan asylum at Ham Common for children whose parents had died of cholera. Charles Bray, a Coventry silk-manufacturer, author of a work on "Philosophical Necessity," who was there, still writes works of ability in favor of Owen's views. The Salisbury banker joined the "White Quakers," the name given to the inmates of a sort of free-love Quaker monastery near Dublin, set up by Joshua and Abigail Jacobs, who went barefooted and in white garments. It is a metre of the excited condition of those times that a long-haired gentleman, much more a lady, walking through the country in a peculiar dress or undress, was sure to be fixed upon as a prophet. Thousands were ready to believe that any crack-brained vagary was the veritable pillar of fire.

But to return to the "Harmonians." Dr. Travis, one of their number, still lives and writes books amendatory of Owen's opinions on "the formation of character," claiming now that man has a self-determining power over his will. William Pare, whom the Bishop of Ex-

eter expelled from an office he held in Birmingham on account of his advocacy of Owen's views, was sometime governor at Harmony Hall, and is now a leading politician in Birmingham. A prominent figure in the movement was Thomas Alsop, a London stock-broker, an intimate friend of Coleridge, of whom he has printed some valuable reminiscences. Alsop was a friend also of poor Orsini, and was prosecuted by the English government for cognizance of the attack on Louis Napoleon. G. A. Fleming, who edited then the *New Moral World*, has been for many years on the parliamentary staff of the *Morning Advertiser*. Alexander Campbell, a clever Scotchman, who was at Orbiston—a Community in Scotland established by Abram (brother of George) Combe—went through Harmony, White Quakerism, Pierrepont Greaves's Mysticism, and the Ham Common Concordium, and now conducts the *Glasgow Sentinel*. Buchanan, another adherent, was an able speaker and journalist. He wrote ardent, not otherwise notable, poetry in his youth, and left on his death one son, known now as a poet of rising fame—Robert Buchanan. Lloyd Jones was an eloquent Irishman, a favorite "social missionary" of the Owen school. He afterward joined the "Christian Socialists," under the lead of Thomas Hughes and Lord De Grey. He had a son in our Union army in America. Indeed, a great many of the Harmony people went to America; among them Thomas Mackintosh, author of "The Electrical System of the Universe," a work of some note in pre-scientific days (he was drowned while bathing in the Ottawa); Mr. Green, who perished on an American railway; Thomas Bailey, a schoolmaster and copious writer, who, if now living, is among the Mormons of Utah; Dr. Frederick Hollick, a clear-headed writer, who is practicing at his profession in America; and John Finch, the iron-master already alluded to, who in America denounced religion as they only do who have a religion of their own to advance, and published a Bible revised for the Socialists, who never read it.

Harmony Hall had, like Brook Farm, many interesting women in it. The best known among them was "Kate" (Miss Reynolds), who afterward married the "pariah" prophet, Goodwyn Barnby, who has now settled down into a respectable Unitarian preacher. Mrs. Chappell-smith was the earliest female lecturer. She went to Indiana. Mrs. Emma Martin was both beautiful and eloquent.

But I must close my list, although I have not mentioned Ryall, Southwell, and others, who helped to make up this very remarkable assemblage of men and women. As they looked upon Queenwood they fondly imagined that Plato's Republic hovered above it waiting to descend. Proud efforts were made for its success; generous and holy hopes were centred upon it. No spot in this land sacred to poetry, antiquity, or political struggle should have to an American eye more moral beauty about it

than here, where Industry struck a peaceful blow for its emancipation. In that day Wretchedness smiled as a way seemed opening out of the pathless desert of drudgery. Toil-worn men from the anvil and the loom here sowed their last hard-earned pennies and their hearts as seed. They never reaped the harvest. They dwelt in their Promised Land as strangers, receiving not the promise. But their faith is justified to our generation in every co-operative movement, every trade union, and in all the hopeful humanitarian efforts of society. Conservatism, had it not been blind, would have paid much to have the Utopian elements of the human brain potted off into Harmony Halls and Brook Farms. They have been distributed by compulsion into the ordinary social veins; and household suffrage, co-operation, factory acts, in England, emancipation, woman's rights agitations, and the like, in America, are in no small degree attributable to their absorption. The old society swallowed the new, but digestion is a different thing from swallowing. The reappearance of Socialism is really one of the most salient features of our time. At the International Working-men's Congress held in 1868 at Brussels, and the International League of Peace and Liberty held the same year at Berne, the great subject of division was Socialism. In the course of those discussions—of which, though the debaters were working-men, M. Rochefort said, in his *Lanterne*, that no such eloquence could be found in the *Corps Legislatif*—some very interesting phenomena appeared. The leaders of the Socialistic party—by which I mean Fourierists, and those who believed in a distribution of land—were Russians, and their adherents were almost entirely from the hard, autocratic governments. The Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Spanish, and, in part, the French delegations, were for a Socialism like that which Owen maintained. On the other hand, the delegations from the freer governments, and in the exact proportion of the popular character of such governments—England, Switzerland, Belgium, and Germany—opposed it. In otherwise, just in the ratio that Socialism has gone into regular governments are the external Communistic elements weak, while the hard monarchies are directly training their subjects to an extreme radicalism. Of the two millstones of God—good and the denial of good—the nether is just as serviceable in grinding "exceeding small" as the upper. In Spain the Socialists are more compact in organization than in any other country; and they have been able by two formidable battles to show that no government can be permanent there which shall not, by its justice, make their organization unnecessary.

The Socialistic principle is very simple and universal. Every man who by riding in a car or omnibus—the common carriage—saves many times what he would pay for a private carriage, or who by sending his child to a public school pays but a tenth of what he would pay for a family teacher, avails himself of the Commu-

nistic principle. It is plain that by a common residence or common table people might save money as well as by having their carriage, their church, or their art-gallery in common; and nothing can prevent the springing up among the poor of lodging-houses, workmen's institutes and reading-rooms, soup-kitchens, co-operative stores, and the like, all of which are Socialistic. But just so soon as Communism aspired to abandon the ordinary materials and implements of society it really left behind the only people who required its aid, and the only people who could have formed a community. It implies thought, enthusiasm, study, and imagination for a man to become the practical devotee of an idea; and these are precisely what the life of the pauper and drudge has never permitted to germinate in him. But a man need not be a poet to take better rooms for less money in a model lodging-house, any more than to employ the common baker instead of making his own bread. The followers of Owen and George Ripley were men and women of extreme individuality; but for such to put themselves into a common drill was to set a pyramid upon its apex. For the very object of Harmony Hall or Brook Farm must be to secure from the pressure of physical toil more leisure and freedom for moral and mental culture; whereas such culture must at once manifest itself in an individuality inconsistent with a too close association with others. Culture affects taste, food, modes of amusement, and leads men to devote life to things which no Community can regard as produce. The possible Community must have men and women with minds full of the common question, How shall we exist? When Communism took the pen from Hawthorne's hand and put a hoe into it, it furnished its own *reductio ad absurdum*. Hawthorne plunged from the comfortable room that meant his real work into a snow-storm in order to do some other man's work. But if the inmates of Brook Farm had all plunged out of snow-storms and out of starvation, Brook Farm would have proved something else, though possibly nothing more valuable than the artistic study of a society sure to reappear in completed form on the American canvas.

How little does the world know its debt to such dreamers as they who built Harmony Hall! Palaces are built of mud, by men of mud; but these walls were raised by the lyre of Orpheus:

"Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That, with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome!"

The great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit—how often have they been melted and changed like wax under the visions of dreamers! "Gladdened by that vision, he advanced toward the Pyrenees," writes Livy of Hannibal and his dream that he had received an envoy from Jupiter. In a dream Cyrus saw the sun

at his feet, and tried to grasp it. I own I can never think of the social visionaries—St. Simon, Enfantin, Owen, and the rest—but as the successors of those who by some dream of national grandeur, of nationality, or of religious enthusiasm have abolished seas and mountains. But for their noble discontent, but for their faith which made impalpable air seem as well worth their money as corn, were there any thing left but a mud-ball occupied by—Heavens, by what? Let one observe in to-morrow's *London Times* and *New York Herald* the photograph of the world to-day, so far as it is unvisited by any dream of the poor, chaffed, good-time-coming folk. I shall always believe that Mrs. Sigourney had some of the true fire, if only that she wrote, long ago, these lines:

"If thou wilt seek the fellowship of dreams
And make them friends, they e'en may bear thee up
From star to star, and let thee hear the rush
Of angel-wings upon God's errands speeding;
And, while they make some silver cloud thy car,
Will whispering tell thee that the unslumbering soul
Wears immortality upon its crest,
And by its very power to soar with them
Proves that it can not die."

The children of Utopia—they who feed on honey-dew—are, indeed, generally heretics; but so long as no bishop has so heavy a cross to bear, let it be remembered that men are to be judged by their fruits, and not by saying "Lord, Lord" by formulas the most unimpeachable. One of these dreamers I have read of, who, passing through a crowd, heard one say, "There goes a man without religion." He turned and said, gently, "I have religion enough to pardon your insult." It is for an orthodox world—for a society that a little while ago was burning them, and still denounces them—that such men devote all they have and are.

The names of Tom Paine, Robert Owen, or Holyoake are still potent to send the blood to the head of the orthodox; but, little as I coincide with their chief negations, I can not forget the lesson graven all over the region through which I am wandering of how the orthodoxy of one age may leave memorials from which the orthodoxy of another may recoil. The history of the stake and the fagot should make the Church more modest in its anathemas. But that which here I especially recall is the figure of one who was held in his time—two centuries ago—the embodiment of the religious zeal of his age—Matthew Hopkins, the witch-finder. That miserable fanatic hunted through these woods and fields more old women than huntsmen ever ran down foxes; and where he went his path was lit with the fires in which the wretched victims of superstition writhed in agony. Each witch burned or hung was treasured by Hopkins as a jewel in his crown of immortality, and he went through England to capture them as the revivalist now journeys to convert souls. Not only all the orthodoxy of the time, headed by Richard Baxter, but the judiciary, led by Sir Matthëw Hale, and royalty, in the person of James I., were behind this devastator, who held free li-

cense to suspect whom he pleased, and to "test" poor women by tying their toes to their thumbs and "walking" them between inquisitors four-and-twenty hours, without food or sleep, to see if their "familiars" approached them (in the form of insects or vermin, for example), or if they sank exhausted—in which case, being unsustained by Providence, they were proven witches. But oftener the suspected witch was "swum;" that is, the poor creature, bound hand and foot, was thrown into the water, and if he or she floated it was by diabolical agency, and death was awarded; if they were drowned, at least their characters were cleared. This was a favorite method, because water was the element of baptism. All this was going on at the time when Harvey was discovering the circulation of the blood, and Boyle was founding the Royal Society. Hopkins charged twenty shillings per town for exterminating its witches. It is a satisfaction to know that Hopkins himself perished indirectly by his own cruel test. Suspicion fell on him, and he was "swum;" he floated! Fear as to the result of his trial, and the cold caught by his ducking, brought on swift consumption and death.

Of all the witch-trials those which filled this neighborhood with excitement from 1640 to 1658, causing the execution of two people, were perhaps the most curious and famous. The suspected persons were Dr. Lamb, Buckingham's domestic physician, and Anne Bodenham, his maid. Dr. Lamb, who was murdered as a wizard by a mob, was regarded by Richard Baxter as the most salient instance to be introduced into his "World of Spirits," which was "written for the conviction of Sadducees and Infidels." Baxter tells the story thus:

"Dr. Lamb, who was killed by the Mob for a Conjuror, about 1640, met one morning Sir Miles Sands and Mr. Barbor in the Street, and invited them to go and drink their Morning's Draught at his House. Discoursing about his Art, he told them that if they would hold their Tongues, and their Hands from meddling with any thing, he would show them some Sport. So, falling to his Practice, in the middle of the Room springs up a Tree; some after appeared three little Fellows, with Axes on their Shoulders and Baskets in their Hands, who presently fell to work, cut down the Tree, and carried all away. But Mr. Barbor, observing one Chip to fall on his Velvet Coat, he slips it into his pocket. That Night, when he and his Family were in bed and asleep, all the Doors and Windows in the House opened and clattered, so as to awaken and fright them all. His Wife said, *Husband, you told me you was at Dr. Lamb's this Day, and I fear you meddled with something.* He replied, *I put a Chip into my Pocket. I pray you, said she, fling it out or we shall have no Quiet.* He did so, and all the Windows and Doors were presently shut, and all quiet, so they went to sleep."

Such was the morning's sport which, assisted by the morning's cups of two gentlemen, cost the eminent physician so dear. His evil reputation proved deadly also to the old woman, eighty years of age, who lived under his roof. This Anne Bodenham was the wife of a clothier who lived near New Sarum, and she really seems to have had some faith in her magical powers, although it may be she was only turn-

ing a few pennies through the credulity of her neighbors. A Mr. Mason sent his servant, Anne Styles, to learn from the fortune-teller the result of a lawsuit in which he was interested. On this occasion, according to Styles's testimony,

"She took her staff and there drew it about the house, making a kind of Circle, and then took a book, and carrying it over the Circle with her hands, and taking a green glasse did lay it upon the book, and placed in the Circle an earthen Pan of Coals, wherein she threw something, which burning caused a very noisome stink, and told the Maid she should not be afraid of what she should then see, for now they would come (they are the words she used), and so, calling Belzebub, Tormentor, Satan, Lucifer appear, there suddenly arose a very high wind, which made the house shake, and presently the back-door of the house flying open, there came five Spirits, as the Maid supposed, in the likeness of ragged Boyes, some bigger than others, and ran about the House where she had drawn the staff; and the witch threw down upon the ground crums of bread, which the Spirits picked up, and leapt over the Pan of Coals oftentimes, which she set in the midst of the Circle, and a Dog and Cat of the Witches danced with them; and after some time the witch looked again in her book, and threw some great white Seeds upon the ground, which the said Spirits picked up, and so in a short time the wind was laid, and the witch going forth at the back-door the Spirits vanished."

The woman Bodenham then told the girl about her master's lawsuit, and received three shillings, which hardly could have covered the expenses of the performance, much less have indemnified her for its fatal results. When this alleged witch was condemned to death Anne Styles fell to weeping, and begged for her reprieve, which looks as if she had been telling lies. Bodenham denied all to the last, confessing only that she had a book of Charms, as doubtless many a servant-girl has a book of Dreams at this day—that she could say the Creed backward, and sometimes prayed to the planet Jupiter. After sentence she became completely insane. Before execution she wrote to her husband desiring him not to live in his house again, and asking the woman who was to "shroud" her to root up all the herbs in the garden; clamored for a knife, and begged to die drunk. She refused to have any prayer or other service at her execution, at which she gave the officials work enough, and died cursing all around her.

There was printed in the county of Hampshire a curious "Annual Repository," two volumes of which I have been enabled, through the kindness of a friend, to examine. There are records of the agricultural, social, and religious condition of the various parishes in the county, and many entertaining accounts of their antiquities. Of the latter I was struck with the form of a conveyance by Henry I. (A.D. 1133) of land to Southwick Priory: "I will and firmly decree that the said canons, their officers and servants, shall have and hold all their possessions.....free and unmolested from shires and hundreds and all manner of suits, pleas, and complaints, and payments for murders and larcenies, from homsuchen and forest

law, from scutage and hidage, gelds, denegeld, and homgelds, assarts, assizes, deodands, aides, summages, avepenny and hundred-penny, mis-kinnings and blodewyte." The American who thinks himself heavily taxed may find comfort in reading this list of the punctures at which the old land-owner of this realm had to bleed—unless, indeed, he were a Priory!

It was the Popes who began the system of heavy taxation in England; they bled their clergy in Britain, and the clergy bled the people. And when the Pope as head of the Church was superseded by the English kings, the latter were not inclined to surrender the old perquisites of Popes. When, however, many of these became odious to the people they passed into new forms and names. To this day no country is more heavily taxed. The population is about 30,000,000, the annual income £800,000,000, of which £320,000,000 are earned in weekly wages by the working-classes, and the property accumulated in the hands of the wealthy few is £6,000,000,000. The public debt is £800,000,000, requiring an annual taxation to pay its interest of £26,000,000. The army and navy cost annually £26,000,000. The various services—civil, diplomatic, judicial, postal, educational, and revenue collection, poor, police, highways—cost £40,000,000. For all of which there is a taxation amounting to £91,000,000 per annum, or about 11½ per cent. of the income. The various taxes are now named as customs, excise, stamps, assessed taxes, income and property tax, post-office, crown-lands, and miscellaneous. Customs date from the Conquest; excise was introduced in 1626; assessed taxes originated in "finage" or "smoke-farthings," levied at the time of the Conquest; stamp-duties are a Dutch invention; and the income-tax originated with Mr. Pitt in 1798.

The other extracts from these volumes which seem worth preserving I shall give without connection, as they are scattered in notes, letters, etc.:

"The winter in 1739 in these parts being extremely severe, a swan was killed in the harbor that had a ring round its neck with the King of Denmark's arms on it."

"The Chinese dwarf tree, which the accompanying drawing represents, is in the possession of Mr. Lance of Chessel; it was brought from China 9 years ago, and is of the kind described by Sir G. Staunton in his account of Lord Macartney's embassy, which the Chinese place on the low parapet walls that surround the halls and apartments in their gardens. There is the greatest reason to think that this tree can be clearly traced back to be 60 years old. It exactly represents an old forest tree. Its leaf more resembles an elm than any of our other forest trees. Its height is 18 inches, and the spread of its branches 94, its girth 64, the leaves ½ inch long. *A cutting of this tree, planted in a hot-house in April last, has made a shoot of eight feet and a half in length, and its leaf is about three inches long.*"

"*Wild Parish Register.*—No register of marriage during the reign of O. Cromwell."—"In the early part of this Register, as well as that of Medstead, there appears some beautiful handwriting, which seems to degenerate in after-times; this is evidently in consequence of the art of printing, and the consequent failure of monopolized qualification for state and other

social affairs, which were formerly cautiously preserved to clerks.—The old appellation of Goodwife appears to have given way to that of Dame."

"A person who keeps a public house by the seaside not far from Portsmouth told me the other day that he had lived seven years with the late Mr. Gibbon's father at Burton; that the son (the historian) once flogged him severely for beating his dog; that he was always fond of reading, and seldom seen without a book in his hand; he did not cultivate an acquaintance with the young people of his neighborhood, nor even afford his father or mother much of his company; his beloved books riveted all his attention, and to books he sacrificed all the amusements of youth."

"*Benefit of Clergy, Southampton, 1637.—Extract from Books of the Court of Quarter Sessions.*—"Whereas, Henry Whitely, now prisoner in the comen gaole for this countie, hath bene here at this present sessions indicted, and upon his tryall in that behaile convicted of foure sev'ral felonies: viz., for the felonious stealinge of twelve turkies, price 1s. a peece, of the goodes and chattles of John Stampe, gent., by one indictment; and for the like stealinge of tenn henna, price viiid. a peece, and seaven capons, price 12d. a peece, of the goodes and chattles of a man unknown, by another indictment; and for the like stealinge of a sack, value 14d., of the goodes and chattles of Humphrey Sutton, by another indictment; and also for the like stealinge of twoe hayes, value 2s. 6d. a peece, of the goodes and chattles of Ann Willingcott, widow, by another indictment, as by the same sev'ral indictments thereof may appeare. And thereupon the sayde Henry Whitely having prayed the benefit of clergy; which was allowed him accordinge to the laws, if he could have reade; but forasmuch as he, the said Henry Whitely, being tried could not reade, and soe was uncapable of that, the benefit of the clergy; it is therefore considered and adjudged by this Court, that he, the said Henry Whitely, shall be from hence had to the said gaol from whence he was brought, and shall be from thence had to the place of execution, and shall there hang by the neck untill he be dead, accordinge to the law. And the sherrife is here commanded to see execution done upon him accordinge-lye."

This benefit of clergy—*privilegium clericale*—constitutes a very curious chapter in the history of English law. It originated in a claim made by ecclesiastics for exemption from the jurisdiction of the common courts of law. After a great many expedients the exemption from ordinary punishments—with exception of those for arson, highway robbery, and ravaging a country—was allowed to the clergy, and was gradually extended to the clerks and retainers of the clergy. As these were generally the only class that could read, the ability to read was made the test of those who could claim the benefit of clergy. Persons thus exempted were burned in the hand, and then delivered over to the ecclesiastical court (which had been established by William the Conqueror) to be dealt with by canon law. Then followed a farce. The offender was brought before a bishop and required to make oath of his innocence; twelve witnesses called "compurgators" swore they believed him, and he was acquitted, though he might have been caught in the criminal act. The perjury involved in this induced the courts to rule that an offender should by benefit of clergy be only exempted from the death-penalty, not from the severest punishment next to it. The peers and peeresses, unwilling to be surpassed in privileges, had obtained, in the time of Edward VI., the privilege of the peer-

age; so that they, even if they could not read, which was often the case, could not suffer the extreme penalty. By statutes 7 and 8 George IV. the benefit of clergy was abolished, but that of the peerage remains, the most scandalous anomaly of English law. In America the clerical privilege was never recognized, though in Virginia and the Carolinas some judges even now append to their sentences the words "without benefit of clergy."

The fact that poor Whitely was executed for stealing things to the amount of \$1 62½ is hardly an antiquarian curiosity. When the Puritan pilgrims founded New England the English and Scottish law held over thirty different offenses to be capital; and it is an answer to the common theory that the Puritans were unusually rigorous that at the same period they recognized only ten capital crimes. It is as strange as true that up to 1832 death was practically awarded in England for stealing to the amount of £5. It was only when juries would not convict that England had to begin the work of mitigation. A thousand bankers petitioned Parliament to soften the punishment for forgery, in the interest of more certain punishment. In 1832 Sir Thomas Denman, Attorney-General, prevailed to secure the abolition of capital punishment for forgery; and in the same year false coining, horse-stealing, sheep-stealing, cattle-stealing, and stealing in a dwelling ceased to be capital crimes, through the exertions of Mr. William Ewart, M.P., whose useful life closed in the first month of this year. In 1833 Mr. Barrett Lennard carried his proposition exempting house-breaking, as distinguished from burglary, from the death penalty. In 1834 and 1835, on motion of Mr. Ewart, "hanging in chains" ceased to be a legal punishment; and returning from transportation, stealing letters from the post-office, and sacrilege were removed from the list of capital crimes. In 1836, on motion of Mr. Aglionby, the law for executing within 48 hours after sentence was abolished. In 1837 Lord John Russell's acts swept away such capital offenses as "cutting and maiming," rick-burning, attempted murder, robbery, burglary, and arson. The result of these acts was that in 1839 there were 56 executions against 438 in 1837. In 1840 Mr. Ewart gained 94 votes in the House of Commons for the total abolition of capital punishment. Such was the reaction against the old cruelties that for the twelve years preceding 1844 no execution occurred in London except for murder. The Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment is still vigorous, and Mr. Charles Gilpin, M.P., never fails to appeal to Parliament on the subject. It has, however, been somewhat set back by Mr. Mill's opposition, and still more by the recent increase in brutal crimes in England, which has led the *Pall Mall Gazette* to clamor for the restoration of the death-penalty for confirmed thieves. Mr. Henry Taylor, the poet, has written a curious pamphlet advocating a kind of imprisonment for life, with servitude, in comfortable insane asylums, for

confirmed criminals. No doubt in the far future society will not only realize that crime represents moral insanity, but also how far it is itself responsible for the pauperism and ignorance which produce the base blood and deformed brains whose harvest is crime; and if the criminal can not read it will not be as of old a reason for hanging him, but rather for holding him more sinned against than sinning.

Turning now coastward again, we may well pause on one of the fine hills on the hither side of Lymington, and view the woody valley and the soft curves of the river as they widen down to the beautiful old town at which our present saunter must terminate. As we look downward the peaceful outlook is, like so many others in this region, disturbed by the ever-ascending fortifications which Pam* bequeathed to the England now liberated from his evil-eye. Yet I must not just remember the wickedness of "that wicked old man," as Cobden used to call him, for among sundry little felicities of his long, long reign he appointed to be Collector of Customs at this port of Lymington, and also pensioned, the Irish poet—the man who has written the finest modern lyrics in our language (after Robert Browning)—William Allingham. Who that has read that incomparable poem, "The Touchstone"—which Emerson read in the Concord Town-hall when John Brown was executed, and which went the rounds as his own—will doubt the high praise I have written? Ever since I read that poem I have hoped to take its author by the hand. It was with a thrill of pleasure that at last I met him; with some surprise, too, at finding him so young. He must be now about forty, but looks much younger, and is unmarried. Allingham is an English name, and there is some reason to think that an early ancestor of the poet's family gave its name to the town of Ellingham (*Allen's home*) in this county of Hants; but however that may be the family had long been Irish, and the father of William was a banker at Ballyshannon. And, by-the-way, in these days when Ireland is so apt to be set down as a "played-out" country in an intellectual point

* In 1860 Lord Palmerston proposed to the House of Commons an appropriation of nine millions of pounds to be spent upon fortifications for the defense of the English naval arsenals. The House was paralyzed by the audacity of the proposal, and surmising that only some peril invisible to the general public could have caused it, voted the money. Nearly the whole of this money has been spent, and it is now discovered that most of it might as well have been thrown into the Channel. The total estimate for the completion of the system of fortresses begun under Palmerston is £11,860,000. The works at Portsmouth alone require £1,192,000. They extend over 17 miles, and will require a defensive army of 70,000 men. It is now known that the shields used on these fortifications can not resist the attack of powerful ordnance at 200 yards distance. The shields are placed upon granite, and the impact of heavy shot crushes the granite, and the shields fall from their places. Several fortresses have been erected on Portdown Hill, which is simply a big lump of chalk that crumbles away by the concussion of every gun fired from its own fortifications.

of view, it is worth while to note how largely the literature, science, and art of Great Britain has been during this century, and is now, indebted to Irish brains. Of departed magnates (regard being had to this century alone) we find Ireland has contributed Thomas Moore; Lord Rosse; Father Prout (James Mahoney); Dr. Todd (author of many medical works of high value); Samuel Lover, novelist and poet; Father Mathew; Mr. Spring Rice (afterward Lord Monteagle); Dr. O'Shaughnessy, who introduced telegraphs into India; Sterling Coyne, dramatist; D'Arcy Magee, the historian and politician; and George Petrie, historian, antiquary, and philologist, whose biography has just been written by Dr. Stokes. The celebrated family of Barrys was Irish—James, the painter, and Sir David, the physiologist. Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament, was of Irish extraction, though I am not sure that he was born in Ireland. The Brontës were of Irish, and not of French extraction, as is commonly supposed. They are of the Irish family of Prunty, or Brunty, in the North of Ireland. Dr. Doran also was an Irishman; as was also Wallace, the composer. When we come among the living we find such names as Professor Tyndall, of the Royal Institution; Mr. Lecky, the historian of Rationalism; Macclise and Mulready, the Academicians; Balfe, the composer; Sir William Wilde, Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy; Sir W. R. Hamilton, Astronomer Royal for Ireland; Sir Robert Kane, the geologist; Whitley Stokes, the greatest Celtic scholar, and Chief Secretary of the Indian Government in Calcutta; Archbishop Trench; Lord Dufferin, author of "Letters from High Latitudes," and the fine satire on high life, "The Hon. Impulsia Gushington;" also Lady Dufferin, the writer of many charming Irish songs; William Carleton, author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry;" Samuel Ferguson, author of "The Forging of the Anchor;" Julia Kavanagh; Frances Power Cobbe; Richard Doyle, long the chief caricaturist of *Punch*, and delineator of "Brown, Jones, and Robinson;" Mrs. Riddell, author of "George Geith;" Aubrey de Vere, the poet; Lord Chancellor Cairnes; Professor Cairnes, whose pen was so powerful in our late civil war; Dion Boucicault, the dramatist. I might, indeed, swell this list. In America several names will suggest themselves to the reader's mind.

Leigh Hunt was the first to recognize the genius of William Allingham, and to him the poet dedicated his first volume of poems (published in 1850), as to "one who encouraged my first literary attempts, and who since befriended me in matters of more importance." But Leigh Hunt was only the first to give a welcome to the literary fraternity of London which, after the publication of the "Day and Night Poems," in 1855, was accorded by Carlyle, Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning, and others, whose friendship has ever since repaid the poet for the lack



WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

of popularity with "the million." He was for a time employed in a government office in Ireland, but was afterward removed to Lymington at his own request, where his salary is smaller, but where he is near his most intimate friend, Alfred Tennyson. In 1864 Allingham published what is in some respects his greatest poem, "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland," in which the poet gives us much of his own mental and moral experience, blended with the life and soul of his suffering country. Mr. Gladstone spoke of it in the House of Commons as "an extremely clever work." The *Athenæum* said, "It is Ireland in miniature;" and the *Spectator* advised the Social Science Association to publish and circulate it. No one who wishes to see Ireland as it is should be without this admirable poem.

But Allingham is pre-eminently the poet of artists. His exquisite lyrics have suggested some of the finest works of Rossetti, Millais, Arthur Hughes, and others of the same school; and, indeed, a beautiful edition of his poems, published in 1860, contains fine illustrations by the three artists whose names I have given. Of his shorter poems "The Touchstone" is undoubtedly the best. It is one of those rare felicities which make up the coronet of thought. In a copy of the poems which I received long ago from the author, I find a verse added in manuscript. The reader may remember the theme of the poem—a man coming, whence none could tell, bearing a touchstone, whose spell tested all things, smiting the fair to foul, the foul to fair:

"Of heir-loom jewels, prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and clods,
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch."

The enraged people, seeing their goods brought to naught, imprisoned the man and burned the touchstone; and the poem, as published, closes with this verse:

"And when to stop all future harm,
They strew'd its ashes on the breeze;
They little guess'd each grain of these
Convey'd the perfect charm."

The verse appended in manuscript runs as follows:

"North, south, in rings and amulets,
Throughout the crowded world 'tis borne—
Which, as a fashion long outworn,
Its ancient mind forgets."

But I can not think this new verse adds to the "perfect charm" of the original conclusion. In 1865 were published Allingham's "Fifty Modern Poems," which have confirmed the opinion of poets and artists that their author is as a lyric writer almost incomparable.

I could not help thinking of how Hawthorne must have appeared in his customs office at Boston or Salem, when I found the poet in his dingy little room on the Lymington wharf, surrounded by dingy and dusty old ledgers and the like, and seated by a window looking out on barges and sailors. In front of him as he worked were portraits of Emerson, Carlyle, and Browning. At his dwelling, however, I found him happily environed with a charming library containing many rare old books, and with walls adorned by pictures repeating in another language his own creations, sent him by artists far and near. The windows opened out upon fragrant flowers, through which the vista, unimpeded by any house, stretched to the sea. Yet I doubt whether through these windows he had seen as much to stir his imagination as by that other dingy aperture in his office, where, as the ships and the sailors came in, he had received from them something beyond pecuniary fees, and of a kind they knew not of. Two poems, hitherto unpublished, I filched from his port-folio, both of which, I fancy, were borne in through that window on the wharf. The one relates to an anecdote of Napoleon's captivity, which is related in the "Memoirs of an Aristocrat, by a Midshipman of the Bellerophon," and is part of the romance of these shores. The ballad is entitled

CAPE USHANT.

Our ship, the stout Bellerophon,
Off Rochefort Harbor lay:
We took a passenger on board
And slowly sailed away.
Seven days and nights, with baffling winds,
We strove to fetch Tor Bay.

The eighth day, with the rising sun,
A morning in July,
Frenched land upon our starboard bow
We plainly could descrie.

When I, a little middy
(It's fifty years ago),
Came up to take my watch on deck,
Into the early glow.

Magnificently rose the sun
Above the hills of France,
And spread his splendor on the sea
And through the sky's expanse.

Meanwhile upon the poop, alone,
Our passenger stood there,
And view'd the gently gliding land
In clearest morning air—
The cliffs of Ushant, and the slopes
Of shadowy Finisterre.

"Ushant?" he asked, and I replied,
"Yes, Sir." Whereon he raised
His little pocket-telescope,
And gazed, and ever gazed.

For hours and hours he hardly moved;
And if his eyes grew dim
We never saw it; there he stood,
And none went near to him,

Till, with a faint and sickle wind,
We drew from off the coast,
And in a noontide haze of heat
France faded and was lost.

Napoleon's thoughts in that last look
It were but vain to seek;
Enough he had to think upon
If he had gazed a week.

And sometimes from his rock, perhaps,
He saw, amid the shine
Of lonely waves, Cape Ushant's ghost,
Far on the dim sea-line.

The second poem which I am permitted to print shows that the eye which looks out on Lymington wharf can see the daily fore-ground as well as great figures in the perspective of history. It is entitled

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Head the ship for England!
Shake out every sail!
Blithe leap the billows,
Merry sing the gale.
Captain, work the reck'ning;
How many knots a day?
Round the world and home again,
That's the sailor's way!

We've traded with the Yankoes,
Brazilians, and Chinese;
We've laughed with dusky beauties
In shade of tall palm-trees:
Across the Line and Gulf-stream—
Round by Table Bay—
Every where and home again,
That's the sailor's way!

Nightly stands the North Star
Higher on our bow;
Straight we run for England;
Our thoughts are in it now.
Jolly time with friends on shore.
When we've drawn our pay!
All about and home again,
That's the sailor's way!

Tom will to his parents;
Jack will to his dear;
Joe to wife and children;
Bob to pipes and beer;
Dicky to the dancing-room
To hear the fiddles play;—
Round the world and home again,
That's the sailor's way!

Soon after reading this I walked out on the shore below the town and beheld it all in real



LYNTON.

life. Groups of women, some with children tugging at their aprons, were gazing through telescopes on incoming sails; now and then a cry of joy broke from their lips as some sail, bearing homeward the wandering Jack or Joe, was recognized; while at another spot, where tough mariners were landing, arms were held out and weather-beaten faces shining through happy tears. What partings, what greetings, may not a poet see from a wharf-window! But, for that matter, where is not the right human eye in place?

It is now about five years ago that Allingham was awarded a pension. There is something very graceful in the old custom of England which gives an annual stipend to such of her children as are least adapted to the common work of making money, all the more as it is generally given to those who have been most independent in their relation to the conventional creeds, and most faithful to ideals that had no dower to bestow. Such a fund as that which the Ministry has thus to bestow might easily be made into a mere bribe for sycophancy; but such cases have been so rare that it is in fact rather a testimony to the genius which no gift has perverted. There is something poetical in the fact that such a man as Leigh Hunt, for example, radical enough to pass two years in prison under the Prince Regent, had his old age made comparatively comfortable by the pension awarded him by Victoria. Carlyle, too, who consented through long dreary years to be painfully poor rather than turn his pen to the kind of work which promised gain, was pensioned by the nation which before and since he has remorselessly criticised. The pension is generally two or three hundred pounds. In Carlyle's case it is the latter sum, I believe;

but there never was a more opportune gift, and his friends still remember the happy scene when Leigh Hunt came with the happy news, for telling which Mrs. Carlyle kissed him!*

When not engaged in the work of his office, which, I have learned, he accomplishes to the complete satisfaction of all concerned, Allingham passes his time gathering lyrics among the wild-flowers and the trees of the New Forest, whose names and characters few know so well; and not unfrequently in the June days one may see Rossetti, or some other artist, using him as a chaperon in this fine society, which they prefer to the best which Belgravia can show. But still oftener he starts over the water with Faringford in his eye, and on the afternoon of such a day may be seen by the side of a tall, dark figure outlined against the white chalk cliff on the beach, or, it may be, with the cliff for a pedestal, against the clear blue that bends above the Enchanted Isle; for of all living none has so much received the confidence and love of the Laureate as this young Irish bard. Tennyson likes him chiefly, I think—next, that is, to his unusually fresh and agreeable traits as a companion—because of all the young poets in this country he is the least Tennysonian. Allingham's culture is, indeed, far more American than English, and few Americans are so famil-

* To this kiss, so characteristic of the humor and tact of one of the noblest of women, we are indebted for one of Leigh Hunt's improvisations:

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in:
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me:
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!"



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, LYMINGTON.

lar with the writings of Emerson, Lowell, Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Curtis, and Hawthorne. He evidently holds Emerson as above all living thinkers, and treasures much a note he once received from Hawthorne.

I found it curious to walk about the old town, and, while conversing with one of the most modern singers, to reflect that our canes, every time we put them down, pierced to the dust of buried worlds. For Lymington is not only mentioned in Domesday-Book; there is evidence that it was a Roman camp; and before that Phœnicians worked the salt-tuns, which still exist, as they listened to Druid bards singing to their harps their own Ushant tragedies, and the "sailors' ways" of those days. A great place it is to dig up old coins and pots, which make one feel very close to those old people, and tempt one, like Taylor, the Platonist, to sacrifice a bull to Jupiter in one's back-parlor. "Lentune" it is named in Domesday-Book, afterward Lyme Regis, now Lymington, which, they say, means "a town on the stream." It used to be a favorite victim of the French sea-rovers, by whom it was three times plundered in the fourteenth century. During the civil wars it favored the king. Near here the Duke of Monmouth was captured after the battle of Sedgemoor, and the old story-tellers have a narrative that reminds one of the anecdotes told of the New England women in the Revolution. A party of the Duke's adherents used to meet at the house of a Mrs. Knapton to discuss national grievances over pipes and beer. Being discovered, a friend warned them of the approach of the officers, when Mrs. Knapton got the men out of the back-windows, cleared the table, and, to explain the suspicious tobacco-smoke, tied up her face, put a pipe in her

mouth, and when the constables entered appeared to be smoking to relieve a toothache. The stratagem succeeded.

The most interesting building in the place is the old church, built in the time of Henry VI., and dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. It has been added to from time to time, and now, covered over with ivy, is quite picturesque. Cardinal Wolsey was once its curate, and one day he appeared not in the pulpit, but in the stocks near the door, for being drunk at the fair. This was before his (ecclesiastical) elevation. It is just possible that this incident, and the mixed character of the church's architecture, originated the ancient Lymington epigram:

"Old church and new steeple,
Lying parson and wicked people."

There are one or two curious entries in the parish register; one, under date of 1736, records that "Samuel Baldwyne, Esq., sojourner in this parish, was immersed without the Needles, in Scratcher's Bay, sans ceremony, May 20." Samuel was not baptized in the sea, as the reader may suppose, but buried there, according to his dying request, to prevent his wife carrying out her avowed intention of dancing on his grave!

The first walk I took with Allingham was to the cottage, nearly two miles out of the town, where Southey married in his 65th year his second wife, Caroline Bowles, and where he lived for the rest of his life; and from this point we strolled to the sea-beach where he was one day found bareheaded and barefooted, a maniac. The second Mrs. Southey had some talent, as her "Chapters on Church-yards" show; but she was an uncultivated farmer's daughter. Some of the Bowles family still occupy the pleas-

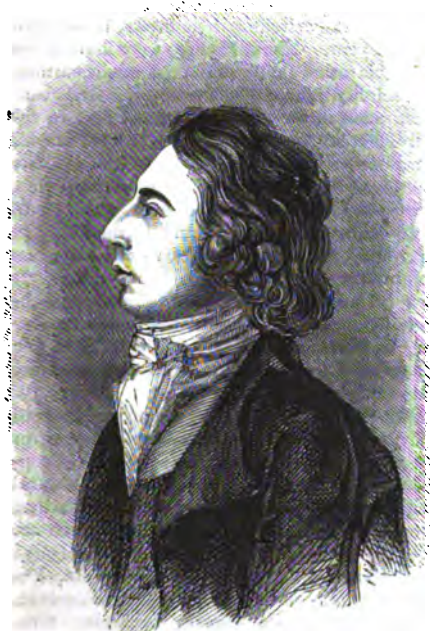
ant cottage, which in the picture is that fronting the eye. The probabilities are that after this wife had become insane Southey's life with her led to his own insanity. It may be reasonably supposed that a man who had written over one hundred volumes, each one testifying to extraordinary labor, his brain was not able to bear the terrible stress put upon it. But it was a sad end for the mind which, without possessing genius, was skillful enough to write "Thalaba." He wrote exquisite prose, and after he had fastened his intellectual hose on Coleridge, Lamb, or Wordsworth, he certainly sent out the ideas so received in graceful fountains. Such charming ideas his friends found Southey's to be, not recognizing at all their own children. When Emerson visited Rydal Mount Wordsworth quoted and praised Southey. "But who is Southey?" asks Emerson. That was rather hard; for he was the hardest worker that ever lived in England; and nearly seventy years ago he preached a high faith amidst icebergs. The miserable reign of the Prince Regent had just begun when Southey wrote in England (1812)



SOUTHEY'S COTTAGE.

such texts for Dr. Channing as this: "It would have proved a striking part of a vision presented to Adam, the day after the death of Abel, to have brought before his eyes half a million of men crowded together in the space of a square mile. When the first father had exhausted his wonder on the multitude of his offspring, he would then naturally inquire of his angelic instructor for what purposes so vast a multitude had assembled; what is the common end? Alas! to murder each other—all Cains, and yet no Abels." Southey's son, a clergyman of the English Church near Ilchester, recently found among his father's papers, and forwarded to *Fraser's Magazine*, some fragments of a "Life of Sir Philip Sidney," possessing considerable merit. It was probably his last production.

I am continually amazed at the discovery, on this little island with its millions (of which several are counted in no census), of so many nooks and by-ways where people live as remote from the great world as if they were in the forests of America. In their primitive dress and mushroom cottages, about which they train vines and flowers on borders adorned with shells, these English of the southern coast seem more like French peasants than like the hard, strong-minded, gin-drinking laborer of the northern counties. When the lump of chalk of which Northwestern Europe is composed was cut in two by the Channel, there was a French leaven left among these peasants. As we were walking through a little village of two or three straw-thatched houses I observed nearly all the children playing at the doors, and spoke to one of them, but the mother near by stopped her washing and listened with anxiety. My companion suggested that it were best not to speak to the children; the entire region was in a state of panic on account of a fearful murder which had lately been committed in the county on a little girl whom a well-dressed stranger had enticed from her parents' door with some pence. Allingham seemed to enter into the inmost na-



ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ture of these poor people, and knew the cottage which was most enriched by agrimony, or that which rejoiced in a tree of the feathery pink-blossomed *Tamoxis Gallica* (which is generally a bush). One day a storm overtook us, and we found refuge in the lowly but artistically ornamented cottage of a poor woman, with whom he conversed as wisely as if he had been born and reared in it on all the shrubs of the garden. Then we sat down and talked of Comtism, Kantism, and of Tyndall's explanation that we are all little engines with boilers full of motive in us, steaming away over spirit-lamps, which some chance draught blows out, and there is an end of us. The woman listened with wide eyes, not quite sure whether or not she was harboring two escaped lunatics. Like all other modern poets of this country, Allingham is fascinated by the revelations of science, and not only sees every insect or leaf through two lenses—his own imagination and the eye of Darwin or Huxley—but botanizes a little on the humanity vegetating around him. A little too Irish for the English, and too English for the Irish, he has a tinge of melancholy derived from the experience of many alienations, but finds a restoring companionship in his relations with Nature and the Muse. The few days I passed with him will long retain their sunshine.

In the neighborhood of Lymington the shrubs and wild-flowers seemed to me especially charming, and the notes of the birds particularly sweet. I have observed that the natural characteristics of England are in several respects curiously anticipative of those of New England. The English fog is a rough stem of which the American Indian summer may be regarded as the fine flower. The russet autumn is a fair prelude to the more radiant hues of the same season across the Atlantic. The birds here bear on their wings foreshadowings of the brilliant colors with which their transatlantic relatives light up the forests. The songsters here have finer notes than ours, but for each of them we have a corresponding, if inferior, singer in our American woods. The mavis or hermit-thrush utters a less sustained music than the nightingale, but it is kindred; and our meadow-lark is a less jovial—a Puritan—sky-lark. The whip-poor-will is, however, certainly an improvement on the cuckoo. There is something mystic in the feeling with which one looks upon the violets blooming over the dust of buried races, or listens to larks singing over the barrows of forgotten conquerors. Neither Saxon nor Norman was arrayed like one of these. The kingdoms of violence pass: beauty is immortal. This little violet still brings its bit of heaven to earth amidst the mould of shrines and mansions.

"The air is sweet with violets running wild
Mid broken sculptures and fallen capitals."

It is a proof of the poetic instinct in human nature that it has invested the trees and flowers with its most sacred beliefs and sentiments.

They are copied in cathedral arches and foliations, and blossom in tinted windows. The religious chronicles of England are full of traditions of the religious natures of trees and flowers. They constitute a floral Christian Calendar in their names, and Christian Year in their blooming and closing. Among the consecrated growths of England the hawthorn is eminent. When Joseph of Arimathea wandered into Britain—and there is hardly a saint that has not been here—he laid him down to sleep on the grass, and when he awoke found that his staff had blossomed into a hawthorn cluster; this he deemed a token that he should erect a church on the spot, and that is the way the old Glastonbury church came to be built. The old Glastonbury hawthorn-tree, whose trunk was supposed to be Joseph's staff, was such an object of reverence in Cromwell's time that he thought it necessary to uproot it. It was, however, beyond the power of Cromwell to reach the root of it in the popular mind, and its sanctity was distributed to the common hawthorn which lines so many roads in England, though the latter are of a very different species. The French call it *l'épine noble*, because it was supposed to have furnished the thorns which pierced the brow of Christ. But of all plants the St. John's-wort—the curative herb of John the Baptist—has had the widest connection with popular superstition. I have already alluded to its supposed virtues in healing the soldier's wound. It was anciently called *Fuga demonum*, and was the chief devil-luge. On the vigil or eve of St. John's Day, in many parts of England, it was the custom, even within this century, for country people to build bonfires and dance around them, with John's-wort encircling their brows, invoking a fruitful year. These bonfires were founded on the declaration that the Baptist was a burning and shining light. The ritualist lights his candles, much in the same traditional line, to declare Christ to be the Light of the World. Formerly on St. John's Day (June 24) few houses were without a sprig of John's-wort over their doors. The custom survives in many villages of France and Germany. In Lorraine the peasant refuses to cut his grass before that day, whatever be the weather. It is a curious fact that in the Levant, notwithstanding many sad experiences to the contrary, the peasantry maintain the belief that any plague that is raging must disappear on the 24th of June.

But these galaxies of the sod not only record religious legends, as the constellations over them preserve classic mythologies; their popular names in many cases trace the natural poetry of the human mind and its earliest gropings after scientific description. Such are the heart's-ease, pansy (*pensée*), daisy (*day's eye*), shepherd's-warning, forget-me-not, Venus's looking-glass, traveler's-joy, lad's-love, virgin's-bower, way-bread, wayfaring-tree, shepherd's-needle, maiden-hair, wake-robin,

dandelion (*dent de lion*), pheasant's-eye (which the French call *goutte de sang*, in remembrance of the fable that it sprang from a drop of the blood of Adonis), queen-of-the-meadow, honesty (*lunaria* or moon-wort), celandine (i. e., *chelandonium*, a name preserving a belief, old as Pliny, that the swallows use it to restore their sight), little-thrift or lady's-cushion, ox-eye, cuckoo-cup. This last is also called here, as in America, butter-cup, on account of an old theory that the cows derive from it that which makes the butter yellow. An old writer—Gerarde—says it is called cuckoo-cup because "it flowres when the cuckowe doth begin to sing her pleasant notes without stammering;" but it seems rather to refer to the old theory that its cup holds a liquid which the cuckoo drinks. Hence it is also called the cuckoo-pint. It is the same as Shakspeare's cuckoo-buds which "paint the meadows with delight." Spread out, too, over these meadows is the "lady's-smock, all silver-white," so easily mistaken at a little distance for the whitest linen laid out for drying that one perceives that not even

Shakspeare's line is so perfect as the human eye's description of its virginal purity preserved in the name, Our Lady's smock.

In England Nature so completely defines the seasons and the hours by the budding and withering, the opening and closing of the flowers that it is no wonder that the floral dial existed in the verse of Marvell long before Linnæus contrived it with his forty-six flowers at Upsal. And as the water-lilies, which illuminate these Hampshire streams as bountifully as they do those of Massachusetts, warn me by their folding that my last day at Lymington has closed, I end my Saunter with the incomparable lines from old Andrew's "Garden," which the gentle mystic of Concord—Alcott—has made a household word in New England:

"How well the skillful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbe and flowers?"

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

WITH Illustrations.

CHAPTER V.

THAT to-morrow, of which Josephine Scanlan spoke so calmly, turned out to be the crisis of her life.

To make up her mind to this visit to the Rectory cost some pain. It was like assuming her husband's duty; doing for him what he was too weak to do for himself; and, though many a woman is compelled to do this, still it is only a mean sort of woman who enjoys the doing of it, or likes being made perforce a heroine because her husband is a coward.

Ay, that was the key-note of Edward Scanlan's nature. He was a moral coward. Physically, perhaps, he had the bravery of most Irishmen; would have faced the cannon's mouth; indeed, it was always his regret that he had not been a soldier instead of a clergyman. But to say No to an evil or unworthy request; to enter an elegant drawing-room in a shabby coat; in short, to do any thing awkward, unpleasant, or painful, was to him quite impossible—as impossible as it would have been to his wife to go away and leave it undone.

She knew this well; it had been forced upon her through years of bitter experience, and, therefore, she nerved herself to undergo her double humiliation: that of asking a favor which might not be granted, and of reading

in the rector's shrewd eyes, though he might be too courteous to say it, the knowledge that her husband, and not she, was the person who ought to have come and asked it. She knew, too, that all sorts of common-sense questions might be put to her. Why could they not make ends meet?—other people did who were no better off than they, and had as many children. Perhaps, too, even Mr. Oldham would side with the opinions of the other two men—Mr. Scanlan and Mr. Summerhayes—against her—only a woman! and recommend that they should try to better themselves by seeking their fortune in London.

Seeking one's fortune! A bright, bold, happy thing to do—for a young woman with her young husband, in whom she has full faith, and for whom she is ready to give up every thing and follow him cheerfully, in weal or woe, throughout the world. Ten years ago Josephine Scanlan would have done it gladly with the Edward Scanlan whom she then believed in—Now?

She could not do it; she dared not. With those six little ones intrusted to her charge; sent to her by God Himself, to be her crown of comfort, to keep her heart warm, and open a dim vista of joy in the heavy future, which otherwise might have closed blankly upon her like the dead wall of a cave—no, it was impossible.

The thought of them, and this only alternative of saving them from what she felt would be utter ruin, beat down the cruel feeling of shame which came upon her whenever she considered how she should speak to Mr. Oldham—into what words she should put the blunt request, "Give me some more money?" For she knew that, in degree, her husband was right; the rector was rather hard in the matter of money. That is, where he did give, he gave liberally enough; but he disliked being encroached upon, or applied to unnecessarily; and he was so exceedingly accurate himself in all his pecuniary affairs that he had a great contempt for inaccuracy in others. He had, too, on occasion, the power of making people a little afraid of him; and, brave woman as she was, I think Mrs. Scanlan must have been slightly afraid too—conscious of that sensation which children call "their courage slipping down to the heels of their shoes"—as she sat, lacing her poor, half-worn, nay, shabby boots, on her delicate feet, the morning she had to walk down to the Rectory.

It was a burning hot morning in the middle of June. I can picture her, for I know exactly how she was dressed. She had on her usual print gown, with a tippet of nankeen, and a gipsy hat, such as was then the fashion, of coarse black and white straw. She used to plait this straw herself, and make it into hats for her own use and for the children—large, shady, and comfortable, tied across the crown and under the chin with green ribbon. Her costume was, perhaps, not quite matronly enough, but it suited her circumstances; the lilac print gown washed forever; the hat was much more convenient than the gigantic bonnets, heavy with feathers and flowers, which were then in vogue—and much more economical besides. With her stately gait and still slender, girlish figure, upon which almost anything looked well, I have little doubt, though the Ditchley ladies who met her that day might have set her down as dressed rather oddly and unfashionably, there was something about Mrs. Scanlan's appearance which marked her unmistakably as "the gentlewoman."

She walked quickly across the common, and through the town, for she wanted to get rid of some ugly thoughts which oppressed her; and, besides, whenever a difficulty had to be met it was her nature to meet it as soon as possible. "If I had to be hanged," she would say, "I would rather be hanged at once. Reprieves are intolerable."

It was not often she quitted her own house for other people's now. For months she had not been inside the pretty Rectory, and the sight of it in all its summer beauty aroused old remembrances and vain desires. Desires not for herself, but for those belonging to her. Had she been alone she almost thought she would have lived on forever at Wren's Nest, dilapidated and dreary though it was growing. But—her children. It was now most difficult to stow

them all away within those narrow walls; and, as for making them really comfortable there, the thing could not be done at all.

She counted them over, her pretty flock: manly César, delicate Adrienne, Louis, who bade fair to be the cleverest of the tribe, Gabrielle, growing up with all the health and beauty that her elder sister lacked, Martin and Catherine, baby nonentities still, but fast turning into individualities, like the rest, for the mother's character had impressed itself upon every one of her children. They were not commonplace at all, but had each strong wills and decided tastes. Poor little souls! How hard it would be to repress their dawning talents and aspirations, to bring them up little better than laborers' children, for so it must be—how could it be different? She did not know where even food and clothing were to come from, to say nothing of education. Oh, if she only had a little money! merely the crumbs from the rich man's table—the merest tithe of that wealth which Mr. Oldham spent so carelessly upon his garden, his conservatories, his beautiful and tasteful house.

She began to think that after all her husband was right in his complaints against fate; that blessings were very unfairly divided, especially money; and that it was hard this childless old bachelor should have so much, and she and her poor young tribe so little. Did the good God look with equal eyes on all? Did He see how she suffered? Was it any use to call upon Him, and ask Him to help her? Not in one of those voluminous and voluble prayers which her husband poured out night and morning, to the phraseology of which she had grown so accustomed that now it all went in at one ear and out at the other. She either never listened at all, or listened with a slight curl of the lip, incredulous both as to the prayer itself, and, God help her, to the Hearer of it also.

Blameworthy she might be—ay, she was. She ought to have been Christian enough to judge between the sham and the reality; wise enough to know that all the musty human curtains hung between may darken the soul's daylight, but can never blot out the existence of the sun, the great Sun of Righteousness, who shines forever above and upon us all. But she was also deeply to be pitied; for the man who made this woman half an unbeliever stood to her in the closest relation that one human being can stand to another, the ruler of her life, the centre of her world, her priest, her lord, her husband.

Usually she was too busy, from hour to hour, and from minute to minute, for these ill thoughts to come; thoughts which, beginning in lack of faith in man, ended in lack of faith toward God; but to-day, in her long, lonely, fatiguing walk, the devil had had full opportunity to attack her. She felt his cruel black wings flapping behind her at every step she took, and she flung the Rectory gate after her with a clang, hoping in that pleasant, peaceful garden to shut him out,



THE RECTOR AT HOME.

but he would come in. He seemed to jeer at her from under the faded laburnums, and behind the syringa bushes—those mock-orange blossoms, with their faint, sickly smell, sweet at first, but afterward growing painful to the sense. They reminded her of many marriages, which begin so bright at first, and end—God knows how! Marriages in which nobody is particularly to blame, and of which the only thing to be said is, that they were altogether a mistake—a sad mistake.

"But nobody knows it, and nobody ought to know," said to herself this thirteen-years' wife—apropos of nothing external—as she walked on in her rare solitude, thinking she would give herself, and the devil, no more opportunities of the same sort again; and forcibly turning her mind away from other things to the special thing she had that morning to do.

She found Mr. Oldham, not in his study, as she expected, but sitting in his veranda. The day was so hot and his book so uninteresting that he had fallen asleep in his arm-chair. As she came suddenly upon him thus he looked so withered and wasted, such a forlorn specimen of a solitary old bachelor, with not a creature to look after him, not a soul to care whether he was alive or dead, that the wife and mother who a moment before had been bitterly envying him now felt a sensation of pity. Her own full, bright home, alive with little voices, and this lonely house and silent garden, where the bees and the birds went on with their humming and singing, as heedless of the old man as if

he were not asleep but dead—struck her with forcible contrast, and reproached her unconsciously for all she had been thinking of so bitterly.

She had no time to think more; for Mr. Oldham woke, and apologized, in some confusion, for being so discovered.

"But I really do not believe I was asleep, Madame; I was only meditating. At my age one has plenty of time for meditation. You, I suppose, have very little?"

"None at all." And the idea of her sitting down, only for ten minutes, idle, with a book in her hand, quite amused Mrs. Scanlan.

The old man seemed much pleased to see her; brought her an arm-chair as comfortable as his own, and thanked her warmly for taking such a long, hot walk just to pay him a neighborly visit.

"It is very kind of you; very kind indeed, and you are most welcome too. I am so much alone."

His courteous gratitude smote her conscience painfully. Coloring, almost with shame, she said at once, blurring it out in a confused way, very unlike her ordinary sweet and stately manner—

"You must not thank me too much, Mr. Oldham, or I shall feel quite a hypocrite. I am afraid my visit to-day was not at all disinterested, in the sense you put it. I had something which I particularly wished to speak to you about."

"I shall be most happy," returned the rec-

tor; and then noticing how far from happy his visitor still looked, he added, "My dear lady, make yourself quite at ease. I like your plain speaking, even though it does take down an old man's vanity a little. How could I expect you, a busy mother of a family, to waste your valuable time inquiring after the health of a stupid old bachelor like me?"

"Have you been ill? I did not know."

"Nobody did, except Waters; I hate to be gossiped about, as you are aware. I think, Mrs. Scanlan, you and I understand one another pretty well by this time?"

"I hope so," she said, smiling; and taking the hint asked no more questions about his illness. She noticed that he looked a little worn, and his hands were "shaky," but he was as polite and kind as usual—rather more so, indeed.

"Come, then, we will sit and talk here, and afterward we will go and look at my roses. I have the finest Banksia you ever saw, just coming into flower."

Banksia roses! and the bitter business that she had to speak about! It was a hard contrast for the curate's wife; but she made a violent effort, and began. Once begun it was less difficult to get through with; the rector helping her by his perfect yet courteous silence; never interrupting her by word or look till she had got to the end of her tale, and had made, in as brief language as she could put it, her humiliating request. Then he raised his eyes and looked at her—inquiringly, as it seemed, but satisfied; looked away again—and sat drawing patterns on the gravel-walk with his stick.

"What you tell me, Mrs. Scanlan, you probably think I was unacquainted with, but I am not. Your husband has broached the matter to me several times; he did it a week ago, and I gave him an answer—a direct refusal."

"A direct refusal! And he never told me! He allowed me to come and ask you again!"

For a moment Josephine's indignation had got the better of her prudence.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Oldham," added she, rising at once. "I perceive I ought not to have come here at all. But Mr. Scanlan said—"

She stopped. It was not always safe to repeat what Mr. Scanlan said, without some confirmatory or secondary evidence.

"Mr. Scanlan probably said a great many unnecessary things, as a man does when he is annoyed—and I fear I annoyed him very much that day. But you must pardon me, Madame. Your husband is a young man, and he ought to put up a little with an old man like me. So ought you. My dear lady, will you not sit down again, and let us talk the matter quietly over?"

She obeyed, though it went against her grain sorely. But the rector was, as he said, an old man, who had been very kind to her and her children. She believed him to be really her friend—in fact, the only friend she had. Since forlorn wives, whom the world supposes well

protected, are, consequently, the most friendless women alive. Their one stay failing them, they can have no substitute; they must acquire strength enough to stand alone—or drop.

"Mr. Scanlan told me, of course, of the alternative—the fatal alternative, for me" (here it was difficult to distinguish whether Mr. Oldham meant truth or satire)—"that if his income were not increased he would have to go at once to reside in London. It seems he has admirable prospects there?"

This last sentence, which, though stated as a fact, sounded more like a query, was met by Mrs. Scanlan with a dead silence. In truth, she was so surprised at finding all these things, upon which her husband had bound her to secrecy, made patent by him to the very last person she expected he would have told them to, that she could not find a word to say.

"Or else," pursued Mr. Oldham, "he thinks he has great prospects—which, in a person of my friend Scanlan's enthusiastic temperament, comes to the same thing. But in such important matters I always prefer having the lady's opinion likewise. What do you say? Is it your wish to leave Ditchley?"

"No. Decidedly no."

The old man looked pleased. "I am glad of that. I should be sorry, Madame, that after all these years you liked us so little that you were glad to run away. And, besides, I can not feel that there are such vital objections to Ditchley. It is a pretty neighborhood, with good society, a healthy place for children, and all that. Why should you go to London?"

"My husband wishes it."

"Yes, I remember he said he would be better appreciated there; would attract large congregations; get into the aristocratic evangelical set, and so on. He might; he is a clever man, and a most—them!—most popular preacher. But, at the same time, he might not. As I told him, it is just a chance; and if the chance fails, where is he? Also, where are you and the children?"

Mr. Oldham spoke in such a practical, kindly, common-sense way, having evidently taken in the position and thought it over, in a way that people seldom trouble themselves to think over their friends' affairs, that Mrs. Scanlan was a little relieved. He had not been offended, evidently, whatever unpleasant talk had passed between him and her husband. She felt extremely grateful to the old man, and expressed her gratitude warmly.

"No, no. You have nothing to thank me for; it is quite the other way. And I looked forward to having the pleasure of your society, and my friend Scanlan's, for some years—in fact, till my years are done. It would be a great regret to me if you had to leave Ditchley."

"And to me also. In which," added she, recollecting herself, "I am sure my husband would join. He would hesitate very much at giving up his curacy. But necessity has no law." For it seemed as if the object of her

visit were slipping away, so she forcibly brought herself back to the point. "It all comes to this, Mr. Oldham: we can not live upon the income we have from you, and we have no other—not a half-penny but what you give us."

"Indeed? I feared so, but I never was quite sure of it. You must have a sore pull sometimes. Poor lady!"

He just touched her hand, with which she had grasped the arm of his chair. What a thin hand it was! and marked with traces of toil, not usually seen on a lady's hand. Mrs. Scanlan drew it away at once.

"I do not complain," she said, rather proudly. "I shall make ends meet, if I can, but just this year I have been unable to do it, and I feel quite miserable. Do you know we actually owe fifteen pounds!"

"Fifteen pounds—what an alarming sum!" said the rector, smiling.

"Not to you, perhaps; but to me it is alarming. It makes me shrink from going through Ditchley High Street. I think all men's eyes must be upon me. 'There is the clergyman's wife; she owes money, and she can't pay, or won't pay;' for how do they know which it is? Oh! Mr. Oldham, you may think lightly of it, but to me it is dreadful—intolerable!"

She spoke earnestly; almost with the tears in her eyes. It was so long since her heart had been opened to any body, that once beginning to speak she could not stop herself.

"You see, I never was used to this sort of thing. My father—ah! if you had known my father! He would have gone hungry—many a time we have both gone hungry—but to go into debt! we would have shuddered at such a thing. Yes, you should have known my father," she repeated, and her tears began to start.

"I have never named the circumstance to you, Madame, because it was not necessary," said Mr. Oldham, gently; "but once in Paris, at the marriage of Mademoiselle his sister, whom I had met before and much admired, I had the honor of seeing, for five minutes only, Monsieur le Vicomte de Bougainville."

Greatly astonished, but still unwilling to put questions which Mr. Oldham had evidently no intention of answering—indeed he seemed exceedingly to dislike the subject—Mrs. Scanlan sat silent; and the next moment the butler appeared, announcing lunch.

"You will allow me?" said the rector, offering her his arm. "After luncheon we shall have an opportunity of talking our little business over."

The curate's wife roused herself to necessary courtesy, and her courage, which had been slowly ebbing away, faintly revived. During the meal she and Mr. Oldham conversed together in their usual pleasant way; on his favorite hobbies, his garden and so on; nay, he paid her every attention that he could think of; even sending for a bottle of his most precious Burgundy, in celebration, he said, of the rare honor of hav-

ing her for his guest. His kindness comforted her even more than his wine.

Besides—alas for poor mortality!—to her, faint from her hot walk, this plentiful meal, more luxurious than any dinner she had had for months; and the peaceful eating of it, surrounded by the quiet atmosphere of wealthy ease, affected her with a sensation of unaccustomed pleasantness. She had never cared for luxuries when she had them; but now, in her long lack of them, they seemed to have acquired an adventitious value. She almost wished she had a beggar's wallet, and a beggar's cool effrontery, that she might take a portion of the delicately-cooked dinner home to her children, especially her sickly Adrienne; and she gazed round the large, cool, airy dining-room with an unconscious sigh.

"You seem to admire this room," said Mr. Oldham, smiling.

"Yes, I always did, you know. The Rectory is, to my mind, the prettiest house in Ditchley. And I have a weakness for all pretty things."

"So have I. And sometimes I think I might indulge it even more than I do—in collecting pictures, for instance. But where would be the good of this—to an old bachelor like me, who can not, at best, enjoy them long? and at my death they would be all dispersed. No, no; I have made up my mind to keep to my old plain ways, and leave extravagance for those that will come after me."

It was the first time Mr. Oldham had ever openly reverted to his heir or heirs. Of course they existed: rich men have always a tribe of seventeenth cousins and so on, eager to drop in for what may be left them; but none such had ever appeared at Ditchley. The town and neighborhood seemed as ignorant on the subject as Mrs. Scanlan; in fact, the general opinion was that Mr. Oldham meant to leave all his money to some charitable institution. He was, she knew, the last of his family—a sad thing in itself, and not a pleasant topic to speak upon with him; so she tried to turn the current of conversation by some commonplace remark, hoping that "those which came after him" would long be kept out of their inheritance.

"Thank you. However, when they do come into it they will find it safe and sure. I take a good while to make up my mind, but having once made it up I rarely change it. My heirs may count securely upon their property."

It was an odd remark, and Josephine was puzzled how to reply to it. Of course, it showed Mr. Oldham's friendly spirit toward herself and her interest in his affairs thus to speak of them to her; but her own business was too near her heart, and she was pardonably indifferent as to who might or might not inherit Mr. Oldham's money. The humble fortunes of herself and her family were of much more importance to her just then. Still, she would not force the conversation; but she waited with nervous impatience for her host to quit the dining-room and lead the way into his study.

He did so at length; though even when there he settled himself in his chair, and pointed to her to take another, without testifying any immediate intention of beginning the subject which lay so close to her heart.

"Do you ever think of dying, Mrs. Scanlan?"

It was an odd question, odd even to ludicrousness; but she restrained her inclination to see it in that light, and said, gravely:

"In a religious point of view, do you mean, Mr. Oldham?"

"No; a worldly one. Do you consider yourself likely to have a long life?"

"My family were all long-lived, and I am myself, so far as I know, a very healthy person. Yes; I hope I shall live to see all my children grown up. God grant it!"

She slightly sighed. For, when in her last crisis of motherhood she had a nearer risk of her life than ordinary, it had struck her—what if she were to die, leaving those poor little ones of hers with no shelter, no protection against the hard world, except their father? And since that time she had taken especial care of her own health, and striven hard against a weary longing for rest that sometimes came over her, praying that she might be forgiven for it, and not allowed to die until she was quite an old woman, or until her children needed her no more.

"My life is in God's hands," she resumed, "but, humanly speaking, I see no reason why it should not be a long one. I trust it will be, for my children's sake and my husband's."

"Your husband is less strong than you; at least he always tells me so. When he gets into a melancholy mood he says he shall never live to be my age."

"I think he will, though," replied Mrs. Scanlan, cheerfully, "especially if he has no very hard work, and resides always in the country. Which is one of my strong reasons for disliking to remove to London."

"Stay; we will enter upon that matter presently. Just now I wish to speak to you about—what I did not at first mean to tell you, but have decided that it is better I should—some private affairs of my own. A secret, in short. I know that you can keep a secret."

Mrs. Scanlan bent her head assentingly, wondering what on earth was coming next. Surely, she thought, it is not possible that the old man is going to be married! He was seventy-five at least; yet such things do happen, even to septuagenarians. But his next sentence removed this doubt.

"It is a secret that you will have to keep for some time—possibly several years. And you must keep it implicitly and entirely. You must not even tell it to your husband."

"Not tell my husband!" cried Josephine, drawing back. "Then, I think, Mr. Oldham, you had better not confide it to me at all. It is exceedingly difficult—not to enter upon the question of whether it is right or wrong—for any wife to keep a secret from her husband."

"May be; I have never had the advantage of being married, and am certainly not likely now to risk the experiment. But still, in the matter of Mrs. Waters you did not tell your husband."

"That was different," said she, hesitating.

"Nevertheless, here the case stands. Either you must promise not to communicate this fact to your husband, or I can not confide it to you. And it is important—indeed, of the most vital importance—that you should know it."

The rector spoke decidedly, with that decision which, whenever he chose to exercise it, she was aware was inflexible. He did not care to fight about small things, but in great ones, when his mind was made up, you might as well attempt to move a mountain as Mr. Oldham.

"It is a secret," continued he, "which is exclusively mine; which would do Scanlan no good to learn, and might do him considerable harm. The greatest kindness I can show him, I honestly believe, is to keep it from him."

"Then why tell it to me?"

"Because you are another sort of a person. It could not possibly harm you, and might be useful to you in some degree—you and the children. I advise you to hear it, if only for the sake of the children."

"I hate mysteries," said Mrs. Scanlan, un- easily, and turning over in her mind what this secret of the rector's could possibly be. Was it any difficulty between him and his bishop, in which Mr. Scanlan was also concerned? Or was it—this suggestion occurred to her as most probable—something relating to Mr. Scanlan's future; perhaps his chance of the next presentation to the living of Ditchley, on Mr. Oldham's decease? The rector's next words confirmed her in this idea.

"I hate mysteries, too, Madame, unless they are quite unavoidable, as this is. I ask from you a plain Yes or No, nor can I give you any more information to influence you on the matter, except that when you know my secret, I believe, I am almost sure, that you will not think it necessary to go and live in London."

The temptation was sore. "Oh! Mr. Oldham," she said, piteously, "why do you try me so hard?"

"I do it for your own good. Do you think I don't feel for you, my poor girl?" and his tone was almost paternal in its kindness. "But the circumstances of the case are quite inevitable. Either you must accept my secret, and keep it from your husband, and from every human being during my lifetime, or I shall consider the conditions void; and all things shall be as if they had never been."

"I do not understand—"

"There is no necessity that you should understand. Only, will you trust me? Have I not always been a good friend to you? Can you not believe that I shall remain so to the last? And I give you my honor—the honor of the last of the Oldhams!"—added he, with a sort of proud pathos, that went right to the

heart of this mother of a rising race, "that what I ask of you will never trouble you, or grieve you, or compromise you in the smallest degree. It is my secret. I might have kept it from you to the last, only," with an air of amused benevolence, "I think you will be the better for hearing it. I think, too, that Scanlan himself would urge you to accept my conditions—if he knew."

"Let me tell him," pleaded the wife. "Let me just tell my husband that there is a secret; which he must allow me to keep, even from himself, for the present."

Mr. Oldham shook his head. "You Quixotic woman! You are like Charity, that 'believeth all things, hopeth all things.' But I know better. No, no. Don't mistake me. I like Scanlan very much. He is a clever fellow; a pleasant fellow; he suits me as a curate. I never wish to part from him. Still, my dear lady, you do not require me to tell you that—that—" he hesitated—"Mrs. Scanlan is a very superior person to her husband."

Poor Mr. Oldham! in his ignorant bachelorhood he had not a suspicion of the effect his compliment would produce.

The blood rushed violently into Josephine's face; she drew herself up with a haughtiness which he had never before seen.

"Sir!—Mr. Oldham!—you can not surely mean what you are saying. Let us dismiss this subject, and confine ourselves entirely to the matter in hand—the matter my husband sent me to discuss with you. May we enter upon it at once? for I must go home to my children."

Mr. Oldham regarded her a moment, and then held out his hand almost humbly.

"Pardon, Madame. I was forgetting myself, and speaking to you as if you were my daughter. You almost might have been. I was once in love with a lady very like you."

There was a slight twitch in the withered face, and the momentary emotion passed. Who the "lady" was, Mrs. Scanlan did not, of course, ask him. Years afterward she had reason to think it might have been her aunt, that beautiful Mademoiselle Josephine de Bougainville who died young, soon after her marriage, which had been a marriage *de convenance*; but the real facts, buried far back in long forgotten years, Josephine never inquired into and never learned.

"The matter in hand, as you termed it," resumed Mr. Oldham, "is easily settled. I like you—I like your husband. I wish him to remain my curate as long as I live. Therefore, tell me how much income you think necessary for your comfort, and you shall have it. Give me my check-book there, state your sum, and we will arrange the matter at once. And now, may I tell you my secret?"

Mrs. Scanlan had listened in wondering thankfulness, too great for words; but now she recoiled. Evidently the old man was bent upon his point, and upon exacting his conditions to the letter. Her strait was very hard.

The simple duty of a wife—to hide nothing from her husband; to hear nothing that she will require to hide—Josephine never doubted for a moment; but hers was an exceptional case.

She knew well enough, and was convinced the rector knew, that Edward Scanlan was the last man in the world to be trusted with a secret. At least, so she should have said of him had he been any other man than her husband; and did his being her husband alter the facts of the case, or her judgment upon it? We may be silent concerning the weak points of our nearest and dearest; but to ignore them, to be willfully blind to them, to refuse to guard against them, is, to any prudent and conscientiously-minded person, clearly impossible.

Could it be that in refusing the rector's conditions, which her judgment told her he, who knew her husband's character as well as she did, was warranted in exacting, she was straining at gnats and swallowing camels? setting up a sham eidolon of wifely duty, and sacrificing to it the interests of her whole family, including her husband's?

"Are you sure it will never harm him—that he will never blame me for doing this?"

"Scanlan blame you?—oh no! Quite impossible," answered the rector, with a slight curl of the lip. "I assure you, you may quiet all apprehensions on that score. He will consider it the best thing you could possibly do for him."

Yet still poor Josephine hesitated. That clear sense of the right, which had always burned in her heart with a steady flame, seemed flickering to and fro, turned and twisted by side winds of expediency. The motto of the De Bougainville family, "*Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra*," rung in her ears with a mocking iteration. In her girlhood she had obeyed it always—had dared every thing, doubted nothing. Could wifehood and motherhood have made her less honorable, less brave?

"Come," said Mr. Oldham, "this is too important a matter for you to give, or me to take, a rash answer. There is a blank check, fill it up as you think fair. And meantime go into the garden and look at my roses, just for a quarter of an hour."

With gentle force he led her to the French window of his study, handed her through, and closed it behind her, shutting her out alone in the sunshiny garden.

Therein she wandered about for fully the prescribed time. What inward struggle she went through, who can know? Whether she was able to satisfy herself that she was doing right; that circumstances justified what, in most other women's case, would actually be wrong, and she would have been the first to pronounce wrong, who can tell? Or, perhaps, goaded on by the necessities of her hard lot, she deliberately set aside the question of whether her act was right or wrong, and was determined to do it—for her children's sake. If any thing could turn a woman into a thief, a murderer, a sinner of



MRS. SCANLAN'S SCRUPLES.

any sort, I think it would be for the love of, or the terror for, her children.

I do not plead for Josephine Scanlan. I only pity her. And I feel—ay, I feel it even with my own husband's honest eyes looking into mine—that, had my lot been hers, I should have acted exactly the same.

She came back to Mr. Oldham.

"Well, my dear lady, have you decided?"

"Yes. You may tell me any thing you like, and so long as you live I will keep your secret faithfully."

"As you did Mrs. Waters's?"

"That was a different matter; but I will keep your secret too, even from my husband."

"Thank you." And Mr. Oldham shook her hand warmly. "You shall never regret the sacrifice."

But now that he had her promise, he seemed in no hurry to claim it. He finished writing out the check, putting in a sum a little beyond that which she had named, and then, taking up his hat and stick, composedly accompanied her round the garden, pointing out his favorite flowers and his various improvements.

"That Banksia rose, is it not fine? I shall

train it all over the veranda. Indeed, I have thought of making a proper rosary, or rosarium; but it would be expensive, and is hardly worth while, since the Rectory comes into other hands at my death. Oldham Court, however, will be the property of my successor—and a very fine property it is—quite unencumbered. My heirs might run through it in no time; however, I shall take care to prevent that. My friend and executor, Dr. Waters, and my lawyer, are both remarkably acute, firm, and honorable men."

"Oh! yes," replied poor Josephine, answering at random, for her patience was at its last gasp. But still Mr. Oldham went on talking—she scarcely heard what—about every thing except the important secret; and not until the very last minute, when he had let her out at the gate and stood leaning against it, still conversing with her, and regarding her in a tender, wistful sort of way, did he refer to what he had to tell.

"I am laying on you a heavy burden, you think, Mrs. Scanlan? Perhaps it is so. But be easy; you may not have to bear it very long. Only during my lifetime."

"That may be, I trust, many years."

"And, possibly, not one year. I had a slight seizure the other day, which made me arrange all my affairs. But do not speak of this. It is of no consequence. Go home now, and mind, what I have to tell you must make no difference there; every thing must go on as heretofore. Only you need not come to me again, looking the picture of despair, as you did to-day."

"Well, I do not return in despair, thanks to your kindness. And on my next visit I will take care to put on my best looks, and bring a child or two with me, to amuse myself and you. Shall I?"

"Certainly. Yours are charming children, and—" he added, becoming suddenly grave, "do not torment yourself any more about their future; it is not necessary. This is my secret—a very simple one. Yesterday I made my will, and I left you my heiress. Not a word. Adieu!"

He turned, and walked quickly back into his garden. Mrs. Scanlan stood, transfixed with astonishment, at the Rectory gate; and then, there being nothing else left for her to do, she also turned and walked home.

DRAW YOUR CONCLUSIONS.

I.

MR. BELAH BUFFUM was thirty-five, portly, of a comfortable fortune, blue-eyed, in excellent health, a bachelor, argumentative to the last degree, and a *ci-devant* lawyer. The third year after his admission to the bar he left the profession in disgust, and on strictly logical reasons. The judges had a ridiculous fashion of stopping argument by something called a "sentence," just at the moment when Belah Buffum, Esq., was most in the mood of pressing the question to its ultimate bearings. Just as his antagonism was developed to its maturest pitch, down came a crusher on all legitimate reasoning, or, that disregarded, punishment for contempt of court. So, having argued several causes clear up to that jumping-off place, that Montauk Point of legal logic, the Court of Appeals—having offered before the whole eight judges to submit the question which they had decided against him to an enlightened public sentiment, and the judges and public sentiment being both perfectly willing, on the payment of the costs, Mr. Buffum disdainfully leaped from the Montauk aforesaid, and made his final plunge into the ocean of private life. It may be thought that I should confuse the metaphor and say the peaceful lake of private life. But no! to Mr. Buffum the domestic circle was dear only as a maelstrom of seething disputation, and home, sweet home, precious as a place where some one to argue with could always be kept at hand.

In spite of this combatant disposition, his natural goodness of heart was such that Belah Buffum had friends by the dozens—always ready to oblige him by taking the other side in every

thing, because they knew he loved them the better for it—always ready to pitch into him on any subject whatever, from transcendental theology to the new breed of hens.

One of these friends had been a gentleman of the name of Shearsworth, who one day happening to die, prefaced his departure by handing him his will, with the information that he had left him—Buffum—executor and guardian of his only child, Adolphus, who, on certain conditions, was the sole legatee.

At the time this history opens Adolphus Shearsworth was twenty years of age, and had been under the tutelage, as well as at the country residence, of Mr. Buffum for a period of eighteen months. During part of this time he had had a private tutor, and was supposed to be preparing for college. But the tutor being a Scotchman of the most inveterately marked Calvinistic type, as a matter of course made Mr. Buffum a fiery Arminian; so that after a month of agony, with burning ears and his wardrobe in a silk pocket-handkerchief, Mr. M'Crackin fled from what he entitled "*joost an eenfidel hoose*."

After the departure of the tutor Mr. Buffum resolved to take Master Adolphus's education into his own hands. He read Virgil with his ward, managing to pick a quarrel with him on the construction of every line. Even the subject of algebraic roots and geometric angles, by philosophers hitherto regarded the most certain of all themes, was not closed to discussion; for, although Mr. Buffum could not deny that the square upon the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides, he could still wage battle on the ground that there was a vastly better way of proving it than the one in the book.

Now this to Mr. Buffum was a mighty pleasant way of spending his time, but to Adolphus no stupider manner of life could be imagined. Accordingly, one morning, after having fought the simplest bread-and-butter questions for an hour and a half, he took courage to tell Mr. Buffum that he had determined to introduce a change in their routine.

"Mr. Buffum, I'm confoundedly bored by all this argument, this perpetual jabber of discussion from morning till night. I am going to abandon it. Henceforth I throw logic to the dogs; I divert myself from it in every possible way. Among others, I'm about to fall in love."

"Pish! you talk like a fool. Are you crazy?"

"Not yet; though I should be if I endured your logic a little longer. So, on purely emotional grounds, I am going to fall in love as soon as possible."

"Who is the other goose?"

"Be kind enough to moderate your language in speaking of my beautiful Unknown. I should hate to have to fight you before I have found her; and after that I assure you that my time will be too well occupied."

"Do you know that you are talking mad-

ness? Are you not aware that there is but one young woman in the world with whom you can commit that folly and still retain possession of your estate?"

"Do you know that you are talking mystery?"

"Have you never read your father's will, Adolphus Shearsworth?"

"Don't you know his commands to me? Didn't he tell you that I was not to read it till I came of age, unless some condition or other, confided only to you, was fulfilled before that time; that until then I was simply to know he had made me sole legatee upon that condition?"

"I knew the condition, of course, but not the command. The silly resolution you have avowed compels me to tell you that condition now. Do you know the Lumleys?"

"I'm aware there is such a family—in Worcester, you mean?"

"Yes, Sir, the very same. During your grandfather's lifetime the Shearsworths possessed all the large landed estate now owned by them. They were his principal creditors. When he died insolvent two cotton-mills in the height of prosperity and five thousand acres of the best land in this State passed into their hands from his executors. The dream of your father's life was the restoration of that property to your family. Its re-purchase was his predominant motive in the accumulation of the fortune whose trustee I am. In his lifetime he was never able to effect his purpose; but with that calm, logical sagacity which marked all his actions he perceived that Charlotte Lumley—at his demise a girl in boarding-school—would necessarily be heiress to the whole estate. The condition, then, affixed to the bequest of his whole fortune to you was, that you should become acquainted with the girl, make love to her, and, if she would have you, marry her. If she refused you, you were absolved from the condition; if you refused to make an effort for her, then all the property of your late honored father was to become mine."

"The devil!" ejaculated Adolphus, his black eyes flashing, and his fist clenched tight. "It is intended then to force me into marrying this girl whom I despise?"

"Hoity-toity!—despise? A moment ago you would fall in love with a myth—a woman you had never even heard of; and now that I mention one that you have simply never seen, you tell me that you despise her! Irrational, illogical boy! what do you despise in this unknown girl?"

"I despise a tool any where—every where—of whatever sex! I despise a woman who is to be forced down my throat! I despise her because you would defeat my own lawful will by her! Sir! I will never speak to her! I swear it here; and may I die the day I break my oath! I will never marry Charlotte Lumley!"

"Dare you tell me that, indeed? Do you remember the penalty entailed upon that oath?"

"Do you mean, Sir, to say that you will

consent to accept my property on such a trivial, paltry, nefarious condition?"

"Why not, Sir? Undoubtedly, Sir! Am I not executor of your father's will—bound to see it fulfilled to the last tittle?"

"And do I understand that after the property escheats to you by such a vilely procured forfeiture you will have the face not to make me at once a deed of full surrender?"

"That kind of thing occurs frequently—in novels—young man. But rational reflection will show you a much shorter cut to your property. You will recall your rash vow, and propose to Charlotte Lumley; then, whether she has you or not, the condition will be fulfilled, and the estate yours. I can delude you with the hope of no other way, Sir."

"Let this be the last time I ever hear that proposal of dishonor from your lips! Very well, Mr. Buffum, oppress the orphan; keep the property, Sir, and much good may it do you!"

"So I will, Sir! So I will—to the last foot of ground—to the last cent of money! Every rational argument is on my side."

"Are you a villain, Mr. Buffum?"

"Draw your conclusions, Master Adolphus."

For a moment the young man looked at his senior as if about to pitch into him bodily; then his old habit of regard for authority got the better of him, and changing the expression of wrath for one of contempt, he turned his back on Mr. Buffum and left the room.

One of his favorite retreats when harassed with protracted spinning in his guardian's domestic maelstrom had always been the house of James the coachman—a cottage on the property of Mr. Buffum, nearly a quarter of a mile from the great house, neatly kept by a tidy wife, who also acted as dairy-woman of the estate, and a veritable Lotus Bay to any who might seek repose from premise and conclusion. For not only could Adolphus there solace himself with emollient fresh cream and pot-cheese, but James and his wife, as themselves would say, were both Irishmen; and where could any body get further out of the atmosphere of logic than in such society as that? Intending therefore to divert his mind and cool his fever by an hour's gossip with the two good-natured Paddywhacks, and a comfortable pull at his cutty as he sat at the porch in their best hickory-bottomed easy-chair, Adolphus now threw himself with angry but gradually moderating strides toward the coachman's cottage. Just as he entered the house by the front-door he was sure he saw a pretty face and figure slip out of the back one. In all the world there is no such fascinating introduction to a woman as that!

He was sure she had not gone far. He felt that exhilarating palpitation of heart, that delicate titillation of brain, which assures a young man that his suspicions are correct—that the charming creature is peeping through the blinds or watching in the shrubbery.

He found James nursing a sore finger, torn on a nail in the cow-house, in muslin swathings ample for the envelope of any reasonably sized baby—"quite kilt" by his wound, as his nation are wont to be at every affliction, from a death in the family to corns—but solacing his woe in a manner equally national with something red which his wife had mixed him in a tumbler, and, for a "kilt" person, beginning to feel pretty resigned.

After imparting his friendly condolence, not only by words but in the more expressive mode of slipping a dollar into Maggie's hand "to get something to make James comfortable," he feigned to depart, then turned on his heel and made the casual inquiry:

"Oh, by-the-way, can you tell me the name of the old lady who slipped out of the back-door just as I came in?"

"Hivin bless yer kind heart, Misther Adolphus!" cried Maggie. "Ay, an' open yer eyes too, if ye can't till the difference, at your time o' life, God bliss me, betwane an ould woman and the prettiest girl in all Cobble County!"

"You don't mean to say that the person who went out of this house as I came in was a pretty young girl?"

"Faix an' I do that! It was Miss Lotty Burrill, and her father owns the farm next Mr. Buffum's—only he's dead now, poor sowl!—sorra for him!—and she and the mother are left alone to find it. Bad work they make of it indade; and no wonder, for it's not asy to manage thim farm-hands when there's a man to do it, let alone a pair of sorrowful women!"

"Has Miss Burrill gone home?"

"Troth and that's more than I can say, Sir. As soon as James kilt his finger in the cow-house I ran across the field to get her—for she has a wonderful knowledge o' doctherin', and many's the time she's been good to us alriddy. But as soon as she heard a gentleman at the dhoor she went out like a young deer—for she's shy of strangers—and she said she'd walk in the garden a bit till you was gone."

"Well, Maggie, I want to thank her for taking such good care of you and James. Suppose you just call her in and introduce me."

"Very well, Misther Adolphus." Maggie opened the back-door and called:

"Miss Lotty! Miss Lotty! Darlint, can ye be afther givin' one lasht luk at James's finger before you go back to the mother?"

From the length of time which elapsed before any answer was returned, it seems unquestionable that Miss Lotty must have been at some very distant portion of the premises, where looking in at the blinds was absolutely impossible.

At last, however, the young lady came in. Without the slightest idea that any body was present save her Irish protégés, and with cheeks flushed by her late exercise in the garden, she tripped up to examine that dolorous bale of unbleached muslin, James's finger; then, with the

prettiest little air of trepidation and surprise, catching sight of Adolphus, made a half step back toward the door again.

"Miss Burrill," said Maggie, with frank brevity, "this is Misther Adolphus that I've tould ye of so often."

The young lady bowed modestly, and amended Maggie's nomenclature by murmuring, "Mr. Shearsworth."

"I could not bear to leave the house, Miss Burrill," said Adolphus, "without expressing the gratitude felt by myself (and I am sure I may speak for Mr. Buffum too) for your repeated acts of kindness to these favorite family servants."

"Pray don't mention it, Sir. The little I can do for them is a great pleasure to me."

"Indeed I don't doubt that; I can easily believe that kindness is your favorite luxury; but it none the less demands an acknowledgment. I have been for some time intending to make a call upon Mrs. Burrill and yourself for that purpose as well as neighborly courtesy. But you know that business is the order of the day at Mr. Buffum's, and until now I have been detained, very much against my wishes, I can assure you. May I have the happiness of walking home with you, and being introduced to your mother this morning?"

The young lady assented with a blush of innocent pleasure; and as the two went out of James Kilpatrick's door together that patient sufferer gave Maggie a knowing wink out of the tail of his eye, and pointed at them with the invalid finger. An artist of the High Ideal school would have chosen a different representative for the finger of Fate—might probably have preferred for his material bronze or marble to a roll of unbleached muslin; but Fate is no respecter of high art schools, and the finger could not have been more significant, more prophetic.

The young lady who had accepted Adolphus's convoy was a clear rosy brunette of eighteen, with those great soft brown eyes which lure a man of his temperament as far into good or evil as any human motive can take him. If with those eyes she had possessed a nose the least bit *retroussé*, she would have been the wickedest of coquettes; the most fiery of jealous sweet-hearts that a young man could peril his peace with, had that nose been keenly aquiline. It was neither of these, but our American improvement on the Grecian, straight as Aspasia's, but with a more spirited, more generous nostril, defined from the brow more clearly—our New World feminine nose of character and common-sense.

All this description (some one may grumble) lavished on the nose of a young country girl! But nay, my friend, any nose that is a nose at all is worth it; for that feature is a most wonderful index of nature, despite all the poets who have given it such a gingerly go-by. Add to these details a beautiful mouth—beautiful, though as far as possible from those on the outside of French perfume-boxes, or pouted

in everlasting silliness throughout the "*Beau Monde*" and the "*Galerie pour Rire*." Not its least loveliness to Adolphus—and the impression grew upon him—was that it looked as if it never had been, never could be, the gateway of logic. As they went toward Mrs. Burrill's, and the first timidity of the interview wore away, he saw plainly that she was a girl who talked from her womanly heart; and, being pure and unselfish, who was always intuitively right in her perception of the regions where she ventured. Scarcely had they traveled a furlong of fresh, green meadow-land together when Adolphus said, in confidence with his own bosom:

"This is the girl I *will* fall in love with!"

A little path, wandering through the clover without any logical argument for its course, brought the two up to the house and Mrs. Burrill.

"Mr. Shearsworth, mother. We found each other at James Kilpatrick's, and I invited him over to take breakfast with us. I know he'll excuse our family arrangements if he's as hungry as I am."

Adolphus started. In his altercation with Mr. Buffum he had forgotten breakfast entirely, but his new friends put him at his ease in a moment.

"Breakfast has been waiting an hour," said Mrs. Burrill, as soon as she had welcomed her guest. "Let us sit down directly. Eliza, you may begin to fry the cakes."

Adolphus forthwith took his seat between the mother and daughter at a cozy little round table covered with spotless linen, and felt as if he was about breakfasting with the gods. There was coffee, with no arguments upon the subject either of its adulteration or probable effect in producing degeneracy of the human species; crisp pork fried in batter, and not a sign of any disquisition upon the Levitical statutes against the pig; rice-cakes, without the seasoning of a debate upon the slave labor which produced their basis. Oh, this was heaven! A clean motherly face in a clean motherly cap on one side, and Lotty Burrill's on the other!

It was delightful to be asked how Mr. Buffum's stock was doing; if the new Scotch cows gave as much milk as the Alderneys; how the cross between the Berkshire and the Chinese pigs turned out; and if there was any prospect of the sorghum's succeeding. Mr. Buffum had prize-cattle; but he had always forgotten their horns when talking with Adolphus in his anxiety to get him on those of a dilemma. He had pigs; but whether they rooted satisfactorily or not was of far less consequence with him than the root of the discussion. He had planted several acres with the Chinese sugar-cane; but instead of interesting Adolphus in his saccharine projects, he had continually directed his attention to the Attic salt.

Now that Adolphus could sit quietly over a good breakfast and enjoy that amicable conversation without debate, for which he was still

hungrier, a profound peace, as the Germans say, settled into his soul; and the thought of guardian Buffum fuming over his lonely coffee without a creature to squabble with never once entered his head. Oh! it was an ambrosial breakfast!

The meal being over, how could he resist Lotty's invitation to the barn, to look at the motherless lamb she was nursing? And after he had patted the little creature and admired it to her heart's content (or its mistress through it, their fingers meeting accidentally in the soft wool), what logical motive could prevent his beholding her garden—the violets which might be plucked to put in her glossy hair, the heliotropes which she could stick in his button-hole, blushing when he said, "Don't you know they mean devotion?" feigning to pull them out again; but finally, on his earnest entreaty, granting him permission to keep them there.

And at last, when he felt that he really must go; that it was high noon, and Mr. Buffum would be wondering what had become of him, why should she not go down to the boundary fence with him, walking slowly as if there were no Buffum in the world to wonder? Why, before they parted, should he not venture to rearrange the one violet which had dropped, as they went, from its place in her silken braids? And why should she not say that really it seemed to her as if they had been children together?

Then he leaped the fence and walked home, scarce daring to look over his shoulder lest their eyes should meet, yet unwilling to go without one last lingering glance at her, and again repeating to his heart that earlier imparted confidence: "*This is the girl whom I will fall in love with!*"

"Well, Sir!" was the salutation with which Mr. Buffum met him on the piazza. "What reason have you to plead for staying away from breakfast?"

"None," replied Adolphus, with especial coldness, "save that for once I have been so fortunate as to breakfast without reasons."

II.

For the next few weeks Mr. Buffum daily grew more and more desolate; he had not been so unhappy since the day when he found that you can not argue as much as you want to even in a lawsuit. For now he could not argue at all. Adolphus Shearsworth never vouchsafed a syllable more to him than was required by absolute necessity, and spent most of his time out of the house—Mr. Buffum knew not where—without the slightest pretense of accounting for his absence. How many thousand times did he wish from the bottom of his heart that Charlotte Lumley were at Halifax; that old Shearsworth had had any other topic on earth to think of in that solemn hour when he made his final testament. But he had taken his ground with Adolphus—he could not back down without confessing himself defendant in error, the mere

thought of which made him yellow with chagrin. His pride he might have overcome, for he loved the boy; but, oh, his idolized logic! The thing was rational!—incontrovertible!—irrefutable! He must carry out the commands of his testator! He had no option! There! He was right! He knew he was!

Under any other circumstances Adolphus would have been equally miserable. He was a youth of warm and generous impulses, and had acquired a sincere affection for his guardian. Mr. Buffum, when his ward's back was turned, often looked on him with a sigh. "Poor boy, how dreadfully this trouble will prey upon his mind! I'm afraid he'll go into a consumption."

But, as usual, Adolphus defied all the logical processes, and showed no signs either of consumption or wear. He exhibited a sustained frigidity of demeanor which would have made his fortune if any railway company which pays no dividends could have put him inside its office rail to answer the stockholders' questions. His cheeks wore a healthier bloom, his eyes a clearer brightness, than Mr. Buffum had seen there since his ward entered Aristotle Cottage. Thus the guardian's premises "fell down and broke their crown," and his conclusions, like Gill, "came tumbling after." Thus he became still more piqued, still more determined not to bate one tittle of his determination. Thus these two of the most excellent people in the world made admirable progress in the familiar art of misunderstanding each other.

The source from which Adolphus drew his cheerfulness was quite out of sight of Mr. Buffum. He knew the Burrills only by name, and had never discovered any rational argument for going to see them. He merely felt that, being women, they were wholly illogical, incapable of fair discussion, and so altogether unprofitable to a man with his serious purposes in existence. Meanwhile Adolphus was paying daily, sometimes *bi-* (or even *tri-*) diurnal visits to these unprofitable folk; and at every interview becoming more convinced that his own end in life was not Logic but Love.

As for the Burrills, they saw in Adolphus a young man whose age entitled him to judge for himself. That less than another year of tutelage intervened between him and his entrance on his property was but a trivial consideration to the mind of Mrs. Burrill; and if any body had asked Lotty whether it would not be unprincipled to fall in love with a young man personally worthy of that distinction prior to obtaining the permission of his guardian, she would have looked through the inquirer with those clear brown eyes of hers, and blown away the conventional fallacy which constitutes the plot of half the British plays and novels with such a healthy laugh as must have taken the logic even out of Mr. Buffum. Fortunately, however, both mother and daughter had acquired such a personal attachment for Adolphus that any question whatever relating to his

property was with them a matter of but small moment and infrequent thought. Accordingly, when the first distinct avowal of his love to Lotty made it necessary that he should frankly take them both into his confidence with reference to his father's will and Mr. Buffum's determination, the only alloy to the happiness with which each in her proper way welcomed him into the family was the true feminine indignation with which they sympathized against his guardian's cruelty and baseness.

III.

The morning after Adolphus's fate was decided the frigidity which for the last few weeks had characterized breakfasts at Aristotle Cottage was thawed as abruptly as if Vesuvius had suddenly broken up through the bottom of the cellar.

Mr. Buffum sat reading his paper and sipping coffee between paragraphs with the most visible intention of ignoring Adolphus's existence. Adolphus deliberately cracked an egg, salted it, stirred it, and set the glass down—battered a slice of bread, sweetened and creamed his coffee, cut himself a piece of steak, and spread his napkin on his knees. With each of these acts his manner grew more decided, and reached its stern culmination in the first spontaneous words which he had spoken to his guardian in many days.

"Mr. Buffum!"

"Well, Sir?"

"Some time since we conversed upon the subject of my marriage, in connection with my father's will. How that conversation ended I need not remind you. I think proper, however, that you should not learn from other sources than myself the fact that I am now engaged."

Mr. Buffum's paper dropped from his hands. Pushing the coffee away, he fixed on Adolphus a stare of stupefaction.

"Engaged! Oh, Adolphus! I am sorry if—if—if—I was—I know I was—overstrong in what I said. My poor boy, I really didn't mean to drive you to *that*!"

"Drive me? Not you! I think any body who tried that would find himself mistaken in his man!"

"Oh, Adolphus!" groaned Mr. Buffum. "Who is it—the girl, I mean?"

"That is a frank question, but shall be answered as frankly. The lady is Miss Lotty Burrill."

"Oh! I am sorry!—I am very sorry!—I swear I am!"

"Why should you be sorry? It only adds a couple of hundred thousand to your small estate."

Oh, the goldenness of silence! Could Adolphus only have spared this slant and let his guardian's heart work for him, the last remnant of Mr. Buffum's obstinacy might have melted away in the warmth of his sympathy for youth and helplessness. But this great art

of silence the youth had not learned. Truly speech is silver at the best, often arsenic and vitriol. With all the love of his nature damped down to embers, all its logic awakened into full blaze, Mr. Buffum fiercely retorted:

"Yes, Sir, you are right! I should not be sorry! I should know my rational duty as an executor, and do it without regard to the weakness of human feelings. Yes, and I *will*! You may be sure of that, Sir—I will!"

"So I expected, Mr. Buffum. I am not disappointed in you—not in the least, Sir!"

With that Mr. Buffum once more picked up his newspaper and plunged into the tariff article, while Adolphus coolly entered upon the discussion of his steak, from which the length of this interruption of the happy family's usual reticence had perceptibly subtracted neither heat nor flavor.

Mr. Buffum, however, thought much that he did not say; and immediately after finishing the meal, without warning to Adolphus, set forth for his first neighborly call upon the Burrills. As he went, he one moment told himself that he was a fool for going; the next, that a stern sense of duty, supported by all manner of rational arguments, demanded the visit imperatively. His final resolution, as he mounted the piazza and ran the bell, was to curb his natural tendencies toward argument; and, as Mrs. Burrill was a woman, therefore utterly unable to reason, to take her on the soft side—her affections.

He had expected a rustic reception—a cold sepulchral room, scented with the mouldy hay which protective economy had spread under an ingrain carpet of dazling red and green, leaf-pattern; hearse plumes of asparagus in mugs on the mantle-piece; a small table, with an accordion on it, between the windows; and a large one in the middle of the room supporting a basket of dropsical wax Spitzensbergs; and one crimson morocco annual titled "Book of Beauty," in the infancy of mezzotint; a mortally hard-bottomed sofa with a coffin smell in all the ages since it left the upholsterer's undissipated by the wear of any familiar sitting down. On this last contrivance he had anticipated an hour's *lôte-à-tête* with an elderly female in tears and rusty bombazine, more gifted in wise saws than syntax, and ready to give up any thing for the sake of peace.

Having planned his method of proceeding on the hypothesis of such a state of things, Mr. Buffum experienced from the start an utter overthrow of all his premeditated arrangements for saying and doing. He was ushered by a respectful family servant into a little gem of a parlor, where woman's tastefulest hand had been inventing and adorning—still better where her presence had *lived* and every where diffused itself like a subtle atmosphere. The easiest of easy-chairs that he had ever sat in received him while the maid went to announce him to her mistress, and this luxurious interval Mr. Buffum anxiously struggled to improve by new-

considering his method of approach. He had not much leisure for this essential task, and had scarcely refortified himself in the one resolution which had not suffered complete *bouleversement*—not to reason with a woman, but take her on her soft side—when Mrs. Burrill entered. Her motherly sweet face, her gentle dignity, her plain cap, and her general air of mild charity, Mr. Buffum at once found quite reassuring.

"I am your next neighbor, Mr. Buffum, Madam," said he, rising with a bow; "a very quiet sort of person—seldom go off my little place to visit any where—must beg pardon for the lateness of this introduction—perhaps, since I come so late, for venturing to introduce myself at all."

"I pray you won't apologize. We, too, are very quiet, and receive few visitors; so few, indeed, that, until yesterday, it quite escaped me that we had never seen you here."

"If an apology were necessary, Madam, it lies in this. I am ardently attached to the son of my deceased friend, Mr. Shearsworth. As you may be aware, I am his guardian, and I have only just come into the possession of certain facts regarding him which concern both yourself and me, I may say, very deeply. You are a mother, Mrs. Burrill?" ("There!" thought the sanguine Buffum, "that *must* fetch her! It's what always fetches them on the stage.")

"I am, Sir."

"You have an only daughter, I believe, Madam?"

"You believe correctly, Mr. Buffum."

"Her interests are, of course, very dear to you. Now, Madam (I am about to impart facts which may not be known to you), suppose that some relative had left your daughter a large property on condition that she married a man, every way honorable and respectable, whom the relative designated in his will?"

"Pray, let me hear your whole case before I answer, Sir."

"And suppose that, in the event of her refusal to receive this gentleman's addresses, the entire property I have mentioned went to another person—a friend of the family—under these circumstances what would you wish your daughter to do?"

"That would depend upon several contingencies. If she wanted the property, and loved the man specified, I would advise her to waive any scruples she might naturally have as to the original striking impropriety of the condition itself, and marry the gentleman as if no such shameful proviso had been tacked on to him."

"But suppose"—(Mr. Buffum began speaking quite loudly and growing very red in the face; then said to himself, "Hang it! he *wouldn't* get mad with an irrational woman")—"that she wished the property, but had no romantic feeling for the man?"

"Permit me to correct your logic," said Mrs. Burrill, in a tone of gentle yet judicial dignity. "In speaking of a 'romantic feeling' we want-

der from the issue. *Love*, I believe, was the subject in question, and though that involves romance, it is far from being all-comprehended in it. True love has always abundance of romance, but differs decidedly from mere romance in many respects. Now we understand each other. Proceed, if you please."

Mr. Buffum almost gasped with surprise. Where *was* that woman's soft side? Talking logic of her own accord, and to him?

"Let us say, she doesn't love the man, then!" spoke he, explosively.

"In that case I should not need to advise my daughter, Mr. Buffum. She has been brought up to Christianity and honor. Her natural good sense and womanly pride, moreover, must always save her from the degradation of bestowing her hand where her heart did not accompany it, especially for so base a consideration as money."

"But suppose the testator were her father, and made the conditions from the most rational motives?"

"I should join issue with you, Sir, on the question whether any motive with such an end could be called *rational*. Among civilized nations it is a well-settled principle that even the nearest relationship gives no title to coerce the conscience of a subordinate. But, even did the title exist, the terms of the condition render obedience possible by either of two courses. Since all womanly and Christian honor forbid obedience in the way of accepting the legacy, we come to the final point. She rejects the property. What must she now do? you would say."

"Exactly what I was about to ask," panted Mr. Buffum, with the feeling that he was on trial for his life, and Mrs. Burrill sitting in Oyer and Terminer.

"In that case, if she still wished the property, her proper course would be this: To go frankly to the other conditional legatee, and tell him that she was unable to fulfill the condition. Supposing him really a Christian gentleman, he could not fail to make instant answer that the property was still hers by every principle of natural right and honor; that from the moment it fell to him through her refusal to comply with the foolish and oppressive condition, deeds of release in full awaited her at his hands. If he proved to be no man, but a mere sponge, whose pleasure it was to absorb all his neighbors' moisture, he would refuse to give her her own—swallow up her patrimony; and she would leave him alone, feeling able to pity rather than willing to despise him; leave this sponge alone to feel the draught he had drunk of another's lawful spring fester within him like a fiery acid. Were she weak enough to desire revenge, she might be sure it would never be other than a curse to him. I believe I have met your difficulties, Sir; but what, may I ask, gains me the honor of your selection as an adviser upon such a question? You spoke as if your cause were not altogether a fictitious one.

Is it possible, then, that you mean to give it any personal application?"

Mr. Buffum arose, with his face scarlet, and looked for his hat with as much trepidation as if it were his head he wanted.

"No, ma'am—nothing personal—nothing but—well—I *did* come to speak of a case—of Adolphus, my ward—but—never mind—some other time perhaps—"

"You have sought my advice in regard to Mr. Shearsworth, then?" said Mrs. Burrill, calmly. "So I infer that *his* was the case you supposed. If I am correct in the supposition, take this counsel to your ward. To begin his young life with a crust on his table—a spring of good water outside his door—the hardest toil to occupy the strength of his daytime, the rudest roof to shelter him at night, without a grain of that gold which is so often a curse at the best—which is always so, a thousandfold, if meanly bought with dishonor—thus bid him begin his life—but not without *love*! Tell him this counsel comes from a woman who did all this for her husband—a widow whose husband, while he lived, bore all this for her. Tell him that for this she cherishes his memory as a blessing and a glory beside which all that the gold of the Astors could buy would seem to her like the poorest, meanest dross."

All this time Mr. Buffum had been standing with both hands clinging tightly to his hat-brim, as if it were some stout cast-iron support, to lose which were to fall prostrate. His eyes were fixed on Mrs. Burrill with the steadfast look of fascination; and when, as she concluded, he attempted to speak, the only words to which he was competent were the proper, but not very logically forcible ones:

"Good-morning, Mrs. Burrill."

"Good-morning, Mr. Buffum."

After which Mr. Buffum struck a bee-line for Aristotle Cottage, with the dazed gait of one who walks in a dream.

IV.

Mr. Buffum resolved to make one final effort for poor Adolphus. He cherished a dim recollection of having once in early childhood been sent away to boarding-school for kissing a pretty maid of his step-mother's. He also repeated to himself several times each day, "Absence conquers love," while he spent hours at a stretch in turning over-township maps of the Western States and Territories, with a deep look on his face and a pencil in his hand. Adolphus went in and out as before, without noticing him, until Mr. Buffum one morning asked the pleasure of his company in the study.

"Well, Adolphus," began his guardian, as soon as they were seated, "let us forget the past, at least long enough to talk about your future. I am still your lawful protector, and whatever differences we may have as men must not be allowed to interfere with the discharge of my legal duty for your benefit. You are nearly of age, and, for the sake both of your mind and body, you ought to be thinking of

some active business. Thus far you have had a good education; but you say you don't wish to go to college. Now what *would* you like to do? A gentleman ought not to be idle; he should work for his health, for good spirits and contentment, even though it be not necessary to do it for his living."

"Don't make that reservation in my behalf, if you are willing I should respect your sincerity," said Adolphus, in a tone of iced quassia.

With unusual self-restraint Mr. Buffum overlooked the challenge, and continued:

"I have thought you might like to try farming on your own responsibility. On this place of mine you have had good opportunity for the last eighteen months to observe how that business is conducted. I have noticed that your interest in it never flags, and I am so sure you have a good general idea of the subject that I make you this proposition. I have a nice ranche in my eye, situated on the richest of rich Missouri bottom-lands; soil, in fact, one immense muck-heap, ten feet deep, and fifteen hundred acres in area; with a comfortable log-house and a few other simple improvements on it—right on the Mississippi bluffs, and only a mile from the steamboat landing. It's now in the market, at only a slight advance over government prices. Log-house, did I say? No! a good two-story frame-house of six rooms—saw the man who owns it only yesterday. Greatest grape country in the world! Now, if you like, I'll make such arrangements that you can pay for it in slow installments, and go out and settle there for a year or so, till you see how you like it. As to our money differences, for the present let them be kept in abeyance. I'll make the first year's payment for you, at any rate, and go your security for the rest."

When he began to speak he had laid the map of the property under Adolphus's eye. As he went on the young man grew more and more interested, and when his guardian had concluded with the question, "Well, what do you say?" he replied, with greater cordiality than he had shown for months, that he would be happy to take the matter into consideration. Mr. Buffum gave him the map for his private perusal, and the two separated.

Adolphus was not with him at supper, and when they met at breakfast the next morning the young man forestalled the question intimated in his guardian's eyes by volunteering the information that he had concluded to accept the proposal.

"How soon will you be ready to go?" asked Mr. Buffum, with a look of great satisfaction.

"This day week," replied Adolphus, "if the farm implements can be procured by that time. Here's a little inventory of what I shall want. You'd better send it right off to Mapes, and have them boxed and shipped directly."

So saying he handed a couple of closely-written foolscap pages to Mr. Buffum. The guardian ran his eye down the list with a face

expressive of no less surprise than pleasure; then, coming to the end, exclaimed:

"Why, I declare, it's quite perfect! What a fellow you are to observe! How the deuce could you have got this up all by yourself? Egad! one would think you'd had the agricultural experience of a lifetime!"

Adolphus vouchsafed no explanation of the completeness with which he had accomplished his inventory, "*all by himself*," for the very simple reason that—well—any very simple reason which may occur to any pretty maid and lad who happen to be looking over this story together, "all by themselves."

Mr. Buffum immediately forwarded the order, as proposed, and wound up the business with a homily upon persevering application as the sure high-road to success, of which, as our young readers may chance to have met with it before, we give no stenographic report in these pages.

The day of their parting came rapidly around. They were shy and reserved with each other till they stood on the platform of the railway station and heard Adolphus's train blow its last whistle.

Mr. Buffum grew very red in the face and moist about the eyes, grasped the youth's hand with a convulsive pressure, and brokenly murmured, "Good-by, dear old boy!"

"Good-by, Mr. Buffum—"

His senior's visage grew still redder. "Oh, hang it! say '*Guardy*' once more, as you used to!" he explosively exclaimed.

"Good-by, *Guardy*," said Adolphus; and the links of the great boa constrictor that pants steam wriggled away with him to the setting sun.

V.

As a place of residence Aristotle Cottage, with its beautiful *ferme ornée*, now became unendurable to Mr. Buffum, who openly compared it to the Syrian Desert, the Catacombs, and St. Simon Stylites his pillar. He could not hide from himself that he sorely missed the young man at every turn.

At length, in despair, he put the premises under his farmer's tutelage, and started for a watering-place. Stopping over a night in New York on his way through, and making inquiries for the summer destination of his particular acquaintance, he found the tide setting full for Long Branch. The Hodges, the Crumbies, the Stansburys, the Vaughans, and that oldest of old Dutch families, the Krullers, were all going to the Mansion House. Already Laird was entertaining the Blowbells; while Miss Jacintha Cropper, sister of the late Mrs. Lumley, had been there a week, accompanied by her orphan charge—the all-important, the fateful, the testimentary, the conditional Charlotte; the vehicle of one immense estate, the axle on which turned another. This, with Mr. Buffum, was decisive. Lumley senior had been his friend, but Charlotte he had not seen since she was a phenomenon in Hünter's piano exercises, wear-

ing pantaleta, short frocks, and her hair in two long tails with blue streamers behind. He was curious, for Adolphus's sake, to see what had become of her in the lathe of Time; so down he went.

A score of bachelor greetings on the piazza; supper; and then, as it was a hop-night, when the tables were cleared away out of the great *salle à manger*, a return from his tranquilizing cigar along the bluff to look in on the dancers—these ushered in Mr. Buffum's first evening at the Mansion.

As, without any particular acquaintance beside him, he leaned against the door-post, behind him in the darkness rose and fell the ocean, with that mysterious rhythm which bards are forever vainly seeking to set to their music; in front of him a sea of brilliant women vibrated to the tidal influencings of a waltz of Strauss. Of the men I speak not; in that ball-room they were but the slim spars, the black drift, as from some burned ship, floating on billows of blue, green, argentine, and crimson, at the mercy of their wildly-surfing partners.

Should he venture in? He, the helpless male, possessed of no special wave to harmonize him with the grand oceanic motion, to roll miserably in the trough between tulle and muslin, to come to grief against the rocky reef of some dining-room pillar, where all the other drift-wood would miserably bump and bruise him, and the laughing waves play distractingly with his corns?

While revolving these thoughts, so proper to every single man who stands on the borders of such a surge, a gorgeous billow of blue grenadine came bounding landward, and cleverly beached her black drift at his very feet. From her mermaid arms it fell into the helplessly collapsed posture peculiar to drift, good society, and hot weather, and began trickling softly to its disengaged billow, drift-like still in all but the sharp freshness of brine. As the gentleman turned his face toward the door, the first thought that struck Mr. Buffum was his marvelous resemblance to Adolphus. At first sight he could almost have imagined that his ward had been playing him a trick, and really stood there in *propria persona*, but another glance convinced him of his error, though the likeness was still astonishing. The next thought that occurred to him was, how singularly out of harmony the young fellow was with his brilliant partner. Not at all the man for her in any respect! So slight, so boyish, so untrained; his youthful exuberance so little chastened by the sager experiences of manhood. And she, so developed, so womanly, so queenly! He had scarcely time to make this reflection when the youth addressed her as Miss Lumley. The word so startled Mr. Buffum that he flushed to the temples, conscious of having mentally tricked and played the traitor to himself. Had a second person suggested to Mr. Buffum the discord which he had just noticed of his own original discrimination, he would have felt compelled to reply, "I

deny it, Sir; I deny it *in toto*! Why not the man for her?—why not the woman for him? Prove it, Sir; I say, *prove* it!" But it is every man's privilege to be as illogical as he pleases with himself. Not hearing it from a second person, Belah Buffum confessed it in the teeth of the last will and testament of Adolphus Shearsworth, senior—confessed that Charlotte Lumley would be indeed ill-mated with Adolphus, junior; and he with her.

In truth she was a royal woman! Erect, and made of curves pliant as a Hebe's; tall and fair, shedding round her the sweet dignity of a Juno; in every motion the woman of highly developed nature, yet in her look, her dress, and every tone of her rich contralto voice, the woman of perfected social art. To all of these things Belah Buffum was as wide awake as the most illogical man.

As yet, neither she nor the very young youth had seen him. And again, through the pressure of the crowd, Mr. Buffum was forced to listen to a conversation not intended for his ears. First, he heard the voice of the youth—Adolphus's voice, but not saying Adolphus's things:

"He is really the laughing-stock of the room. Such a ridiculous figure! If you'll excuse the vulgar proverb, quite like a cat in a strange garret! A grass-cloth coat at a ball! Why, in Heaven's name, must he appear in such an *outré* costume?—for all the world like a well-to-do farmer going out to look after his haying!"

Belah Buffum boiled. The clear voice he was listening for replied:

"Indeed, Mr. Poproy, you gentlemen are sad gossips! If you talk so about each other to the ladies, how do you talk about the ladies to the gentlemen?"

"I assure you we hold them sacred! For myself, I can say that I only breathe in my heart the name of one!"

"That apartment must be much less crowded than your sex manage to keep it generally," replied Miss Lumley, lightly, without the least sign of appropriation. "Your enslavers can not have to stand on a trunk to dress when they don the brilliant tissues of your fancy. Quite unlike the rest of our Long Branch accommodations, Mr. Poproy. But as to the gentleman whom you mention, forgive me if I can't wholly agree with you. For my part, I'm very tired of this black-coat desert—*very*. A little suggestion of grass—if it's only the *souppçon* we get in the cloth of that name—is a refreshing oasis. But don't you know any of the fine qualities of the man? He is 'said to be very noble-hearted and very intellectual. How long have you known your friend?"

"My friend? *He—the—*"

"Pardon me; he is *mine*."

What? She remembered the young fellow who used to sup at her father's in Worcester, and play with those queues of brown hair and blue ribbon as she sat at the piano astonishing all hearers?

In his enthusiasm Belah Buffum let the crowd carry him quite up to Miss Lumley; and as the madly attached youth in dismay fell back a step at beholding the grass-cloth wings of the angel he had but a moment since spoken of so lightly, that unemotional, rational, logical personage caught the beautiful white hand of the heiress with the exclamation:

"Her father's own true daughter! A thousand thanks for not forgetting me. Be sure how very, very glad I am to see the woman such a capital fulfillment of the little girl."

"I am very glad to see you once more, Mr. Buffum," answered the heiress, shaking his hand cordially. Then, with a graceful self-possession, turning to the spot where her adorer had been, she said, gently, "Let me make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Poproy—"

Kindly considerate, but vain ruse of woman's tact! The place which once knew Mr. Poproy knew him no more forever—that is to say, for the rest of the season.

And in the next quadrille Beauty danced by the side of a grass-cloth sack.

VI.

We will say nothing further of Mr. Buffum's Long Branch visit than that, instead of staying a day or two, as he had intended, he protracted his sojourn to an entire month; nor any thing concerning the results of that visit beyond the fact that the madly attached Mr. Poproy might be seen for hours at a time with irregular steps pacing the briny beach, or sitting in an arbor with his hat crushed over eyes which looked steadily across the solemn main. Neither do we make any introductory comments upon Mr. Buffum's resolution to visit Adolphus in his new home immediately and suddenly after the termination of his visit at Long Branch. We pass over every incident that might render a guide-book valuable, and disembark with Mr. Buffum from the Mississippi steamer at Numa Pompilius Landing. There, by a curious coincidence, he found Adolphus in readiness to receive the mail, that gentleman having been in the country three months, and therefore among those oldest inhabitants of new regions who get appointed postmaster. The youth was on horseback, but, dismounting and greeting him kindly, bade him sit down on a pile of wood by the landing while he went home after a cart for his baggage and himself. Mr. Buffum would have liked to walk, but Adolphus would not hear of such a thing, and rode post-haste to the house without waiting to listen to his guardian's logic. He had been absent scarcely half an hour when a negro appeared with a cart, and, loading Mr. B. with his baggage upon it, drove away to the rancho.

Mr. Buffum found it situated on a bold bluff overlooking the river. What an astonishing artistic eye the boy possessed! Already he had trained a convolvulus over the low door of the cottage, planted a profusion of Cherokee roses against the walls, and inclosed quite a

neat yard and flourishing garden within a rustic fence. He brought Mr. Buffum into a somewhat plain but exquisitely tidy room, with a sanded floor, on the right-hand side of the entrance, and gave him the best wooden chair, taking his own seat on a stool directly opposite.

"Let me see what sort of a house you've got; I want to go all over it!" exclaimed Mr. Buffum, endeavoring to waive the chair.

"No, not yet," answered Adolphus, firmly.

"Rest a while. Business before pleasure. I'll have my man get dinner in a minute, and after that we'll look at the improvements. You have business in your eye, Mr. Buffum. I can see it. Now out with it; get it off your mind and mine; I am really anxious. Let me know exactly what you've come for—extra, of course I mean, to paying me a kind and welcome visit."

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Buffum, checking the combative feeling aroused by the direct personal manner of his ward, "perhaps this time is as good as any. I will not hide from you that one motive of my journey was definitely and for the last time to ask you if you will obey your father's will and propose to Miss Lumley."

So saying, Mr. Buffum sat up straight in his most offensive logical manner, at the same time chuckling in secret to his very boots with the thought that an unparalleled opportunity for doing the magnanimous was close at hand.

Adolphus crossed his legs, rested his elbow on his knee, and looked his guardian full in the face.

"I will not deny," he proceeded to answer, mildly, "that since I came out into this Western wilderness, and have seen its hardships, my notions of life are very much changed. It will please you to hear that I have repented my foolish obstinacy. I now feel perfectly willing to do as you desire. I accept the condition, and am quite ready to unite the Shearsworth and Lumley properties. I will return eastward with you, address the lovely Charlotte, to whose beauty and accomplishments I am now conscious of having done such great injustice, and marry her immediately."

Through all this speech of Adolphus's Mr. Buffum, turning red and pale by turns, had been jerking uneasily on his chair, and the moment his ward concluded jumped up with a haste which sent that piece of furniture spinning behind him.

"You—will—marry—Miss Lumley—immediately—Sir?"

"On the spot, Mr. Buffum," answered Adolphus, with cheerful firmness.

"By Heavens! you will do no such thing! I—I—I—I—deny it, Sir!"

"Why, what in the world do you mean? Are you crazy, Sir?" replied the youth, standing up and surveying his guardian inquiringly, with his arms akimbo.

"Marry—marry, Sir? Crazy, Sir? What do I mean, Sir? How dare you talk of marrying a lady whom you never saw—on the spot?"

"Where else should I marry her? Really, your conduct is most inexplicable. Suppose I should tell her that you, her father's old friend, had made every effort to bring us together; had absolutely bullied me into wooing her; though a rich man himself, had threatened to beggar me if I didn't; and, finally, had come all this fifteen hundred miles for the express purpose of getting my promise to do so—do you imagine that her kind heart (dear girl! I'm already romantically in love with her for it!) would permit her to reject me—me, Sir, a man in every way eligible?"

"Good Heavens! The matchless effrontery of the young animal!" groaned Mr. Buffum, dazedly.

"Of course I shall use every inducement in my power. I shall tell her all you have said; the urgent motives you have brought to bear on me; and, with such an influence seconding me, she must be more or less than human not—"

"You shall do no such thing. You can not—will not—shall not—*dare* not tell her—you—"

"Ah! ah! A light breaks in upon my mind! You *wish* me to refuse proposing to her, and would fain pocket my estates yourself! But I see through your treacherous blinds. I *will* propose to her!"

"You shall not!"

"I *will*! I'll sit down and write to her this very day! I'll follow my letter to her feet! I'll lay myself and all I have there. I'll use all your entreaties with her! I'll go by the very next boat!"

Belah Buffum sank into the wooden chair again, and silently folded his arms, the picture of Napoleon after the field of Waterloo. Adolphus resolutely continued:

"Yes, Sir; I'll obey my honored father's will! And still more, I'll expose to Miss Lumley—(sweet, *sweet* girl! how I pant to press her to my impassioned bosom!)—the knavery of the man who has practiced on that parent's orphan son! She and all the world shall know how artfully you awakened a young man's opposition to his best interests by your ill-timed coercion, intending all the while that he should be irritated into a course which must leave him penniless and you doubly rich! I shall blazon it, Sir! And in that day you will find your *logic* but a poor defense!"

"Oh! Oh! Adolphus, my dear boy, for Heaven's sake be reasonable—be logical. *Hear me—*"

"Penitently confess, then, how you have wronged me, and release all my property forthwith. Confess! sign! seal! deliver!—before the mail goes out, for then it will be too late."

"Adolphus, my dear boy, will you listen to a solemn confidence I am about to repose in you?"

"Proceed, Sir, if you have aught to say in extenuation."

With his eyes fixed upon the sanded boards, and all combativeness vanished from his manner, Mr. Buffum tremulously continued:

"After you left me I went down to Long Branch. There, for the first time since her early childhood, I saw *Miss Lumley*. Before I knew it I fell—that is to say, I became attached to her. And—in an hour—when I thought not—of my duties—as executor—of your father's will—I proposed—to her—and was—accepted."

"*What!* Accepted by my testamentary wife?"

"Forgive your true friend—one who made all his previous representations and entreaties to you with the most unselfish sincerity—forgive him when he says—*yes*. She loves me—I love her—and we shall be—married—unless you—make these fearful—disclosures which you have just threatened. But why should you make them? Oh, be rational! Look at it calmly, logically, and—pity me, Adolphus!"

"A pretty man you are to talk of logic and reason! Was it on their scientific principles that you defrauded me of my father's conditional, contingent, testamentary, and lovely daughter-in-law?"

"Adolphus! I am human."

"Glad to hear you acknowledge it for the first time in my life! Well; I am human too, and lean to the side of mercy—as you *didn't* when you swore you'd keep all my property. I'll let you off on one condition. Sign an acknowledgment that Miss Lumley, by accepting you, has put it out of my power to fulfill my father's testament, and an agreement on the day I attain my majority to deliver me my entire patrimony. This may be of no value as a legal instrument; but I shall keep it as my safeguard till I attain my property; and if any opposition on your part occurs to my entrance on the estate, I publish it to the world! Otherwise it remains in close privacy between us, to be burned when the statute of limitations has made my title irrefragable. Will you sign such a paper?"

"Will you sign a counter-promise never to disclose the efforts I have made to enforce your fulfilling the condition of the will?"

"Yes; to be held binding unless you break *yours*."

"Bring the ink and paper, then, Adolphus."

The two instruments were speedily signed, sealed, and exchanged.

"Now," said Adolphus, "let us forget all past differences. Here is my hand. Come and let me show you the improvements."

As they rose the young man gave a long, shrill whistle, which was followed by a pattering of feet on the other side of the partition. He led Mr. Buffum to the further door of the room, threw it open, and said, with a malicious twinkle:

"Enter—*Improvements!*"

There, in the doorway, stood Mrs. Burrill, and a beautiful young woman whom Mr. Buffum had never seen before.

"Bless my soul! Why, *Mrs. Burrill!* And whom have we here besides, Adolphus?"

"You're a logical man; do as you've so often told me to—'Draw your conclusions.'"

"Miss Lottie Burrill?"

"Shrewd guess, and not so far out of the way for three months ago. By the present almanac, however, *wrong*. Mrs. Adolphus Shearsworth, Mr. Buffum."

"You young rascal! Married, and without my consent?"

"None of *that*, Sir! Did you seek *mine*? Make friends, and ask no questions."

"My dear Mrs. Adolphus! I am so charmed to meet you that I don't knock your husband down! Well, well! Upon my soul, Adolphus, I can't blame you—not having seen Miss Lumley, I should have done the same myself! No offense to you, Mrs. 'Dolph. You know I've run away with your husband's first wife already!"

"Yes, Mr. Buffum; and the humanity you showed by it does you great honor. We've known of that this good while!" And Mrs. Adolphus took her husband's guardian laughingly by the hand.

"Known it this good while? Why, what do you mean by that?"

"Just what she says," answered Adolphus.

"You don't happen to enjoy the acquaintance of a person named Poproy, do you?"

"I've met him," replied Mr. B., dryly.

"He was an old schoolmate of mine before I went to Aristotle Cottage. When you wrote me you were going to Long Branch, and expected to see Miss Lumley there, I remembered that his family always summered at Laird's, and wrote him, asking to be kept informed of your movements. Fancy my astonishment when a letter came announcing the authentic watering-place rumor that you are the accepted lover of Miss Lumley! I got ready for you, you may be sure!"

"Oh, the young dog!" ejaculated Mr. Belah Buffum.

"Oh no! For Miss Lumley's sake you can afford to be very generous to poor little Poppy! And now, wife and mother, let's take Guardy in to dinner!"

In the visits which one of Missouri's wealthiest and most influential young planters makes yearly to Aristotle Cottage, with his wife, mother-in-law, and a youth in dimity bibs, baptized "Buffum Lumley," the three women become all the more intimate friends as they laugh over with each other their once so complicated relations. As for the men, they are more than brothers. It is a standing joke, at the dinners which celebrate those happy reunions, for somebody to ask B. B. which, from the human and emotional point of view, he prefers—Love or Logic; and it is said that he invariably waves his hand at the beautiful woman sitting opposite him, and, although not so dogmatic as we found him in our earlier chapters, replies, in logical terms, "Draw your Conclusions!"

THE GRAVES AT NEWPORT.

THERE is a "testimony of the rocks," besides that which appeals to artist and geologist, of which the thoughtful wanderer along the deserted highways and quiet fields of Newport, late in the autumn, becomes aware. Those neglected landmarks of the past—the grave-stones—encountered so often in private domains and in lonely church-yards, in the stillness and solitude of the dying but radiant year, acquire a new emphasis and lure the memory and imagination into the realm of the departed; their worn inscriptions, names, dates, and tributary legends appealing to historical associations, local memory, and humane sentiment.

Perhaps a ramble among the graves of Newport will be found to inspire significant recollections and reward a sympathetic survey; for no portion of New England abounds with more varied and interesting elements of character and history, of which mortuary relics are often the chief memorials.

The most remote of these relics of the dead are the Indian mounds, few of which are now discoverable; yet, within a few years, one was opened on the other side of the bay, and revealed many curious historical vestiges, among them numerous utensils of Dutch manufacture, indicative of the aboriginal trade with Manhattan, when the Narragansets exchanged their peltry with the New Amsterdam burghers for pipes, pipkins, and cutlery. The most melancholy of these last mile-stones of life's journey are the isolated ones on the lonely shore near Brenton's Reef—daily passed by gay equestrians in the summer—for they mark the last resting-place of shipwrecked mariners whose bodies were there cast ashore by the tempest to find a nameless grave in a strange land.

One of the most attractive, from endearing associations, of the groups of graves on the island is the burial-ground of St. Mary's—five miles from the town—for that rural temple recalls the benign presence of the lady who built it, and now sleeps in its shadow—a generous and high-toned woman, who for so many years gracefully dispensed the hospitalities of Oaklands amidst the beautiful trees she had planted in her youth. Who that ever enjoyed her greeting can forget the little parlor with its fine paintings, the garden with its odoriferous shrubs, the sweeping branches of the Norway pine, the refreshing copse of oak-trees, the delectable tea-table with its old-fashioned service and seasonable fruits, the often eminent and memorable guests, and, above all, the genial dignity and gracious cheerfulness of the lady of the manor, with her many rural dependents, her liberal charities, her fond but humble love of her Church, the evening prayer, the kindly chat, the fond welcome, and the sweetness and serenity of the scene and the visit? That little cemetery of St. Mary's was newly consecrated to those who there stood on one of the first beau-

tiful Sabbaths of a recent summer, beside the grave of Sarah Gibbs. The little stone church on the hill, the crowd of well-dressed and sad-looking farmers, the troop of children bringing flowers to scatter on the coffin of their benefactress, the vivid and tearful memories that then and there arose in the hearts of the gathered friends, of her uniform goodness, noble nature, and Christian womanhood, the impressive rites of the Church she so loved and labored for, the fresh green of tree and turf, the bright, soft, solemn day, all made up an experience now hallowed to memory, love, and faith. A remarkably appropriate monument has recently been erected over the remains of this venerated lady. It is of the sarcophagus type, of fine granite; a cross is rounded from the apex in a most graceful manner; the monograms *Alpha* and *Omega* are cut in relief upon each end; on one side is the inscription: "SARAH GIBBS. Died June 17th, 1847, *Æt.* 84;" on the other: "Founded this Church, 1847." This chaste and original monument was designed by the accomplished American architect Richard M. Hunt.

The original emigrants from the "Old Country" brought with them the family instincts and traditional habits of a mature civilization. Next to "freedom to worship God," and the desire of improving their position and condition in life, or rather as an essential means and method of securing the latter blessing, they attached great value and interest to the possession of land, not merely as an agricultural resource, but a permanent investment—a home, the scene of domestic sympathy and the nucleus of civic and social dignity and enjoyment. To own land was to have a foothold in the world, to cherish local pride and love, to rear and endear children, and found ancestral estates. There was an auspicious conservatism of feeling and practice in those days which, in the view of a rational and loyal nature, reproaches our nomadic habits and the avarice that disintegrates all local attachment and saps all family pride. The ambition of every honest soul, the joy of every loving heart, was then to have a Home, in the true old English meaning of the word—a home to grow up in, to become identified with, to foregather about for bridal, birthday, and religious festival, to return to from adventurous forays into the great world, to associate with venerable age and joyous infancy and thoughtful manhood, to remember with the dreams of youth, with the mutual cares of life, the triumph and the trial, the cozy comfort and wise counsel, with filial, parental, and fraternal love, with the solemn shadow of bereavement, and the glad reunion of prosperity—a home wherein to be born and to die, and within whose familiar, endeared, and transmitted domain to be buried. And therefore it was that almost every large farm had its little cemetery.

Roaming over the fields one comes upon these neglected graves unexpectedly; climbing a fence he peers down into a small inclosure, and among the high grass sees a cluster of old

grave-stones with the familiar names of some old Newport family. Strolling through the grounds of a villa he discovers, in a shady nook, the relics of another family burial-ground; sad and significant tokens of that change of property and proprietorship, of times and habitudes—common indeed to all places and people—the law of human vicissitude, but nowhere so rapid, complete, and profane as in this busy, eager, self-reliant, prosperous, and irreverent land.

There is, however, one striking exception to this abandonment and neglect of the old family cemeteries in Newport. No sojourner can have passed the Ruggles farm and stone house, at the upper extremity of Spring Street, without having noticed with pleasure the neatness and care manifest in the little burying-ground by the road-side. About an acre is inclosed by a handsome stone-wall, with an iron gate in the central front, over which is chiseled, in gilt letters, "*Coggeshall, 1854.*" The interior is kept in perfect order—the turf smooth and green; the stones free from stain, some lateral and others upright, designate the graves of several generations of the family; in the centre is a granite obelisk, the base of which is inscribed, "*To the Memory of John Coggeshall, First President of this Colony: died Nov. 27, 1649, Æt. 57.*" On the upper part is written, "*Erected by a Lineal Descendant, 1855*"—the same who, having thus renewed and embellished the last resting-place of his ancestors, by a testamentary provision has insured its continued order and preservation by the civic authorities of Newport.

The history of religious sects may be recognized in the cemeteries. Thus, in the School-house Yard, on Church Street, two or three upright grave-stones hidden amidst bushes and weeds mark the site of the Moravian church, since converted into an Episcopal chapel—the sect having died out in the place. The comparatively few and fresh stones near where the first little Catholic church stood in High Street evidence the late advent of that denomination, while the larger area devoted to their dead adjacent to the Island Cemetery and the new Stone Church, with its fine organ, stained glass windows, and crowds of worshippers, prove the rapid increase of Irish emigration to Newport. How different the associations, historical and social, awakened by the Oriental letters of the Hebrew graves, the aristocratic emblems of the Episcopal tombs, the plain household appellatives of the Friends' burying-ground, and the thickly-planted crosses inscribed to Patrick, Bridget, or Honora, of the counties of Limerick or Killarney! Amidst the versatile influx of sects the Romanists were the last to obtain a "local habitation and a name" here; and now, as elsewhere in the land, they constitute a prevalent and growing element of the population.

But there is a yet greater sectarian significance in the diversities of sepulchral inscriptions than that involved in name, nativity, and emblem. The Jews compute time from the Creation, and the Christians from the birth of

the Saviour, while the Quakers repudiate the Roman calendar—thus, as it were, defining and emphasizing their views of eternity by their method of signalizing time!

There is another distinction in the graves of the island whereof no record appears: many of the oldest are unmarked even by a hillock—a precaution needful in the perilous infancy of the colony to elude the vindictive custom of its savage enemies, who, when cognizant of the place of burial, would desecrate the graves to scalp the corpses of the settlers.

Two of "God's Acres," as the Germans so beautifully designate the burial-places of their dead, in their vicinity to each other and the Baptist and Quaker meeting-houses, indicate with mute eloquence the normal elements of local civilization here initiated. The one is a narrow yard where the grass is thick and tangled, and a few dark, sepulchral stones, milled with age, stand like primitive symbols of the people's growth and grace. One is of recent date, having been erected to preserve the fading inscription of its more lowly original by the town of Newport in 1839, on the second centennial anniversary of the settlement:

"To the memory of WILLIAM CODDINGTON, Esq., that illustrious man who first purchased this island from the Narraganset Sachems Canonibus and Matinomo, for and on account of himself and seventeen others, his associates in the purchase and settlement. He presided many years as Chief Magistrate of the Island and Colony of Rhode Island, and died, much respected and lamented, Nov. 1, 1678, aged 78 years."

Chosen in England as "Assistant of the Bay Colony," in 1630, he accompanied the Governor who brought the charter, and was for a considerable period Treasurer of Massachusetts, and a prominent merchant of Boston, and is said to have built the first brick house erected there. The civic intolerance of the authorities in matters of religion, and especially "the proceedings of the Court against Mr. Wheelwright," so alienated his sympathies and aroused his indignation that he sacrificed the prosperous career there opened to him, and even "his improvements at Braintree," and sought a more free and congenial home. He took secret counsel with Sir Henry Vane and Roger Williams.*

* "This island was purchased," says the historian of the State, "through the joint influence of Roger Williams and Sir Henry Vane, in 1631; for grass on the other islands, forty fathoms of white pease, ten coats, and twenty hose to the resident Indians to vacate, and five fathoms of wampum to the local sachems." Many of the leading settlers were Puritans from Massachusetts. A whipping-post, stocks, and tavern were soon erected. Among the earliest municipal regulations was a game law forbidding deer to be shot for two months, "so that the wolves should come after them and be killed." The first export was lumber. So inimical were the neighboring provinces on account of the "liberty pledge," which included Jews and Pagans, as well as different Christian sects, that the inhabitants were obliged to enter into a treaty with the Dutch of Manhattan for provisions and trade. Spring Street was so called on account of a spring on the west side, near where the State-house now stands. Thames Street was originally a marsh. The State seal was a sheaf of arrows, with the motto *Amor vincit*

Coddington, a fugitive from the same illiberal spirit, and with a small company, fixed his abode on this salubrious isle, determined that here "Christians of every denomination should lead quiet and peaceable lives, without any interference for their speculative opinions." His name is identified with a just and benign administration, and was gratefully bestowed on a neck and cove of the island, whereby they are still familiarly known. He obtained the early charter for the colony; and those who have studied his career and character rank him high among the primitive magistrates of New England and apostles of freedom; one of whom has declared that, "in 1641 Coddington and his associates enacted the first law granting complete religious liberty ever embodied in the legislation of a civilized nation."²

Besides the graves of the first Governor's kindred, and among other ancient memorials, is a square, low pillar of granite, with cornice and pediment, bearing the inscription: "*Here lyeth the body of HENRY BULL, Esq., late Governor of this Colony, who died Jan. 23d, 1693, aged 85.*" And on the other side, "*ANNE CLATTON, his second wife, and widow of Nicholas Easton; died Jan. 31, 1707*"—names still prevalent and honorably associated with the annals of the infant settlement and its subsequent prosperity.

A short walk, amidst old wooden dwellings and grass-grown streets, from the graves of the ancient Governors, brings us to a level field of turf inclosed by a light iron paling, and intersected by a few widely separated lines of graves—all comparatively of late date. There is a formality and, as it were, reticence in the aspect of this cemetery characteristic of the Friends. Until within a few years it was against the strict rules of the Society to designate the graves of their dead by any visible token or inscription; hence the broad, unmarked area. And it is curiously indicative of the encroachments of the spirit of the age upon this once rigid sect that now head-stones are allowed, but the record confined to the name and date of decease. Those we here behold bear names which are household words in Newport, like TAYLOR and TOWNSEND, BRINLEY and BUFFUM, SLOCUM, ANTHONY, COZZENS, CARR, WILBUR, and WEAVER.

Despite the prohibition as regards mortuary inscriptions, the registers of the Friends are the most complete and authentic record of births, marriages, and deaths. This is a fruit of the methodical and scrupulous habits of the Society. Nor is it the only trait and triumph which the Quaker element imparts to civic life. The order, self-control, and fraternal principles of the Friends had much to do with the pro-

omnia. A settled purpose was displayed by the Puritan colonies, soon after the charter was received by Rhode Island, to set it aside, and active measures were adopted at Plymouth to this end. Portsmouth was the first part of the island settled.—*Arnold's History of Rhode Island.*

* Dr. David King.

gress and peace of old Newport. There is something peculiarly endearing in their memory. Costume, mode of address, and suppression of wrath were characteristics that lent a certain exclusiveness and dignity to their palmy days on this island. Frugal, industrious, unimpassioned, their homes were abodes of peace and plenty; their daughters proverbially beautiful; their hospitality and honor graceful distinctions. Charles Lamb, enamored of their silent worship and marvelous equanimity, and smitten with the gentle Hester, was disenchanted by what he deemed their supreme vanity in believing themselves special recipients of the Holy Spirit. But, in all worldly arrangements, this besetting sin was provided against; and this fact alone must have increased the salient contrast they here afforded of old to the Jews, Episcopalians, French officers, and Baptists. The former's last representatives here made Friends trustees of their temple and cemetery; and many of the latter sect joined them when, as Governors of the colony and social as well as thrifty leaders, they so largely illustrated the resources and the reputation of the island.

Originally driven hither from Boston by the persecution so tenderly delineated by Hawthorne in his story of the "Gentle Bay," for a hundred and thirty years chief magistrates of the settlement, their names are among the earliest on the grave-stones and in the town records, and among the men whose benefactions and examples, and the women whose traditional loveliness endear the past. Quakerism here, it is justly claimed, was rational, free, and brave: Friends from Rhode Island fought in the Revolution, "under strong temptation." It was at Coddington's house that George Fox held his first meeting in Newport.

One of the last saints of this order died not long since, and her long and patient illness was cheered by the sympathy of all sects, who recognized the olden faith, rectitude, and piety in her simple, earnest, and divine resignation. With her the sweet *thee* and *thou* seem to have died away; but the Yearly Meeting still brings its crowd of drab coats and spotless caps, straight waists and broad brims; and on such an occasion, here in the old scene of their supremacy, our noble Quaker poet humorously lamented the falling away of the brethren:

"There are those who take note that our numbers are small—

New Gibbons who write our decline and our fall;
But the Lord of the seed-field takes care of his own,
And the world shall yet reap what our sowers have sown.

"The last of the sect to his fathers may go,
Leaving only his coat for some Barnum to show;
But the truth will outlive him, and broaden with years,
Till the false dies away, and the wrong disappears."

The memorials of Hebrew sojourn in Newport are unique among the relics of by-gone times in New England, and among the most

striking evidences of the triumphant conservatism of the race. The freshness and order that distinguish the abandoned synagogue and unvisited cemetery reproach the neglected temples and sepulchres of those who trust to local attachment and living kindred to guard their shrines and ashes. With that pervading and indomitable fidelity which has kept the scattered people intact and their faith vital through ages of exile and oppression, the wealthier survivor, by testamentary provision, kept "decently and in order" the graves and place of worship here long since deserted. Touro Street perpetuates the name of the testator, whose thoughtful care for the departed of his race daily suggests itself as a benign evidence of ancient civilization. After the terrible earthquake at Lisbon a company of Jews embarked thence for America; their precise destination was not settled, and the captain of the vessel on board which they were passengers intended to land them on the Virginia coast. Adverse and violent winds led him to seek refuge in Narraganset Bay. Allured by the tolerant laws and spirit of Newport, the Israelite emigrants determined to remain there—thus adding a new element to the curious diversity of faith and nativity which signalized the colony.

Along the crest of the hill on the slope and at the base of which the town is built, a street angle is marked by a plain square granite gateway, over which is cut in bold relief a winged globe, and on the pillars inverted torches, while through the iron railing are seen a few tall hemlocks, a drooping willow, and masses of shrubbery, whence in the soft, damp summer evenings exhale garden fragrance, and through the dense foliage cenotaph, slab, and column glimmer. Neat, silent, and shaded, the little inclosure is passed with a careless glance by crowds of summer sojourners; but a poet's eye gleaned an impressive picture and sacred lesson from the "Jewish Cemetery at Newport."*

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves!

Close by the street of this fair sea-port town,
Silent beside the never silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent and of different climes;
Alvares and Riveriera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

Closed are the portals of their synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

* On the 24th of August, 1694, a ship arrived at Newport, Rhode Island, then the principal port of entry, from one of the West India islands with a number of Jewish families on board of wealth and respectability, who settled there. In a few years a congregation of sixty worshiped in the synagogue, which at length boasted eleven hundred and seventy-five worshippers. Gradually migrating to new States, not a resident Jew is now found in Newport—only their sepulchres remain.

Other Jewish emigrants from the West Indies and elsewhere followed their Portuguese brethren to Newport; and in 1763, when sixty families of wealth had settled there, the synagogue was erected at a little distance from the cemetery farther down Touro Street, a square brick edifice on a little plateau of green turf, substantially fenced in and always freshly painted and kept in perfect order. Over the comparatively new gate is the inscription on a stone entablature: "*Erected 5603, from a Bequest made by Abraham Touro.*"

Both the advent and exodus of the Jews at Newport is characteristic; and so are the few glimpses contemporary annals afford of their enterprise and influence. In 1750 Moses Lopez was excused, at his own request, from all civil duties, "on account of his gratuitous service to government in translating Spanish documents." Jacob Rod Riveriera, one of the fugitives from Lisbon, and his comrades established a spermaceti oil and candle factory on the island now called Fort Wolcott—the first experiment of the kind in the colonies, and long a monopoly here, and no inconsiderable source of wealth. From Newport the enterprise was carried to New Bedford. In the early days of the Lopez establishment his employes went out in boats and captured whales off the coast. Moses Lopez at one time owned twenty-seven square-rigged vessels, and his correspondence indicates large and honorable commercial relations. For many years Moses Seixas, as cashier of the Newport Bank, disbursed specie to the inhabitants; while Dr. Stiles loved to stroll along the Parade discussing some point of Oriental wisdom with the learned Rabbi Isaac Carigal.

The war of the Revolution dispersed the Jewish merchants. Their ships were nearly all taken by the enemy. And in 1799 their temple was deserted, though from time to time a few of the race accidentally there congregated to celebrate a feast, marriage, or funeral; for they reverently brought back their dead, and laid them to rest with the ashes of their forefathers. Moses Hays, a highly esteemed commercial man, removed to Boston, and was followed by Riveriera. Isaac Touro, the priest, and his two sons went to Jamaica, and one was long established in New Orleans. Aaron Lopez went to Providence, intending to return to Newport, but was accidentally drowned in Scott's Pond, near the former place. Cohen and Seixas, sacerdotal rabbis, ministered in the synagogues of Richmond and Charleston; Jacob Rodriguez, one of the spermaceti manufacturers, came back and died here; and the house near the mall, long the hospitable abode of Levy, became the home of the gallant Commodore Perry, and was occupied by his widow until her death. Thus departed from the old town one after another of the once busy and genial Hebrews, whose memorials are so faithfully conserved. It has become a proverb, since the mercenary aptitudes of watering-place life have demoralized the natives, that, although

not an Israelite remains, Jews abound at Newport.

In a neglected nook off one of the little-frequented streets that run from the centre of the town to the hill, unapparent except when sought out, are clustered the few old graves of the Clifton burying-ground, so called from the name of its ancient donor. Rank weeds have overgrown the pathless little inclosure, over which the poor dwellers of the neighborhood spread their washed garments to bleach—the only purpose for which the lonely spot is visited. Yet there, as the weather-stained head-stones declare, is the family tomb and several graves of the Wanton family, which furnished several efficient Governors to the colony, and whose annals well illustrate the process and progress through which fortune and position were, even at that early period, attained in New England by capacity and character. There is a portrait of one of the Governors' wives in the Redwood Library. Originally shipwrights, and able preachers among the Friends, their rectitude and industry, courage and good sense, advanced them in rank and wealth. The cause and manner of their emigration to Newport, as preserved by the family tradition, is characteristic of the times and people.

EDWARD WANTON had successfully carried on his vocation in Scituate, Massachusetts; but his zeal as a Quaker made him obnoxious to the other sects, and his non-compliance with the claim for church-rates to the civic prejudices of the people. Hospitable and kindly, his house was accessible to all, and it is said that, on one occasion, several of the tax-collectors dropped in upon him near the dinner-hour and were invited to partake of that repast; at the end of which they suddenly took possession of all the silver-ware on the table, and declared their intention to retain it until the tithes were paid. This proceeding greatly incensed the two sons of Wanton, and their indignation was intensified by severe personal allusions to their father's faith by the minister of the place, in his Sunday discourse. They determined to seek a more tolerant region, and at the same time punish the author of what they deemed an unjustifiable insult. Accordingly, they visited their clerical adversary late in the evening, and administered to him a drubbing; then rushed away, before an alarm could be given, and mounting swift horses, fled without drawing rein until they reached a tavern about half-way between Scituate and Newport. While recruiting themselves with a hasty meal some of the minister's flock arrived in hot haste in pursuit; whereupon they decamped by the back-door as the enemy came in at the front; mounted the fresh steeds provided for the latter, and soon arrived at what Neale, in his history of the Puritans, calls "the Paradise of New England." Here their craft was in demand, and their creed safe from interference.

Whether fact or fiction, the spirit thus shown was a family trait; for when, in 1706, a sloop

loaded with provisions was taken by a French privateer off Block Island, Captain John Wanton pursued with a volunteer crew, and in two or three hours captured both privateer and prize, and brought them into Newport. This exploit delighted the country and gained naval glory for Rhode Island. Four years previous to this achievement WILLIAM WANTON had been commissioned, while a shipwright of Portsmouth, to cruise with the *Greyhound* in Queen Anne's war, and returned after six months from the Gulf of St. Lawrence "crowned with brilliant success." When Governor Wanton died, in 1733—and again and again the name appears on the roll of colonial magistrates—it is recorded by the historian that "his long career of public service had endeared him to the colonists, and his daring naval exploits won him the regard of his sovereign." And this statement is confirmed by the fact that, when the two brothers were in England, they were received at court, and were presented by the Queen with a silver punch-bowl. Moreover, an addition to the family coat of arms was made, consisting of a game-cock alighting on a hawk.

This union of martial prowess with Friendly tenets was peculiar to the Newport Quakers. One of the earliest of the Wanton name, on this side of the ocean, is believed to have embraced the doctrine of that sect from the interest excited in his mind when witnessing at Boston, in an official capacity, the earnest testimony of Mary Dyer, who, having visited the capital of the Bay State on a mission of the Spirit, was warned, on her reappearance whipped, and, for the third attempt, hanged—a martyrdom which drove many from the spiritual tyranny of that colony to the "soul freedom" initiated by Williams at Aquidneck.

Governor JOSEPH WANTON was a loyalist, and after being suspended for his lukewarm administration of public sentiment as embodied in local law, in 1775, was finally deposed. Even with this blot on the scutcheon of the Wantons, their names stand brightly forth on the colonial record. Their services were eminent and their characters superior; so that the stranger who unexpectedly comes upon their neglected graves marvels at the public indifference thus manifest, and would fain see a Rhode Island Old Mortality piously renew the inscription and revive the record of their worth.

Here, too, is the grave of ISAAC RODMAN—venerable progenitor of a still faithful race, one of whose saintly descendants not long since left an endeared and placid memory; and, evidently to note the advent of the most dreaded pestilence of the olden time, near by, a stone is inscribed with the name of "PARDON TYLLINGHAST, who died of Small-Pox at Coasters' Island, 1775."

The memory of a daughter of Roger Williams (and wife of Clarke), whose remains are here buried, carries us back to the tolerant dawn of the isle's prosperity; while a massive

slab of friable slate, whence the inscription is half effaced by time and the elements, marks the last resting-place of ABRAHAM REDWOOD, and reproaches the recipients of his liberal bequest for their forgetfulness of his sepulchre. The graceful Doric structure that crowns the adjacent hill is, however, his best monument. No marble effigy or emblazoned shrine equals in permanence and vital beauty an intellectual legacy, whether the written thought or the means of culture associated with the beneficence of the departed.

When the literary club of old Newport—boasting such erudite members as Callender, Ellery, Honyman, and Samuel Johnson, afterward President of Columbia College, New York, and subsequently reinforced by such brave and genial scholars as Berkeley and Stiles—had long exercised their wits in learned debates and wise social sympathies, the idea of making the association subservient to permanent intellectual culture by the establishment of a library was confirmed by the prompt generosity of the prosperous merchant from Antigua, an efficient promoter of education and charities, whose fortunes had so thriven in the salubrious sea-port. His gift of five hundred pounds for the purchase of books induced the subscription of five thousand by his fellow-citizens for the erection of a building, to which they gratefully gave his name. Insignificant as an enterprise like this would appear now, when the establishment of libraries is a common occurrence, then it was an event of singular interest and influence. Books were a rare luxury; habitual readers few and scattered; aspirants for knowledge ill provided with resources, and obliged to seek them across the sea. Not only the mental training but the fortunes of the town were promoted by the little temple, which then stood in rural solitude on a turf esplanade called the Bowling Green. Men of study and thought were beguiled hither by the privilege. There Dr. Stiles mastered the Hebrew tongue, and luxuriated over a folio copy of Homer; and Channing, a pure and earnest youth, "spent day after day, and sometimes week after week, amidst the dusty volumes without interruption from a single visitor," in the days of decadence and desertion incident to the commercial eclipse after the Revolution.

By a rare coincidence at that period of "wooden lanterns," as Tudor calls the old New England meeting-houses, graceful designs were obtained for the proposed structure from Peter Harrison, assistant architect of Blenheim; and for many years it was the only pure exemplar in the Eastern States. A thing of beauty is not only a joy but an attraction forever; and this library was the nucleus of benefactions—first, from Henry Collins, who gave the land; and, long after, from his kinsman, Solomon Southwick, of Albany, who bestowed a land grant of one hundred and twenty acres. Redwood's grandson, "of Dorset Place, Marylebone," gave the homestead in Newport inher-

ed from his grandfather. Baron Hottinguer, the Paris banker, who married into the Redwood family, sent a good-will token of a thousand francs; Bishop Berkeley his "Minute Philosopher;" and Catherine Macaulay her "History of England." Ogilvie, Rogers, and Hunter successfully advocated its cause. Judah Touro gave two thousand dollars; and the artist, King, a native of Newport, bequeathed nine; while, as summer residents increased, books flowed in from friends on their travels, author sojourners, and lovers of education and letters; so that the gaps in the goodly array of standard English works made by the ruthless British invaders were gradually filled. The scope of the original charter was expanded by increasing the number of proprietors; and the once exclusive and partially frequented library became a popular reading-room and daily resort, yearly increasing its stores and enlarging its associations of interest and utility, whereof the origin dates from the public spirit of him who sleeps in the Clifton burying-ground. The establishment of the library bears date 1747; and Abraham Redwood, whose portrait, in the costume of that day, so appropriately adorns the walls, died March 6, 1788, at the age of 79. Truly it was written of him that, with an ample fortune, he was blessed with "a liberal spirit, which prompted him to encourage useful learning and relieve the distresses of mankind."*

The most familiar of the old cemeteries of Newport, to the casual visitor, is the little church-yard of old Trinity, through which the congregation pass to their weekly worship. It is full of historical interest, though many of the more ancient memorials must be sought in the records of the parish.† Recently some of the most interesting inscriptions have been renewed on fresh stones. Within the old-fashioned edifice, with its high pews and massive sounding-board, its quaint pulpit and choir, and the organ bearing the inscription, "The Gift of George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne," are mural tablets in memory of former pastors and endeared members; and around the portal cluster the graves of those whose names are associated with memorable epochs and events. Here lie buried the Rev. Marmaduke Brown, who died in 1771, and his wife (1767)—the stone erected by their son, who was born here, and died President of Trinity College, Dublin. Learning and piety have characterized the rectors of Trinity, from Honyman, who came as a missionary from London in 1704, to Dehon, afterward Bishop of South Carolina, and from Dr. Wheaton's thirty years' ministrations to the brief service of Dr. Vinton. One acquainted with the recent history of the venerable church, musing over its historical mementoes, can not but rejoice at the prosperous revival of its sacred influences and memories.

* *Newport Herald*, 1788.

† The clock in the steeple was presented to the congregation in 1733 by Jahleel Brenton, and continued to run without interruption for about 100 years.

A small obelisk designates the burial-place of the family of Dr. Hunter, a Scotch physician who emigrated to America in consequence of the rebellion of 1745. A rebel at home, he became a Tory here; he was a surgeon of the colonial regiments sent to Crown Point in the French war, delivered the earliest course of medical lectures in New England, and died while the English had possession of the town. His son was United States Chargé at Brazil, and a man of historical taste and liberal culture.

In the Hunter mansion—still one of the domestic landmarks of the olden time, though long since left behind by the march of improvement—died the young French Admiral whose grave-stone is adjacent, and bears the name of CAROLUS LUDOVICUS D'ARSAU DE TERNAY, and an elaborate Latin inscription, with the date 1780. He was one of our gallant allies who came hither in the squadron of Count d'Estaing, and cut off in the dawn of his career, it was believed, through chagrin at the escape of the British fleet. Tradition fondly conserves the fame of the young officer, whose funeral was an exceptional pageant in the annals of the town, nine priests and a corps of marines, with foreign and native officers, forming the cortège.*

One of Lafayette's aids, the Chevalier DE FAYELLER, is also buried here. These foreign names remind us of the social influence which the sojourn of the French officers in Newport, during and immediately subsequent to the Revolutionary war, exerted. Domesticated among the people, a new element was contributed both as regards pastime and opinion. The amiable manners of their guests, their ardent devotion to the gentler sex, and their fertility of resource in discourse and recreation, left more enduring traces than the initials and love-to-

* "The blockade, which obliged the French to remain inactive, had embittered many of them against M. de Ternay, as if it was in his power to control circumstances and the elements. 'They reproached him,' says the Duke de Launay, 'in the squadron and the army, in the most indecent manner.' He knew and deeply felt it. Whether it was the fatigue of the voyage, weariness of command, the influence of climate, or chagrin at being misunderstood, and finding himself blockaded by a superior force and unable to act, he fell ill on the 7th of December, 1780. His malady at first occasioned no anxiety, but on the 12th it assumed an aggravated and alarming character, and on the 15th he expired, amidst the regrets of all who knew how to appreciate his rare qualities, his brilliant military career, and his bravery. France lost in him one of her best marine commanders. He was buried in Newport, in the cemetery of the Anabaptists, where Louis Philippe, at a later period, caused a monument to be erected, with an inscription which recalls all the services he rendered to France."—*Étude Historique sur la Marine de Louis XVI.* Par Adolphe de Bouclon: Paris, 1866.

Rochambeau writes: "Je trouvai, à mon retour à Newport, le Chevalier de Ternay malade d'une fièvre qui ne donnoit aucune inquiétude. Je continuai mes reconnaissances sur Boston, où je fus à peine arrivé que je recus un courrier du Baron de Viomenil, qui m'apprit la mort du Chev. de Ternay. Ses plus grands ennemis ne pouront jamais lui refuser une grande probité, et qu'il ne fût un très-habile navigateur."—*Mémoires*, 1. 290.

kens still desecrated on the little casements of the older dwellings, and inscribed there with the diamonds of their rings. Somewhat of French latitude in matters of speculation, of ingenuity in the *cuisine*, and urbanity of manners lingered after the favored visitors had returned; while, on the other hand, more than one enthusiastic passage in their memoirs and correspondence testifies to the delectable impressions made on the gay Gauls by the Quaker beauties of the island.

Comparatively few as are the head-stones and tablets in this church-yard, to one cognizant of the historical associations connected with the names, vocations, and nativities thereon inscribed, the crowded and weather-stained memorials suggest the prominent events in the local annals of Newport. The foreign consuls and "searchers" of the King's Customs indicate the prosperous commercial epoch not less than the graves of the old merchants like GIBBS, "persevering in Industry, judicious in Enterprise, and faithful in Engagements;" and the origin of the church is associated with ROBERT GARDINER, one of its founders, "whose happiness it was to see it completely finished." The frequent emigration from the West India islands of English colonists is testified by many inscriptions: This, noting that "one of his Majesty's Council at Grenada;" and that, the fact that a "native of Jamaica" is here buried. The British occupation is signalized, not less than the French sojourn, by the grave-stone of a "Lieutenant of H. B. M.'s Sixty-second regiment of foot," and that of an officer of marines belonging to his Majesty's ship *Ross*; while the names of Brinley and Mason, Goulding and Duncan, Tweedy, Cowley, and Penrose revive the memory of the old colonial society. That of our time is recalled by the familiar name of a summer resident, or the "U. S. N." annexed to that of an American officer.

The tombstone of NATHANIEL KAY, Esq., "a colonial collector," whose name one of the streets of the town still bears, revives the benefactions wherewith his will endowed old Trinity. Kay left an estate on the site of what is known as the Engs house, consisting of several acres of land, in trust, to erect and maintain a Grammar School, as an appendage to Trinity Church—whose rector, as master, was to prepare gratuitously a certain number of youths for college. The building yet stands at the corner of School and Mary streets. Brown, the Oxford man, son of Rev. Marmaduke, was taught there. Bequests of this kind were the foundation of England's civilization, in the opinion of her scholars. The Kay property was sold in 1840 for only thirty-three thousand dollars. After the Revolution the edifice, designed as a classical, was used for a Sunday school; the trust fell into neglect, and the now highly valuable land sacrificed by a premature sale. Kay's mortuary slab, on the edge of which is cut the name of Bishop Berkeley's infant daughter, buried near, gently brings back the endeared recollec-

tion of that benign prelate's visit of three years to the colony—in whose subsequent welfare he manifested so lively an interest, and whose local traits and natural charms his letters first made known to Europe, as the single effusion of his muse commemorates the providential destiny of the land he so wisely appreciated. HONTMAN, the faithful clergyman who welcomed him to Newport, and whose farm, still called by his name, near Berkeley's rural abode by the Paradise Rocks, lives in history as the scene of the battle whose bulwarks yet furrow the green meadows of Honyman's Hill, is, with many of his family, also buried in the church-yard of Trinity. His son was for several years king's attorney. A few symbols yet designate the scene as dear to Tory hearts—a gilded crown, heraldic devices, names that are enrolled in English universities or figure in the genealogy of the county nobility—vividly recall the old tenacious love and pride that bound the hearts of certain of the colonists to the mother country, the treasonable sympathy that befriended the English invaders in the war of Independence (in some instances punished by confiscation), scoffed at the departing volunteers as destined to the halter, and maintained a proud exclusiveness among the various sects as aristocratic representatives of the Establishment beyond the sea.

A more individual representative of the proud and free life of the more adventurous colonists may be found in GODFREY MALBONE, whose family monuments here cluster. His dwelling-house on the border, though quite inland, of the bay, a mile or more from the town, was a famous mansion in colonial times; not many years ago the huge box hedge and other vestiges of antique ornament gave no inadequate idea of the old-fashioned garden; on its site some remarkable cedars yet stand. The gilded cornices and rich panel-work of the villa were rare for those days. The stone of which the walls were built was imported from abroad, and is still incorporated in the neat and substantial edifice which occupies its place. Walking once with the late hospitable owner of the domain over the lawn, he thrust aside the path gravel with his foot, and showed me the trap-door which led to a subterranean passage whose outlet was on the shore—evidently a means of secret communication, once used for smuggling and other unlawful purposes. In 1745 two of Malbone's privateers were lost in a gale, and Newport had two hundred widows in consequence. Tradition says that buccaneers were here entertained, and, when heated with wine, enlisted by the sagacious host for a new venture. Large sums were recovered from him in England for his spoiliations of the Dutch. A branch of his family were long resident in Virginia, and one of them sought to dissuade Washington from embarking in the cause of Independence. The hospitality of Godfrey Malbone was as proverbial as his recklessness and his prosperity. Among other tales that have come down to us, it is said that

when the "most superb mansion in the colonies" caught on fire, he coolly ordered the dinner-table to be removed to the lawn, and continued the feast in sight of his burning house, whose destruction is ascribed to the fastidious pride of his wife, who objected to any intrusion of plebeian feet into her elegant drawing-rooms—even to extinguish an imminent conflagration. The fact of the fire is recorded in the *Newport Mercury* of June 7, 1766, and attributed to a spark from the kitchen chimney and a windy day.

Godfrey Malbone was one of those adventurous traders who, ostensibly engaged in regular traffic, sometimes combined therewith a lawless enterprise.* Sending his vessels from Newport to the coast of Africa with a cargo of rum, thence to Jamaica with slaves, and home freighted with molasses, with orders to capture a Spanish galleon by the way if circumstances favored.

Conviviality was the normal habit of such men and those days, and their blood was transmitted by other than legitimate currents. Yet a certain social rank and personal consideration coexisted with this license; and the second generation became more civilized, as in this instance, for Godfrey Malbone, the son, an Oxford graduate, built a church in Connecticut; and Edward Malbone, in a collateral branch of the next generation, was one of the most skillful and refined of artists, and gracious and gifted of men.

Few of the hundreds who pass daily up and down Pelham Street are conscious of the fact that they are walking over the former extensive domain of EDWARD PELHAM, Esq., whose last will and testament identifies the "Old Mill" on the summit of the hill as his original property—an unique landmark long the subject of archaeological debate, and attributed to the Northmen, but now acknowledged to be the counterpart of similar structures in some of the English counties. It has, however, as one of the rare local antiquities of our country, furnished a suggestive theme to novelist and poet. Cooper availed himself thereof in the "Red Rover," and Longfellow found inspiration therefrom in "The Skeleton in Armor."

* In the year 1745 there were ten privateers owned in Newport, as follows:

1. Ship *Fame*, of 24 carriage guns and 176 men.
2. Brig *Prince Frederick*, Peter Marshal master, 18 carriage guns (nine-pounders), 80 swivels, and 18 blunderbusses, with a crew of 180 men.
3. One of considerable force commanded by Captain John Dennis.
4. One commanded by Captain Carr, name and force not stated.
5. One commanded by Captain William Dunbar, with a crew of 70 men.
6. One named the *Hector*, Captain Higgins, force not stated.
7. One named the *Cæsar*, Captain Griffith, force not stated.
8. One commanded by Captain Fry, name and force not defined.
9. One commanded by Captain Robert Norris, name and force not stated.
10. One commanded by Captain John Sweet, name and force not stated.

One of the largest dwellings in the street, distinguished by its heavy and high portico and pillars, is built on the site of an old cemetery which was formerly attached to the church where Hopkins preached, and where he was originally buried.

Behind a screen of shrubbery in the yard of this mansion are several sepulchral tablets, marking the graves of Governor Arnold and his family. Some of them bear the coat of arms of the Pelhams. The earliest legible date is that of 1727, when "Governor Benedict Arnold, of Newport," died. Another Governor's, of the same name, is dated 1740. There is also a slab with the name of EDWARD PELHAM, 1774; one inscribed CHACE, 1745; and the latest, JOHN BANNISTER, 1830.

These few memorials of the old Congregational burying-ground identify the family sepulture of an historical race in the annals of the island. The Rhode Island Arnolds are a branch of the traitor's ancestry, but of quite diverse character and fame. The old colonial flag which belonged to Governor Arnold, and was concealed during the war of Independence, and displayed with the establishment of American liberty, is still preserved with the venerable official chair of state he occupied. It is a noteworthy coincidence that the names of original settlers and prominent early citizens of Newport, many of which are now extinct among the living, not only are preserved on the mortuary records of the grave-yard, but are the familiar street nomenclature. Thus we have "Pelham," "Kay," "Bull," "Dixon," and other streets; "Brenton's Reef," "Coddington's Cove," "Bannister's Wharf," etc.

While CHANNING was wrestling not only with the antagonistic forces of his own soul into "victorious clearness," but with the despairing creed of the old Puritan theology, and reading, with exultant tears, the benign psychology of Price and Hutcheson, another of the representative clergy familiar to him and the Newport community was delving in the theological mine to confirm and intensify that creed, with a singleness of purpose and a disinterested devotion which won the respect even of those most revolted by his doctrine. In the yard of the Congregational church in Spring Street, a large freestone edifice, beneath a grand old walnut-tree, and curtained by a vine of Virginia creeper spreading over the adjacent wall, and in autumn magnificent with scarlet and crimson hues, is a solitary grave marked by a broad tablet of massive slate, and thus inscribed:

"In Memory of SAMUEL HOPKINS, Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Newport, who departed this life Dec. 20th, 1818, in the 83d year of his age; whose faithful attention to the duties of his pastoral office and whose valuable writings will recommend his character when this monument, erected by his bereaved flock, shall, with the precious dust it covers, cease to be distinguished."

A more remarkable combination of implacable theory and benevolent disposition never, perhaps, were united as in Hopkins. Born in

Connecticut, and a farmer's boy until the age of fifteen, he graduated at Yale, and studied theology with Jonathan Edwards, whose example, doubtless, inspired him with the desire to vindicate the special dogmas he preached, by a theological treatise and metaphysical arguments. Unattractive as a pulpit orator, poorly supported by a limited parish, but self-reliant, unselfish, and a student by nature and habit, he spent nine years upon his dry and dreary work, and received therefor from its publisher nine hundred dollars—a sum far exceeding his modest expectations. Some of the old people in Newport recall his tall figure clad in a black gown, girded around the loins with a leather belt, and his black silk skull-cap, as he walked to church followed by a faithful negro sexton. One remembers sitting in the gallery of the bare, cold “wooden lantern” and watching the lighters coming up the bay through the high window, while Dr. Hopkins, in a harsh and unmodulated voice, expounded “foreknowledge, will, and fate” to a sparse but attentive group. The vast importance then and there attached to polemics, the prevalence of Theology as a doctrine or science over Religion as an experience and a sentiment, are impressively illustrated by the zeal and patience with which this learned and pious man wrought at his system, which, in the estimation of those who agree with him, had and still has a vital influence upon religious thought and faith, but which the progress of science and the liberal and comprehensive range of modern faith and feeling now renders an abstract theory in comparison to practical Christian living and earnest religious devotion.

At all events, there are few of any sect in our day who would not find the elaborate work of Hopkins hard reading. The character of the man was so upright and kindly that in the popular mind it was separated from that of the writer. His eccentricities remind one of Dominie Sampson, and have furnished a female novelist with hints, which she has, however, greatly exaggerated and modified in “The Minister's Wooing.” Intrepid in behalf of the right, Hopkins was one of the earliest opponents of Slavery and Intemperance. Newport Gardiner, the pious black sexton, who taught the singing-school, and was his *protégé* and convert, he sent to Liberia as a missionary.

On one occasion where he heard “Walking Stewart,” the famous pedestrian, expressing atheistical opinions in the Redwood Library: “You fool,” he exclaimed, “were it not for God you could not move a step from where you stand.” Three-quarters of his time was passed in study, and, but for the thoughtfulness of his parishioners, he would have often gone without his dinner. He corresponded with the abolitionists of Europe, and dedicated his “Dialogues concerning the Slavery of the Africans” to the Continental Congress and signers of the Declaration of Independence. A professed believer in the eternal damnation of the majority of his race, he yet proclaimed the belief—prob-

ably derived from consciousness—in human disinterestedness. Profoundly learned, he was a lover of little children. Tenacious of his personal beliefs, he was indifferent to personal comfort. Artless in manner and feeling, affectionate in intercourse, patriotic, indefatigable in research, a dauntless and pioneer social reformer, he was, at the same time, the stern expositor of the old theology. “Without his works,” writes his biographer, “no one can understand the religious history of New England.” Too severe for the moderate Calvinists of Massachusetts, where he was first settled, he could not assimilate with the fashionable and convivial society of Newport; unprepossessing in aspect, but kindly in manner, full of knowledge, abstracted, indigent, candid, cruel in speculation yet tender in life, his image and career illustrate a phase and form of the clerical character now all but obsolete, yet original and significant to the student of the past.

Newport, as the resort and the resource of extremists, early became a nucleus for controversy and creeds as well as for enterprise. “The Aquidneck settlements,” says Arnold, “for many years increased more rapidly than those on the main land. The accessions appear to have been, for the most part, from a superior class in point of education and social standing, which, for more than a century, secured a controlling influence in the colony.” But, in addition to a better order of culture, the religious element from the first permeated the social life of Newport. “The Aquidneck settlers,” says Callender, “were Puritans of the highest form.” Yet nowhere did Puritanism become so soon and essentially modified by tolerant agencies. Winthrop complains “they gathered a church in a very disordered way; for they took some excommunicated persons, and others who were members of churches and not dismissed. Mrs. Hutcheson and those of Aquidnay broach new heresies every day.”

One of the sons of Newport, at the Bi-Centennial celebration of the Settlement, exults in this immunity from ecclesiastical rule and persecution as a blessed distinction of the Newport over the Boston colonists. “They scored no Baptists' backs with stripes,” he boasts; “no Quakers languished in their jails; no witch dangled on their gibbets.” The Establishment found as much to complain of in this religious tolerance as the Puritans. “Neither Epiphanius' nor Sir Richard Blackmore's catalogues,” wrote M'Sparran, the Episcopal missionary, “contains more heterodox and different opinions than are to be found in *this corner*.”

Hence the winds of doctrine were freely set loose in Newport society of the olden time; and Hopkins is the last vigorous and valiant champion of the old Calvinistic theology, unmodified by the subtle and pervasive influences of modern thought and popular education, facilities of human intercourse and discoveries of recent science. With these agencies theology, as such, has waned in social estimation. We read its

formulas on the old grave-stones; but the youth of this generation can not experience such a discipline as did Channing in his boyhood here. "When I was a mere child," he writes, "I was quite a theologian, though I hated to hear my elders chop logic according to the fashion of that controversial time."

Cozy and convivial by contrast are the domestic scenes of this dogmatic warfare. The low ceilings, wainscot panels, the French plate mirrors with heavy frames, the upright hall clock with "London" and perhaps a half-risen moon on the dial, the straight-backed mahogany chairs, old English prints on the walls, the small window-panes often set in cedar-wood, the green painted floors, the snug and sunny window-seats, the broad hall and easy staircase, the high mantles and vast chimney, quaint side-board, portraits by Stuart or miniatures by Malbone, fresh geraniums, ancient sampler—a mourning piece "in memory of Hamilton"—cut glass decanters, and old silver, are insignia of the old households which vividly contrast with verandas, lawns, croquet grounds, French chairs, marble centre-tables, ottomans, photograph albums, and conservatory flowers of the modern villas.

The largest and most representative of the domains of the dead, in Newport, is what is called the Island Cemetery—a broad and nearly level area extending along the bay near the outskirts of the older part of the town. Roaming through this silent and sequestered field of graves on a cool summer morning or calm autumn noon, bright and blue glimpses of the bay, flecked here and there with a passing sail, win the eye as it is lifted from a monumental inscription; while, on the other side, weather-stained houses cluster, and in the open country beyond, the brown dome-like hayricks and outstretching arms of the old wind-mill towers give a kind of rural picturesqueness to the scene, finely contrasted with the mossy gray rocks of the islands. Vivid tints of evergreens, the orange-breasted robins hopping over the green hillocks, the soft touch of the breeze, the white fleecy clouds sailing through the illimitable and stainless ether, the solitude and the sanctity of the place, combine to deepen curiosity into awe and soften speculation into tenderness, as one wanders and reads and muses, with the freshest greetings of Nature blending thus with the venerable memorials of mortality.

Standing on this elevated plateau, in the midst of the dust of generations, and gazing over town, fields, islands, and harbor—all clearly revealed in every detail of form and hue by the transparency of the atmosphere and the tempered sunshine—what a mysterious feeling is awakened by the thought that Nature's every aspect, feature, and phenomena are identical with those once familiar and dear to the dead around, centuries ago, as to us to-day; while all the human traits and tokens have undergone so vast and absolute a change; for some

of those whose ashes here repose knew the old town when bale-fires blazed on Sachuest and Windmill hills, in King Philip's war; when Captain Cook's ship, that had circumnavigated the world, was broken up in the harbor; when the British sloop of war *Liberty* was destroyed there—the first active protest against that tyranny which the war of Independence overthrew; when discomfited Burgoyne sailed thence with his troops; or when the Indian's light canoe alone stirred the blue waters, succeeded by the emigrant ship, the buccaneer, the whaler, the merchantman, and, at last, by the American man-of-war and fleets of steamers and yachts—marking the progress of civilization, trade, science, and social luxury, until villa superseded gable-roofed domicile, smooth lawns rough farm-yards, and peripatetic, avaricious land-brokers the old-school merchants; and the aristocratic nucleus of colonial wealth, enterprise, and hospitality became first a decaying sea-port, and then a gay summer sojourn!

How much of the local character, the social traits, and the normal tendencies of the place and people can be discovered among their graves! Some of the stones are illegible from the corrosion of the elements, others fresh with newly cut letters. Here is a mound overgrown with rank grass, and there one adorned with lately gathered flowers; new and brave monuments of marble, with sculptured figures, rise amidst sunken head-stones that long antedate the Revolution; elaborate inscriptions appeal to the gazer near simple dates and initials; every grade of consideration and neglect reasserts, in the home of the dead, the arbitrary distinctions of the living. Here are the elements of history. In yonder corner is this epitaph:

"Since every tomb an epitaph can have,
The Muses owe their tribute to this grave,
And to succeeding ages recommend
His worthy name who lived and died their friend;
Being full of days and virtue's love and peace,
God from his troubles gave him a release,
And called him unto the celestial place,
Where happy souls view their Creator's face."

Crude rhymes, indeed, but significant when associated with him who was buried there in 1675—WILLIAM JEFFERAY, one of the regicide judges of Charles I. It is a large slab of gray stone, at the head of which is a skull and crossbones. Nor can we wander long without finding tokens of the sea-faring life and its vicissitudes which mould the destiny of dwellers on the coast. Many a stone is dedicated to the memory of an old captain whose name is familiar to sojourners in Newport as that of numerous descendants. "Lost at sea" is a common record; and one shaft is erected "To the memory of eighteen persons who perished by the wreck of the brig *Rutledge*, from Pictou—here buried, June, 1846."

As we decipher their epitaphs we recall some lingering specimen of the old Rhode Island sea and fisher men still to be found about the wharves. A veteran of the kind died two or

three summers ago, who cherished the superstitions of his fathers; always expected his dying neighbor to "go with the turn of the tide;" remembered when powdered pigeons' gizzards in silk bags or eel-skins were worn round the neck to ward off the "falling sickness;" who, in his youth, used to refrain from his fishing expedition when his mates reported having "seen the storm-ship;" and, as a boy, watched the ox tied at the end of Long Wharf, with shoulders and hind-quarters, ribs and sirloin, chalked for purchase by expectant customers before the slaughtering; and gravely counseled rheumatic people to carry a horse-chestnut in their pockets as an infallible preservative therefrom. Hardy, credulous, frugal, and brave were those sons of the deep, who fought, and fished, and manned the merchantmen of the old thriving colony.

Emigration, both in its extent and variety, is manifest in the natives. Such birth-places as the counties of Devon and Cheshire in England, of Dumfries in Scotland, of Jamaica and the other West India islands, indicate the earlier colonists. Then come those who, lingering here from long voyages, made the place their home. Tunis, Spain, Honolulu, and other far-away countries are inscribed on the last mile-stone of the wanderers. Scattered among them are the names of well-known families of the Southern States, suggestive of their once and long favorite summer resort; and at last recent inscriptions mark the epoch of California emigration from New England—relatives at home placing on sepulchral tablets the record of their kindred's death in the land of gold, whence they never returned to gladden, with prosperous adventure, the homes of their childhood.

Vocation also hath here her chronicles, whence a political economist or local historian can infer the sources of colonial enterprise and civic growth. Prominent are the successful merchants of the palmy days of the colony, whose very grave-stones have an air of solid respectability, and sometimes armorial bearings. We are reminded, as we read, of the period when Newport outrivalled New York as a commercial dépôt, and her harbor was peopled with craft from every part of the world; when distilleries, ship-building, and slaves, privateers, smuggling, eminent foreign visitors, and lavish local hospitality, were identified with her name and fortunes. This latter trait and its convivial habitudes may be recognized in many an inscription, wherein the conscience of the writer, forbidding any testimony to the more ascetic merits, indulges in praises of "social and domestic virtues," makes an elegy of "frank and generous" qualities, and, unable to declare that the departed practiced self-denial or cherished holy aspirations, finds a compensatory tribute in the fact that "he ate not his bread alone."

Tradition has kept alive the Epicurean fame of not a few of these good fellows who once "set the table in a roar," or quietly sank to

sleep beneath it. An eminent native of Newport, whose childhood knew her days of early and comparatively exceptional luxury, has recorded the fact that his first notion of glory was attached to a black cook. The geese, the sheep, the fish, and game of the island were famous among *bon-vivants*. Tropical products and choice wines were abundantly imported; political excitement ran high, and Federalists and Jacobins were the only parties, cockades the prevalent emblem of opinion, and "society not wanting in refinement, fond of pleasure, and very cordial." The chief ministers thereto were the prosperous merchants—many of whose names here encountered are still associated with its social life or eligibly represented by the third generation, whose household gods and family *prestige* have been transferred to other and more active cities.

Clrical worthies constituted the influential and ideal type of character in the nascent civilization of America; partly because the clergy were the educated class, and that at a period when learning and ignorance were more absolutely distinct than now, and a college education the privilege of few; and partly because the social importance, if we may so define it, of theological opinion, its identity with the causes and the direction of colonisation, and its pervasive sway in all the arrangements of civic life. The novels that portray early American society almost invariably have a minister for the hero, and the history of the older churches includes the most salient facts and phases of domestic and municipal life.

We read all this in the grave-yard, where the stones of an older date most elaborately celebrate the venerable pastor or learned theologian, whose name is often historical. The principal cemetery of Newport is no exception to the rule. And it is noteworthy that scarcely one of the good men thus enologised was a believer in the Vicar of Wakefield's theory of marriage as a single and sacred experiment. "*Our husband*" might be inscribed on the central stone of many a trio of graves wherein sleep the successive wives of the parsons. Let us linger at two mossy head-stones on which is written: "*MARY*, the amiable and virtuous relict of *Rev. Dr. EERRA STILES*," and *ELIZA*, "*consort*" of the same—the latter died in 1775, and the former in 1801. Of one of these ladies it is recorded, in the *Newport Mercury*, that on a certain day a bevy of young women belonging to her husband's parish met at the parsonage and spun flax enough to furnish the gndeman with a bountiful supply of shirts—a characteristic illustration of the "surprise parties" of those days.

Dr. Stiles was a remarkable man; his learning, patriotism, and piety live in benign remembrance; for he was imbued with genuine public spirit and historical taste. His *Diary*, still preserved in Yale College, of which he was the honored President, contains many valuable data. He promoted science and education, and was a

consistent enthusiast in behalf of religious toleration and civic freedom. He wrote a memoir of the Regicides who found refuge and died in New Haven; was a friend and correspondent of Franklin. He was an antiquarian, a naturalist, and a linguist in disposition, if not in extensive achievement; he auspiciously influenced General Greene when a youth, emancipated his slave boy from a sense of justice, and was the efficient supervisor of the Redwood Library while a minister of Newport. "Happily settled," says his biographer, "among a people who fully appreciated his worth, he found time to continue his literary and scientific studies, for which the library afforded him important facilities, and in the purchase of new books his judgment was much relied on." There is a passage in his own self-communing journal which seems to indicate the gentleness and discipline of his nature; it is in the form of a resolve—"in every station of life to act with judgment, prudence, and good-humor; to make the business of life a pleasure as well as an employment; to be content with the circumstances allotted by Providence; and to live according to the dictates of reason and religion."

A humbler member of the sacred profession was Father THURSTON, whose family name is of frequent occurrence here, a Baptist preacher who eked out his scanty subsistence, on week days, by following the trade of a cooper. He has been accredited with the honor of Newport's pioneer temperance reformer; for, in the palmy days of the West India trade, scandalized by the reckless use of rum in the town, he refused to make casks—the most lucrative branch of his vocation—and confined his manual toil to milk and water buckets—which conscientious proceeding greatly enhanced the influence of his Sabbath exhortations.

From Clarke to Callender and Clapp a long line of clergy, ranging through the sects from extreme Calvinist, Baptist, and Methodist to liberal Christians, and eminent for learning, piety, or philanthropy—also more or less distinguished for individuality and influence—are enrolled on the sepulchral chronicles of Newport.

It is the best lesson in humane eclecticism and tolerant sympathy thus to read diversities of faith on the last signal-posts in life's brief race. Every humble and loving heart thus recalls the endeared rites of the alien sects, now so harmoniously sleeping together—if not with reverence, certainly without indifference. Impressive seem those long silent vigils of the Friends waiting the descent of the Spirit, venerable those chanted psalms of David in the synagogue, and solemn the ancient ritual of the Church of England; while the unchastened ardor of the Methodist, and the calm intellectuality of the Unitarian, in the retrospect of the church-yard, breed no discordant refrain.

Those who have witnessed a baptism by immersion, on a quiet and balmy Sabbath afternoon, on the shores of yonder beautiful bay, here beside the ashes of one of these faithful

pastors, will recall the ceremony as one of sacred beauty. The earnest group on the pebbly beach, the dark-robed figure and perchance spiritually expressive face of the minister slowly leading a young disciple into the sea, the few holy words of consecration, the gentle plash, the rising melody of the hymn that welcomes another lamb to the fold of the Lord—how much of primitive piety and traditional picturesqueness and human pathos invests the scene!

The proverbial longevity of the natives is apparent in the ages recorded, and the salubrity of the climate might be inferred from the frequent occurrence of such phrases as "after a short illness," or "in the midst of his usefulness," indicating comparative exemption from those lingering pulmonary attacks to which the more bleak portions of the New England coast are exposed. It is curious to mark the progress of taste in epitaphs: "relict" gradually is superseded by "consort," and finally by "wife;" special theological dogmas give place to general religious sentiments; and in place of some technical formula suggestive of a limited creed, we find the broad, humane, and hopeful lines of our household poet:

"This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

In the names of the maids and matrons who here repose we find, as it were, the key-note of their social environment and culture. Thus the Puritan appellatives—such as Peace, Charity, Bathsheba, and Thankful, and the homely household Polly and Abigail—are superseded, in the era of Fielding and Miss Burney, by Penelope, Diana, Evelina, and Clarissa.

The simple inscription, "Enoch Hazard, Physician," reminds us of the early and special medical fame of Rhode Island. Besides the Quaker-born doctors, Hazard and Rodman, there were Waterhouse, Vigneron, Hunter, Brett, Ayrault, and other famous practitioners. Near the west gate is the grave of Dr. Senter, who was a man of eminent genius as well as extensive knowledge in his profession, and a correspondent of the Royal Society.

The VERNON graves are isolated, and represent the old colonial aristocracy. It is a name, indeed, which has perhaps the most endeared manorial association to an American, as that of Washington's home on the Potomac—so called in honor of the Admiral with whom his kinsman sailed. The mansion of the family in Newport is an historical homestead, associated with the sojourn of the French officers in the Revolution and Washington's visit. With him William Vernon corresponded, as well as with Lafayette, Franklin, and Adams. He was Count Rochambeau's genial host, President of the Navy Board at Boston, and sacrificed much for the cause of his country. A staunch and liberal patriot, he died in 1806, at the age of 87; and with him fades the heraldic escutcheon of his ancestral tombs, as the chivalric prestige thereof culminated in republican fidelity.

All the old memoirs note the prevalence of eccentric characters in Newport. The sea-port facilities of intercourse and the freedom of opinion encouraged, may have had something to do with this, by inducing a kindly toleration and bringing together extreme specimens of creed and character, and perhaps it was somewhat developed by the hospitable habitudes and versatile enterprise of the place, ranging from theological encroachments to privateer adventure. Not without its posthumous evidence is the rampant originality of the island; there are quaint and queer epitaphs enough, of which we transcribe these two as illustrations:

"The Human Form respected for its honesty and known for fifty-three years by the appellation of CHRISTOPHER ELLIOT, began to dissolve in the month of February, 1789."

"If tears, alas, could speak a husband's woe,
My verse should straight in plaintive numbers flow;
But since thy well-known piety demands
A public monument at thy George's hands,
O Abigail! I dedicate this tomb to thee,
Thou dearest half of poor forsaken me."

Although destitute of any quaint epitaph, the grave-stones of an old miller's family suggest, by virtue of the name alone, eccentric memories; for the three aged spinsters—last of their race—only died the other day, and were such pertinacious sympathizers with the Past that their exceptional ways and aspect formed an odd contrast with the flow and fashion of the "living Present," as exhibited in the life of such a fresh and favorite watering-place as Newport. When the father of these strong-minded virgins died he left them one of the picturesque old wind-mills that are so curious a feature in the level landscape. It was situated in the midst of a meadow overlooking the sea, and within easy access of the heart of the town; and, accordingly, with the fabulous prices good "lots" now command, the broad acres surrounding the mill—long since abandoned to decay—were a fortune to the venerable maidens. But they shrunk from selling the family land with horror, and preferred to live on the accumulated interest of their stock—carefully saved result of their father's long years of thrift and toil. So quietly and secluded they abode in the little old wooden house where they were born, wearing the poke bonnets and scant robes in vogue half a century ago; scorning to substitute lucifer-matches for flint, steel, and tinder-box; rejoicing in the samplers, sideboards, high-backed and broad-seated chairs, moon-faced clock, the ostrich egg suspended from the low ceiling, the rag carpet, and all the other obsolete furniture of a past generation; declining all overtures for social intercourse; making a kind of hermitage of their small domicile, where, with a cat on the rug, a geranium in the window-seat, knitting in hand, and ancient tea-caddy for consolation, year after year, the trio "dwelt apart"—fashion's whirl and frivolity sounding in their ears, and glimpses of "the world" caught at intervals over the win-

dow curtains; only emerging at rare intervals to attend church, dressed in a style which is only now seen in old prints and pictures. At last, one day, the eldest died of sheer old age; two days after the second expired; and when the last survivor came from the funeral to her solitary home, she remarked, "I might as well go too;" and so went to bed and died. In a few weeks the house and its contents were sold; and the auctioneer's flag won us to an inspection of the premises, which were those of a household in the first years of the Republic: leather fire-buckets hanging in the entry, high-post bedsteads, chairs with brocade seats, spider-legged tables, rude prints of Dartmoor Prison and the American victories of the war of 1812, novels by Smollett, Franklin's "Primer," controversial tracts whose very subjects are forgotten, cross-beamed ceilings, wall-paper with Arcadian figures, obsolete shovel, tongs, bellows, and andirons, Liverpool-ware; the only "modern improvement" being a contemporary stove; quaint old nooks where female conservatism triumphed and single-blessedness kept patient and forlorn tryst with the by-gone—the superseded, the outgrown, successfully defying all the persistent encroachments of the "times."

Of the recent monuments one of the most elaborate in design and execution is placed over the grave of a New York barrister, the friend of Webster, member of the Hone Club, and long prominent both at the bar and in society—PRESGOTT HALL—who came hither several years since, and made a genial shrine of hospitality of the Malbone estate, indulging a taste for agriculture and natural history, and always interested in the national welfare. He is described as "loyal, manly, generous, warm in his affections, and devoted in friendship." The monument was erected "by one whose privilege it was to call herself his wife."

Here and there in the Island Cemetery, amidst the children of peace and prosperity, of humble toil or maritime adventure, we light upon eloquent memorials of Patriotism. A brave race, who loved their country, were the people of this State and island. In proportion to its area no region of the country boasts more heroes. Here we can track their glorious advent or martyrdom from the earliest days of the colony to the war that has just saved the life of the Republic. On several of the ancient stones the words "A Patriot of the Revolution" tell the whole story. Here is one with the name of a gallant officer in the war of 1812; there another with the inscription of a "Signer of the Declaration of Independence."

A granite obelisk commemorates a youthful hero, whose personal attractions and brilliant naval renown surround his memory, as they did his career, with a halo of romance. It bears this inscription:

"OLIVER HAZARD PERRY: at the age of 27 he achieved the victory of Lake Erie, Sep. 10, 1813. Erected by the City of Newport."

Within the same inclosure are the remains

of his son; and his epitaph, to all who knew him, has the singular merit and charm of absolute, unexaggerated truth, expressed with simplicity and good taste:

"CHRISTOPHER GRANT PERRY, eldest son of Commodore O. H. Perry; died April, 1864. An upright and good man. He was beloved and valued for his virtue and usefulness: by his early death this community suffers a great loss: in the hearts of his family and friends lives daily the memory of his excellence as a sweet consolation in their enduring grief."

It is but a few years since the widow of the gallant officer was laid beside him, having through all the years she survived him maintained the dignity of his fame and tender loyalty to his memory. Seldom is human worth thus cherished and transmitted.

From the graves of Revolutionary patriots and heroes of the second war with England we have but to turn to the fresher walks of the cemetery to encounter the recent memorials of the martyrs of the war for the Union: Youths of culture and pleasant fortunes, whence they turned magnanimously to do battle for the right; like him whose modest monument only says:

"FREDERICK OGDEN, aged 25 years; adjutant of the U. S. Cavalry; killed in the battle of Trevilian Station, June 11, 1864."

Or regular army officers, who bravely led and nobly died, like him whose massive yet severely simple column bears this inscription:

"Major-General ISAAC INGALLS STEVENS, who gave to the service of his country a quick and comprehensive mind, a warm and generous heart, a firm will, and a strong arm; and who fell while rallying his command, at the battle of Chantilly, Va., Sep., 1861. This monument is erected as a token of admiration and gratitude by the City of Newport."

Newport has always been famed for the beauty of its women. Exquisite complexions—by many ascribed to the clarifying and softening influence of the sea-fogs and the purity of the air—were a local distinction from the old colonial days. Then came the ardent reminiscences of Quaker loveliness from the French officers, many of whom, long after their sojourn in the island as our genial allies in the war of the Revolution, according to the fashion of their day, wrote their memoirs—egotistical and often melodramatic, but vivacious, candid, and not seldom overflowing with kindness and intelligence; and, finally, the remarkable constellations of female beauty grouped here annually by the magnetism of a salubrious watering-place have been the theme of admiration and memorable social enjoyment. There are touching tokens of this local distinction in the records of the departed; especially for those who have memories thereof to deepen and individualize the mysterious feeling that associates in the heart and imagination Beauty and Death. Walking here alone with the cool breath of the sea, the fresh tint of the herbage, and the calm glory of the sky, and thinking of the fair and fond whose graces live only in the similitude of art and the frail memory of survivors, we recall

Tennyson's lines that describe Love and Death meeting in the "thymy plots of Paradise:"

"You must be gone," said Death, "these walks are mine."

Love wept, and spread his sheeny vans for flight: Yet, ere he parted, said, "This hour is thine: Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath, So in the light of great eternity Life eminent creates the shade of death: The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall, But I shall reign forever over all."

When Polly Lawton's simplicity and grace won the counts and marquises of the French army, and the lovely Miss Champlin danced a minuet with Washington in the old Assembly Room of Newport, and the signet-rings of the Gallic lovers scrawled hearts and initials on the little panes of the casements under the old gable-roofs, the same perpetual romance freshened and idealized the life of youth as made happy the accepted lover or triumphant belle now standing in winsome attitude on the croquet lawn, or driving the spirited ponies and dainty landau along the Avenue.

Frequent are the allusions to personal charms and gracious traits of female character among the epitaphs of the Island Cemetery. Here it is said a wife—

"Lies interred, but the memory of her beautiful form and noble mind lives in the heart of her husband."

Of another is written:

"If an assemblage of all the virtues which dignify and adorn the soul, united to elegance of person and refinement of manners, could have rescued her from death, she had still lived."

The reticence and delicacy of this inscription is singularly eloquent:

"To those whose fortunes were blended with beings so beautiful there are still safe from the grasp of death the most cherished and sacred hopes and memories."

In striking contrast with such associations is the northwest corner of the burial-ground, set apart, many years ago, for negro interments. Yet even there we find historical suggestions. The prosperous colonial merchants of Newport used to select the most promising specimens from their freshly arrived cargoes of slaves for domestic service; and hence sprung a superior class of blacks, endeared to the old residents as faithful servants, and not a few eminent in culinary art. One sees every pleasant Sunday in the streets of the town a throng of well-dressed, intelligent-looking colored people, some of them descendants of the respectable ebony patriarchs of the island, and not unfrequently prosperous citizens. A lady walking behind two females elegantly dressed overheard a warm discussion between them as to the comparative merits of Hume and Macaulay as historians. Surprised at this indication of literary taste where fashion reigns, she passed the pair, and glancing back found they were "colored ladies." A gentleman having occasion to seek the abode of his laundress, found a harp and the best modern

poets tastefully arranged in her neat little drawing-room.

Among the epitaphs in the negroes' lot we find tributes to their worth from attached families they served. "Grave and sensible," "useful and pious," "industrious, intelligent, and affectionate," are the commendatory epithets on their grave-stones. Many a traditional "aunt" and "uncle," "images of God carved in ebony," here repose; and, musing by their humble graves, we can not but remember the wonderful history of their oppressed and redeemed race, from the days when Newport was a *dépôt* for the slave-trade to Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation. Among these lowly sepulchres is one where sleeps "the daughter of an African King—Dutchess Quamine."

There is a more sublime and subtle memory than that of beauty, patriotism, or even character, that haunts the cities of the dead—Genius, in the highest sense of the term, where the legitimate influence of rare gifts has been confirmed by moral harmony, and purity adds its elevation and refinement to power. On two groups of slabs we read the names of ALLSTON and CHANNING. Neither the artist nor the divine are here buried; both sleep at Cambridge, Massachusetts, near the scene of their latest labors; but this region was their boyhood's home, where their earliest impressions of life and nature were received, and to which they were fond of ascribing the choicest influences of their education. Playmates, school-comrades, and youthful friends, along these shores they walked in reverie, watching the storm, luxuriating in the sunshine. Allston's rudimentary instruction in painting was derived from a venerable watch-maker of the town, named King, who lent him materials, and taught him to handle pencil and colors in the rear of his shop in Thames Street.* Meantime the boy feasted his eyes upon the radiant sunsets, the brilliant pebbles, the vivid green of meadows, and softened tints of twilight; and the youth studied and strolled with the gentle Malbone, and by sympathy and observation here built up within his soul the purpose and the pleasure of an artist life. There is a portrait of him at the age of eighteen—one of his first successful efforts—which long hung in the chamber of a venerable lady resident here, his cherished friend, to whom he gave it. Old-fashioned in costume, the lofty intellectual tone of the face, and the deep luminous color as well as the interest of the likeness, give the picture a

singular charm, enhanced by the fond and reverent memories which the owner cherished of the original. "Of all human beings I have known," she was wont to say, "there is no one of whose continued existence I feel such a conviction. Allston was ever to me like a spirit; fitted and attuned to pass into a higher sphere. I think of him there as in his native air." And who that knew him in his later years—the lithe form, the long silvery hair, the prominent lustrous eye, his earnest kindness, his generous appreciation, his wise insight and keen sympathies, the mystic charm of his ghost stories, his intense love of beauty, and exalted ideal of life and art—and can not respond to the feeling and faith of his old friend? Malbone depicted her at seventeen—as exquisite a miniature painting as can be imagined.

And with his endeared name Newport is also associated with that of SMIBERT, the painter who accompanied Dean Berkeley hither, and left several portraits of American notabilities; and with GILBERT STUART, born at Narraganset, on the opposite side of the bay, where his father had a famous snuff-mill, and whose favorite residence was Newport—still true to his traditional fame, and familiar with the most characteristic anecdotes of his remarkable career. There he began to copy pictures when only thirteen years old; and his baptismal register is in the handwriting of M'Sparran, one of the first Episcopal missionaries who came from England; thence the young artist went with Cosmo Alexander, his first teacher, a Scotchman, who took him to Edinburgh; and dying there left his pupil to the care of George Chambers; and thither he gladly returned, after harsh experiences, to study zealously his art, and live with Captain Anthony, his wife's father, who had emigrated from Wales, and occupied a farm on this island, which he afterward sold to Bishop Berkeley, who named it Whitehall.

Gilbert Stuart's earliest teaching was received at the Newport Grammar-School. Here were his first artistic triumphs and social enjoyments; and thence he departed to delineate with matchless skill and vital individuality the ancestors of hundreds of families, who now cherish these portraits as their most precious domestic relics and heir-looms. A little while before he died this great painter came from Boston on a last visit to Newport, so endeared to his youthful associations, and crossed the ferry to Narraganset in order to see his childhood's home once more. He wandered again over the old house where he first drew breath, and when in the northeast bedroom said to his companion, "In this room my mother always told me I was born."

Newport has ever been a favorite resort and abode of artists. Fiske, the first native educated portrait painter, was born here. Smibert here first set up his easel; Blackburn, more than a century ago, executed a few memorable likenesses; Trumbull sketched and fought on Honyman's Hill; Malbone loved

* An old citizen informed me that one day in a shop he heard Colonel Malbone say to Samuel King: "I have a boy who shows decided taste for painting—could you give him the benefit of your instructions?" "With the greatest pleasure," replied the artist. "There is a young man from South Carolina in my studio; they will be companions for each other." This was Washington Allston, who when at the height of his fame used to speak gratefully of this first teacher, whose portrait, perhaps the earliest attempt of the pupil, is now in the possession of his descendants.

Newport as his birth-place; Greenough passed many of the last months of his life here; Staigg, Jane Stuart, Hunt, Dana, Thorndike, and other artists have made it their home. Every summer allures foreign artists hither; and some of the most characteristic pictures of Kensett, Suydam, Huntington, Haseltine, and others of our landscape painters have been elaborated from studies of these shores.

From the art associations inspired by the name of our "old master" on the sepulchral tablets of his kindred the transition is easy to his brother-in-law Channing, whose grandfather and father are here buried. How the latter's epitaph seems to prophesy his son's peerless illustration of the noblest principles of Christian faith and freedom!

"WILLIAM CHANNING, eminent in the profession of the law; died 1798, aged 42: benevolent in his intercourse with mankind, faithful in friendship; an example of those virtues that endure domestic life; and a zealous supporter of the peace and order of Society and of the institutions of Religion; he was taken in the midst of his usefulness."

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING was born at Newport, Rhode Island. His father, a highly respected lawyer, patriotic citizen, and exemplary man, died when William was ten years old; but the son soon took his father's place as the head of the family. His mother, Lucy Ellery, a noble woman, whose affection was as vigilant as her character was firm, bequeathed also rare virtues to this child of her love and pride. There is an old square frame-house at the sequestered angle of School and Mary streets, where the Channing family long resided,* and nine children were born and bred. There is an extensive garden in the rear, and there used to be a little office at the side, where William's lamp was seen burning by the solitary passer far into the night. As I lately explored the large square rooms, with their paneled walls and heavy window-frames—the upper casements yielding a view of the sea—and looked over the then dreary old garden, the anecdotes of Channing's filial devotion, his childhood's rectitude and dignity, the stern self-denial of his youth, the privations he suffered, and the principles he adopted in manhood, the deep inward struggles, thirst for truth, sense of the beautiful, aspirations for the right, and loyalty to faith and freedom, blended with my vivid memory of his pulpit eloquence, the deep tones of his thrilling voice, the grand sincerity and tender earnestness which seemed to consecrate his words and now hallow his image to the imagination. Here, at the dawn of feeling and fancy, he "breathed an atmosphere of freedom;" the Beach and the Library were his cherished resorts; thence he went, crowned with maternal benedictions, first to Cambridge for his education, and then to Richmond as tutor in the Randolph family, and finally to Boston, to minister not so much to a parish as at the

altar of humanity, and carry into the secret depths of countless hearts a new and consecrating sense of the holy possibilities of our destiny—the sacred rights, duties, and progressive capabilities of our nature—the divine intent and consecration of life. The record of his boyhood and youth at Newport coincides with his subsequent career. Elastic by temperament, earnest in feeling, with manly pride and sensitive conscience, his school-fellows called him little King Pepin and the Peacemaker. He was their brave champion, their acknowledged intellectual leader—chosen as the juvenile orator on the occasion of Rochambeau's visit, when they marched to salute his arrival. Many are the current traditions which prove that, as a boy, he was "ignorant of fear," and "had a horror of cruelty," and shared all he had and was with his comrades. It was this original basis of courage, probity, and generous instincts that made him a man of ethical genius. Strong in mental, he was delicate in physical qualities, thus mingling will, intelligence, and sensibility, the elements of moral heroism; therefore was Channing magnetic; the tremulous earnestness of his tones outweighed all rhetorical artifice; and his written words, by the lucid emphasis of candid conviction, won and warmed such men as Kossuth and Laboulaye, and such women as Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Somerville, and Lucy Aikin. Nowhere is the cause of freedom and justice, the essential dignity of human nature, and the legitimate progress of society pleaded with more candid and gracious emphasis than in his writings; their charm is vital, their influence pervasive, though little appreciated among the conventional critics and superficial observers of his own country.

HETTY'S LIBERAL EDUCATION.

IF you ever saw Barry Mills you have seen a thoroughly good fellow—I use the words literally, and as meaning any thing but the convivial good-fellow—a little too stoical on the surface, and possessed of a stern composure of manner apt to baffle and repel outsiders; but a man of fine breeding and warm heart—at once brave and faithful. One to be loved and believed in by men, but hardly appreciated by women. And knowing him, though Mrs. Merivale's guests were only ten, and you were told his choice was among them, you could never have divined her. I defy you. You would never have thought of Hetty.

Yet Hetty it was. A flirt! a remorseless little flirt, of, say, twenty. Nothing better. Not beautiful: to that all the women could swear. Her chin was too long, declared these fair critics, and her nose was not finely cut at the end. In spite of which—the chin and the nose—when Hetty entered a room every other woman in it was eclipsed—and knew it, however she might pretend. Even the pink and white Miss Jupon, with the perfect features, went down before her; though so fierce was the combat that the visit-

* Recently purchased, repaired, and presented to a benevolent society of Newport, as a Home for Destitute Children, by Christopher Townsend.

ors at Boreout distinguished that season as the Battle Summer. Hetty possessed a charm that had nothing to do with complexions and straight noses. Some called it presence, and some called it grace. But whatever it was, it was at once subtle and irresistible.

Fancy the havoc of which such a girl was capable in a house like Mrs. Merrivale's: a quiet little haunt in the mountains, and not another beautiful woman—there were two or three pretty girls—in the neighborhood. Mr. Merrivale's son, who brought her, fell in love with her during the drive. In two days Dick, his brother, would fetch and carry for her like a spaniel. In a week pretty little Mrs. Walters was madly jealous of her husband's glances toward Hetty's side of the table. In two weeks the lawyer and the clergyman were regular visitors at the house. In a month Barry, who had seen Hetty during the winter, felt his fetters firmly riveted, asked Hetty to be his wife, and was accepted! The first act of hers that made me suspect something womanly in her. A mere flirt, a thing without a soul, would never have accepted Barry Mills.

Still, a man had given his heart for a plaything to a child who did not know the value of hearts, and trouble must come of it.

Trouble did come of it. Hetty had accepted Barry, we may say, on instinct. When she came to reflect on it she was not sure that she had done wisely. Sitting in her dressing-room she reviewed the circumstances of her engagement, and found them very ordinary. There had been no doubts, no fears, no desperation. Did she really love him? She was not at all sure of it just now. Arthur Thorn was certainly a finer looking man. Did he love her? He looked on indifferently while she smiled on the minister and the lawyer, and Mr. Thorn fastened roses in her hair. She had the heart in her possession, you see, and now she was going to stick pins in it, beginning with what we may call the small-sized paper. She would not sing with Barry. He sang out of time. Mr. Thorn did better. She was afraid of Barry's horse, and would rather ride with Mrs. Merrivale. In a pretty, pouting, coquettish way she found fault with all Barry's belongings, and would have none of them; and Barry winced, but he would as soon have quarreled with a baby. He was the stronger, thought this thick-headed lover, and it became him to be magnanimous. And for his reward,

"He is a clod," vowed Hetty to herself, pulling the lace of her walking-boot so spitefully that it broke, as she glanced his way. That was her interpretation of his magnanimity.

They had been climbing Pine-tree Hill that day; one of the best days of the early summer; the sky as blue as sapphires; the grim mountain in the caressing sunlight looking warm and golden. Barry sat on a mossy branch, looking thoughtfully down into the valley, and plucking hard at his mustache (not a good sign in Barry), while Thorn repaired the broken lace

of Hetty's trim little boot. Every body else, hoopless and in huge hats, were frights, while Hetty, in peasant waist and blue flannel blouse and skirt, had never looked lovelier. It was a true stroke of her art, or rather her genius, that costume. The men thought it unstudied, and raved about beauty unadorned, whereas she had never arranged a ball toilet with more care. The women knew it, but they could only gnash their teeth in silence, lest they should be called jealous, poor things! and in the flush of this little triumph Hetty had been more audacious about her flirtations than ever before. And so Barry sat apart, eying her gloomily and plucking at his mustache as aforesaid.

Meantime Hetty wandered on with Thorn yet further. Barry's look was not lost on her, but she had decided that he was a clod, and clods are to trample on. They wandered on further and yet further, Hetty and Thorn, to see the coming view, or what was around the next rock, to the very crest of the hill. Here was a seat for Hetty, tired with climbing—a little nest hollowed out of the rock at the foot of a pine-tree. From it the road looked a mere ribbon below; the woods so many thickets; half a dozen adjoining counties a great checker-board; and looking down, Hetty suddenly felt the mountain scare, grew dizzy, and with a quick, frightened gesture put out her hands to Thorn, who had thrown himself at her feet, and was looking admiringly into her face.

"No need to tremble," he said, gayly, taking both the hands in his, and placing himself between her and the ledge. "Here is your balustrade." And he pointed the speech with a glance that made Hetty not only tremble, but blush, and murmur something about Barry.

"Barry," echoed Thorn, with a slight sneer; "Barry is thinking about his lunch. He has a treasure for which some men would sell their souls, and he commits it to chance rather than the sandwiches."

"You are not to say any thing about Barry, you know," ventured Hetty, uneasily.

"Say any thing! You will not forbid me to wonder, I suppose, though," he answered. "Why, if his treasure were mine—"

"I don't understand you," murmured Hetty, uneasily, not at all prepared for any thing so serious; "and I think we had better talk about the view."

"I am talking about the view—all the view I care to see," declared Thorn, boldly—"a beautiful woman, whom I love."

This last word brought the "beautiful woman" to her feet.

"Mr. Thorn, you must know that Barry—"

"Yes, I know," he interrupted, quickly. "And I know, too, his is the way of the world. The man who does not know a diamond from glass picks up the Koh-i-noor. But I love you, and when I see him, in the insolence of his good fortune, careless of you, to whom he should devote his life, I say that his indiffer-

once leaves the lists open to me, and that I have a right to speak."

"We ought to go. I must go," fluttered Hetty; but he knew, and she knew, that she was not displeased. This was romance; and the soft air stirred the boughs above them laden with sweet wood-scents. It was the spot of all others for love-making, and Thorn grew more and more audacious.

"Think of what I have said," he urged. "If he valued you as he should, no word of mine should have betrayed my feelings; and I do not ask you to decide now—only reflect before you are hopelessly bound and it is too late."

Then he gave her his hand, to help her down the path, with his usual respectful deference, and talked with easy indifference of the view, and the haze, and altogether behaved himself so like a hero that Hetty had a delightful consciousness of playing a part in an interesting drama, and felt the thought of Barry growing unendurable.

"I did not know my own heart," she said that night to Elsie (Elsie was her bosom friend, and the two were putting their hair in crimpers together); "and of course there is no help, now that I have promised—" Here she sighed, and fastened an obstinate tress with a pin.

"But if you are not in love with Barry"—hinted Elsie, a little scared, though delighted with the depth of the tragedy.

"It is too late now. I can only say, it might have been," replied Hetty, solemnly. And Elsie kissed her, and the two went about with a sense of importance strong upon them. And for all Hetty's virtuous resolutions she never hinted to Barry what had happened, but pressed the flowers Thorn gave her, and took to melancholy music and wandering in solitary places, where, by some inscrutable coincidence, Thorn was sure to be wandering also; and it was all very mournful and delicious, though some secret instinct as yet held her back from throwing over Barry, who, by-the-way, conducted himself more like a clod than ever, absented himself on long hunting and fishing excursions, and preserving his appetite spite of Hetty's flirtations.

And so the days slipped by—the long, burning, shining, golden summer days; and somehow there was on Hetty's finger a ring—a gentleman's signet, bearing a motto in Greek characters, which Thorn had told her, in his deepest bass voice, that he would explain to her one day.

"And why not now?" asked Hetty, fluttering.

"Because it does not concern you now," he answered; "but it will concern you hereafter." And Hetty and Elsie had discussed this oracular utterance, and put their silly little heads together over the mysterious characters. To be sure, Hetty had taken up her position. When Thorn urged her decision she made answer, tremblingly,

"It can make no difference whatever I might say. I have promised to marry Mr. Mills."

But Thorn had declared "that he did not call that an answer, and should persist in his suit till she should assure him that she could not love him."

So the matter was left open to all manner of interesting uncertainties, for Hetty had no mind to nip her romance in the bud. Not that she put it to herself in that light. On the contrary, I am inclined to think that she told herself, in those days, "that the secret should never pass her lips, but that he must know her heart;" he, meaning Thorn. And when the time drew near for parting she took refuge in tears often; and one evening Thorn surprised them—the tears I mean.

"You have been weeping," he said to Hetty, oh, so tenderly!

"No, I have not," answered Hetty, faintly.

"It is the wind; my face burns."

"Why try to deceive me?" Thorn yet more tender. "Tell me why you are unhappy."

"I am not. I will never—tell—" gasped Hetty, with a little sob.

Thorn took up the little hand on which shone the ring—that with the mysterious motto.

"Shall I tell you the meaning of these characters now?" he asked in his chest voice—his effective voice. "Fate, Hetty; and you may resist, but you can not conquer it. Why struggle longer?" and he drew her toward him. "You know that—"

The door opened abruptly. With a frightened exclamation Hetty hastily drew back from his grasp. There was a candle burning behind her. It was all in an instant. Who shall tell how it was done? Some said that she dropped her flowing muslin sleeve in the flame; some that she leaned against it. Not six people had reached the spot when it was all over, the flame extinguished, and Barry coming for help, ghastly pale, his coat off and wrapped about the moaning figure in his arms. It was Barry who had opened the door, and as she felt the flame it was to him the poor child shrieked, not Thorn.

People said, "What a mercy! That was the best trait of these cool men like Mills; they always had presence of mind for fires and such things. She owed her life to Barry, and should be thankful. But what a pity the flame had not taken her shoulders, instead of her face! Her beauty was quite gone, with that hideous scar on her cheek."

Poor little Hetty! There was a scar, and for the careless eye her beauty was gone. Every body was kind to her, but she was no longer feared and irresistible. The women patronized and pitied. Thorn came once—only once, and the visit was embarrassed and brief. Just as he was going Hetty had said, with a burning blush, "Mr. Thorn, I had better return you your ring;" and he had taken it and gone away without a word. She was very miserable after that. In the height of her infatuation she

had never loved him; but such a parting stung her. That he should be so ready to leave her for such a cause! And then she sent for a looking-glass and cried over her poor face, and made up her mind to be thoroughly miserable and give up Barry too. He had been her nurse; read to her; even carried her. But she told herself that though he was too generous to leave her, she must be generous enough to give him up, especially under the circumstances. She meant the twilight and ring circumstances. Now that she was driven to it, it seemed hard to separate from this "clod," after all. But Hetty was a young woman of energy, and having decided, she sent for Barry. And when he came she put her little hand in his, and commenced at once:

"Barry, I have been thinking."

"Better not," answered Barry. "It is not safe to try any thing unusual, in your weakened condition."

"But I am serious."

"I am, also."

"Barry, you must not be absurd. There is nothing to laugh about. I have been thinking about my face. It is so altered and disfigured." Barry's clasp tightened on the little cold hand. "And—and," pursued Hetty, piteously, "it is not just to hold you to your troth, and I am going to release you. I do release you."

"But if I do not wish to be released?"

"But my face!"

He drew it down on his shoulder.

"What of your face? It is as fair to me as ever. I love you."

And then came the hardest part of all.

"I have been so weak and wicked," she whispered. "There is another reason you do not know; and oh! I must tell you, and you will hate me."

And hereupon followed the story, which we know, or would have followed, but Barry stopped it midway.

"My poor little pet! I am glad you are willing to tell me; but there is no need. I know all about it."

"Know—all—about it!" Hetty gasped, and drew away from him in a sort of terror, so tremendous was the idea; but Barry only smiled quietly.

"Did you really think, because I made no sign, and took my torture like an Iroquois, that I saw and heard nothing? Why, there were days, many of them, when I could have consumed you both in the devouring flame of my jealousy. But listen, my darling. I knew once a boy, a very small boy, whose darling desire was to play in a certain forbidden field. And all other plays, even the delights of taffy and gingerbread, were as nothing whenever he chanced to pass that way; till one morning, having opportunity, he resolved deliberately to disobey; and finding himself unwatched, he crept toward it with a fearful joy, mounted the fence, eyed the tempting and luxuriant sward, and plunged boldly knee-deep in mud. The lovely

field was a bog. And if you will pardon me the inglorious comparison, Hetty, I thought your cases similar, and that nothing but the plunge would cure you. But there were times when I almost despaired. You tried me sorely."

Hetty crept closer to him and was silent a while, mentally reviewing the faith, the iron self-control, and the great love of this man. At last she said, looking up with a smile at once bright and tender:

"I think I shall be a better and wiser girl, Barry; for, as some lover said of his mistress, 'to love you is a liberal education.'"

SLAVERY IN PALACES.

THE old Latin adage, "*tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*" (times change, and we change with them), applies to all the world, excepting the royal palaces of Spain; for the same slavish ceremonial to which so many bright young princesses were sacrificed during the three centuries preceding our own has held in thrall-dom the unfortunate dwellers of the Escorial up to the day when the fatuous folly of the weak, if not positively vile, Isabella Segunda opened the gates of the royal palace in Madrid to a deluge which swept away crown, courtiers, and ceremony into, it is to be hoped, an irrecoverable past.

There are few stories more sadly interesting than that of the wife of Charles II. of Spain, Marie Louise, daughter of the Duc D'Orleans, niece of Louis XIV., and grand-daughter of Charles I. of England, a fair and amiable girl, forced to marry a man she had never seen, but whom she knew only too well as most repulsive in appearance, with mental faculties little above idiocy. Marie Louise had been educated at the Court of her uncle, Louis XIV., when it was the gayest and most brilliant in Europe, years before Madame de Maintenon and the priests had cast a superstitious gloom over its splendor and its vice. Her aspect is described as mild, her mien graceful; she was an excellent horse-woman; she was a good musician, and composed operas; her eyes were black, her eyebrows gracefully arched, her lips remarkably rosy, her hair profuse, and of a dark chestnut.

But, like all the unhappy princesses of France doomed to marry Spanish kings, she regarded her destiny with dread and aversion. Transferred from the gay Court and brilliant intellectual life of France, these young creatures were killed off fast by the sombre dullness, monotony, and iron etiquette of the palaces of Spain. None of the queens of Spain were long-lived. Philip II. used up four in his lifetime.

Marie Louise made more than one pathetic appeal to her royal uncle to be saved from such a fate, but all in vain. She was married by proxy at Fontainebleau, and escorted to the Spanish frontier, where the sad-hearted bride was delivered over to the tender mercies of the Duchess de Terra Nueva, her Camarera Mayor, and the Marquis de Astorga, her Mayordomo.

A female familiar of the Inquisition could not wear a more repulsive face than that of the Duchess. She was a bronze incarnation of Spanish rigidity and gravity. Not a step in her gait, not a movement in head or hand, which was not performed with the regularity and stiffness of a machine. She was lean, colorless, long-faced, and wrinkled; her eyes small, black, and sharp. Her "*quiero*" and "*no lo quiero*" made people tremble; and she was generally insupportable to her equals, haughty and dignified to her sovereign, but, nevertheless, tolerably gentle to her inferiors. She was penetrating in observation, ready of wit, and inflexible in decision. She would spare no extremities of violence to serve her interest or revenge, and had a cousin of her own assassinated because he contested her right to an estate.

Marie Louise took leave at the Bidassoa of most of her French female attendants, who adored her, and knelt and kissed her hand with tears, which were answered with tears in the eyes of their mistress. Immediately on crossing the frontier visages grew longer and life fearful. On setting foot in Spain she traveled partly on horseback and partly by coach; when she rode it was by the side of the *Terra Nueva*, who looked, in her stiff Spanish dress, and with her gaunt form seated on a mule, a strange figure too terrible to be ridiculous. The Marquis de Astorgas or the Duke de Ossuna, her Master of the Horse, both in large spectacles, which all *grandees* of Spain wore at that time to give them greater gravity of appearance, rode next on the other side, when they could settle their disputes about precedence, as to which they quarreled the whole way. The young Queen supped and slept the first night at an inn, and was so surprised at the badness of the food that she could eat nothing. No particular incident appears to have occurred on the route, nothing so humorous as the incident which happened to Maria Anna, the mother of Charles II., who, on her way across Spain as the bride of Philip IV., stopped at a town famous for the manufacture of stockings, some of which the *alcalde* of the place was offering to her Majesty, when he was thrust out by the *Mayordomo* with, "*Habens de saber que las reynas de Espana no tienen piernas*" (You must know the queens of Spain have no legs). Upon hearing which declaration the young Queen began to cry, saying, "I must go back to Vienna. If I had known before I set out that they would have cut my legs off, I would have died rather than come here." One of the two occasions on which her husband laughed in the course of his life was when this story was repeated to him. However, the young bride of Charles II. had immediately hard experience of the unyielding tyranny of Spanish etiquette, for she was not allowed to have her way in any thing on the whole road, and found that she was expected to be a mere machine without volition in the hands of her household, and

to conduct herself at once as if she had been in Spain her whole life.

Charles II. had advanced in impatience as far as Burgos; but when he had news of the approach of the cortège from Vittoria, his desire to see the Queen made him, in spite of all remonstrances, rush forward to meet her at Quintanapalla, a wretched village of a few peasants' houses three leagues beyond Burgos, and he resolved to have the marriage celebrated there. Marie Louise saw him arrive from the balcony of a peasant's hovel in which she had rested. Prepared as she was, she was shocked at the sight. Charles II. came into the world in 1661, four years before the death of his father Philip IV.; he was born in the hour of that father's deepest humiliation, and when the cadaverous, proud, but gentle-hearted monarch was in an almost dying state. The son was the living embodiment of the sorrow, humiliation, and diseased constitution of his father. The infant seemed at first hardly to have life at all, and was so perishable and delicate as to require to be placed in a cotton box. He was suckled at the breast of his wet-nurse till he was four years old. The young prince could not walk till the age of ten, and then only by leaning on the shoulders of his pages of honor. He was brought up on the lap of women, and in their company. His mother, who was Regent, was afraid to make him study, and he never showed any disposition to receive the elements of education and knowledge. His appearance was thus described by the English ambassador, and is truly ghastly: "The King's ankles and knees swell, his eyes bag, the lids as red as scarlet, and the rest of his face a greenish-yellow; the whole crown bald. He hath a ravenous stomach, and swallows all he eats whole; for his nether jaw, like that of Charles V. at a more advanced age, stands so much out that his two rows of teeth can not meet; to compensate which he has a prodigious wide throat, so that a liver or gizzard of a hen goes down whole."

Charles had been so tyrannized over by his mother during her regency that he hated the sight of a woman; he would turn away if he met a lady; his former governess, the Marquesa de los Velez, had to wait six months to get a word from him; and when he was obliged to receive a petition from a woman he looked another way.

Such was the man who now, under one of the strange caprices of a weak intellect, rushed up the steps leading to the miserable room in which sat the trembling Louise, who attempted several times to fall at his feet, but he prevented her. Embracing the princess as much as etiquette permitted kings of Spain to embrace, by clasping her arms with his hands, and looking fondly at her face, he ejaculated, "*Mi reyna! mi reyna!*"

After her solemn entry into Madrid the young Queen began the life she was destined to lead to the end of her brief existence: a life combining the jealous seclusion of the harem, the lu-

gubrious monotony of the cloister, and the iron tyranny of Spanish etiquette personified in the Terra Nueva, relieved only by occasional drives in a carriage with closed windows, according to the fashion of Spain, stupid plays, hunting parties, and visits to Aranjuez and the Escorial at fixed times. For every thing in the Court of Spain was regulated like a clock; the only disarrangement was when money was needed to carry out the programme. The young Queen, in desperation, seems to have taken to eating as a way of killing time. Like a lady of a Moorish harem, she got fat on her seclusion, and no wonder, if, as Madame de Villars says, "she sleeps ten or twelve hours a day, and eats meat three or four times a day." Pretty good for Spain, where nobody eats as a rule, and at a time when one of the grandest of the grandees, the Duke de Albuquerque, the inventory of whose plate took six weeks to write out, dined ordinarily on an egg and a pigeon. Indeed, what was a poor young creature, shut up with her attendants, to do after the gay open life of the French Court, where she could move as free as air, where the staircases and the ante-chambers were thronged with brilliant ladies and gentlemen, and where wit and gayety were ever effervescent in some form or other? In the gloomy, desolate palace of Madrid she was allowed hardly to see a man's face. No balls, no public *levers* and *couchers* and toilets; no soirées, no plays, no hunting parties but those of the gloomiest character; no diversion but promenades in carriages with closed windows, and these in summer on the dusty bed of the Manzanares.

The Terra Nueva even informed her that a queen of Spain must not look out of window; there was nothing to see from the window but the blue sky and desert court of a monastery; but even that diversion was too exciting in the eyes of this she-dragon of etiquette. To laugh was ever forbidden to a queen of Spain.

The poor imbecile King did his best to amuse his wife, but not with much effect. He would play with her at *joncets*—which appears to have been an amusement of the nature of that known among us as *quills*—for three or four hours a day. The King had a frightful jealousy of every thing French. He had been told by the Terra Nueva that his wife was of a light nature, and that, coming as she did from a light Court, every precaution was necessary. The poor idiot was so jealous at the sight of any thing French that he could not even endure the Queen's French spaniels, and cried, when he entered her apartments, "Fuera, fuera, perros franceses!" (Begone, begone, ye French dogs!)

The Queen had two parrots who talked French, and these with her spaniels were her chief companions. Disappointed as it appeared she was likely to be in the hope of children, which, however, the King persisted in looking for, she concentrated all her affection on these pet creatures. But the Terra Nueva, herself hating all things French, and

trusting to a like hatred on the part of the King, one day, when the Queen was out for a drive, twisted the parrots' necks. On the return of their mistress she called for her birds and her dogs as usual. At the mention of her birds the maids of honor looked at each other without speaking. The truth, however, was told; and when the Camarera Mayor appeared to kiss the Queen's hand as usual, the meek spirit of Marie Louise could endure no longer; she gave the Terra Nueva two or three slaps with her hand on either cheek.

The rage of the she-griffin, the descendant of Fernando Cortez, the feudal proprietress of Sicily and Spain, with her principality in America, was immense; she collected all her *four hundred* ladies, and went at the head of them to the King to ask for redress. The King betook himself to the Queen, and asked for an explanation; the Queen replied, "Señor, esta es un antojo" (Sir, this is a longing of mine). This *antojo* was devised with delicious malice by the young Queen. For not only in the case of a royal lady, but in that of the humblest woman of Spain, the *antojo* had a prescriptive, inviolable privilege to be satisfied. Charles was delighted with the *antojo* and its significance, and declared to his Queen that if she was not satisfied with two slaps of the face she might give the Terra Nueva two dozen more.

After this the Queen determined to get rid of her Camarera Mayor, for her despotism was quite intolerable. On one occasion the Terra Nueva saw, to her dissatisfaction, that the front hair of the Queen was not stiffened and flattened down with proper Spanish rigidity and precision; so the ugly harriard spat on her shriveled hand and applied it to the rebellious part! Moreover, the jailress ruthlessly insisted that the Queen should, as precedent required, be in bed regularly every night by eight o'clock; and during the first part of her domination, when the Queen was less submissive, and lingered over her solitary supper, the maids of honor entered and undressed her while she was still sitting and eating at the table. One unfastened her dress, another her hair, and another got under the table to take off her shoes.

It was no easy matter to induce the King to consent to change the Camarera Mayor. When Marie Louise broached the subject Charles was startled, and well he might be. Did not Philip III. die a martyr to Spanish etiquette—roasted to death because the proper officer was not at hand to remove the brasier? and now to commit this frightful breach of Spanish etiquette to please a queen? "Never," he said, "since Spain was Spain, had a queen changed her Camarera Mayor." But he yielded, and the Duchess Terra Nueva was replaced by the Duchess de Albuquerque, the wife of the noble who, out of his immense revenues, could get no better dinner than an egg and a pigeon.

The Duchess de Albuquerque proved a much

more amiable guardian for the Queen, and at her suggestion the King granted his wife a little more liberty. She was permitted, contrary to all Spanish Court usage, to go to bed at half past ten, and to ride occasionally on horseback. But still these innovations were not sufficient to lighten the air of ennui of the palace; indeed, the life of the Queen partook, as before said, of the monotony both of the harem and the convent. Riding in a closed carriage, and now and then on horseback; an occasional bad religious play, in which the angels descended astride on beams of wood, and the devils came on the stage by ladders; an occasional visit from the queen-mother and the French embassadress, and one or two other privileged ladies, were the sole diversions of the secluded Queen at Madrid.

As for her rides on horseback, these were surrounded with such rules of etiquette that it was a matter of great difficulty for her to get even on horseback. If the King was not by her she had to mount quite unassisted! It was death for the greatest grandees to touch a queen of Spain. On one occasion the Queen might have had a fatal accident had it not been for the audacity of two cavaliers. She was obliged to mount from her carriage door to the back of the horse which was placed before it. One day while the King was looking from a window of the palace at Aranjuez, her horse, a spirited Andalusian, reared before she was well in the saddle, threw her to the ground, and dragged her along with one foot in the stirrup. Two gentlemen, Don Luis de la Torres and Don Jaime de Soto Mayor, who were standing near, after some hesitation rushed to her rescue, but immediately after they had effected her deliverance they ran to saddle their horses and escape from Court. However, friends interceded with Charles II., and their flight was made unnecessary.

As for the company of an imbecile king, it may be imagined that the unfortunate Queen found not much amusement in this; nor were his letters, written during his hunting excursions, of a lively nature, if we may judge by the specimen immortalized in "Ruy Blas": "The wind is very strong, I have killed four wolves." His affection for the Queen was absorbing; and if the devotion of an idiot was worth anything, no woman ever had more of such.

Year by year, day by day, the Spanish Court went on in the same mechanical way, only as years passed without an heir to the throne the Queen's existence was rendered more wretched by the intrigues regarding the succession.

But her end was at hand—an end of a tragic character, recalling both in its manner and her sweetness in meeting it the death-bed of her mother, Henrietta of England. The suddenness of her death may have been caused by cholera; the French ambassador merely states in his report that she died in frightful torments and with great suddenness. Louis XIV. publicly declared at supper that she was poisoned,

and Saint Simon, some years later, found the belief still current in Madrid. But the suspicion of this reptile crime was common throughout that century, the hiss of the serpent was heard, or thought to be heard, on every occasion of sudden death.

Marie Louise, herself, knowing the ruinous consequences which might attend the contrary belief, assured M. de Rebenac that she died a natural death. With a charming sweetness of temper she asked forgiveness of all she might have offended, of the queen-mother, and of the Duchess of Terra Nueva; and when she was told that there were crowds at the palace gates, and that the churches were full of people praying for her recovery, she said that "she was well entitled to their affection, since she would at any time have laid down her life to relieve them of the burdens they endured." And so died a not unworthy daughter of the Stuarts and the Bourbons.

Her married life with Charles II. had lasted ten years, and after her decease the King sank deeper and deeper into torpid and melancholy lethargy. The only thing he seemed to care for was to go, on pretense of hunting, with one or two attendants, and wander like a ghost amidst the gloomy woods of pine and ilex, and the granite rocks of the vast solitudes around the Escorial, where he would pass day after day, and sometimes lose himself for hours in these sombre wildernesses.

Not long before his death one of those strange funeral yearnings came upon him, so distinctive of the last days of nearly every member of the Austrian House of Spain. A visionary sepulchral fancy animated the decaying brain of Charles II. He, the last decrepit relic of a great race, would descend into their mausoleum and open their coffins, and look face to face on the chiefs of his race who had worn his crown before him. He went down by the light of torches into the dark vault of the Pantheon, the huge candelabrum was lit, and all the coffins, beginning with that of Charles V., were opened for him in order. After the kings he passed to the queens. He paid little regard to the features of his mother, but when the coffin of Queen Marie Louise was opened, and he saw the form and still charming features of her who had glorified his dark life and brain for a while, his throat was convulsed, tears streamed from his eyes, and he fell with outstretched arms on the bier, crying, "Mi reyna, mi reyna! before a year is past I will come and join you!"

Surely this visit of the last descendant of the House of Austria to the Pantheon of the Escorial, this corpse-like king, stealing among the collected corpses of his race, is one of the strangest scenes in history. It was a last review of the whole departed grandeur of their race by their idiot descendant—*sic transit*. The fiery courage of Charles the Bold, the imperious spirit of Charles V., and the scheming brain of Philip II. ended here.

A PEEP AT FINLAND.

THE English Major and his two lively young nephews pronounce this voyage from Stockholm "delicious;" the Major pulling his sandy six-inch mustaches with an air of satisfaction as he dwells upon the contrast that these quiet days afford to the two months of roughing it in Norway from which he has but recently emerged. Whereupon the three English gentlemen enter into a brisk description of their fifty-mile rides across that country in carts guiltless of springs; of the vast quantities of milk, thrice older and sourer than any to be found elsewhere, which they here learned to imbibe with relish; of the unsavory habits and sincere hearts of the simple Norwegians; and last, but greatest—repaying all their hardships—of scenery worth one's while. "Unequaled in the world, outside of Switzerland, I do assure you, Sir!"

Really the voyage is pleasant, even to us whose Atlantic, Dover Strait, and Cattagat experiences are fresh in memory. Call the Gulf of Bothnia the St. Lawrence River, change the Aland to the Thousand Isles, and you have a description in brief of what were our environments until we reached the coast of Finland.

These were the elements of the four days and four hundred and fifty miles of landscape through which our gallant steamer wound its swift way: Calm, gently heaving, or tumultuously tossing water; serene skies dappled with changing cloud-pictures; distant, undefined shores, with evergreens upon their banks, and here and there a hut or cottage, lonely as Crusoe's and almost as rude; while all about us, islands fertile and barren, large and small, wooded and bare, peopled and solitary, lay quietly at anchor, their granite sides marked with white spots or their shores with heaps of stones, to indicate the endless windings of our intricate course. Often hedged in by islands, we could see no way of escape from the charming but impracticable entanglement; and once we wound through a narrow channel between two rocks so near each other that our steamer barely escaped a grazing. But our Captain stood aloft with glass in hand, his manly figure outlined against the sky beyond, his graceful gesture guiding the sailor at the wheel, and assuring us, who sat under the awning on the deck, at books or conversation, that all was safe. Ah! our Captain was a man worth talking of! A hero worthy to have been made famous by Cooper's pen.

"Why, Sir, I would lie up for a week, and shall tell my friends making this trip to do so, rather than miss the steamer *Wiborg* and Lars Krogius, its Captain," declared the Major, with true English emphasis; and all the passengers echoed the sentiment.

Seats at the flower-decked table in the pretty saloon being elective, we made a point of getting ours beside the Captain, whose kind and generous face had won us at first sight.

He seemed to us the very picture of a

Scandinavian hero of the romantic days, toned and tamed by nineteenth century civilization. Straight as his native pines, with eyes blue as a mountain lake, and abundant flaxen hair, he is a figure to be noticed any where, and to be trusted and admired at the same glance. Our Captain is a Finn, and at the same time a perfect gentleman; a sailor from his boyhood, and at the same time Professor of the science of Navigation in Helsingfors; which position he fills in winter when these gulfs are frozen solid, and his occupation as Captain of the *Wiborg* is temporarily gone. He has sailed three times around the world, although now but thirty-five years old—the first voyage being his wedding-tour as commander of a merchantman. He has visited New York, and speaks with wonder of our "magic city" of Chicago. He is as kind to the humblest steerage passenger as to the wealthiest loungeur in the cabin, and comes down from his lofty outlook on the upper deck to make the Finnish waiters understand that it is not *caviar* but cauliflower that a belated passenger had called for at the dinner-table. In his pleasant Finnish tones and idioms, but with well-spoken English words, he tells us much about his country, wrested from Sweden in Czar Peter's time, and urges us to devote a week to its scenery and its people; saying that in recent years it is quite common for travelers to tarry there a little before making the more "fashionable" Russian tour.

After a pleasant day spent in reading up Russia; in writing down notes by the way; and in those endless studies of nature, animate and inanimate, which keep one company wherever one may be, we came to Abo, on the coast of Finland, and here our steamer was tied up for the night, it being in nowise possible to thread the mazes of these isle-strewn channels except in broad daylight.

The approach was fine; the old Cathedral—first of Christian temples in these frigid lands—rising in ghastly fashion above this ancient capital of Finland. Here we attended our first ball. A curious scene in which to begin our investigations of a strange land; but it was evening, and there was nothing else to see.

Imagine it! We land under cover of the night; three men of heathenish aspect drive three horses with shaggy manes, lengthy tails, and vixenish steps, having over their several backs a sort of yoke turned wrong side up, which increases their dangerous appearance, and attached to three little, light, rickety contrivances called *drovkeys*. Seven expectant individuals dispose themselves variously in these villainous vehicles, in momentary danger of capsizing. The paragon of captains utters an authoritative sentence in the unclassical Finnish tongue; when, presto! we are off, at furious speed, with frightful clatter, over the stony street. Our wiry, fiery, little steeds stay not for break, stop not for stone, but rush us through the Abo streets in a manner calculated to make one sick with jolting, insane with fear, or glee—

ful to excess, according to his humor. Ours was the last, and the glimmering gas-lights cast the shadows of a mad-cap company as we raced up the steep streets, past the low, yellow, plastered houses standing in unvarying lines on either side, and onward to the ball.

Such rate of speed as ours would bear one any where ere long, and soon we spring from our low carriages upon the long piazza that opens on the ball-room. Here impecunious youth were assembled, devouring free of charge, through the closed windows, the gay sight within. Russian *copeks* swung wide the doors for us, and we made our way through the group of musicians, the crowd of Russian officers, and red-cheeked young Aboans, to benches in the rear of the hall, where we seated ourselves with much decorum, and, wrapped in shawls and water-proofs, were quite as great a curiosity to the dancers as they to us.

But there were other spectators besides ourselves. The mothers of these beaux and belles, and their juvenile brothers and sisters—too insignificant as yet to be allowed a place upon the floor, except for an occasional fling with a Finnish exquisite for the moment disengaged. Nevertheless, these wall-flowers, old and young, participated in the festivities, keeping time to the quick motions of the dancers by rocking back and forth in an imbecile way upon a long, rickety bench, which threatened momentarily to unload itself upon the floor.

A lull followed our entrance. Dancing was for a few minutes discontinued. The youth took standing positions on the left of the long, bare room, and the maidens seated themselves demurely on backless benches to the right. Now shone conspicuous the hero of the evening—a Russian officer in full, waist-girding uniform, of medium height, head bald where it was not dun color, and fierce mustache, which he tended with much care. The honors of the floor he graciously divided with a lady much taller than himself and of more generous proportions, who wore a sash of black silk which swept the floor in broad and ample folds. Back and forth, forth and back, and forth again went these twain in brisk yet stately promenade, the delight and envy of all eyes. Each step was taken with a sort of military accuracy; the whirl about at each end of the room was forcible exceedingly; and the frequent flourishing of the large pocket-handkerchiefs which they carried gave an airy effect to the otherwise rather heavy performance. Some time having been spent in this wise, the scraping of the instruments called each one to his post, and now the scene was lively to an extreme degree. Round and round they whirled, in style which for energy, enthusiasm, and gymnastic art it would not be easy to excel.

What particularly strikes us is the forcibility of the performance as a whole. For instance, take this well-favored Finn. Perspiration is streaming from his face; his fair, abundant locks are tossing up and down in a manner melancholy to behold; his face is in a blaze of col-

or; but, persistent still, he brings partner after partner upon the floor, whirls them around the room in a tempest of haste, remands each to her original position with inconceivable abruptness, and in another breath is off again with some one else, on the endless flying chase after nothing whatever. It was the most amusing thing of all, this bobbing away from one's partner of the previous instant without so much as "By your leave," or "may you cool well," or even a nod at parting.

This moment yonder plump Finness, in decent gown of lawn, with her thick hair parted in front over the left eyebrow and braided painfully tight behind, is a lithe, active whirler, supported by a good-looking, energetic young man, dressed as individuals of that description are wont to be dressed every where. The next moment, left to herself, ignored, forgotten, you may observe her, while down the hall twinkle the active heels of him who left her stranded in this heartless manner, and beside him her successor, in a moment more to be discarded in the same inconsiderate style.

It grew warm. The air was just the least bit tinctured with quick-drawn breaths. We mildly suggested (of course by gestures, words being beyond us) that an open window would improve the aspect of affairs. Some urchins from the vasty deep of darkness out of doors evidently approved our measures, and looked in to signify the same. But an old dame slipped from her bench and made all fast again without a moment's loss of time. Hopeless of surviving a longer Black Hole of Calcutta experience, we quietly filed out between the merry dancers, in an interval of safety, while they indulged in a breathing spell. Not, however, until we had seen the gallant officer with the head of bald and dun lead off in a mysterious variation made up of walking down and skipping backward, taking a soliloquy gallopade and then a social one, and with marvelous art hopping longitudinally along, diagonally across, and diametrically over the floor.

Walking back to our steamer through the groves and flower-beds of the garden, we unanimously agreed that while with the dancing of this company we were not much enamored, it was evident that they were kind and simple-hearted (the Russian officer considered doubtful on this head), and in dress and general appearance, when at rest, more like other people than we should have thought to find these Finns.

Great noise was had on deck all through the weary night; rattling of chain and labor of capstan as the cargo was increased. But in the early morning we skimmed quietly away from Abo, whose fifteen thousand sleeping people cared as much for our everlasting adieu, waved pathetically through the port-hole of our cabin, as for the little morning cloud's departure that glided along with us in the wide, tranquil heavens.

All day again we sailed along amidst scenery

bearing the same relation to that of yesterday as does the comparative to the positive degree. Late in the afternoon the seven islands of the Sweaborg fortress—the Gibraltar of the North—frown grimly at us from behind their thousand bristling cannon, all turned toward Sweden in ominous menace. Soon after we reach Helsingfors, and here our droskey-ride at Abo is repeated on a grand scale, and with variations.

The Captain is particularly anxious that we should see and like his favorite city, Helsingfors, the present capital of Finland, and his home. It made a very fine appearance as we approached, and upon closer inspection holds its own bravely. It has a handsome granite quay, with a fine statue of some local hero in the centre of the square that extends from it. A costly church, Corinthian in architecture and shaped like a Greek cross, is flanked on one side by the fine University building, and on the other by the Senate House. This University was removed from Abo in 1827. It is the oldest in Russia, and has five different faculties and thirty-one professors. We went into a bookstore on a hurried errand, and saw the names of Dickens, Thackeray, and Julia Kavanagh on the outside of some homelike-looking volumes, ranged beside Plato, Plutarch, and Cicero. We spent the evening at a *soirée musicale* in the pleasure-grounds of Helsingfors. Selections from favorite operas were skillfully rendered by a fine orchestra. Gentlemen and ladies listened as attentively as the most critical Boston audience while the music was performing, and promenaded decorously in the intervals. The creature comforts of eating, drinking, and smoking were discarded—seemingly forgotten—although an excellent restaurant and reading-room were close beside the orchestra. There were but three indications by which a casual observer could assure himself that it was not a Saratoga scene on which he gazed: the striking uniforms and trailing swords of the officers; the extreme deference of gentlemen toward ladies; and the entire absence of exaggeration in the perfect taste of the ladies' toilets.

The Captain had his wish. We were much pleased with Helsingfors—and we thoroughly admired this garden full of Finns! Our views concerning Finland are completely changed. To be sure we have seen the flower of the family and the best of its villages, but they so far exceed what we had looked for (though, to speak truth, we had not looked at all and had no ideas whatever on the subject, beyond a tacit notion that we were to see a shivering set of Norsemen) that we have made several deductions for our private use, three of which we here inflict upon the reader.

First. The average American is fully persuaded that, while he knows by a sort of intuition all about the state and standing of other nations, they are so dull and prejudiced as to know very little and to have very incorrect opinions of "the greatest nation on the face of the earth;" *whereas*, he is himself at least equal-

ly in fault, and would do well to look more studiously into the merits of his "Cornell" and "Wilson's Outlines."

Second. Civilization, like water, finds its level. Railroads, telegraphs, libraries, hotels, men in dress-suits, ladies in crinoline, post-offices, restaurants, and gas have gone the rounds of this small planet even from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

Third. Finns look very much like New Yorkers and Chicagoans, and vice versa.

Cronstadt—terrible fortress—heaves in view toward night of the fourth day. No thunder of cannon nor belch of smoke assails us harmless voyagers. A little boat shoots out from its grim shelter toward our steamer; a handsome Russian officer, who came on board at Abo, steps into it, lifts his cap, and waves his adieu to us, as four white-capped oarsmen turn the boat to shore, and we resume our restless journey. An hour later a dim, gigantic outline stretches before us—it is St. Petersburg, wrapped in the yellow smoke of burning forests near by; it is the miracle of genius, wealth, and industry that the great, wicked Peter named his "window looking toward Europe."

REMINISCENCES OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

BY A RETIRED BEDEL.

YOU in America do not know what a university is. You have money enough, no doubt. You erect fine buildings, gather fine cabinets, accumulate admirable apparatus, even form some very useful but woefully modern libraries. But, bless you! money can not make a university. No college is truly endowed till time has endowed it. What do you know of the sacred, scholarly associations that pervade the very air of Oxford, and make its very soil "holy ground?" They tell me the Roman Catholics are building a cathedral in New York. Ha! ha! Cathedrals are not built. They grow. You might as well try to build a forest. The memories that make Westminster and York and Canterbury what they are, that make Oxford too what it is, are like the old ivy that grows only where age has given it a foothold and prepared the way. No, no; America may have very useful sort of schools, but she can not have a university these three centuries.

Why, my own recollection runs back to the days when America was in her cradle. I do not pretend to remember quite as far back in life as Lord William Lenox, who, in his "Fifty Years' Reminiscences," records his own birth in 1799. But I remember very well my first year in college. The winter of 1789 might properly begin my college reminiscences. It was a sharp one. The frost began on the 24th of November, and never relaxed its grip for fifty-one days. Master Croft, the musical prodigy, was first introduced to Oxford that year. He began his musical career as an "infant phenomenon" at four years of age. He ended it as a

Doctor of Music and Professor of the divine art at Oxford. His music is not yet wholly supplanted by the foreign importations of fancy airs from France and Italy. That year, too, was characterized by great national rejoicings over George the Third's recovery from his first mental illness. Lord North was Prime Minister—whom America, I am sure, has occasion to remember. Oxford sent up a congratulatory address to the king.

I should not wonder if you did not even know what a bedel is. They tell me that in American colleges the students do not wear the gowns and caps. A university without gowns and caps! Though, indeed, Mr. Neale tried, in 1857, to Americanize our Oxford by abolishing all college costumes. But his absurd proposition ignominiously failed, of course. Well, perhaps you will know better what a bedel is if I spell it beadle. The duties were not very onerous, it is true. But the office was one of dignity. On all state occasions it was my province to lead the university processions, which I did for sixty years. That office is abolished now, and I have entered on a pension. Even Oxford is not safe from the leveling process that is robbing England of much of her ancient glory. I fought this change of our good old customs. But what could I do single-handed?

You think I must have seen great changes? Greater changes, perhaps, than you imagine. For the first fifty years of my residence here (I have lived at Oxford nearly eighty) the only communication with the world outside was by stage. When the branch railroad was proposed (that was in 1838) the College petitioned Parliament against it. The authorities thought it would be injurious to the morals of the young men. In those early days—the close of the last century—the neighborhood of Oxford was a dangerous place. Highway robberies were of frequent occurrence. Travelers always carried their pistols ready loaded. The mail-coach was often stopped and robbed. For greater security gentlemen used to sew their bank-notes in the lining of their waistcoat. I fancy this was the origin of the phrase *investing money*.

How did we travel? By stage or on horseback. As late as 1828 it was recorded as a remarkable instance of rapid traveling that a coach went from London to Cheltenham through Oxford, a distance of a hundred miles, in nine hours and ten minutes. Our freight came by the Oxford Canal, which had been in existence twenty or thirty years previous. All our coal came that way. One winter the canal was frozen up. All the coal in the city was burned before spring came. We could get no more for love or money. We nearly froze to death. Even the well-to-do suffered. What the poor did I am sure I do not know.

Yes, on the whole the world has made great advances since my childhood, despite the abolition of the office of bedel and the Americanizing tendencies of the age. I do not say "the good

old times." The times are far better now. I am an old man, but I am hopeful that you will live to see them better still. I remember very well a sharp article by Sydney Smith on Professional Education, in which he inveighed against Oxford for paying so much attention to the classics. I think you will find it in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1809. Perhaps we did pay too exclusive attention to them. There certainly was very little regard paid to the sciences in Sydney Smith's day. The first professor in chemistry was appointed in 1784. But even classical education was very deficient.

Prior to the Statute of Examinations—and that did not go into operation till 1802—there was no real mental discipline, no difficulty in getting a first degree. Divinity lectures were neither accompanied nor followed by any examinations. In science the questions were stereotyped. Little scientific catechisms of question and answer were handed down in college from generation to generation. In a fortnight's cramming the student could commit this to memory, and be ready to pass. In other departments even so much as this was not required. Did you ever read Lord Eldon's account of his examination? "I was examined," says he, "in Hebrew and History. 'What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?' I was asked. I replied, 'Golgotha.' 'Who founded University College?' 'King Alfred.' 'Very well,' said the examiner, 'you are competent for your degree.'" It is a very fair sort of sample of college examinations in the last century—just a little bit exaggerated, perhaps. However, we were even then more strict than they were at Cambridge. There they used to grant a degree to men who simply paid their fees, and did not even so much as reside within the college walls.

But it was never, within my recollection, easy to get a degree beyond B.A. at Oxford. A doctorate was refused both to Edmund Burke and to Sheridan. It was different in the foreign universities. Degrees there went by favor.

The story is told of Dr. Pitcairn that, in ridicule of their diplomas, he applied to some Continental institution for one for his footman. The satire was not perceived, and the request was granted. He next asked for one for his horse. This carried the joke a little too far, and the college authorities replied that they had searched the records, and that the only precedent they could find for such a diploma was the fact that one had been granted to an *ass*—one Dr. Pitcairn.

On the whole, there has been a great improvement in sports as well as in studies.

The athletic games of the present day are of comparatively recent origin. Boating and boat-races were almost unknown. I belonged to one of the first crews. It was organized in 1806. Our dress was a green leather cap with a jacket and trowsers of nankeen. The only boats we had were those that belonged to the boatmen. They would be called tubs now. There

was some cricket-playing, but it was confined to an exclusive aristocratic club; and some hunting, of course, but it was too expensive then, as now, to be enjoyed by many. Lotteries were very common. The walls of Oxford were plastered all over with their advertisements, and almost every mail brought us a circular. A still worse feature of the times was the frequent occurrence of prize-fights. As late as 1824 a viscount acted as umpire for one combatant and a baronet for the other. Horse-racing against time was a popular, but, I always thought, a cruel sort of amusement. It was no uncommon thing for an Oxford student to ride from Oxford to London and back, one hundred and eight miles, in twelve hours or less, with relays of horses at regular intervals. In one instance this was done in eight hours and forty-five minutes. Speaking of horse-racing, even college sports were affected by the classic air of Oxford. A Fellow of one of the colleges who drove a tandem called his leader *Xerxes*, and his shaft-horse *Artaxerxes*. "Our tutor," he said, "used to tell us that Aristotle's metaphysics were so called because they came after (*μετά*) physics. So my leader having got the name of *Xerxes*, I named his follower *Artaxerxes*, or more genteelly, *Arta-xerxes*."

In 1819 the first velocipede appeared. It had a run, but proved to be *no go*. It was not the new-fangled tipsy vehicle that has been lately imported from France, but a horse on wheels, in which the motion was half riding, half walking. The only *gentleman* I ever saw using one was a Fellow and tutor of New College by the name of *Walker*. When he dismounted he exclaimed, "Well, if it were not for the fashion I believe I would as lieve walk!"

Was there much drinking? Just a little! In my day we knew nothing of the temperance movement, though we needed it badly enough. I never was an abstainer, as we always used to call the total abstinence men. But they have done a world of good. Drinking bouts were a very common amusement. They were a sort of imitation of the ancient symposium. Perhaps their classic character added a little to their attractiveness. I remember one such duello between the Senior members of All Souls and New College. The question to be determined was which could produce the best *negus*. A few select friends of acknowledged and experienced taste constituted the jury. Jug after jug was introduced, tasted, and emptied with discriminating gusto and assumed gravity. Not till the materials were all exhausted was the verdict rendered. New College carried off the palm. Andrew Dix, its representative, was the successful competitor. "Sir," said he afterward to one who was congratulating him on his success, "why do you call it *mixture*? It was no such thing: I got the day by not introducing a drop of water—that was my secret."

A university like Oxford furnishes language as well as literature. Did you ever know the origin of the word *dun*? I hope you have never

suffered an experience of the thing. Of course there was great competition among the trades-folk of Oxford to get the custom of the Fellows. And of course the Fellows traded where they could get the largest and the longest credit. As a consequence they were always in debt. Often a Fellow would be literally imprisoned in his own room. He did not dare to stir out. His creditor would follow him, and din at the door to get in. This dinning gave him his name of *dun*. One student set his scientific knowledge to good account. He charged his door-handle with electricity, and effectually frightened his persecutor away.

I read in the papers something of your American institutions. It is curious to see how they are fashioned after ours, even in the vagaries of the students. Knocker-stealing is at least as old as the year 1880. It was at one time a favorite amusement. Where occasionally a bungler was caught at it he was compelled to pay the cost of the knockers wrenched off in the two or three preceding terms. When Christ-church fountain was cleaned out (that was in 1885) it was found floored with knockers, and broken fragments of sign-boards and door ornaments. Once or twice school and college scrapes proceeded to pretty serious extremes. In 1798 the big boys at Winchester school, catching the infection of the French Revolution, rebelled against the authorities and shut them out by barricading the college gate. The revolution proved to be brief, however, for the young rebels were obliged to capitulate in a few days for want of provisions. Twice, too, in my recollection, death has been produced in drunken college brawls. In any other community it would have been called murder. But, of course, there was no prosecution. In each case the offender was a nobleman's son.

If I had time I could tell you more than you would care to hear about the early life of a good many of England's best men. Oxford, with all her faults, has graduated a good many.

Bishop Heber won his first poetic triumphs on the stage of Oxford. His prize poem, "Palestine," created quite a furore. He was a charming speaker. His poems sounded a great deal better from his lips than from those of any one else. The theatre was filled, even on rehearsal evenings, the term he recited that poem. He afterward went to India, the grave of so many great and good men, and died there—I believe of malarial fever. In 1812 John Keble carried off both the prize essays. The Church has given him a more enduring prize since for his "Christian Year." Some of our college poets never showed their poetic genius after they left Oxford. Whately, afterward Archbishop, was something of a rhymster, and a very respectable one too. Did you ever happen to read his epitaph on Dr. Buckland, then our Professor in Geology? I am not sure that it has ever been in print. Dr. Buckland was a bit of a wag, and enjoyed it as heartily as any of the students.

EPITAPH.—(*By anticipation.*)

Where shall we our famous Professor inter,
That in peace he may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre
He'll rise and break the stones;
And examine each stratum that lies around;
For he's quite in his element underground.
If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil,
He'll start up and snatch these tools away
Of his own geological toil.
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
That imbedded should lie his organic remains.
But exposed to the drip of some case-hard'ning spring,
His body let stalactite cover,
And to Oxford the petrified sage we will bring
When he is incrustated all over.
There, mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on the shelf,
He shall stand as a monument raised to himself.

It is singular, by-the-way, that the hypothesis of the first verse became an actual fact on Dr. Buckland's death, years after. He was buried in a grave expressly hewed out of the solid rock at Islip, six miles from Oxford.

Whately was a natural quiz. In 1834 the Duke of Wellington was elected Chancellor of the University. Lady Morgan tells the story that on hearing the news the then Archbishop of Dublin requested an audience with the new Chancellor. "I came," said he, "to demand a troop of horse, my lord." "For whom?" "For myself." "Oh, I see!" A pretty sharp satire on the appointment of the old hero to the head of the University. But the Archbishop was always fond of his joke, and never very reverential.

You might not be astonished that he should have written poetry in his youth. His prose is very rhythmical. But no one would suspect Dr. Mansel of being a poet. He was in college in 1852, and produced a long poetical quiz on the Parliamentary Commission. One verse is enough to give a sample of them all. You see his battle with the German philosophers dates back to his college days:

"Professors we, from over the sea,
From the land where Professors in plenty be;
And we thrive and flourish, as well we may,
In the land which produces one Kant with a K,
And many a Cant with C.
Where Hegel taught, to his profit and fame,
That something and nothing were one and the same."

All college poets did not make so good use of their pens in after-life as Archbishop Whately and Dr. Mansel have done. But I do not know but they were as well paid. At one time poetical advertising was all the rage. The lotteries and blacking manufacturers and Jew tailors inundated the papers with doggerel rhymes puffing their wares. Unsuccessful competitors for prize essays found here an appropriate field for their poetic talents. "La, Sir," said the vulgar wife of a wealthy "merchant" of that stamp, "d'ye think we wastes our time in writ-

ing them stuffs and puffs? No, indeed; we keeps a poet from Oxford College."

I might tell you the whole story of the Tractarian movement. It commenced at Oxford. It began in an honest endeavor, by men earnest themselves, to revive a spirit of earnestness in the Church of England. It ended in a good many of them going over to the Church of Rome. But the story is a long one, and would involve too much of Church history and Church dispute. My reminiscences are not ended. I have lived over this evening the whole of the last three-quarters of a century. But it is late. The blazing fire has turned to embers. The glowing embers are fast turning to gray ashes. My candle has burned low. My wearied hand holds an unsteady pen. And I must stop.

A WONDER.

STILL always groweth in me the great wonder,

When all the fields are blushing like the dawn,
And only one poor little flower plowed under,
That I can see no flowers, that one being gone:
No flower of all, because of one being gone.

Aye, ever in me groweth the great wonder,

When all the hills are shining, white and red,
And only one poor little flower plowed under,
That it were all as one if all were dead:
Aye, all as one if all the flowers were dead.

I can not feel the beauty of the roses;

Their soft leaves seem to me but layers of dust;
Out of my opening hand each blessing closes:
Nothing is left me but my hope and trust:
Nothing but heavenly hope, and heavenly trust.

I get no sweetness of the sweetest places;

My house, my friends no longer comfort me;
Strange somehow grow the old familiar faces;
For I can nothing have, not having thee:
All my possessions I possessed through thee.

Having, I have them not—strange contradiction!

Heaven needs must cast its shadow on our earth;
Yes, drown us in the waters of affliction,
Breast high, to make us know our treasure's worth:
To make us know how much our love is worth.

And while I mourn, the anguish of my story

Breaks, as the wave breaks on the hindering bar:
Thou art but hidden in the deeps of glory,
Even as the sunshine hides the lessening star,
And with true love I love thee from afar.

I know Our Father must be good, not evil,

And murmur not for faith's sake, at my ill;
Nor at the mystery of the working cavi,
That somehow bindeth all things in His will,
And though He slay me, makes me trust Him still.

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXII.

RIVALRY.

OUR season was drawing fast to a close—the first season during which Christina and I had sung together—the season of fruition! I had some Continental engagements during the winter: she intended to take absolute rest, for she had been apparently in uncertain and even delicate health for some time back, and her voice had occasionally failed her. Just at the close of the season she brought on herself, by want of caution, rather a severe attack of chest or throat complaint, as shall be presently told.

Her husband had left London, disappointed but not dispirited. He was in Paris, striving to teach diplomatists and statesmen there the necessity of doing just what was afterward done; that is to say, boldly and in the field taking up the cause of Italy against Austria. As yet his efforts did not promise much success, and of England he had no longer any hope.

On the very day after the Willis's—Rooms lecture at which I was present, Christina was attacked by a sort of nervous weakness and cold, and her place was vacant for a week. Mlle. Finola made her hay while the sun shone, and came out prominently. Crowded houses and animated audiences greeted her, and she began to walk the stage with an air of conquering rivalry in the very rustle of her petticoats. Critiques were written, proclaiming her the mistress of a new style, the leader of a new lyrical school. She took all the praises with a quiet *nonchalance*, as if they were nothing but the homage properly due to genius. To crown the whole, she undertook some of Christina's own favorite parts, and produced a curious half-pa-the-tic, half-comic *mélange*, which it was not possible to think uninteresting, kept people's eyes and ears quite open, puzzled many intelligent and appreciative listeners, and was hailed with positive enthusiasm by the general public.

I had to sing with Mlle. Finola in most of her parts; and at first I put on a kind of high-art indifference toward the whole affair. Indeed, I did not care to sing with any woman but Christina, and I looked upon little Finola as a mere musical stop-gap. But her triumph fairly startled me; and the evident dissatisfaction of some of the audience at my own careless performance, together with some sharp reprimands from the fair singer herself, piqued and roused me at last into animation. I determined to enter into the spirit of the thing, and play my part in the admirable fooling. I sang and acted my very best, reproached my white-robed Amina (whose stage night-dress was a master-piece of elaborate millinery such as no princess ever went to bed in) with all the tones of despair and jealous madness; clasped my plump and tightly-laced Leonora, and sighed out to the uttermost my passionate farewell. I

was graciously permitted by my conquering heroine to share the honors of her triumph; I led her forth; I seized as many of her bouquets as two hands could grasp; I held back the curtain that she might squeeze her ample skirts through—she wore crinoline even when Amina in the bedroom—I attended her to her brougham, and was admitted to a gracious degree of her patronage and favor.

"I don't think the world misses Madame Reichstein so much," she remarked to me one evening.

"I don't think it does," I added, with a bitter conviction that it was only too true.

"You see," she went on, complacently, and with a quite judicial calmness and self-satisfaction, "it wearies soon, that grand lyricism of the old school. The world will have vivacity and *esprit*. One must suit the public; but one must have tact to do it. For me, I never admired Madame Reichstein; and I know she always detested me."

"Indeed you do her wrong; I have always heard her speak very well of you."

"Possible; but that was before she thought I could be a rival. One does not like a rival, especially when one is not very young. She will soon be quite *passée*, I think. How old is she?"

"I really don't know," I replied, rather coldly.

"Truly? I thought you knew her whole history. She can not be much less than forty."

"Oh yes, certainly, very much less than forty; not more than thirty, perhaps."

"Then you do know something of her? I always heard that you did. Yes, I heard that you were in love with her ever so long ago—before I was born, perhaps—and that she married somebody else, who was killed, or died, or ran away; and lately I heard that you had arranged your old quarrel, and were going to marry her; but I did not believe that."

This was all hideously annoying; and nothing but the sense I had of the absurdity which would attach to a dispute with such a girl, who, after all, talked no worse than most women will do of rivals, prevented me from giving some sort of distinct expression to my feelings.

Mlle. Finola read my face and laughed.

"*Allons!*" she said, "you are angry with me because I mock myself of your old love. I believe she is more jealous of me now than ever."

"Come now, Mademoiselle, don't be foolish. You are not ill-natured, I know, and you ought not to talk spiteful nonsense of that sort."

"Perhaps. But when a woman has carried a high head over one for a long time, it is a grand provocation to be spiteful. Without doubt, she has said as much or more of me since these last few days; but I will say not one word more if you are hurt; and don't

quarrel with me, for I meant no harm; and if I had known it would touch you, I never would have said a word against her—*du moins* in your presence."

That night we were singing together in the *Trovatore*, which used to be such a favorite then; and the audience were even more than usually delighted with the astonishing little Leonora. After one of her thrilling passages (which reminded me of a canary-bird in love), the beautiful Leonora passing me quickly, said, with a beam of self-satisfaction twinkling in her bright eyes, "*She is in the house.*"

I had no need to ask whom she meant. I saw Christina in a box. She was very pale, and looked worse than I should have expected.

I called to see her next day, and ventured to reproach her for coming out at night so soon; but she made no answer on that subject.

"You sang very well last night," she said; "with more soul than you generally throw into your parts."

"Did I really? I was afraid I was getting through in a blank and careless kind of way. What did you think of Leonora?"

I asked the question with some doubt, unwilling to ask it, but not seeing how to avoid it. I expected some sarcastic or contemptuous answer, or some transparent affectation of admiration.

"I was both surprised and pleased with her," Christina answered, with perfect composure and apparent earnestness. "There is something quite new and fresh about her style, which makes her very interesting. I never thought she had so much originality. She quite inspired *you*."

"Did she? I am glad to be inspired by any body, or in any way."

"You don't sing so well with me. Why?"

"Perhaps because I strive to do my best too anxiously. Besides, your genius rebukes me, Christina; that is the truth. You are too true an artist for me; I don't care about little Finola."

"People say you do, in another sense."

"Do you believe them?"

"No, Emanuel, not I.—What do you think of Mr. Lyndon's daughter?"

She looked at me fixedly while she put this utterly inappropriate question.

"She is a beautiful girl, and I should think she must have a beautiful nature. How came such a father to have such a daughter?"

"You dislike Mr. Lyndon, and can not judge of him. Now I don't dislike Lilla."

"No; why should you?"

"Some women one could dislike, others one could not. I could not dislike your little friend Finola; I should as soon think of disliking a clever linnet. No matter; let us pass all that. You must sing your very best with me on Monday."

"Next Monday? You surely don't mean to sing next Monday?"

"Indeed I do."

"Is that not rashness?"

"Very likely. I mean to do it, though."

"Pray, Christina, don't attempt it. Do let me advise you—"

"My dear friend, I never take advice. My voice is quite restored, and I mean to sing on Monday. Do you think I am going to allow the season to close with your little friend in full possession?"

"You don't fear rivalry. Your place is always yours to resume when you will."

"Still, you don't know what woman's vanity is, if you think I could be content to endure a six months' exile from London with the knowledge that I had left your fascinating friend in possession of the field. No; I must win a battle before I go. Besides, I want to sing with you again; I want to be certain whether you can not sing as well with me as with her."

While we were speaking there was heard a trampling of horses in the street below; and in a moment a card was brought to Christina. When she looked at it she glanced at me suddenly, and with a sort of flush in her face, as if I were somehow concerned in the matter.

"No, I can't see her," she said to her German companion. "Yet, stay; it's very kind of her. Yes; show her into the other room, Meta."

I rose to go.

"One moment, Emanuel; oblige me by remaining one moment. I wish it particularly."

I remained; standing up, however.

Presently I heard the rustle of skirts up the stairs and in the next room.

"Now, Emanuel," said Christina, with an odd and embarrassed kind of half-smile, "you are free to go. No; you need not advise or remonstrate; it would be useless. I mean to resume my place on Monday, and dethrone your little friend, or perish in the attempt."

She laughed a somewhat forced and flickering laugh, and I left.

Who was her mysterious visitor, whom I was not to pass on the stairs even; for that was clearly the reason why Christina had detained me? Well, there could not be much mystery on the part of the visitor. As I came into Jermyn Street I saw a mounted groom leading a lady's horse up and down before the door. I knew the man's face perfectly well; he was one of Mr. Lyndon's servants. The visitor was evidently Lilla Lyndon.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DEFEAT.

CHRISTINA carried out her resolve, and sang the following Monday night in one of the parts to which Mademoiselle Finola had given a new reading. When she came on the stage she looked weak, I thought, and nervous. I could not see her without deep and genuine emotion. I could not but think of our early acquaintance

and our early love; of the promises we had made to each other of a happiness never given us to enjoy; of the bright assurance of success which always sustained her, and of the success she had won, and the slender joy it seemed to have brought her. I felt the keenest sense of delight when I heard the enthusiastic welcome she received from the house, and saw her eyes sparkle with triumph; and yet I could not help pitying her, because she loved so much a triumph like that.

She sang exquisitely in the first act—not, indeed, with all her wonted strength, as my quick and watchful ear soon discovered, but with all the soul of feeling and the perfection of articulation which belonged specially to her. Her rival's performance must have seemed, in the mind of any cultivated listener, a poor and tricky piece of artificiality when compared with her pure, noble, lyrical style. I saw her in the interval after the first act, and she was full of triumph.

"Come," she said, "I have not been so rash, after all; I have not failed, you see. I know you are glad of it, even though people do rank you on the side of your pretty Mademoiselle Finola."

"Nobody can sing as you can; and for the rest, you are only laughing at me."

"Perhaps so. Indeed, I feel in exuberant spirits to-night; partly, of course, because I have got back my voice, and am about to recover my place, but still more because I have had good news."

"Indeed! when?" I knew by her expression that she was alluding to her husband.

"To-day. Every thing is going well. He hopes to be able presently to take a little rest at Vichy; and I am going there."

"But what is going well? for I know nothing."

"Ach! nor I much more. But he has some enterprise in preparation, and it is going well, and he is hopeful. One may rely upon him, for he is not sanguine or extravagant; he is not a dreamer, though many people think him so. It was quite miserable to me to have to lie on a sofa all day long up there in Jermyn Street, with nothing to do but torture my brains and my heart thinking something had befallen him. But things look brighter now. I am very well now—don't you think so?"

"I would rather not see you here to-night. I doubt whether you are strong enough even yet."

"Strong enough! Quite. I could not be better. You don't think my voice was weak?"

"No; but even now you seem nervous, and look pale."

"Only because I am full of hope and triumph."

Our conversation was cut short just then, and I was a *primo uomo* once more.

I was glad when the opera was finished. It was a weary and a painful business to me, and to more than me. Christina's triumph was not

long-lived. A vague sense of languor and of weakness began to diffuse itself through the house during the second act. It became very plain that Christina had tried her strength too soon, and was not equal to the task she had so rashly set herself. It was not that she decidedly failed, but that she did not keep up her success. The music of the part became an effort to her. She grew more and more dispirited. In my anxiety that her wish for a triumph should be gratified, I would have welcomed even some sudden expression of dissatisfaction from the house, because that would probably have fired her into energy. Of course nothing of the kind was heard. The house was thoroughly sympathetic and respectful. I knew how bitter to her would be even that sympathetic respectfulness; for it was the softened shadow of failure where she had expected to be illumined by the full blaze of success.

"She's not herself at all to-night," said somebody to me during a momentary meeting. "She ought not to have sung."

"She ought not, indeed," I said, very blankly.

"I thought she was going to make a splendid thing of it at first; but it is quite plain that she is not equal to it. I am very sorry she made the attempt, for it will be a sort of triumph to little Finola and her clique. Have you seen her to-night? There she is, yonder in that box, seemingly enjoying the whole affair—the little musical humbug."

I could not help smiling at the vigorous truthfulness with which he analyzed the character of Mademoiselle.

"People have been telling me," he went on, "that you were going over to her party. No truth in that, I should think?"

"Not one solitary word of truth in it."

"No; I hardly thought you could mistake that musical-snuff-box sort of thing for singing, and those winks and shrugs for acting. I am very sorry for Reichstein, but it's only just a moment's disappointment. Let her keep quiet and recover her strength, and she'll extinguish little robin redbreast yonder."

The extinguishing, however, was not destined to take place that night. Christina's voice failed more and more. The performance dragged through lifelessly and sadly. She could not sing.

When all was over, I found her far more calm and self-controlled than I had expected.

"I have made a complete failure of it," she said.

"It was too soon for you to attempt singing; that was all. There was no question of failure."

"I ought to have taken your advice from the first; but I was so confident of success. I suppose every one perceived that I was not able to get through with it?"

"Every one knew, of course, that you had not been well, and no one expected to find that you had fully recovered your voice so soon."

"I saw your friend Mademoiselle Finola. No doubt she thinks the victory is hers now—and indeed it is. Is it not, Emanuel?"

"You have only been defeated by yourself, because you would not do yourself justice."

"I ought to have taken your advice in the matter, for it must have been disinterested. If what people say be true, you ought to be glad that I persisted in singing, and failed accordingly."

I bit my lips, and felt hurt and vexed by allusions of which I could not affect to misunderstand the meaning. This was no time, however, to take offense at any word of Christina's.

"You have not seen her since?" she proceeded, with determined and vexing purpose. "Why don't you go to her and congratulate her on her triumph?"

"I had better," I could not help answering, "go to her or to any one who will be less ungenerous and will understand me better than you do, Christina."

"But don't go, please, just yet. I do wrong to speak in that way, Emanuel, for I don't believe one word they say about your being leagued against me with her—I could not believe it. But I can not help being vexed and spiteful after such a failure, and under her very eyes. Are you not sorry to see me so weak and vain?"

"I am, Christina; I do think such ways unworthy of you. What rivalry can there be between you and that little creature? Let her enjoy her triumph, if she thinks it one. You know what it means, and what it is worth, and how long it is likely to last. It's a shame, Christina; you have other things to think of besides her and her clique and their trumpety gossip."

"I have, indeed; and I deserve to be reminded of it. You were always like an honest doctor, Emanuel—a doctor who does not mind giving his patient a little extra pain if he can do any good by it. But you must forgive a little vexation to one who comes out for a great victory and goes home defeated. You will come and sup with us? We were to have had a celebration of my triumph; now it shall be a feast of condolence. Come; and I promise not to say another word about Finola."

"Say any thing you like about her, *meinetswegen*; but don't sink yourself even for a moment to her level."

"Well, will you come? I thought of dismissing my guests; but I will not do so if you will come."

"Let me refuse. Do not have guests. You are not fit for midnight, and talk, and excitement. Send them away."

"Ah, but I am sadly in want of a flash of excitement now. Do come, Emanuel; there are only to be a few. Mr. Lyndon—"

"No, Christina; forgive me, if I say point-blank, I don't want to meet that man, and least of all in your company. I dislike him, and I wish I could get you to do the same."

"Thanks. Our feelings are not likely to run

quite in the same channel as regards the Lyndon family, I fancy. Meanwhile Mr. Lyndon is my friend and my husband's. Then you will not come? Good-night."

"You are offended with me?"

"A little, and justly; but I quite forgive you; only let us say no more about it. And so good-night."

This conversation took place before we were out of the opera-house. I left her, and went my way alone.

Walking homeward an hour after I passed through Jermyn Street. Coming near Christina's lodgings, I could not help thinking over the strange mixture of levity and feeling, of egotism and generosity, of ambition and frivolity, which was in that singular nature; ambition so great and jealousies so small; success discolored by such petty bitternesses; great hopes made mean by such little pleasures and excitements. I wished she had sought solitude, not society, that night. I could not bear to think of her making one at a small revelry, and accepting, and perhaps enjoying, the attentions of Mr. Lyndon. Not my Lisette!

I might have spared myself some of these reflections. When I came in sight of her windows there were no signs of revelry of any sort; all was quiet and dark. She had evidently got rid of her guests and gone home to solitude.

"I don't understand this woman yet," I thought. "For good or ill, I don't understand her. I wonder if I ever shall. Are any women ever to be understood at all?"

Christina sang no more that season, of which, indeed, but few nights remained. She had attempted too much and too soon, and had to bear the penalty—bitter to her—of enforced rest.

I did not see her any more that year. I called many times, but she could not or would not see me. After a few weeks she went to Vichy, and thence to Nice. I had several provincial and some German engagements, and our paths divided altogether for many months.

So closed our first season—for her in disappointment; for me in disappointment of more than one kind. One thing was clear: Christina and I were far more widely separated now than when she was struggling in Italy and I struggling in London, and neither knew of the other's whereabouts.

Let me dispose, once for all, of Mademoiselle Finola, who is of no further importance in this story, and need not appear in it any more. She had troops of admirers and many adorers; and among the latter she soon found an eligible husband. He was a man of large property and with a foreign title. She renounced the stage right joyously, and betook herself to an existence of balls and receptions, in which her soul found higher delight and more fitting sphere than it could have discovered in any triumph of musical art. Her name has been forgotten among singers long ago; and she is not sorry. She carried off at the very outset the only prize she

cared about; and she looked back ever after on her artistic career as one remembers the weary progress of a journey which has led him to the warmth and light of a happy home. She lived principally in London, not much caring to go back to Paris while the shoe-shop still stood in the Palais Royal arcade. I met her several times after her marriage, and she was very friendly and gracious for a while, until chance and change gradually brought us less and less within each other's sight, and at last extinguished even recognition.

The first season, then, in which Christina and I sang together had come and gone; and this was what it brought. I knew no end of people now, and I doubt if London held a lonelier man. I felt as if I were running to seed; and I longed for a new life—a new start in life. It came; but not in the way I had planned or expected. The unforeseen, as usual, came to pass.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRISTINA'S INTERVENTION.

ANOTHER season opens, finding every thing with me much the same, to all outward appearance, as the season before. I have not yet carried out my idea of going to America; and just at the present moment the idea is rather in the back-ground. I have been in London since before Christmas, and the spring is now well advanced. I am still lodging under the same roof with Ned Lambert, though we sometimes don't meet for weeks together. I hear rather promising accounts of the poor Lyndons in Paris. I have not seen Christina, or heard from her all the winter; but I know that she has been to Nice, and that Mr. Lyndon, M.P., has been there, without his daughters; and I know what the English colony there said and thought, and, while I believe it to be false as hell, I am maddened by such whispers. I know the common talk here is that Christina is to marry Lyndon; and I wish her husband would abandon his conspiracies, and own his wife, and live with her in the face of day. I have heard something from him too; and news of him. There has been an abortive insurrection in Lombardy, and a few poor fellows have been bayoneted and shot, and some people blame Salaris for it, and say that he was there; and others condemn Mazzini, and say that he was not there.

Christina's engagement here, beginning rather late this year, is near at hand, and she must soon be in town. I have heard that her voice is quite restored, but that her general health is still weak.

One morning I receive a letter addressed to me in her handwriting. I see it with something like a start. The time has been my whole senses would have stirred at the sight at that writing; and even still I can not look at it unmoved. I believe there are some early

feelings one never gets over—never. I shall never conquer my detestation of the smell of certain medicines. The faintest breath of them horrifies me, as if I were again a child about to have a doze forced down my throat. I shall never lose a sense of delight called up by the smell of tar; because it brings back all the old memories of the sea and the strand and the boats. I shall never see a scrap of Christina Braun's handwriting without emotion. There are no particular mysteries to be treasured up to the end of this story, and I may say at once that I love another woman now better than I ever loved the idol of my boyhood. But I can look at her writing in a letter without any thing of a thrill, while a line of Christina Braun's hand would even still produce at the first glance a sort of electric shock.

Christina's letter was short.

"JERMYN STREET.

"MY DEAR EMANUEL,—Greeting! I have returned to town, as you will see, and I want to speak to you frankly, earnestly, as a friend. Do you believe me a true friend, above meanness, and wishing you well? If so, forget any little coldness or ill-humor I may have shown last year, when I was troubled so much mentally and physically, and come to me at once; if you do not thus believe in me, then tear up this letter, and don't come. CHRISTINA."

I went to Jermyn Street immediately. Christina's German companion received me at first; and in a few minutes Christina herself entered. She was looking rather pale, but very handsome, and bright-eyed, and splendid.

"I am glad you have come," she said; "it is friendly of you. I wished to speak to you a little." And she glanced at the other woman, who was still in the room.

"First of yourself, Madame Reichstein. You are recovered—really recovered and strong, I hope?"

"Oh yes, I think so. I was not very well all the winter; and many things made me uneasy and distressed."

She looked at me with such an expression that I knew she referred to her husband. Indeed, I believe her German companion was quite in her confidence on this point.

"But I am better now—much better; quite restored, I think. And Finola is married, and has a title, and is happy! And Ned Lambert is not married, and is not happy! I saw poor Ned the other day in Paris; dear good Ned! He is not happy—and he is uneasy about some of his friends."

Here Christina lifted her eyes and let them rest full on me, as if she would read my very heart. I don't think I met the gaze quite boldly.

"Did you meet many friends in Nice?" I asked, not knowing any thing else to say.

"Some; not many. Mr. Lyndon was there part of the time."

"So I heard."

I now looked fixedly at Christina in my turn. She did not wince.

"I believe," she said, quite carelessly, "some people say Mr. Lyndon and I are to be married.—What do you think of that story, Meta?"

Meta smiled a dry smile.

"Herr Lyndon is *ein bischen alt*—a little old," was her only remark; and in a moment or two, to my great relief, she left the room, and I prepared to hear what Christina had to say.

When Meta was present, Christina had been sitting on a music-stool, while I sat quite away on a chair near the window. When we were left alone, she rose and stood near the fire-place, where, bright spring day though it was, there were blazing embers, and she motioned to me to come near.

I came and stood close beside her.

"I have asked you to come," she said, "to speak of you, not of me."

I suppose that was a note of defiance in reply to my look when we spoke of Mr. Lyndon.

There was nothing indeed I wished to say or to hear said on the subject of Mr. Lyndon and his attentions, or the talk they created. I merely bowed my head in token of assent.

Then Christina, throwing back her hair with one hand, and looking fixedly at me for an instant or two, said:

"Now, Emanuel, I have something earnest to say to you. Just a word or two of question and of warning. You will take both question and warning in a friendly spirit, will you not?"

I think I now knew what was coming, although the reader does not. I fear I flushed a little; but I answered calmly,

"Surely, Christina, I could not receive any word from you but as a friend."

"I thank you for the confidence. Now for the word, Emanuel. What about Lilla Lyndon?"

"About Lilla Lyndon! Which Lilla Lyndon? There are two."

Christina shook her head.

"Not worthy of you, Emanuel. Evasion to no purpose. Tell me to mind my own affairs and leave you to yours, and I will do so. But if you allow me to be your friend, and admit confidence, don't evade. I have always confided in you."

"I don't think you have."

"So far as I could just now. I have told you there are certain things I can not quite explain even yet, but that they shall be explained. I have never evaded your questions. I once rather anticipated them—put them for you and gave the answers, so far as any answer might be given. Now, have you not been evading my question? Did you not understand it? Did I not see in your face that you understood it?"

"Well, Christina, I suppose I did. It is no use trying to evade so keen a questioner; and I wish I had answered you directly at once, and not given an appearance of mystery where there is none, and no need of any. Come, put any question you will—only don't expect that

any thing mysterious or romantic or interesting is likely to come in the way of answer."

"Well, then, again: what about Lilla Lyndon?"

"I can only say, so far as I know, nothing. To Lilla Lyndon I am nothing. To me she is a sweet, calm, pure-hearted creature, who seems to come out of dreamland, or poetry, or some old chronicle of saints—and that is all."

"How long have you known her?"

"Comparatively speaking, a short time. The first time I ever saw her, and spoke to her, was before I went to Italy, and I then saw her hardly five minutes. Last season I saw her with you, as you will remember. Since I came back, I—I did meet her again."

"That is, you threw yourself in her way?"

"I did; but not for any purpose of my own. I threw myself in her way because I thought I saw through her a means of helping and serving two dear friends—you know them both—Ned Lambert and Lilla, the other Lilla, Lyndon. Most truly can I say I did not selfishly do this; but I did it, and this was how our acquaintance began."

"All that I knew."

"Then that is all."

"No, not nearly all. You have met her lately?"

"I have."

"And often?"

"Yes, often."

"In plain words, you have met this girl regularly, by appointment with her, in Kensington Gardens?"

"No, Christina, that is not so. Whoever told you that part of the story told you what was not true, what was flatly false; and if it were a man, I should like to have a chance of saying as much to him. One word of this kind never passed between us. We never met by appointment. I am not so mean as to think of such a thing; and if I had suggested it, I must have been answered just as I deserved."

"Well, I hear all this with pleasure—with some pleasure, at least. But you have met several times, quite by accident, as she walked in Kensington Gardens. She has stopped and spoken to you at the railings as she rode in the Row."

"She has; and to many others too."

"Yes; the recognized friends of her family; her father's friends."

I felt myself flushing with anger. I wish I could have felt myself clear enough of conscience to reply.

"Come, Emanuel, again let me quote *Zwischen uns sei Wahrheit*. You have deliberately put yourself in the way of meeting Miss Lyndon?"

"I have."

"And you have met her so often and so regularly that you can nearly always count upon meeting her on certain days in the same place. This is true?"

"It is true."

"And she is—well, not to be hard upon your

years, which would seem painfully like being hard on my own—she is at least fourteen or fifteen years younger than you—is, in fact, considerably under age?”

“She is.”

“And you think you are acting honorably in this?”

“I do not!” I exclaimed, so suddenly and sharply that Christina drew back a little and glanced uneasily at the door, as if fearful lest we should have been overheard. “I do not, Christina! I count it dishonorable—frankly dishonorable. I have been ashamed of myself long enough for doing it. When a poor boy in a small sea-port, I would not have done so. But I have changed, and life has been dull and lonely to me, and I did like to meet that sweet pure girl, who seemed to me something so unlike the common world that her very presence brightened life to me. And I am afraid I liked it none the less because I detested that cold-blooded, sensuous, selfish old hypocrite, her father.”

“Hush, hush, Emanuel, you don’t know Mr. Lyndon—you and he seem, I can’t tell how, to have a sort of instinctive aversion to each other.”

“No; I don’t suppose he even honors me with his aversion—and I don’t care.”

“Then let him pass; come to his daughter. I think I am satisfied, Emanuel. I think, as you look this thing so fearlessly in the face and don’t spare yourself, you need no farther appeal—no appeal from me; still, I meant to give you a warning. Let me give it before you leave; we shall not often have such confidential conversations. Emanuel, do you love this girl?”

I turned away, and walked to the window. Christina came to me, and laid her hand upon my shoulder.

“Speak frankly to me—as to your friend or your sister. Do you love her?”

“Can you ask such a question?”

“Oh yes. Gone is gone, my friend, and dead is dead. I don’t expect that the past could live forever in your heart, and I should be sorry if it did. Let us remember nothing but so much as may give us a right to trust in each other. You do, then, love her?”

Christina’s voice trembled a little as she spoke.

“Christina, I have not thought of loving her; not in that sense. Not as I loved you—not as I—”

“Then why do you meet her?”

“Because I was lonely, and at odds with every thing, and her voice sounded sweetly in my ears, and her eyes looked kindly on me; and she was a mild delightful influence, and I was selfish enough to think of nothing else.”

“Then my warning may be of use. Listen, Emanuel. If you loved the girl passionately, and hoped to marry her, you might possibly gain your wish; for I believe there is nothing her father would not in the end consent to for her sake. But I don’t believe you could be

happy with her, or she with you. She is a sweet, loving child, with a child’s feelings. She has, I think, no strength of character, no enduring, absorbing affection. Either she must lead a life with you to which she would be utterly unused—you know that she has never breathed our atmosphere of Bohemia—or you must live a kind of pensioner on her father, maintained as the husband whom his willful and foolish daughter would marry, and who therefore must be taken into the family circle. You wince under this. Is it not true?”

“But there never was the faintest idea of anything of the kind. Never. Good Heavens! one may speak to a young lady without—”

“Yes, one may; but when one meets the young lady very often clandestinely—”

“Clandestinely!”

“What other word can you find for it? Clandestinely, and nothing else. When one does this, he must contemplate something, or he must have no brains and heart at all; and you have both. Emanuel, I would, at almost any risk, save you from an entanglement that could only end, I am sure, in unhappiness. I speak to you, therefore, with an openness which perhaps wise people and good people would think does me little credit. Lilla Lyndon loves you!”

I am afraid the first emotion created in me by this declaration was a pang of fierce and wild delight. It was followed quickly, as by a rush of cold air on a burning forehead, by a chilling sense of hopelessness and pain and shame.

“It can not be so, Christina; it is not so.”

“It is so; I know it. Do you think I would talk of the poor girl so if I did not know what I was saying? It is so. I have seen her lately; I know her well; I have talked with her many times; she has come and seen me here in this room; and a thousand things, a thousand words, have betrayed her poor little secret to me. Perhaps she does not know it herself. I don’t suppose she has ever indulged much in examination of her own heart. What of that? I have eyes, and can see. If she were sinking into a consumption, she might not know it; but I should know it, or you. There is nothing much to wonder at in the matter, Emanuel. The poor girl has hardly ever met any men but elderly members of Parliament, and heavy capitalists, and bishops. I know Mr. Lyndon too well to suppose he would allow any poor and handsome young curate ever to come near his daughter. *Wohlauf!* Your whole life is to her something interesting, strange, romantic. What is there to wonder at? I dare say if she had met a dove-eyed young clergyman in good time, the thing never would have happened. Mr. Lyndon is like the man in *Æsop* who shut up his son in a tower lest he should be killed by the lion; and, behold, the picture of a lion on the wall brought his death.”

Christina spoke with flashing eyes, and with all the dramatic energy she always had shown

since her girlhood, whenever she felt any interest in what she was saying. A stranger might have thought she was acting even now; but I knew she was not.

"Why do you tell me this—even if it be true?"

"Because I think I am speaking to a man of honor and spirit, and that the best appeal to you I can make is by the full frank truth."

"What would you have me do—supposing all this to be true?"

"Give up this girl—leave her—never see her again! Leave her before it be too late. She will forget you, Emanuel, believe me; she will forget you, if only you leave her in time; and she will marry somebody her father likes, and she will be a good obedient girl, and very happy, and her days will be long in the land, as the story-books put it, or the religious books, or what you will. And you will forget her; you say even now you do not actually love her. She will cry a little, perhaps; but all girls cry for something, and I really don't think it much matters for what."

"Christina, I don't like your tone—I don't like your way of speaking."

She laughed—a low, slight, scornful laugh.

"Not romantic and tender and sentimental enough, perhaps? But look what your romance and tenderness come to. You are teaching this girl to deceive her father—yes, you are—yet you don't know that you love her, and you have no object whatever in meeting her! *Tavare!* You are not a boy, Emanuel, to act so any longer."

I bit my lips. I felt vexed and ashamed, and only too conscious that I deserved all she said or could say.

"Well, Christina, I must try to deserve your better opinion, and to act with more judgment and manliness. I make no promise, and I must act for myself in my own way; but I hope you shall have no further cause to feel ashamed for me."

"That is like yourself—your old self; I am sure you will do right after all. I would not talk to you in this way, if I thought you loved this girl; I would rather say, Fling every thought away but that of loving her and holding her against the world. But you do not, and I think she will be cured at last of her love for you."

I rose to close the conversation.

"I will do my best, Christina. Existence, I suppose, is always to be a bore and a weariness and a renunciation to me. Well, I accept the situation; it will come to an end some time."

"Oh, pray, don't speak so."

"Yes; I am weary of every thing. I am sick of this wretched profession—or art, or whatever you choose to call it—for which I have no heart and no genius, and in which I know I can never come to any thing worth living for. I am tired of the people one meets, and the follies one commits, and the weary re-

straints one has to put on if he would not commit follies, and worse. What is one's motive in living? I don't know."

"Still we live, my dear; and we can but make the best of it. I at least will not see you sink away, Emanuel, into any folly or fatality without saying a word to interpose. Perhaps you think I have no right to preach or to advise?"

I waved my hand to repudiate this idea.

"But we made a pledge of friendship, Emanuel, when we entered on—that new chapter of our lives; and I have kept it in my heart as sacredly as I could, though we have not often met. And I do not—indeed, I do not—think this you have done could come to any happiness for you or for her. Perhaps I don't understand the little girl quite, you will say," and she smiled slightly; "but if I am wrong, the thing will come to pass none the less because I ask you to be open and manly, and yet careful. You ask me what is the use of living, and how one is to bear with life? My good friend, others have bitter burdens too to bear, and bitter bad temptations to resist; and I could tell you how they learn to do it, only I dare not yet; you would smile at me, or think me hypocritical, and I could not bear either. But one time I will tell you—that, and other things too which now perhaps you do not know or guess. No, don't ask for explanation; I have said enough, and too much. Now, good-by!"

CHAPTER XXV.

IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THE conversation with Christina, which left me a little mystified in the end, has at least cleared up something of my story since the Lyndons, mother and daughter, left London. Perhaps it has told so much that I might now go straight on with the rest as it occurred, and without turning back to review or explain any thing. But it would possibly be well to give a few lines to a candid recapitulation of what had taken place, and to a chapter of my life which I always look back on with a mixture of pride and of shame.

When poor Ned Lambert was left by Lilla Lyndon, he and I spoke but a very few words over the matter: few, but enough. He was a silent fellow by nature, and a man to crush down what he felt. He knew how thoroughly I sympathized with him; and a grip of the hand from such a man or to such a man is incomparably more eloquent than words. His nature was quiet, patient, confiding; he knew that Lilla loved him, he knew that there was some reason why he must at least submit to wait; and he submitted, and asked no questions. He did not maunder, or mope, or idly repine at fate or any thing else, but only seemed to throw a fiercer energy into every thing he did, to the very smoking of a cigar; and he used to sit up half

the night devising new improvements in the construction of organs. He told me he went to see Christina sometimes, but never when any body was likely to be there. He "dropped her a line," he said, when he felt anxious to say a word to her, and she always set apart a time to suit him at the earliest moment. Like most silent men, he was, I am sure, ready to be very effusive and confidential with any woman he trusted in; and I have no doubt that he told Christina every word of his disappointment and his love, and talked to her as he would not—indeed, as he could not—have talked to any man alive.

Meanwhile his occupations took him a good deal out of town. I don't know whether Lilla Lyndon wrote to him: she wrote to me sometimes, and gave me good news of her prosperous and promising occupation in Paris. Of course I told her all about Ned Lambert, and hardly any thing else, when I replied. After a while she began to tell me that she had received the sweetest, kindest letters from her cousin Lilla, whom she had never seen, but who had suddenly opened up a correspondence with her. Lilla the elder—Ned's Lilla—was greatly amazed and delighted at this, and could not understand it at all. I felt like one who is conscious of having done something delightfully good, and is proud of having it known only to himself. After a while I began to take a somewhat modified and less flattering view of my own position in the transaction.

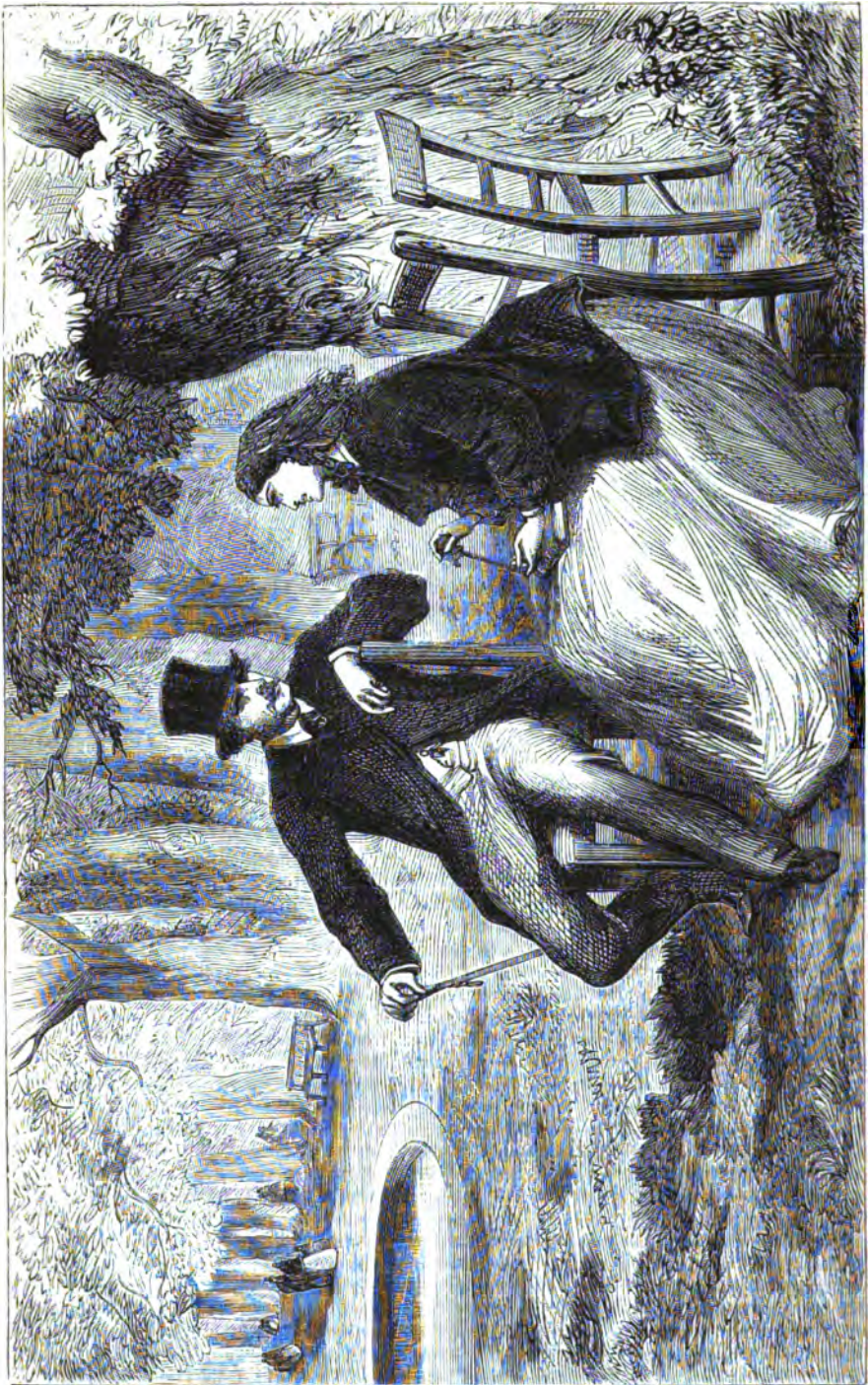
For all had happened as I told Christina. I had acted on the idea of making Lilla the younger the angelic, celestial mediatrix in the whole of the painful business. I felt sure that her influence over her father would have power enough to induce him, for the sake of the other Lilla, to buy off or pension off in some way his wretched brother—send him to America or Australia, or any where out of the way. Many times I passed her door to no purpose. One day at last I saw her as her groom was holding her horse's head and she was about to mount. Perhaps if she had not seen me then, and cordially recognized, I might not have ventured to speak to her; but she did see me, and gave me a frank and friendly recognition; and then I went up and presented myself to her, and told her without hesitation that I came of my own counsel, unasked by any body, unknown to any body, to plead for her good offices on behalf of her cousin, the other Lilla. Whatever of secrecy might afterward have grown up, this at least was done openly, at her father's door, under the eyes if not within the hearing of her groom, in the face of day. She received me with that innocent, genial, sympathetic trustfulness which nothing but purity and nobleness of heart ever can give.

I confess that as I spoke to her that time, and saw her pure, calm eyes turned to me, and heard her sympathetic, tender, girlish voice, I thought that between her and me lay a distance as broad as between two creatures of different

worlds. It no more occurred to me as possible that such a woman could turn one thought toward me than that one of the Madonnas of marble in an Italian chapel could have come down from her pedestal in the sacred stillness of the evening, and, like Diana, kissed some mortal worshiper.

She had only known before that she had a cousin whom her father would not suffer her to see; of her uncle she had known nothing. She spoke to her father, and pleaded hard; and all she obtained was permission to write to the other Lilla Lyndon. From Lilla the elder she doubtless received encomiums of my honor and integrity and brotherly affection, and so forth, which led her to confide frankly in me. She did not despair at all of winning over her father; and but for the too frequent presence of her hard and puritanical step-sisters—she was the daughter, the only child, of Mr. Lyndon's second marriage—she might much sooner have prevailed. I learned from her that she had actually found out and tried to redeem, and petted and largely bribed, the wretched old scoundrel, her uncle; and that she really did contrive, by her influence, and still more by her money, to keep him from making any more scandal. How I sickened at the idea of her meeting the odious old hypocrite! and yet I did not dare to hint at what I thought of him. She had, with all her sweetness, a sort of resolute sanctified willfulness about her; and nothing on earth, except perhaps her father's absolute command, could have kept her from trying to do good to her outcast uncle. Meanwhile the only good of keeping him temporarily decent was that it made her father feel convinced his brother would not dare to annoy him any more, and therefore more than ever determined not to yield to any entreaty on his behalf.

What I confessed to Christina explains all the rest. We met by chance frequently. I found it was Lilla's habit to walk almost every day in Kensington Gardens for half an hour or so. It was only, so to speak, crossing the street from her own house; and her maid was generally with her. We spoke together: she had always something to say to me about the progress of her endeavors on behalf of her cousin. She did sometimes come alone. I did observe the hour and day of her coming, and I did always contrive to be there. To speak to her did always seem to sweeten and purify life for me. I did at last begin to think I was acting a mean and shameful part, although no word had ever passed between us which her mother, were she living, might not have heard. I did begin to feel ashamed of thus meeting a girl whose father would not, if he could, acknowledge my existence; and, what was worse still, I did feel conscious of a hideous, degrading sense of gratified malignity in the knowledge of the fact. This it was which most distinctly told me of my own growing degradation.



IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

All I had told Christina was true. I did not venture to think with love of Lilla Lyndon. My God, I never thought of loving her. She seemed far too pure and good, too unworldly and childlike in her goodness, to be loved by a half-outworn Bohemian like me. She was not

of my ways at all. When I saw her I only breathed a purer air for a moment, and then went back to my smoke and gas-light and Bohemia again. But Christina spoke unwisely: she counted on a romantic heroism greater than mine when she told me that such a girl was capable of loving me. Truly, I resolved that I must cease to see her; but then I also made up my mind that I must see her once more, and that I must part from her in such a way that at least she should not despise me. Suppose what Christina said to be true—and I hardly yet believed it—the worst of the evil was partly done, and it could do little more harm, no more harm, to take leave of Lilla Lyndon in such a way as should at least allow her to retain a memory of me which should not be wholly one of contempt.

I did not once think it possible that any thing but separation could come of our strange acquaintanceship. Let me do myself justice. So much there was equivocal and weak, and ungenerous and mean, in this chapter of my history, that I must protect the reputation of what little honorable feeling I always retained. Had I loved Lilla with all the passion of a youth's first love, I don't think I should have attempted to induce her to marry me: it would have seemed cruelly unfair to her. There appeared to be some truth in what Christina said. Lilla probably did not and could not know her own mind. Any feeling she might entertain for me was doubtless but the strange, sudden, ephemeral sentiment of a girl—the foolish romantic tenderness a young woman just beyond the school-girl's age sometimes feels toward her music-master or her riding-master. It will die, and be buried and forgotten in a season: to treat it as a reality would be a treachery and a cruelty. The more we hear from the women of mature years who confide in us, the more do we know that almost every girl of quick fancy and tenderness has had her budding bosom filled for a while with some such whimsical affection, which fades before the realities of life and of love, and is only remembered, if at all, with an easy, half-mirthful memory. To Lilla Lyndon, I thought to myself, I shall soon be such a memory, and no more. If I remain in London, or return to it, I shall hear of her being married to some one who brings her a fortune and a position; and I shall read of her parties in the season, and perhaps some day see in the papers that she has presented her daughter at Court; and we may meet sometimes, or she will come to hear me sing, and she will be friendly and kind, and not ashamed of the fading memory of these days. I am surely the most unfortunate of beings where any word of love is in question: I seem to be able only to learn what the thing is, or may be, in order to have it taken away from me. I must really make up my mind to be a stern old bachelor, and have done with all thoughts of what is clearly not for me. Yesterday I was a boy too young to marry; now I am getting rather old-

erly for such ideas. Let me close the chapter altogether; let me see Lilla Lyndon once, only once, and bid her a kind good-by, and relieve my soul by confessing that I have done wrong, and beg of her still to think of the other Lilla; and then I will go and tell Christina what I have done, and she will at least approve; and so the drudgery of life will just go on as before.

I had walked, thus thinking, along Piccadilly, which was glaring and garish in the sun, and by Apsley House (where, when first I came to London, one might yet see "the Duke" getting into his queerly-shaped cab), into Hyde Park, and so to Kensington Gardens. When I reached the shade of the noble old trees of Kensington I walked slowly, and lingered and looked anxiously around. I came within sight of the little round basin which lies, so pretty a lakelet, in the bosom of the open, which the trees fringe all round, and whence the glades and vistas stretch out. London has nothing so exquisite as just that spot. With the old red palace near at hand, and no other building in sight, one may ignore the great metropolis altogether, and fancy himself in a park of Anne's days, embedded deep in the heart of some secluded country landscape. A slight breeze to-day ruffled the surface of the little pond, over which the water-fowl were skimming, and the shadows of birds fell broken on it as they flew overhead; and a light cloud could now and then be seen reflected in it. The whole scene was gracious, gentle, tender, with a faint air of melancholy about it, which was but a new grace.

On one of the seats which look upon the little basin I saw Lilla Lyndon sitting. She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading. She looked up from the water as I approached, and greeted me with a frank, bright smile. She was a very handsome girl, with her youthful Madonna contour of face, her pale clear complexion and violet eyes, and dark brown hair parted smoothly, as was then the fashion, on either brow. As her brilliant red lips parted and showed her white small teeth, a gleam of vivacity for the first time lighted the face, of which the habitual expression was a tender calmness, almost a melancholy beauty, like that of the sunlight on the water beneath her.

"I am glad you have come," she said, after she had given me her hand, "for I came here much earlier than usual to-day, and it is lonely, and I have felt rather weary. I have just been wondering—perhaps you can help me to understand it—why inanimate nature is all so melancholy, and why the least throb of life seems to be joyous. I have been looking at that pool, and the light and the leaves, and they all seem sad; and a water-fowl just plunges into the pond, and floats and dives, and the sadness seems to vanish in a moment."

"I fear I am not poet enough to understand it."

"But you ought to be a poet—in soul, at

least. A singer must be a poet, I think, or how can he sing? You have made me feel poetic many times."

"So I dare say has a harp or a violin. I have as much music in my soul as the fiddle."

"Oh, but that is nonsense. There is something I read lately that reminds me of a word or two I once heard from you about music. I have been reading that novel of Richter's you told me to get—the *Fliegerjahre*. Well, the poet-brother praises the flutist-brother's exquisite performance; but unfortunately he gives as his reason for admiration that the music brought up all the most tender and delightful associations to his memory. I should have thought that the highest praise: should not you?"

I shook my head.

"No? Well, so too says Vult the flute-player. He is quite disappointed, and shakes his head, and says: 'I see, then, that you did not understand or appreciate the music at all.' So it is with me. When I most delight in music, it is because it brings up something which is not in the music itself."

"And I too, Miss Lyndon; and therefore I know I am not a true musician."

"Then who is?"

"Well, Madame Reichstein is, and many others."

"Yes; papa always says Madame Reichstein is. I delight in Madame Reichstein myself, both on the stage and off; more even when off, I think."

"You have met her lately?"

"Yes, several times. I make papa take me to see her. I never knew a great singer before—a woman, I mean. I think her very charming. Is she what people call a lady?"

"Not what Belgravia calls a lady, certainly. Her father was a German toymaker."

"You are angry with me for my question," said Lilla, opening her violet eyes widely, and looking at me with quite a pathetic expression, "and you think me a fool; but do you know the reason I asked the question? I had a reason."

"I don't know the reason, Miss Lyndon."

"Just this, then: somebody—a woman to whom I talked of Madame Reichstein—chose to speak rather contemptuously of her, and said she was not a lady. I asked rather sharply, why not? and she answered that she was not a lady of rank off the stage, like Madame Sontag and somebody else, I don't know whom; and that she is not received in society. So much the worse for society, I thought."

"I suppose society has its laws every where. I don't suppose Madame Reichstein cares. I am sure she is not ashamed of having been born poor, any more than I am, Miss Lyndon. My father was a boat-builder, my mother sewed gloves; my genealogy goes no farther back. I don't suppose I ever had a grandfather."

"You speak coldly, or angrily, as if you thought I cared about people's grandfathers," said Lilla, gently; "I wish I had not said any

thing about Madame Reichstein, whom I think I admire as highly as any body can. You can not suppose I really care whether her father was a poor man or a rich man?"

"Frankly, Miss Lyndon, I doubt whether people ever get quite over these feelings. Perhaps it is better not. I am always angry with any of my own class who try to get out of it; and I think them rightly treated when they are reminded of their social inferiority."

I suppose I was speaking in a tone of some bitterness. Lilla's remark, innocent as it was, had jarred sharply on me, and seemed to point the painful moral of the course into which I had been drifting. Even this child had eyes to see that she and I had come from a different class, and belonged to a different world. I had been standing beside the seat on which she sat. She looked up quickly as I spoke; then rose and stood near me, and with the gentlest action in the world, laid her small hand on my arm.

"I see that I have offended you," she said, "by my thoughtless talk. But trust me, that if I thought less highly of Madame Reichstein, and—and of you, I should never have spoken in such a way. I did not suppose it possible you could have taken my words as you have done. It humiliates me even more than you. Pray, pray don't misunderstand me; I have no friend I value like you."

Her voice was a little tremulous in its plaintiveness, and the kindness of her expression was irresistible. Even wounded pride could not stand out against it.

"Your friendship, Miss Lyndon, is one of the dearest things I have on earth—almost, indeed, the only thing that is dear to me. Let me preserve it. Were you going home? and may I walk just a little way with you?"

"Yes, I was going home; and I shall be glad of your companionship yet a little."

With all our "clandestine" meetings, we had never walked together before. Our sin against propriety had been limited to just the occasional meetings, the exchange of a few words, and the partings. Now I did not offer her my arm; we walked side by side down one of the glades which stretches nearly parallel with the road. A little girl, poorly dressed, darted across our path, then suddenly stopped, and looking shyly at me, dropped a courtesy to my companion, and was going on, when Lilla, addressing her as "Lizzy," brought her to a stand. She talked to the child about her father, who had a sore arm, and was out of work; and her mother, and her brother, and so on; and I heard her say she was going to see them that day; and she took out a little purse, and gave the girl something.

"One of my children," she said in explanation; "I have a school; a very little one. I have asked Madame Reichstein to come and see it, and she will sing for the girls. I owe a great deal to these children. They give me occupation; I should not know what to do with my existence but for them, our house is so very

dull. I suppose a home without a mother always is. Papa is so busy with Parliament and politics, and so much out."

A moment's silence followed. Then I took heart of grace and said,

"Just now, Miss Lyndon, you were kind enough to say you thought of me as a friend; and I asked you to let me deserve your friendship—"

"Have you not deserved it? Did you not teach me how I might perhaps serve and help those who have claims on me? Have I not heard how true and steady a friend you were to my cousin and her mother, and her poor father? Have I not seen all this? Mr. Temple, I don't know why papa is so resolute in refusing to meet or help my uncle. I suppose he has good reason; but I myself believe only in mercy and kindness, and—and love. I don't think our religion teaches us any thing else; and at least I don't believe in human justice when it only punishes. I must try to bring my people together; and I hope to succeed. If I do, will not that be a great thing? And how could it have been done but for you?"

"If it can be done, it would have been done without me. But I am only too glad to hear you speak so kindly and hopefully. I am a believer in your religion of pity and mercy and love—or in none. But I have to deserve your friendship otherwise than in this easy and pleasant way. Miss Lyndon, I have no right to be with you here to-day. I have no right to walk by your side. I have no right to come, as I have come, for the sole purpose of meeting you. All this is wrong in me, and wrong toward you. You are much younger than I am, and your kindness and friendship make you only too thoughtful for others—not for yourself. I must not see you any more in this way—and I could not help telling you—and good-by."

She looked up at me with a sudden startled, pained expression, and then her eyes fell, and over her clear pale face there came a faint, faint flush.

"Not to meet any more?" she said at last. "Then I have done wrong in being here?"

"Not you—oh, not you. But I, Miss Lyndon, I have done wrong; I came here, day after day, to meet you."

"Yes; I knew it—I expected you; I wished you to come."

"But I am not your father's friend—he would not approve of my meeting you."

"Who is to blame, Mr. Temple, but yourself? Have I not many times asked you to let me bring papa and you to be friends? Have I not often told you I felt convinced that if he only knew you, he would appreciate you as I do?"

"You have often said so; but you can not know how men of the world think—"

"But I do know papa; and I know that there are few things I could ask him which he would not grant. One of the things I have determined on is, that he shall know you, and ap-

preciate you, and like you. I will tell him this very day. Why should you not come to our house, and be of our friends, and brighten our home a little for us, instead of some of the dull and pompous and uncharitable and unloving people who come to us? Mr. Temple, if you think there is any thing lowering to you in the way our acquaintanceship has been carried on so far; let me bear the blame of it, and there shall be no more cause for blame. I will tell papa this very day—I will tell him all."

"That I have met you, and walked with you?"

"Yes, every word. Why not? I will tell him the whole truth, and he will believe me. I will tell him we met here because I wished to meet you, and you were too proud to come to our house. And I will tell him that you must come often."

"And teach you to sing, perhaps?" I could not help asking, with a rather melancholy smile.

"Yes; why not? that is, if you would; only I suppose you are again too proud, and will be offended if I even mention such a thing. I should think it delightful."

"Miss Lyndon, every word you say only shows me, more and more, with what nobleness and innocence—I must say it—you have acted, and how unworthy of such goodness and such companionship I am. Do follow out your right impulse; do speak to your father thus frankly, and abide by what he says."

"I will; and I will tell him you told me to do so. You will find you do not understand him as well as I do. Only you must promise you will come to our house when he asks you."

"I might safely promise on such a condition, and the result be just the same, but I will not. I must at last be open and frank with you, who are so candid and sincere with me. No, Miss Lyndon, I can never enter your house as a sort of tolerated inferior, even if your father did become as good-natured as you expect."

"Inferior! You pain me and humiliate me. Have I acted as if I thought you an inferior? Am I, then, in your judgment, capable of giving my warm friendship and my confidence to an inferior? For shame, Mr. Temple! Have more faith in yourself and your art, and the beautiful life it gives. Have more faith in me."

"I have more faith in you than in any thing under heaven. But I know what your father would think of me. I know what he would say, and with only too much appearance of justice. I can not, even for you, bear this, and bear it too to no purpose. Speak to him, if you will, but I could never meet you under his roof except on conditions which I could never bear, or with an object which is hopeless and impossible. No, Lilla—no, Miss Lyndon—"

"You may call me Lilla; I wish to be called so."

"No, Lilla; I have come up from the lowest life, but I have some sense of honor, and some pride. I have done wrong thus far—I never saw it so clearly as now; but it shall be

done no more. I have your interest and your happiness now far too deeply at heart to think in the least of any pain it may give me—or even you—to do right. To meet any more would be hopeless for me, and useless generosity on your part."

"Then our friendship comes to an end? I am sorry. I wished that we might be always friends—I felt life less weary."

"Our friendship surely shall not come to an end. It shall live always, I hope."

"But I don't understand why this should be so—why you should haughtily refuse our friendship."

"You don't understand it now, Lilla; but you will one day, and you will feel glad—"

"I am very unhappy."

There was a calm, clear sincerity in the way she spoke these words which was infinitely touching. Was it not likewise infinitely tempting? Let those who, like me, yet young, have been cast away prematurely from love, and have long felt compelled to believe that supreme human joy cut off from them forever—let them suddenly be placed face to face with a beautiful, pure, and tender girl, and see the expression I saw trembling on her lips and sparkling in tears on her eyelids, and say if it was nothing to stand firmly back, and leave her, as I did. When for my sins I am arraigned hereafter, as good people tell us we shall be, before some high celestial bar, I hope I shall be able to plead that one effort as a sacrifice in mitigation of the heavenly judgment.

"I am very unhappy," she said. "And now that you have spoken thus, you have made me think for the first time that I have been doing wrong. I hoped to have brought all my people together, and healed the quarrels and dislikes which are so sad and sinful in a family; and I hoped to have made papa and you know each other and love each other—and he *could* appreciate you—and to have made much happiness; and now I only feel ashamed, as if I had been doing something secret and wrong; and you tell me we must not be friends any more. I have had no friends before; the people we know are formal and hard, and only care for politics and money; and I don't care for their society, and I can not school my feelings into their way. But what is right, Mr. Temple, we must do; and I think only the more of your goodness, and am all the more sorry, because you have told me what I ought to do. Good-by!"

She spoke this in a tremulous voice that vibrated musically and sadly in my ears, as indeed it vibrates there now. There was a look of profound regret and profound resignation on her face, which to my eyes, unaccustomed to see men and women obey aught but their mere impulses, good or bad, seemed saint-like, heaven-like. Even then I think I only felt the more deeply how little such a nature could in the end have blended with mine; how imperative and sacred was the duty which divided us in time. I could have wished that death awaited me in

five minutes; but I did not flinch. I did not say one tender word, which might have recklessly unsealed the fountains of emotion in that sweet and loving nature.

"Good-by, Mr. Temple." She put her hand in mine. I pressed it reverently, rather than warmly.

"Good-by, Miss Lyndon."

There was a pause; neither spoke; and then we separated.

I turned and gazed after her. Her tall, light, slender figure looked exquisitely graceful as she passed under the shadow of the trees, and over the soft green turf. I see her still as I look back in memory; I see her figure passing under the trees. I see the whole scene; the grass, the foliage, the sunlight, the graceful, tender, true-hearted girl, who would have loved me.

Her handkerchief had fallen, and lay on the grass. I took up the dainty little morsel of snowy cambric, and saw her initials in the corner. I thrust it into my breast: I would keep it forever! To what purpose? It is not mine; what have I to do with relics and memorials of Lilla Lyndon? I ran after her with it. She turned round quickly when she heard the footsteps behind her.

"Your handkerchief, Lilla—you dropped it; that is all. Good-by."

She smiled a faint acknowledgment; but, though her veil was down, I could see that her eyes were swimming in tears. She did not speak a word; and I turned and went my way, not looking back any more, for I knew that the angel who had perchance been a moment under my tent had departed from it.

I went back to the side of the little basin, and sat for a while in the chair where she had sat; and I leaned my chin upon my hand, and looked vacuously at the rippling water. I have obeyed you, Christina, I thought; I have made this sacrifice. Heaven knows how little of it was made for Heaven! Would you ever, under any circumstances, have loved me as *she* might have done? And now all is at an end; I have lost *her*! What remains?

I believe old-fashioned theologians used to say that man had always an angel on one side of him and a devil on the other. My angel, as I have said, had left me; but I suddenly found that I was favored with the other companionship.

I heard footsteps near me. I did not look up; what did it matter to me who came or went in Kensington Gardens now? But a mellow rolling chuckle, to which my ears had lately been happily a stranger, made me start.

"Ill met by sunlight, prond Temple," said the voice I knew only too well. And Stephen Lyndon the outcast—Lyndon of the wig—came stamping and rolling up. I think I have already said that his gait often reminded me of a dwarf Samuel Johnson. He had a habit, too, of rolling his jocular sayings about on his lips, which made the odd resemblance still odder.

It was some time since I had seen him, although I knew of late that he too used to walk in Kensington Gardens. He was neatly and quietly dressed now, and, in fact, looked rather as if he were going in for calm respectability. His wig was less curly, his hat was not set so jantly on the side of his head, and he was not smoking a cigar; he wore black cotton or thread gloves; he had a bundle of seals pendent from his old-fashioned fob. Virtuous mediocrity, clearly; heavy uncle, of limited means, reconciled with Providence.

I looked at him thus curiously because I had come to know that one must always study his "get-up" a little in order to understand his mood of mind or purpose. Taking all things together, I came to the conclusion that he had watched and waited for me deliberately, and that he had something to say. I did not seek to avoid him, or get rid of him. Why should I? Lilla Lyndon held him good enough to speak to her; how should I think myself lowered by his companionship? I resolved even to do my best to be courteous and civil to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Lyndon? We have not met for some time."

"No, Temple—a pity too; such congenial spirits, and now, I may almost say, companions in a common enterprise. We have not met lately; but I have seen you—I have seen you when you didn't think it, wild youth. You're looking well, Temple, as far as flesh and worldly evidences go; you are growing stout, I think, and your get-up is rather different from what it was when I first had the honor of meeting you—let us say half a century ago. Ah, Fortune has been kind to you. You are no longer the wretched poor devil you used to be. I have heard of your success, Temple, with a sort of pride, not unmingled with surprise, let me say; for, between ourselves, I never thought there was much in you except voice. I told Madame Reichstein so the other day."

"Indeed! You have seen Madame Reichstein?"

"I did myself the pleasure of calling on her; we are old friends. *She* does not forget old friends, or turn up her nose at them, as certain smaller people do, to whom we will not allude more particularly. Now, *she* is a great success: there is genius, if you want it, not mere lungs. Yes, I disparaged you, Temple, to her; I said I thought there was nothing in you. You are not offended?"

"Not in the least."

"I thought you wouldn't. Between old friends, you know; and I never concealed from you my honest opinion. You see, Temple, I am an artist in soul. I know real musical genius when I find it—rather! Yes, I told her so."

"Well?"

"Well, she didn't seem to like it. She conveyed to me—delicately, of course, for she is quite a lady in manner, that let me tell you—she conveyed to me that she thought me an impertinent old idiot. Of course I didn't mind.

She is prejudiced in your favor; any body can see that with half an eye. May I sit beside you a moment?"

"Certainly; but I am going immediately."

"I have a word or two to say first; if you like, I'll walk your way. Rather not? Well, then, let us just sit here for a few moments. After all, Temple, what lovely spots there are in London! What could be a more charming bit of woodland than this? it might make a painter of any body. To know London, Temple, is, if I may paraphrase a famous saying, of which I dare say you never heard, a liberal education. Where in the Bois de Boulogne, or the Thiergarten, or the Prater, is there so delicious and so natural a glimpse as that?"

He pointed with his cane down the glade into which Lilla Lyndon had just disappeared.

"I saw you studying that vista just now, Temple. Evidently you have an artist's eye, although I confess I never suspected you of any thing of the kind before; but you looked down that vista as only an artist or a lover could."

"I like Kensington Gardens very much. But you were saying, I think, that there was something particular you wished to speak of."

"To be sure, so I was; I approached you for the purpose. But I am such a lover of natural beauty that it makes me forget every thing, especially business. Do you know, Temple, I don't believe a man can be really religious who does not appreciate the beauty of that sunbeam on the water, and that shadow on the grass. I don't think such a man ought to expect to go to heaven. Do you?"

"I don't think some of us ought to expect to go to heaven in any case. But you had something special to say?"

"Hard and practical as ever! Ah, Temple, I fear there is in you very little of the true artist nature. Well, it makes my present business the more easy; I might perhaps find it hard to open it gracefully to a poet. To the business, then. The fact is, Temple"—and here he suddenly abandoned the tone of rhodomontade blended with banter which was so common with him, and assumed a cool, dry, matter-of-fact way—"the fact is, I see the whole game; I have seen it all along."

"Indeed! May I ask what game—whose game?"

"No nonsense, Temple; it won't do with me; I am quite up to the whole thing. We have been rowing in the same boat since some time, although, if you will pardon me for applying such a dreadful old joke, not perhaps with the same sculls. She is a charming girl, Temple, and we're both very fond of her, in a different sort of way; and she will have a good fortune of her own, even in the lamentable event of her displeasing her respectable and virtuous father, and so causing him to leave all his money to her step-sisters. Her mother took good care of her in that way. Ah, Temple, ingenious youth, what a sharp fellow you are!"

I got up to go away, disgusted beyond endurance.

"Look here, Mr. Temple; I want to talk to you fairly and like a man. Do drop your rantipole high-tragedy airs for once. You have been meeting my charming and innocent little niece here day after day; so have I. It goes to my heart sometimes to take the good little girl's money; but I do take it. She doesn't want it, you know—and *we* do. Now your game is just the same, only bigger and completer: you mean to marry the girl, and have her fortune."

"It is utterly and ridiculously false; and were not anger thrown away on such a creature as you—"

"You would say something dreadful, no doubt. Don't; anger is thrown away on me. Glad you have the good sense to see that. This is the point, then. I don't object to your marrying my niece; you have my consent—on conditions. I detest Goodboy so, that, only for the sake of the dear creature herself, I would fall on my knees and thank Heaven if she married a pork-butcher's boy or a chimney-sweep, just to spite him and wring his gutta-percha heart: I would, by the Almighty! Now, then, Temple, to business. If you promise to make it worth my while, I'll help you in this. You shall have my help and countenance—what you will. I want a modest income, made safe to me and beyond any confounded creature's control. Are you prepared to enter into terms? Look here, Temple. Beauty, virtue, and plenty of money, with a venerable uncle's blessing! all at your command. It is simply a question of how much you are disposed to stand for my co-operation. If I am not for you, Temple, I am against you. Make terms with me, or I go over to the enemy; and Goodboy shall know all."

"Now, Mr. Lyndon, I have listened to you, I think, with great patience and self-control. Pray listen to me. It is not, I suppose, any longer your fault that you can not understand what good intentions and honor and honesty mean; so I shall not waste any words to that purpose on you."

"That's a good fellow. I do detest virtuous indignation in men; especially when combined with eloquence."

"I shall only say, you don't understand me. Go and do your best; do any thing you please. Say any thing you can to pain and grieve that one sweet and noble nature which has stooped to you and done you kindness. Her you may grieve, but you can not injure. Play the spy, the liar, the calumniator, the swindler, as you like; but don't talk of terms or rogue's bargains with me. I would not buy your silence at the cost of a sixpence. I would not accept any conditions of yours to save my life—and here."

"That is your answer?"

"That is my answer."

"Now look here, Temple, my good fellow; another man might be offended, but I don't

mind any of your nonsense. Just don't be in a hurry—don't be a fool. Really, Temple, I want to settle down in life, and live quietly and pleasantly. I begin to tire of racketing about, and living on chance, and billiards, and soft-headed spoons, and all that. I am getting, you see, a little into years, though people tell me I'm looking wonderfully well yet. Can't we manage this thing nicely? You want that charming girl—why not, old boy?—and, of course, her money. I want just a neat little annual sum—a little pension—just to keep me from being a trouble to my friends, and so forth. I'll undertake, on very reasonable conditions, not to trouble even Goodboy—whom may a truly righteous Providence confound!—and, in fact, to take myself off to Nice, or some pleasant, sunny place—I love warm climates—and never come back any more. Now do, like a good fellow, just think of that. Do you know—don't laugh at me!—I positively would rather please that dear girl than not; and if my turning respectable on a decent pension, and taking myself off, would do it, I really am open to terms. I don't mean to say that I am prepared to make any downright sacrifice for my niece—of course, between men of the world, that sort of thing is nonsense; but I would rather serve her than not. I should like to live quietly at Nice; and upon my word, if my wife would only oblige me and show her conjugal devotion by departing to that world where all virtuous persons ought to wish to go, I don't know but that I should entertain the idea of marrying some nice little girl myself. There *are* nice little girls, Sir, let me tell you, who would not be entirely averse to such a notion. Now think of all this, Temple. Think of me! Think of what a thing it is to do a good action, and to play your own game and torment your enemies at the same time."

He spoke in quite a solemn and pathetic tone.

"I have given you my answer. Let me pass. I don't want to speak more harshly, or to lose my temper."

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, with a puzzled air; "I can't understand this at all. By Jove! the fellow must be privately married to her already, or he never would talk in this cock-a-hoop and lofty kind of way. There is an alarming air of security and confidence about him.—Now, Temple, fair is fair, you know. I always thought you too honorable for that sort of thing. Do speak out like a man, and tell me what is your game. Imitate my candor, and speak out."

I pushed past him; he caught me by both arms, and looked earnestly, scrutinizingly into my face. I could not get away from him without an exertion of positive violence. His grip was wonderfully strong; and there were some groups of people scattered here and there sufficiently near to make me feel anxious to avoid any scene. I stood there and allowed him to study my face. It was rather a ludicrous busi-

ness. With his twinkling beady black eyes he peered up into my face, standing on his toes meanwhile, and his head still hardly touching my chin. His sensuous, expressive lips were working unceasingly with eagerness and curiosity; and in his whole expression, attitude, manner, eyes, there was a strange blending of the cunning of a detective and the wildness of a lunatic. Far back in the depths of those keen, twinkling eyes there was surely, one might think, the reflection of a madman's cell. The first impression, as I looked at him, was a mere sense of the ridiculous, and I could hardly repress a laugh; the next was a sense of the horrible, and I found it not easy to keep down a shudder. It would not be pleasant to wake some night and find such a grip on one's arms, and see such eyes peering into one's face.

When he had scrutinized me apparently to his satisfaction his countenance underwent a sudden and complete change of expression. Curiosity and eagerness had now given way to mere contempt. He literally flung himself off from me.

"Pah!" he exclaimed; "the idiot has done nothing of the sort. His enemy's daughter is safe enough so far as he is concerned. He walks in Kensington Gardens *pour des prunes*."

He put his hat a little more jantly than before on the side of his head, nodded an ironical farewell, and I saw him a moment after opening up a conversation with a smart nurse-maid who was in charge of two obstinate children.

I went my way, not rejoicing, Heaven knows, but at least relieved.

BORROWED BAGGAGE.

CYRUS DURHAM was very busy on a certain afternoon making an omelet. At least he called it an omelet, but in reality it was nothing but scrambled eggs. "Omelet" sounded better, but it would not have tasted half as good, especially if Cyrus had had to make one himself.

In order to understand why this young man cooked his own eggs it must be known that he was a medical student in Philadelphia, and the son of a very respectable and by no means ungenerous physician in Maryland, who allowed him for his expenses quite enough to keep him very comfortably, even in a large city. But Cyrus, who always had table-board on Walnut Street for about the first half of every month, had generally been accustomed from necessity to live in a "bachelor-hall" style for the remaining portion of the month in his rooms on Sansom Street. He was very nicely situated in these rooms, and the high rent he paid for them contributed not a little to his slimness of purse during those days which immediately preceded the arrival of his monthly remittances. His "study" was on the second floor of what is known in the city of Brotherly Love as the "back-buildings," and was approached from the long entry by a single short flight of stairs.

This room looked out at the side on a pleasant yard, was very well furnished, and was altogether quite too good for a young fellow who ought to have been satisfied with any garret where he could study unmolested. Back of the large room was a small bedchamber, generally tenanted not only by Cyrus himself, but by any one of his companions who might stay too late studying anatomy—or euchre.

Cyrus was bending over his little wood-stove stirring his eggs rapidly lest they should burn, and keeping an eye at the same time on his coffee-pot, which, however, had given no signs of boiling. It was only four o'clock, but Cyrus had had but a slight lunch, and so wanted an early supper. This power of having his meals when he chose was another advantage of this mode of living. His table was set with a small linen cloth (the clean side up), a cup and saucer, and a plate. The "omelet" was just done, and Cyrus had given it the last scrape around the pan, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said he, and the door opened and the knocker entered. Cyrus looked around, and dropped on the top of the stove the frying-pan which he was just lifting off by the long handle. In the doorway stood a young lady, dressed in the loveliest possible traveling suit, with roses in her cheeks far more glowing than the pink lining of her parasol.

"Mr. Durham," said she.

"Why, Miss Birch!" cried Cyrus (with his face redder than any silk a lady would dare use to line her parasol). "I had no idea—I am very glad to see you; take a seat. You must excuse me—bachelor's hall, you know. When did you come on?"

Miss Fanny Birch was by no means unembarrassed. She had hesitated about calling on Mr. Durham, and would certainly have postponed her visit had she thought she would have found him cooking his dinner, supper, or whatever it was. But she took a seat which Cyrus placed for her (as far as possible from the stove, but unluckily facing it), and with a little laugh, which was intended to restore her self-possession, and which had a partial success, asked him where he supposed she had "come on" from; and then, without waiting for an answer, proceeded to inform him that she had not come from home, but was just going there (she lived about half a mile from Dr. Durham's place) from her uncle William's, where she had been for nearly a month.

"You know," said she, "that he lives in New Jersey, just a little way out of Trenton."

Cyrus didn't know it, but he did not say so, but asked her if she had a pleasant time. She answered that it was at first, but she got tired as soon as her cousin Emily had been obliged to go back to boarding-school; and, he knew, those Connecticut schools always commence their terms right in the middle of the finest weather; and did all the students keep bachelor's hall this way?

Cyrus said the most of them did; at any

rate those who liked better and fresher food than they generally got at the boarding-houses. Then Miss Fanny remarked that she thought that it was a very good way if you only knew how to cook; and didn't he think that whatever was in that pan was all burning up? Cyrus turned round and said he thought it was; and so he took the frying-pan, full of blackened and smoking eggs, off the fire, and moved the coffee-pot a little back.

When he sat down again there was a little silence. He knew she had not come to see him simply because they were old friends and neighbors, and he thought it very probable that she had something particular to say, and was wondering how she should say it. He was right. After looking out of the window, and remarking that she should think the people in the next house could look right in here, she said:

"Mr. Durham, I guess you wonder why I came to see you. Oh yes, of course you are glad; but, you see, I left uncle's this morning by the boat, and sent my trunks on home by express, and coming off the boat at Arch Street wharf, or somewhere—I haven't the slightest idea where—I had my pocket picked, or lost my porte-monnaie; and I didn't know a soul in Philadelphia who could lend me enough to pay my fare in the cars, except you, and I thought I'd borrow some of you. I knew you lived in Sansom Street, but I had to ring at ever so many houses before I found you."

Now as Cyrus had exactly forty-eight cents in his pocket, this was rather hard on the young man.

"You see," she continued, "that if I take the six o'clock train for Baltimore, I will get there about ten, and I can stay with Mrs. Sinclair to-night. The passenger cars will take me right past her door, and father will send you the money—"

"Oh, don't mention that," said Cyrus, who looked exactly as if he was returning from the grave of a pair of twins. "But—I haven't—I think not, at least—but that need make no difference—I'll just step out and get it. Oh, I'm very glad indeed—no trouble at all—very glad you came to me. Just make yourself comfortable here for a few minutes. There's pipe—I mean there's some books perhaps you would like to look at. I'll be back directly. No trouble at all."

So off went Cyrus, with his hat on hind part before. As for Miss Fanny Birch, she first wished she hadn't come. But then she thought that she couldn't help it, for she had no other place to go to. But she thought of course he'd have money enough for that. "What a pity about those eggs—just as black as a crisp! What a funny way of living! I wonder if he calls these things clean. He ought to have somebody to wash his cups and plates for him; but I suppose it wouldn't be bachelor's hall if he didn't do it himself. All those books are full of horrid bones, I expect; I'm sure I don't want to look at them. I should think he did

nothing but smoke; pipes every where. I wish he'd hurry back. Why, it's six o'clock now! Oh, that clock don't go—I declare, it quite frightened me. Why don't he have his clock wound up?"

With thoughts like these Miss Fanny beguiled a part of the time that she was obliged to wait for Cyrus; but at length, tiring of examining the room, she ventured to take up a book, which fortunately proved to be an odd volume of Macaulay, and so she forgot the world in the fortunes of William of Orange until Cyrus returned.

That poor young man had a hard time of it. On reaching the street he stood for a moment in doubt, and then hurried to William Heiskill's boarding-house, to try and borrow ten dollars. He knew that five would pay Miss Birch's passage through to her father's house; but he could not offer her less than ten. Heiskill was out. Then a quick run round to Walnut Street revealed the fact that Seymour had "gone out walking, Sir, with Mr. Heiskill." Cyrus knew that there was but little chance of finding any of his student friends at home on such a fine afternoon; but still he hurried down to Spruce Street, to see if by chance little Myles was trying to make up for lost time by a trifle of study. But Myles, if he was engaged in any work of self-benefit, was not doing it at home.

"Confound it!" said Cyrus. "I'll try pious Arnold."

"Pious" Arnold was so called, not on account of any particular religious tendency he exhibited, but simply because he attended lectures regularly and studied hard in the mean time, refusing all temptations in the way of card parties, excursions, or other diversions of the students.

"Pious" was at home, but was very sorry he couldn't lend Cyrus a dollar. He had (although he didn't say so) twenty-seven dollars in a little black box in his trunk, which was exactly what was due his landlady at the end of the month, and in declining to part with any of it he did perfectly right, for it is very doubtful if he would have had it back again in time to maintain his reputation as the best-paying student in Jefferson College.

Poor Cyrus was dumfounded. He knew not another soul to whom he could apply. One of the Professors, with whom he had a previous acquaintance through his father, might have helped him out; but he lived over in West Philadelphia, and there was no time to go to him. It was now striking five, and the train started at six. He had nothing to sell. He had "lent" his watch to help pay for a walnut book-case that was one of the recent ornaments of his room, and he had nothing else on which, at such short notice, he could raise a dollar. He stopped, on his way back from Arnold's, again at Heiskill's boarding-house; but of course he had not returned. What, in the name of every thing that was absurd, was he to do? After some ten minutes of fruitless beat-

ing of his brains, he came to the conclusion that he must go back and tell his shameful story, for if Miss Birch had any other way of managing this difficulty, it was time she was about it. So he went home and up to his room.

Miss Fanny rose, but the moment she saw him she knew that he had not got the money; and so there was no necessity of his telling the story of his shame and poverty. She had so much pity for his manifest embarrassment and downheartedness that she said, laughingly,

"There, you haven't got the money. All you students spend every cent your fathers send you as soon as it comes, and so you couldn't borrow any. But it don't make any difference. I have no doubt but that it will all come out right. Such things always do."

"That may be," said Cyrus; "but I don't see how it is to come out right. You might go to a hotel and send home for money."

"Wouldn't they make me pay any thing as soon as I got there?" she asked.

"Not if you travel like a person who looks as if she had money—with plenty of trunks and things."

"But I haven't got any trunks; they are all sent on by express."

"Oh, as for that," said Cyrus, brightening up a little, "I could lend you a trunk."

This method of gaining credit seemed so funny to both of them that they laughed as heartily as if there was no such trouble as money in the world. Miss Fanny declared, however, that she would not put Mr. Durham to all that bother; but Cyrus assured her that it was no trouble or inconvenience in the least to him.

"In fact," said he, "it's a splendid idea! Just think of it! Why, I can make money out of you. I have a trunk with books and things that I have packed up to take home for the vacation, and I should have to send it by express. Now you can take it right on for me, and it will go as your baggage, and will cost neither of us any thing. What do you think of that idea?"

"Perfectly splendid!" cried Miss Fanny. "And now how will I get to the hotel with my baggage?"

"Oh, I will arrange that," said Cyrus; "and now you don't know how relieved I feel."

"So do I," said Fanny. "But I knew it would come out all right some way. I wish those eggs were not all burned up, for I would ask you for some of them. I'm awful hungry!"

It is astonishing how a common trouble and a common relief accelerates the growth of familiarity. But then Fanny and Cyrus had known each other ever since they were children.

"Oh, I've plenty more!" cried Cyrus; "let me cook you some—you won't get any thing to eat the minute you get to the hotel."

And he ran to his little wood-stove, where some embers still remained. Fanny demurred and "declared," but Cyrus persisted; and so a fire was quickly kindled with light wood, and he made fresh coffee, while Fanny took off her

gloves and beat up the eggs as well as she could for laughing at Cyrus's funny ways of doing things—keeping his ground coffee in a porter bottle, and all that stale bread, as if he ought not to be able to know just how much he wanted when he bought it.

"But then, you know, I must always be ready for company," said the happy Cyrus; and there was more laughing, and some danger of splashes of eggs on a new traveling dress. When it came to setting out another cup, saucer, and plate, Miss Fanny asked, would he please excuse her, but if he wouldn't feel insulted she thought she would just rub them off a little, if that was hot water in one of those spigots over there in the corner. And when the shining queen's-ware was placed on the table Cyrus vowed that it had never been so white since it had been bought.

They had a delightful meal, but no butter. Cyrus couldn't keep butter, he said, in that warm weather; but the bread was Dutch cake with raisins in it, and the coffee, with cream that was just beginning to turn, was capital, and so were the scrambled eggs.

Our friend was as happy as a king. He was so glad that Heiskill and the other fellows had been out when he called, and he only hoped they wouldn't drop in on him on their way back. But there was no danger of that. Miss Fanny seemed to remember that the afternoon was on the wane, and rising and declaring that she had never had a nicer supper, "principally because it was so funny," said she must be going, and which was her trunk?

"The smallest of those two yellow ones," said Cyrus; "and we will write your name on a card and tack it on the end, so as to make every thing ship-shape."

This was soon done, and then Cyrus went for a hack. He knew a man who "stood" near his college, and who had trusted him before, and who would do it again. Cyrus gave him some private instructions in regard to making it appear that the lady had just come from the Kensington dépôt.

"That can be worked," said the man; "the train's just in—about ten minutes now."

So they hurried back. Miss Birch was escorted down, and the man sent up stairs for the trunk. So far so good; but Mrs. Stacey, the landlady, a thoroughly good soul, but a little careful about students, now made her appearance with a look of anxiety upon her face.

"Going to take your trunks away, Mr. Durham?" said she, as soon as the lady was in the carriage.

Cyrus led her back into the hall, and explained that it was only *one* trunk, and added that he was not going to leave the house, and would explain to her in a minute. The thought of all his furniture now came over the good lady's mind, and she retired, satisfied for the present. The trunk was now strapped on, and at the door of the carriage Cyrus was about to take leave of Miss Fanny, when she remembered the

dispatch. Cyrus promised to attend to that (for he had just about money enough); and it was agreed that it had better be sent to her uncle, as her father lived nearly three miles from a station. Then good-by was said, and away to the La Pierre House went Fanny Birch with Cyrus Durham's heart. Yes, she had it certainly. He had known her and liked her, ever so much, for years; but he had never seen her in the full bloom of young womanhood until to-day. She had never before had such an intimate little bit of sympathetic action with him; she had never before eaten at his table!

When poor Cyrus went back into his room, after sending the dispatch, he sat down disconsolately. How dark, dreary, and common looking was every thing! How disagreeable that little stove, and how hot; and how stupid those dirty dishes! One cup, saucer, and plate he put away, and vowed he would never wash it. He was not a fool, but he was young.

Then he lighted his pipe and sat down to ruminate. There she had sat and talked to him; there she had stood by the table while he was writing her name on the card; and there she had held it against the end of the trunk while he stuck the tack through the first corner; yes, *and there it was still!* There was no doubt of it—the card was just where he had tacked it. What did it mean? Oh, that stupid hound of a hackman had taken the wrong trunk!

Cyrus had scarcely comprehended the extent of this misfortune when there was a knock at the door, and there entered Heiskill, Seymour, and little Myles. They had just got in from a walk in the country; had had a capital dinner about four o'clock, and were now here to go to work, they said, after an afternoon of play. In order to prove this assertion they each lighted a pipe, and seated themselves around the room, with their feet upon the highest article of furniture that they could reach.

"What is the matter with Cy?" said little Myles. "What makes him so quiet? and why is he sitting here with the room all full of the shades of evening, like a miserable tomb?"

Cyrus made some joking answer, and rising, lighted the gas. After considerable talk and general chaffing, Heiskill proposed that the big table be cleared, and that they should go to work.

"You're professor to-night, Seymour, you know, and try not to ask any questions you can't answer yourself."

"Then let him stick to the spinal column," said little Myles. "I don't want him asking me to articulate a humerus and a fibula again."

"Oh, you needn't bother about who's to be demonstrator!" said Cyrus. "We can't do any anatomy to-night. The skeleton's gone!"

In order that the foregoing conversation may be understood, it may be well to state that these young men had clubbed together to buy an articulated skeleton, upon which they rubbed up their anatomical knowledge, each of the party acting in turn for an evening as "professor,"

and asking questions of the others. This skeleton was kept in a long yellow packing-trunk, and the hackman had taken it off with Miss Birch to the hotel. There was no reason why he should not have taken it, for it was near the door, and was indeed the only trunk visible upon first entering. Cyrus was so full of Miss Birch and the bothersome landlady that he did not notice the mistake.

Of course, with three such eager and amazed inquirers as to the whereabouts of their common property, there was nothing to be done but to tell, under promises of strict secrecy, the whole story. It was received with unbounded applause, and the joke was considered far more enjoyable than any studying of anatomy could possibly prove. When the laughter had somewhat subsided Heiskill asked Cyrus what he intended to do.

"Why, I'll have to go round in the morning and explain that the wrong trunk was taken (of course I sha'n't tell her what is in it), and then I'll have to get that Bill again to drive her and it to the Baltimore dépôt, and instead of leaving the trunk, he must bring it back here. I hate the plan, for it not only gives trouble, but makes a lot of trickery about the young lady that I don't like. And I was going to send down my books so nicely! Confound that man!"

"Do you think she'll open it in her room?" said little Myles.

"Of course not, you blockhead," snapped Cyrus. "She hasn't the key, and besides, do you suppose she would open my trunk if she had?"

The most astonishing surmises now ensued as to what would happen if so and so should be so and so, and when no possible combination of unfortunate circumstances could be added to what had been already laughed over, they descended to puns. Some good and some very bad ones were made, and poor little Myles, after cudgeling his brains for the whole period of punning time, finished the performance by wishing to goodness that the man had been named "Cohen," when he was alive, so that something might be said about a "truncated cone." Nothing was bad enough to follow this, and so they got out the cards.

The next morning Cyrus dressed himself in his best, and actually went to his washerwoman's house to get a white vest, if by chance it was done. It was about half past ten when he reached the hotel, and the clerk told him that Miss Birch had gone.

"Gone!" cried Cyrus. "Where could she have gone so soon?"

The clerk looked very hard at him, and replied, "How do I know where she went?"

However, after Cyrus had explained how he had intended calling on this young lady before she left for Baltimore, thus proving that he was properly aware of her destination, the clerk informed him that she had left, in company with

an elderly gentleman, in time to catch the ten o'clock train. Cyrus went home in a state of utter bewilderment. When he reached his room he found there a note—a note from Fanny, the first he had ever received:

"DEAR MR. DUNHAM.—The telegram reached uncle last night, and instead of sending me the money he came himself early this morning. I wanted to wait until you called and thank you for your kindness and your trunk (which I will take good care of); but uncle thought I had better take the ten o'clock train, because that was the only train, until afternoon, which connected with the cars for Martinville, and he thought the family would be worried if I didn't get home until after my trunks arrived by express. He says he will leave this and stop and thank you himself. Yours truly, F. B."

On inquiry, Cyrus found that the note had been left by a gentleman just before he came in, who asked for him, but couldn't wait.

Now what was to be done? Nothing, Cyrus thought, but to write to his father, tell him the story, and get him to send over to Mr. Birch's for the trunk, and return it to Philadelphia by express. This course having been concluded upon, Cyrus wrote and mailed the letter to his father.

The rest of the day would probably have been spent by Cyrus in the enjoyment of Fanny's letter and his recollections of her visit, had not his friends called upon him to know if he had got back old "Cohen" (for so they had baptized the "truncated" one, since little Myles's pun). When they heard the rest of the story they were wild with delight, and the osseous jokes that were made were worthy of the inmates of a mad-house.

"It's such a mean old trunk," said little Myles. "Nothing but a thin packing-box any way, and I don't believe I locked it last time. I'll bet any man ten dollars that old Cohen's out before this time."

"They'll open it on the cars when they hear it rattle," said Seymour. "You know people can only take wearing apparel, and a skeleton is not wearing apparel—at least that one is not wearing any."

"If they think it's freight, and take it out, it will result in *fright*," suggested Myles; and then, as usual, the uproar stopped the joking.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, just as Cyrus had finished his breakfast (got on credit from the grocery store where he dealt), he received a telegram. It was from Mr. Birch, and contained these words:

"You are wanted here. Come on immediately."

Cyrus clutched his hair, stamped his foot, clapped on his hat, locked his door, rushed round to Heiskill's, forced from him four dollars and some seventy cents—all he had—and reached the Baltimore dépôt in time for the ten o'clock train. What his feelings, his fears, or his hopes were during the journey is not to be put on paper. At two o'clock he had reached Baltimore. By half past he was on his way in the Martinville train to his destination. Reaching the village, he had no money or desire to

hire a carriage, and so started out to walk as rapidly as possible the two miles and a half that lay between him and Mr. Birch's house.

Arriving there, hot and flustered, he walked through the open door, and hearing voices in the dining-room, walked quickly in, and found a coroner's jury sitting upon the remains of the unfortunate Cohen!

We will now relate the circumstances which led to this inquest. The trunk had been taken to the hotel in safety, and Fanny, with her borrowed baggage near the foot of her bed, had slept the sweet sleep of an innocent maiden, without being troubled by the ghost of her quiet room-mate. Every thing had gone on admirably, and she arrived at Martinville in good season, where her father was waiting for her in a buggy. He was surprised that she had brought another trunk, for her baggage had arrived early that morning; but she explained the matter, much to his merriment, and he ordered the station master (who was also express agent and several other things) to send the trunk after them in a wagon. This the man promised to do; but having taken two trunks up there that morning, and expecting no more jobs for the day, his wagon was undergoing some repairs at the blacksmith's, and so he could not promise to send it much before nightfall. However, in an hour or two, along came Silas Hoopes, a peripatetic green-grocer and general vendor, who for half the ordinary fee offered to take the trunk to Mr. Birch's. He was going that way, and was always glad of an excuse to stop any where on his route, even if it was not at the house of a customer.

On the road Silas examined the trunk.

"Well, I reckon," said he, "I never saw such a common old trunk go to the Birches' afore this day. Shouldn't wonder if Miss Fanny'd been a-buying c'rosities up to Philly. It's light, too. Yes, that's so; I thought it rattled when I put it in; I don't doubt it's shells, or a sewin'-machine. 'Tain't locked neither—only strapped. They might as well 'a locked it, for here's a hasp and all. I don't expect it's much, any how, or it 'nd 'a been locked."

A slow drive of a quarter of a mile now followed.

"O' course, there's no harm just lookin' in, when it ain't locked nor nuthin. Every body else has looked, I'll bet."

Just a little ahead was a turn in the road, and a large tree at the corner with a nice bit of smooth grass under it. It was just the place for Silas's horse to rest and cool off a little; and so the old man drew up there. Then he whistled a little and looked about him carelessly. Then he stood up and looked around carefully. Then he unstrapped the trunk. Then he whistled a few bars more, and raised the lid.

On the other side of a pretty thick hedge of cedar-trees and blackberry bushes was Squire Curtis with his gun. He had been watching for a shot, but when he saw Silas stop and stand up to view the country he watched Silas. He

had long suspected the old chap, and what was he going to do now? "Oh ho! open a trunk, eh! and not his either, or he'd wait till he'd got home!"

So softly through the hedge came Squire Curtis, and the instant Silas opened the trunk the Squire had him by the collar.

The yell which Silas gave when Mr. Cohen languidly stuck up his two attenuated legs, which had been tightly doubled up in the trunk, was only equaled by the shout from Squire Curtis. The horse started; Silas fell backward out of the wagon; the Squire stood like a man of marble; and away went the wagon, with Cohen's legs dangling carelessly over the end of the trunk.

"Whose is that?" said the Squire, when his voice came to him.

"Mr-r—Birch's," chattered poor old Silas.

"That's a lie," said the Squire. "He's not dead, I know. What have you been doing?"

Silas then explained that he knew nothing but that the trunk was to go to Mr. Birch's; and who the "corpse" was, bless his soul and body, he knew nothing about it, but it might go to—any place, for all he would touch it; and upon this he was for cutting across the fields to his home. But the Squire seized him, and forced him to hurry on after the horse and wagon. They came up with it just as it reached Mr. Birch's gate; and as Silas would not go near the wagon, the Squire had to seize the horse's head and turn him into the yard.

It is useless to endeavor to describe the scene which took place in the happy family on the portico upon the advent of Mr. Cohen. Shrieks, fainting-fits, shouts to take it away, and a general scene of horror and confusion which had

never been known in that part of the county, was succeeded by the exodus, on foot, or in some one's arms, of all the women, and a council of the men. Silas told his story, not omitting in his fright his sin of curiosity. Mr. Birch, who went up stairs to question Fanny, and only discovered that she knew nothing, and that it must have got changed on the cars; and "Oh! please never mention it again! Oh dear! Oh dear!"

It was finally concluded to put the remains of the "murdered man" in the stable for the night; and the Squire, who was the coroner for the county, declared his intention of summoning a jury in the morning. That night, however, Mr. Birch, who thought that Mr. Durham might be able to explain this (though how he knew not), sent the telegram.

When Cyrus appeared before the jury, told the history of the skeleton, showed how all its joints and separate and individual bones were neatly joined and articulated by means of wires, and pulled from his pocket the bill and receipt of the skillful artificer who had prepared the specimen, the jury found a verdict "Died of some cause unknown."

Cyrus then repacked Mr. Cohen, and sent him by one of Mr. Birch's men to the station, to await orders; taking care this time to lock the trunk.

Mr. Durham did not go over to his father's house right away, but staid to supper. Fanny was still very nervous, and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he explained it all to such an extent that she agreed, before the conversation closed, that when she traveled in the future it should be with him, and they both should have the same trunks.

CAN WE FORETELL THE WEATHER?

THE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY IN THE NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK.

"IF I had my will," said a very eminent Admiral to the writer of these lines, "I would smash every barometer and thermometer on board our ships. A sailor must be a fool if he can not tell what the weather is going to be by just looking at the sky, without bothering himself with those gimcracks."

Now while we may dissent from one part of the conclusion to which this gallant sailor had come—the destruction of the offending implements—in another portion of his dictum we cordially agree. The foretelling of the weather depends on observations either of the sky or something else. Moreover, we think that in proportion as those observations are more accurate and more numerous will the chances of correctness in the prediction be better.

If we could only foretell the weather a few days, or even a few hours in advance, it would be a boon of the greatest value to agriculture, navigation, and indeed to all the arts of life. In the history of mankind we find but one

people by whom this has been done, and that arose from the peculiarities of the Meteorology of their country. In Egypt it could be told in the spring of the year how the harvests would be in the autumn. Rain never falling, the supply of water was altogether derived from the overflow of the Nile, and hence the accuracy with which the prediction could be made. An instrument, the Nilometer, measured the rise of the flood. If there were only 8 cubits the harvests would be deficient, if 14 abundant. Many competent authorities believe that the origin of civilization in that venerable country was due to this possibility of foretelling the prospect of agriculture.

To come back to our remark. The probabilities of success in predicting the weather depend on the accuracy and completeness of observations of existing atmospheric conditions. For a long time the truth of this has been recognized; and painstaking men have devoted many successive years to daily or even tri-daily

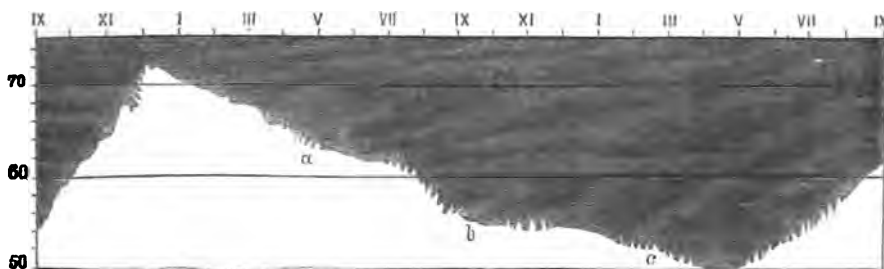


Fig. 1.—REGISTER OF THE THERMOMETER.

observations on the barometer, the thermometer, the wind-vane, etc. In New York alone there exist numerous records of the kind, reaching back perhaps half a century. Yet this vast body of laborious observation has never borne the fruit which might have been justly expected. It remains unused, a neglected monument of misdirected toil.

Recently—perhaps within twenty years—very great improvements have been made in the art of observing the phenomena of the weather and the wind. These depend essentially on the principle of so constructing instruments that they shall record their own indications, and only require the attention of the meteorologist at stated periods to gather the registers they yield, and keep the machinery in running order. We shall presently show the vast superiority of such *continuous* observations over those that may have been made periodically—say, three times in twenty-four hours, as was commonly the case in the old meteorological observatories, or even hourly, as was actually accomplished by some of the most laborious philosophers.

The Commissioners of the New York Central Park for some years past have had in operation a meteorological establishment, in which observations on the weather, wind, etc., were made according to the old method. Thrice a day, at 7 A.M., 2 P.M., 9 P.M., the height of the barometer was measured and registered, an hourly record of the thermometer, hourly throughout the night as well as the day, was kept, and in like manner periodical observations were made on the direction and velocity of the wind. The observer who had charge of this matter, and who had made the records with great care, having died during last year, the Commissioners resolved to change their system and introduce the more modern methods. They placed Mr. Daniel Draper in charge of their observatory, and under his direction self-registering instruments have been made, most of them being altogether novel and of his own invention. The Commissioners have with alacrity supplied the necessary means to accomplish these great improvements; and the Comptroller of the Park, Mr. Andrew H. Green, has taken an especial personal interest in the subject.

The great superiority of such self-registering

or automatic machinery may be easily appreciated. No matter how conscientious an observer may be he is liable to fall into errors, even in so simple an operation as the reading of a thermometer. Then again, though his observations may be made hourly, they have not the completeness or connection of those that are continuously or momentarily made by a self-recording instrument. As an illustration, let us take the following example. The New York *Herald* publishes every day observations on the thermometer, made at 3, 6, 9, 12 o'clock day and night. These are as correctly executed as is practicable on that system. For a given day they may run as follows:

3 P.M.	68°	3 A.M.	52°
6	63°	6	53°
9	56°	9	63°
12	54°	12 M.	70°

Now compare this with the information given by the self-registering thermometer for the same day (Figure 1). We see that there was hardly a minute in which the quicksilver was not rising or falling, the movement being frequently very abrupt and through several degrees. The lower boundary of the dark space in this wood-cut, which is reduced in size from the register, shows every change occurring during the twenty-four hours, the hours being laid off on the upper edge of the figure, the degrees of the thermometer on the side. Some of the movements are short and abrupt, so that the photograph of them looks like the teeth of a saw; others are bold and determinate elevations or depressions. Thus, commencing at 9 A.M., there was a continuous rise until 11½ A.M.—continuous, though marked by many minor oscillations. For about a quarter of an hour the thermometer then fell considerably—probably this was due to the transient passage of a cloud across the sun. With many more minor oscillations the quicksilver then rose until ten minutes past 12, reaching the greatest height for that day, which was 72 degrees. Now, with many small ups and downs, it gradually declined through three great depressions, marked in the figure by the letters *a*, *b*, *c*, and reached its lowest point, 50 degrees, at a quarter before 5 the next morning. Shortly after the sun rose the thermometer rose too, and gained at 9 A.M. 62 degrees, its starting-point for the ensuing day.

This may seem to be a long story. But a

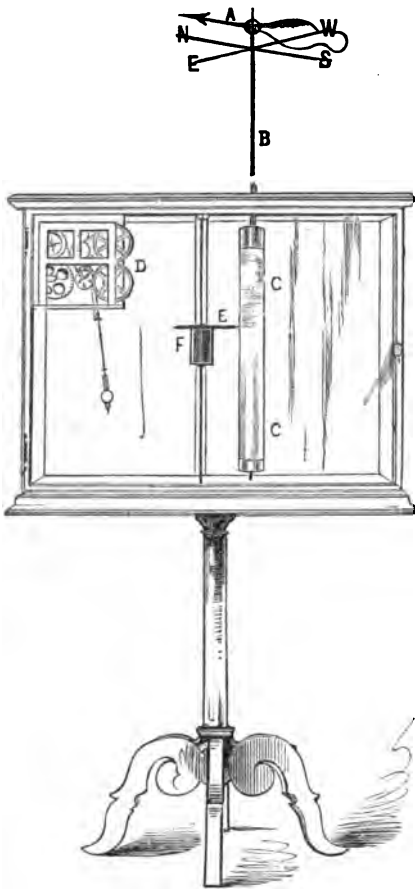


Fig. 2.—SELF-REGISTERING WIND-VANE.

person who will study the register will readily perceive that it is a story not one-half, nor indeed one-tenth part, told. We have said nothing about the minor movements; yet every one of these had its specific and assignable cause.

Well, how do you obtain one of these registers? the reader may inquire. We shall describe the apparatus more minutely a little further on. It will be enough for the present to say, that any one who has been in a photographer's gallery can easily understand it, by supposing his camera looking day and night at a thermometer, and impressing the position of the quicksilver on a sensitive surface. The camera is better for this purpose than even the photographer himself would be. It never tires, it never reads incorrectly, it never so much as winks!

All instruments for meteorological observation may be made to give registers photographically. The result, however, in certain cases can be as well, and indeed more cheaply, obtained by merely mechanical contrivances. Here, for instance, is one invented and constructed by Mr.

Draper, intended to register every motion of the wind, and record its direction continuously throughout the day. It writes down with equal care the gentlest zephyr and the fiercest gust. Figure 2, opposite, represents its working parts. A is a wind-vane, from which an axis, B, descends, having at its lower end a roller or cylinder, C C, about 20 inches long and 2 or 3 in diameter. Round this cylinder a sheet of paper, which is to receive the marks of the direction of the wind, is fastened. On one side, at D, is a clock, to the weight, F, of which a pencil, E, is attached, and forced lightly by a spring against the surface of the paper. The weight descends from the top to the bottom of the paper in the course of twenty-four hours. Should there be no wind the pencil would make a mere vertical mark as it descended along the paper; but should the wind change the vane would move, and with it, of course, the paper-covered cylinder. The pencil would therefore at once trace the direction and extent of the movement. It would also indicate the time at which it occurred. In Figure 3 we have a register as given by this instrument, the paper unrolled from the cylinder and reduced in scale. The vertical column shows the hour of the day, the horizontal line the points of the compass, North, East, South, West. The groups of lines, irregular in length and apparently irregular in position, mark the direction of the wind. These are the lines traced by the pencil on the paper while it was fastened round the cylinder. We see that between the hours IX and II there is a large mass of them ranging on either hand from the line that marks the west. This shows

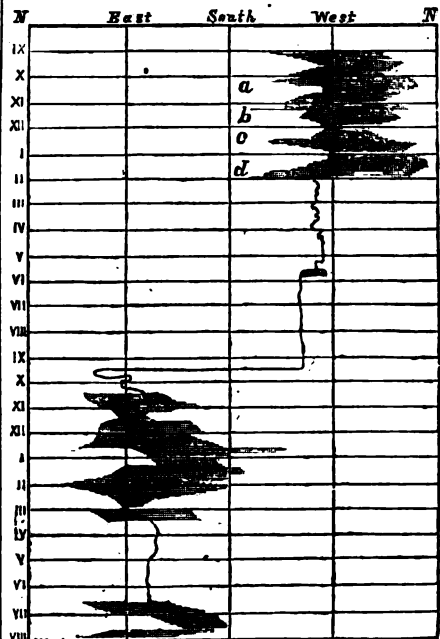


Fig. 3.—REGISTER OF THE WIND.

that during that time the wind was vibrating in directions somewhat to the northward and somewhat to the southward of west. We may count how many times and at what moments these motions were made. On the whole, however, we must regard this as a westerly wind. Then we see that underneath, for a period of three hours, the line descends almost vertically, showing that for that space of time the vane did not move, and that there was a calm. At a quarter before six a little tremor occurred, and then the lull continued until after nine. On a sudden the wind veered round to the east, at half past nine, and commenced blowing freshly, vibrating right and left, as in the preceding case, from its central point. So the register shows, as its most prominent feature, two great groups of lines respectively marking a westerly and southeasterly wind, with a lull of eight hours' duration between them.

But the register shows something more than this. We see at the places which for the sake of reference have been marked by the letters *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, long lines which have been left by sweeping and temporary gusts of wind. Every one has noticed, whenever gales blow, a freshening, and then, as it were, a subordinate lull; but we doubt if any one has ever understood before, certainly it has never been published before, that these gusts follow one another periodically, at definite intervals of time. Thus the gust marked *b* followed that marked *a* at an interval of seventy minutes, and a similar interval again elapsing there was another gust, marked *c*, and still again another repetition, marked *d*. We have already drawn attention to the irregular movements of the thermometer, and the saw-like track which its register leaves. It would not be difficult to show that these motions of elevation and depression in the quicksilver are connected with such recurrent gusts as those of which we are here speaking, and thus the two instruments, the thermometer and anemometer, each in its way yields us corresponding indications.

Here we may repeat the remark we made before, that all this is a very long story; yet it is by no means so long as it might be, if we chose to examine with closer curiosity the self-register the wind has given us. No one, however, can fail to remark how greatly superior is this method of observation, and what remarkable facts it can reveal. The sailor to whom we alluded at the outset of our paper would probably suppose that he had given us all the information possible by saying that the wind was in the morning at the west, and then it veered round to the southeast.

We may take another of Mr. Draper's self-registering instruments. Let it be the rain-gauge. Coarse instruments of this kind hitherto in use have been dignified by meteorologists with the title of Pluviometer. Nothing can be more simple in construction. They consist of a cylindrical tin or metal can, eight or ten inches in diameter, set so as to receive the

rain, the water collected being determined after each storm by pouring it into a measuring glass. The Smithsonian Institute at Washington recommends vessels much narrower than those here referred to; its rain-gauge or pluviometer, made of sheet tin, is only about two inches in diameter and about a foot deep.

What is the information that one of these instruments can furnish? Merely this: the depth of water which has fallen during each rain. But scientific accuracy requires something more. We want to know the exact time of the beginning of each rain-fall, the moment at which it ended, and not only the total quantity of water that fell, but likewise the rate at which it came down. For every one remembers that even in continuous rains the fall is very far from being uniform; it is now slow, now faster, and is made up, as it were, of a succession of showers. In any particular rain it is desirable to know how many of these showers there were, what is the rate at which the water fell in each, and at what intervals they succeeded one another. It might seem that to demand all this information from one instrument is asking rather too much, that to collect all these facts would necessarily imply very complicated contrivances. We shall now see how beautifully, and yet by how simple an apparatus, Mr. Draper's rain-gauge answers all these questions.

In Figure 4 we have a representation of it.

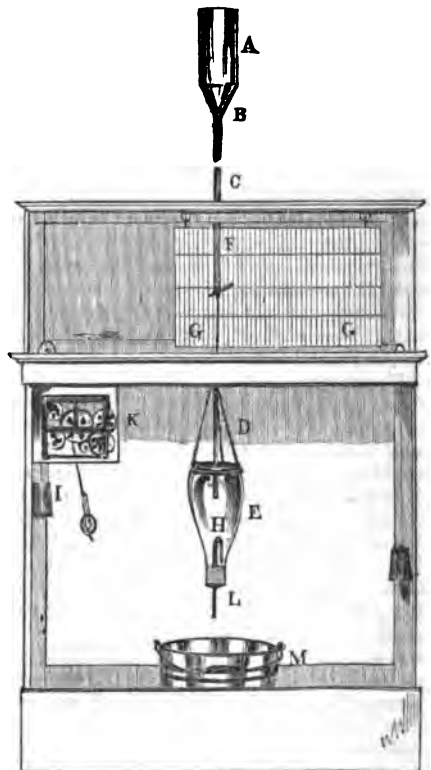


Fig. 4.—SELF-REGISTERING RAIN-GAUGE.

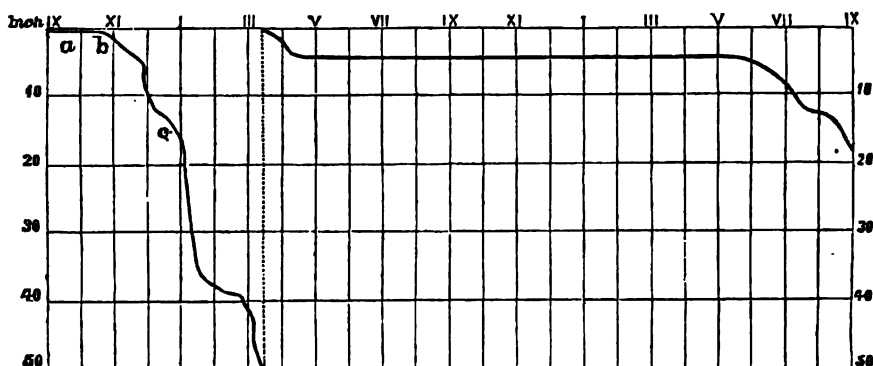


Fig. 5.—REGISTER OF THE RAIN.

It consists of a cylindrical vessel, A, 8 inches in diameter, set so as to receive the rain. The under part of this cylinder terminates in a funnel, B, which empties into a pipe, C D. Any water which falls flows at once down the pipe, and is delivered into a glass vessel, E. This glass is sustained by a spiral steel spring, F, which acts the same part as the spring of an ordinary weighing-machine. When the vessel becomes heavier it stretches or pulls the spring down. As seen in the figure, to the lower end of the spring is attached a pencil, which of course moves downward as the spring descends. The point of this pencil rests against a sheet of paper pinned to the board, G G, which is drawn forward in the direction of the arrow 12 inches every twenty-four hours by means of the weight, I, of the clock, K. At H is a siphon to be alluded to presently, and at M a pail.

Let us see now how this apparatus works. Suppose that there has been no rain during the day, no water has been delivered into the receiving-vessel, E, the weight of which has therefore remained unchanged, and the spring has not been stretched. The pencil has remained stationary, and the board and paper moving past it have received from its point the trace of a horizontal line.

To understand what will take place when it does rain let us look at the register represented in Figure 5. The hour from which the register starts is nine A.M. From nine to a quarter before eleven, as indicated by the letters a b, introduced for the purpose of making the description clear, we see a straight horizontal line. During that time, therefore, no rain was falling. But we observe that there the pencil began to mark a track inclining downward. That shows that something was pulling on the spring; the receiving-vessel was getting heavier; rain was falling. The track now becomes more and more perpendicular, the pull upon the spring was therefore more and more forcible—it was raining harder. The letter c marks a point at which the pencil did not descend quite so quickly; this continued, as we should judge looking at the figure, for about twenty minutes. The

rain-fall during this interval was slackening. Then we perceive that the pencil once again began to descend more vertically, the pull upon the spring was increasing, the shower had become more violent. This continued, as we see, until about a quarter past three, after which the pencil traces a line, until ten minutes past four, more and more nearly horizontal—the shower was diminishing, and at the last-named time ended. After that the trace becomes horizontal; the rain ceased until a quarter before six the next morning, when there was another shower which it is not necessary to describe.

Perhaps it should have been mentioned, though it is pretty plainly indicated in the figure, that along the upper horizontal line are marked the hours of the day, ranging from nine in the morning through the twenty-four hours. On the vertical lines the numbers indicate the stretch of the spring, and therefore the depth of rain that has fallen. It is given in fractions of an inch. For example, we perceive that in the first shower the total amount of water that fell was a little more than fifty-hundredths or half an inch.

To one portion of this beautiful contrivance we may direct special attention. It is the provision which is made for registering very heavy falls of rain. For any thing that we have thus far said it might appear that when the receiving-vessel, E (Fig. 4), is full, the water must necessarily overflow and all further record be lost. But at H there is a siphon arranged in the vessel, one branch of which, L, passes through the bottom of it, and descends a little distance below. Now, when the water in the receiving-vessel has reached the bend of the siphon that tube suddenly fills, and discharges the whole quantity collected up to that time, in the course of a few seconds, into the pail beneath. This action is the same as that with which the reader may perhaps be familiar in the ingenious little contrivance described in many books of natural philosophy under the title of the Cup of Tantalus. In Mr. Draper's apparatus the siphon empties the receiving-vessel when half an inch depth of rain has fallen. The steel spring, relieved from

its weight, at once contracts, draws the pencil perpendicularly upward, and leaves of course a vertical trace, as represented in the dotted line of Figure 5, on the paper. The pencil is now in readiness to renew its indications.

By this instrument we therefore obtain a self-record of any transient shower, or any long-continued rain. All the phases, all the little peculiarities are given. But we have by no means attained every item of information within our reach. We may put this rain-register alongside the wind-register, and gratify our curiosity by observing what connections there are between the two. Perhaps we may find that at a particular moment there was a sudden wind-gust, and at that moment an increase in the volume of the shower, or perhaps the quantity of rain might have diminished. In like manner we might place our rain-register alongside the thermometer-register, and note that in the latter there was during so many minutes a fall in the quicksilver. The correspondence of this fall with the duration of the shower indicates to us the fact that the rain-drops in their descent from the upper regions cooled the stratum of air near the ground.

We have spoken of the thermometer, but have not yet fully described the manner in which its indications are registered. The arrangement of the apparatus is shown in Figure 6. In this instance the record is not obtained by the movement of a pencil, but photographically. This principle has long been in use in many European observatories: among them may be mentioned those of Kew and Greenwich.

A is a gas-light, behind which, at a suitable distance, is placed a concave mirror, B; C is the thermometer, set in such a position that its tube is highly illuminated by the direct rays of the gas flame and the light reflected from the mirror. In front of the tube is a strip of black paper, having a slit in it of such a width as corresponds to that of the column of quicksilver. A proper distance beyond, at D, is an ordinary camera, like those used by photographers, with the exception that the shield or case, E, at its back can be drawn aside by the weight of the clock, F, at the rate of half an inch an hour. This shield contains a sensitive surface, and just as in a photographer's gallery the image of a person or other object falls on the sensitive preparation and impresses it, so in this case the quicksilver, as it rises and falls in the thermometer, leaves its image on the sensitive surface slowly traversing by. The result is such a photograph as that we have already given in Figure 1—a register of each and all the various movements that the thermometer has made during the day.

The foregoing description applies to the self-registering photographic thermometers employed in several of the European observatories. In them, however, thermometers of a special construction are used, in which the quicksilver exposes a wide surface in the tube; in some instances it is not less than a quarter of an inch across. Any one who will give a little attention to the matter will see that in the photograph yielded by such an instrument all the minuter changes must be commingled, con-

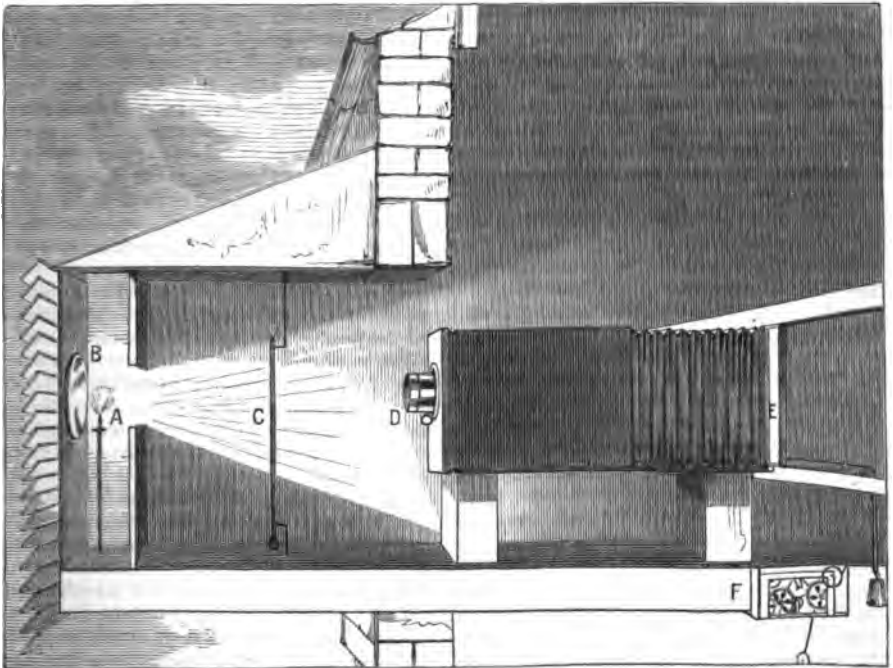


Fig. 6.—SELF-REGISTERING THERMOMETER.

fused, and in fact obliterated. On this construction Mr. Draper has made a very important improvement, which enables him to employ a thermometer having a narrow surface of mercury in its tube. He thus secures representations of all the minor movements of the instrument, as shown in the saw-like projections which have been adverted to.

In the photograph, Figure 1, the hours of the day are represented on the horizontal line, the thermometric degrees on the vertical. The point at which the quicksilver stood at any moment may therefore be readily recognized, and by comparing such a register with those of the wind and the rain, the connection of the different atmospheric conditions may without difficulty be made out.

The description just given for the thermometer will answer for another apparatus known to meteorologists under the title of the wet-bulb thermometer. It consists of an ordinary thermometer, the bulb of which is covered with a piece of thin muslin, kept continually wet by a little apparatus supplying it with water. Its use is to determine the amount of moisture contained in the air. It is made self-registering by being connected with a camera, and giving a daily photograph on a sensitive surface.

In like manner the barometer is made to furnish a record of its movements. The general plan just described in the case of the thermometer is resorted to in this instance—that is to say, there is a gas-light, reflector, camera, sliding shield drawn forward at a measured rate by a clock, and where in the other instance the thermometer was placed, in this is placed the barometer; so that the upper surface of its quicksilver moves with variations in the pressure of the air before the field of view of the camera which is watching it, and night and day unceasingly keeping a record.

We have described the last three instruments—the photographic dry-bulb thermometer, the wet-bulb thermometer, and the barometer—for the sake of clearness, as though they were separate pieces of apparatus. For economy both of material and time they are, in the Park Observatory, all illuminated by one gas-light, and their movements recorded by one camera.

When these improvements in the Meteorological Department of the Central Park were partially completed it was found—such was the accuracy of the resulting indications—that the apartments hitherto used could no longer be advantageously employed. They furnished no position in which a thermometer could be screened from the influence of radiation and other disturbing causes, or the quicksilver in the barometer be preserved from slight tremulous movements of the building. The Commissioners, therefore, directed that the northwest turret should be prepared especially for these purposes; a portion of the upper wall was removed; a projecting apartment somewhat after the manner of a bay-window was constructed. It was closed in with Venetian blinds so as to admit

the air freely, but to exclude the glare of the sun. In this the thermometers and barometer, together with other standard instruments for occasional comparison and reference, are placed, and in this the photograph impressions are received.

Impressions so received are developed, as the term is, and, indeed, all the incidental photographic manipulation is carried on, in an adjoining room, especially constructed for the double purpose of serving as a chemical laboratory and a dark chamber. Herein is contained all the customary apparatus with which photographers are familiar.

To the instruments thus described others are in process of being added; a self-register for measuring the force or strength of the wind; another for measuring its velocity, or the number of miles it travels in a day; another for registering the moments of sunshine and cloudy weather, etc.

An instrument which can accomplish the registration of sunshine and cloud would furnish information of the utmost value to agriculture and some of the most important industrial pursuits of our country. We may illustrate what is here meant by taking one of the most valuable of our farm crops—the hay crop—as our example, though, as will be seen, the remarks apply to all other agricultural products. On a fertile soil the weight of grass that may be produced depends on two conditions—the supply of a sufficiency of rain, and the furnishing a sufficiency of sunlight in the eleven weeks between the middle of April and the last of June. The rain brings into the growing plants the inorganic materials they require from the soil, and of course furnishes their requisite supply of water; the sunlight forms in them their various organic and nutritive material. Now last year (1868), during the period referred to, there was a copious supply of water, but, owing to prolonged cloudy weather, an insufficient supply of light—the grass was all the time growing, as it were, in the shade. When hay-making came observing farmers remarked how much longer than they expected it took to cure the grass, that is to get rid of its water, and how great a falling off there was in the resulting weight of hay. Nor was this all. The diminished quantity of nitrogenized material it contained caused it to be less nutritive; a greater weight of it was required to fatten cattle, or even to keep them in good condition. The effect was felt by those interested in raising animals for sale, and eventually in the quality and cost of butcher's meat.

In the Central Park Observatory it is not contemplated at present to do any thing in the way of observations on the magnetism of the earth, that being already very perfectly executed at the observatory of Toronto, and New York is too near that city. It was such considerations that caused Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, to send his magnetic instruments from Washington down to Key West, as it was

found that in the former place they merely duplicated the Toronto results.

Such is a brief statement of the great improvements that have been made in the system of meteorological observations in the New York Central Park, the Commissioners of which have thus provided for the city the most complete and accurate meteorological observatory in America.

It must not be supposed that because instruments are self-registering they require no supervision. On the contrary, the daily work of such an observatory is very heavy. It allows of no intermission, not even on the Sunday. Each morning all the sensitive preparations needful for the various photographic operations must be provided; registers for the pencil machines must be arranged; at 9 A.M. the registers for the past twenty-four hours must be removed, and with all expedition new ones put in their stead. The photographs have to be developed, and if it be desirable to print any of them, that operation has to be attended to. All the different registers for the past twenty-four hours have to be carefully measured, their results interpreted, permanently recorded on the books, and at least once each week a report has to be made to the office of the Commissioners, and to the New York daily newspapers.

We have already remarked that the object of meteorological observations is to enable us to record the past and predict the future state of the weather, and that the imperfect manner in which this has heretofore been accomplished has been mainly due to the unreliable and unsatisfactory mode in which such observations have been made. When self-recording machinery, such as New York has now in her Central Park, shall have been established in all our large cities, the problem of predicting the weather will undoubtedly be solved. One most important agency is, however, essential to this result—it is telegraphic communication between such various observatories. A little consideration will show how this, which is at present a vague conception floating in the popular mind, can be carried into effect. Already telegraphic companies, desirous of aiding the progress of science, send over their lines without compensation brief dispatches of the state of the weather and aspect of the sky. They report, for instance, that at St. Louis it is cloudy—at Charleston the wind is from the north. They also give the height of the thermometer. But this information is really of little use. What is wanted is a statement of *changes* in the weather, with the time of their beginning and end. Thus if it were stated that a rain-storm began at Raleigh, in North Carolina, at 2 A.M.; that a rain-storm began in Richmond, Virginia, at 11 A.M.; that the same occurrence happened at Washington at 5 P.M., at Philadelphia at 10 P.M., the inference would be that this was in fact the same rain-storm advancing northeasterly, and that it would reach New York at about three o'clock on the following morning.

In like manner if the time of ending were given at such successive stations, its time of ending at others not given might be foretold. If to this information were added the quantity of rain that had fallen in succession at each place, the condition of the storm, as to whether it was on the increase or decrease, could be indicated, and perhaps the point at which it would die out. Now what is here said by way of illustration in the case of rain, applies also to wind-storms, tornadoes, periods of great heat, periods of great cold, and other atmospheric phenomena.

It is plain, however, that all this implies not only the establishment of such observatories as that in the Central Park in our other large cities, but, what is far more difficult to obtain, skillful and trained observers. The attempts that have been thus far made have proved abortive mainly for this latter reason; for the services of such men can not be had except at very high rates of compensation. Great establishments, such as the Imperial Observatory at Paris, have attempted to carry this system into operation; they have gone so far as to publish charts of the weather and probable predictions for the following day. But this requires not only the corps of trained observers to which we have alluded, but likewise a large staff of subordinates at the central office, where all the telegraphic dispatches arriving may be promptly examined, discussed, and determined. It implies, in truth, almost the same amount of labor as the preparation of a daily newspaper.

Notwithstanding this, we think we may indulge the hope that when the importance of this foreknowledge comes to be publicly recognized, some systematic method will be adopted among our American cities for carrying into successful operation such a plan. In expectation of this there has been already introduced into the meteorological observatory of the Park a telegraphic apparatus in connection with the Western Union Telegraph Company, to gather such observations as may offer from all parts of the country.

To the hope we have thus expressed we will add another. So simple in construction are the instruments we have described, so comparatively small their cost, so pleasant the duty of observing them, that few things could offer to persons of leisure and cultivated mind a more attractive occupation than the management of small observatories of this kind. By common consent, among all civilized people, the state of the weather is one of the primary topics of conversation. A person meeting his friend gives to this the preference, because he knows that though on many other points they may entertain differences of opinion, on this they will be pretty sure to agree. A dispute between them will hardly arise as to whether it is raining, whether it is hot, or whether it is cold. How much would the sphere of this style of conversation be enlarged, and how much would the pleasure of it be increased, if they could mutually congratulate each other that to-mor-

row morning the weather would be good for skating, or that the present rain would cease at two o'clock, and that their families might join at three for a pleasant excursion to the Central Park, but that they must be back at six, as the thunder-storm at present occurring at Buffalo would arrive in New York at that hour.

THE NEW HOME.

IT is not much of a story that I have to tell, and yet in its seemingly unimportant events lies all that made or marred their lives of whom I write.

Years and years ago when I, a little girl, lived in "the house where I was born," a quiet old homestead surrounded by fertile fields and neighbored by acres of almost primeval forest, for what is now a central State was then the "far West," I had an uncle, David Barton. What a clear, vivid, lifelike picture that name recalls to me; and yet I know I can not reproduce it for your benefit, reader, for you never saw him, never knew him, and, above all, he was not your uncle! To me, as a child, he seemed the wisest, handsomest, and greatest of men; and yet he was only the son of a farmer, who was the son of a farmer; and so on, I doubt not, might his ancestors have been recorded back to the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

Very wise he could not have been, for he and his only brother performed the farm labor of a hundred acres; and yet he did find time each week to read both a political and literary newspaper, and managed his affairs so well that he never lacked the means of obtaining now and then a new book—a luxury rare in the homes of most of our neighbors of much larger means.

Handsome, I am sure even now that he was. Like David of old, "he was ruddy and of a fair countenance." Of fine manly proportions, nearly six feet in height, with thick, curling, auburn hair and beard; he had a clear, honest, fearless blue eye, that was always quick to flash and kindle with delight, or grow moist and tender with deep feeling.

Great I know he was not, save in the sense of having great, undeveloped, or only half-developed, powers, which he himself never knew, and of which he had scarcely dreamed. He was not even so great physically as my childish fancy made him, when no feat of giant in nursery story seemed to me so astounding as the one performed before my very eyes when, standing upon the floor of our low-ceiled sitting-room, he touched the old beams overhead with his hand. Ah! he can never be to me like other men now; nor would I destroy the illusion if I could, and make him as the men that cross my daily path.

Side by side the clear strong picture of this man, kept so distinctly in my remembrance, rises one who is ever near him, fainter and less defined, a sort of shadow coming and going with the clearer vision.

Gay, happy, careless Annie Somers—Cousin

Annie we called her, though she was only some very far away relation of ours, and not in the remotest degree related to Uncle David—used to come to our old house in the days of which I write, and make the weeks for us children one long holiday.

Cousin Annie lived in town; and that to us, who had been born and lived on a farm, seemed in itself a sort of patent of nobility. Not that she lived in any great style, for her father was a partner in a small dry-goods business, and his family lived in the noisy and unfashionable locality above the "store." But Annie had been to the Museum, and could astonish us with its dead and "living wonders." She had even once visited a theatre; had read scores of novels, and been "educated" at a select school. Strictly speaking, she was not beautiful; but she was what is much more attractive and more difficult to describe, simply charming. She was small and graceful, with saucy black eyes and abundant hair of the same color. Always happy, always hopeful, mirth seemed ever bubbling up from her heart and running over her lips, and there was a contagion in her laughter that infected the soberest listener, try as he might to resist the spell. And then her voice! I have never heard singing since that could bear my soul up to the height where it used to float upon the wild waves of her untutored melody.

She used to be with us a great deal in the summer-time, often for weeks together; and in the pleasant evenings, when the work was done, we all, old and young, gathered about her on the porch, to hear her notes that rang wild and sweet as the bird songs that the coming of the stars had hushed to silence. When Uncle David was there he usually sat apart, often with his face turned from her, as if busy with his own thoughts; and yet, though he seldom asked her to sing or praised her voice, the melody sank far deeper into his heart than ours. And Annie! did she know the dangerous power she was exercising over him? And did those clear, truthful eyes tell their story to her in vain? I think almost sooner than he did she know his heart, and half responded to its unspoken wishes. But her besetting weakness was a desire to marry a gentleman, or what she supposed to be a gentleman, which, I fear, in her estimation, was nothing higher than one who was well dressed, and who did not labor with his own hands; and above all, she must have one who had a romantic name, such as was given to the favorite heroes in her novels. But Annie laughed, and danced, and sang away the years until she was almost twenty-five, and her hero came not. Beaux who failed to reach her standard had been discarded one by one, until her solitary remaining admirer was a somewhat stylish-looking, indolent, pale-faced salesman in her father's employment, who boasted of his family, and thought it a degradation to serve behind the counter, because it was a nearer approach to labor than any one of his name had ever been guilty of before. Annie did not

take to him kindly at first; indeed, she gave a downright refusal to his first offer; but what will not time and perseverance do even in the affairs of the heart? Clifford Worthington—such was the young man's name, and whatever others might say, Annie thought there was a great deal in a name—persevered, and when he had offered his hand for the third time she graciously promised to give him a definite answer in a month; and left him for that time a prey to all the tortures of suspense, while she came to pay us a visit, or rather, I suspect, to see for the last time whether a man in his simple, honest manhood was not, after all, a safer reliance than a self-styled gentleman with pretentious uncertainties.

It was later in the season that year when she came than her usual time for visiting us, and she seemed more thoughtful and serious than we had ever seen her before. She did not keep us amused so constantly with her fun, nor dance about the old sitting-room so lightly, and her songs were almost always sad or tender. During her visit Uncle David came even more often than usual, although it was the farmer's busiest season. His own crops were to be gathered, and yet in the afternoons he often found a spare hour or two in which to help us in the orchard or corn-field; and then, of course, we kept him till after supper, and the day ended in the old fashion. Resting from the toils of the day, on the old porch there was romping and playing in a subdued sort of way by the children, a little quiet talk by their elders, and then last, before parting for the night, came the old songs, to us ever new.

One day, when about three weeks of Annie's visit were past, I was left in charge of the house and the younger children by my father and mother, who were called from home for a few days by some business the nature of which I do not remember; but it must have been something important, for I do not recollect that before that my mother had ever been from home overnight. I was young, scarcely fourteen, and felt the weight of my responsibility; and, besides, as the first evening closed in, I was a little lonesome, for Annie was unusually quiet, when to my great joy I saw Uncle David's "gallant gray" coming over the next hill.

"Oh, I am so glad! aren't you, Cousin Annie?" I cried, delighted.

"Yes, and no," she answered, hesitatingly; and then added, rather to herself than to me—"It must come some time, I suppose, and it might as well be now."

Young as I was I more than half comprehended her meaning, and something I saw in my uncle's face when he took her hand told me the rest—the secret that had not yet passed his lips. How I knew it I can not tell, for I was young then, and had never been instructed of any one; and yet I did know that night, just as well as I should know in like circumstances now, that the thing for me to do was to retreat—gracefully if I could, but if not as best I

might. I can not say the manner of it was very brilliant or original. Professing to be sleepy, which, though a thing quite unusual with me, seemed to excite no surprise, I at length declared I could keep my eyes open no longer, and bade them good-night, highly delighted with my own cunning and sagacity.

Safe in bed I gave way to my fancy—and what pictures she painted! Uncle David was in love with Cousin Annie: of that I was sure; and of course she would love him; she couldn't help it. And what else but thinking of him had made her so serious of late? And to-night it would all be settled; and then they would be married next spring, perhaps; and then Annie would come and live in the little cottage with Uncle David and Fred; that was the name of Uncle David's younger brother—my uncle too, but so much younger we never thought to call him so. And we would go there as often as we chose then, and not be afraid of Sally Smith, their prim and forbidding housekeeper, for she would reign supreme no longer. And Annie would plant vines about the porch, and make the quiet place merry with her laughter and her songs. And then I fell to thinking whether I should still call her cousin, and how funny it would seem to say aunt to her; and was quite sure I never could nor would say that. And so I passed on, led by the vision into the land where for the time our dreams become realities.

I was sitting on the old porch at Uncle David's, and yet so changed was the place that I hardly knew it for the same. The stiff hard Windsor chairs of Aunt Sally's time were replaced by something more modern and comfortable; the long, plain, yellow settee was covered with a pretty chintz cushion; the windows were curtained with pure white muslin, the table strewed with books and music, and the work-stand with bits of variously-shaped fabrics, rapidly taking the form of garments under the busy fingers of the happy mistress of the household. All about the pillars of the porch, that used to be open to the sun, clung the wild rose and jasmine; and humming-birds, delicate as the flowers themselves, were shimmering in the sun among the leaves, and taking their feast of sweets. And there, without, was the tea-table, covered with its snowy linen, and heaped with dainties—luscious fruit, white bread, and golden butter, and even with milk and honey. And there was Annie, brighter and happier now than ever, dancing in and out, and singing as of old; fluttering lightly over her feast as the humming-bird in the flowers fluttered over hers.

Presently a clear ringing whistle sounded across the neighboring field; and with his gray following his steps, and his broad straw hat carried in his hand, and the pleasant evening wind playing with his curls, came the master of all this comfort and beauty. Then Annie's song took a deeper tone of tenderness, and a softer light came into her eyes, as she went out of the house, and slowly down the path to meet

her husband. He was just near enough now to take her hand, when all at once her old mocking spirit returned to her, and turning quickly she tripped back along the path that led to the house, casting defiant glances toward her pursuer. He came up with her just as they were hidden from me by the jasmine vines; but I heard Annie's gay, defiant tone, and then a voice deeper but not less joyous make answer:

"Oh, I understand your challenge, and know what is expected of me; you knew well I could run faster or you would not have dared me to follow; so here is your reward!"

There was the sound of a slight resistance, and a merry laugh smothered down, I could only guess how; but the noise broke the spell of my vision, and starting up broad awake I saw Annie beside my bed, who said, in answer to my look of surprise and wonderment:

"I am sorry I waked you: I did not mean to; but I could not help laughing to think what a fool your uncle David made of himself to-night. Why, he just as good as asked me to marry him. Of course he does very well to talk to while I am here and there is no one else about, but as to marrying him—what could I do in that lonesome old farm-house of his, with Sally Smith and pigs and chickens for company while he was off in the fields? He's good enough for me or any body else! Oh, I know that very well. He's too good for me! He sometimes makes me feel as if all my life was mean and unworthy, and for that reason, if for no other, I am sure I could not be happy with him. I want some one whom I can tease or worry into doing whatever I like, and I know I could not manage David Barton in that way."

I made no reply, and do not think she expected one; in a moment, yet in a more subdued and serious tone, she continued:

"And yet it's too bad, for I like him better than—than some beaux I have had. And if he had not told me so solemnly that life shared with him would be no dream of romance, only patient work and effort, only what willing hands and loving hearts could make it, I might have decided differently—who knows?—might have consented to be plain Mrs. David Barton? What a name!"

"But what nonsense I am talking! Of course, child, you can't understand such things," she said; and then, after a pause, during which she slowly and thoughtfully made her preparation for the night, she added, abruptly:

"If your father goes to town Saturday I must go home."

And when the day came Annie did go home, never to visit our old home again. True, Mrs. Worthington did come once or twice, with the husband she had taken, though she did not seem at all proud of him, especially when Uncle David was at our house. Still she made the most of his "elegant manners," as she termed them, and his distant relationship to a distinguished Southern family; and so got what comfort she could out of the situation.

Within a few months they went to live in a neighboring State, where Mr. Clifford Worthington could gratify what seemed to be the great desire of his life, or in his own elegant phrase, "own a nigger."

Uncle David was outwardly the same, though I know now that when he went out into the night, after his love had been told in vain, all the light went out of his life.

Many of our neighbors that year were going West, and back from their new home came stories of the wonderful productiveness of lands compared with which our goodly and fertile acres were but waste and barren places. David Barton listened to these stories, and after making due allowance for the exaggerations of "actual settlers," concluded that the new country was a desirable place for one who had to begin life anew, and who left nothing behind him.

About half a mile from our house, and on the direct road to Uncle David's, lived the Widow Fuller, as she was called, and her only daughter. They had a poor house and a few poor acres; but by incessant industry they contrived to live decently. Mrs. Fuller was a hard-featured, hard-working, managing woman, and her daughter was after her own heart, if either of them could be said to possess a heart. Kate, the daughter, had little mind and less beauty, and was verging upon thirty now, with little hope of finding a mate. Seeing David Barton so often and so carelessly pass her by, there "came into her heart a wild desire" to take captive the handsome young farmer for whom all the rustic belles had hitherto sighed in vain. Whenever the rider of the "gallant gray" appeared in the distance Kate was found sitting at the window, not idle, of course, and often so busily employed with her sewing that she seemed quite startled by his near approach, and almost blushed in replying to his simple and courteous salutation. Still she had made no progress in her designs, and perhaps never might have done so but for an accident which favored her purpose. One evening, on his way home from our house, Uncle David was overtaken by a thunder-storm, and driven by stress of weather to take shelter under the widow's roof.

Here was an opportunity not to be slighted, and so well was it employed that when he rode home that night it was with the conviction that Kate was just such a wife as a man going to a new country to try his fortune ought to marry; and to this he was already looking as his best way in life. True, he must leave his old friends; but who would miss him? He would have little time for reading; but what good had that done him? "Given him a desire," he said, bitterly, "for what was above him." He knew Kate was not a woman whom he could love; but he said he was done with that sort of folly; he had suffered and been cured; and now for life in earnest!

And so, in three months after his first en-

forced visit to her, Uncle David presented us to our new aunt. Tall, gaunt, raw-boned, with hands and tongue never idle, she did not commend herself to us, nor did she seem to make life brighter for her husband. He was very thoughtful and silent now—perhaps because his wife did talking enough for both; but the greatest change made in him was that he seemed all at once to grow old. Younger by three years than she, you would have thought him the elder.

It was only the next spring after the Worthingtons had gone South that David Barton, disposing of his part of the farm to his brother, took his household gods and turned his face toward a new country, with such hope as a man can have who puts no heart into his plans or work; and hither, after some years, we will follow him.

On the shore of a beautiful lake, and in sight of a small but thriving village, destined soon to be a flourishing, populous city, David Barton had made a clearing in the primeval forest, and built for himself a rude but picturesque and comfortable cabin. His next labor had been to erect a mill on the small stream that half bordered and half divided his broad and fertile acres; and here, except in those times when he sought his house for rest and refreshment, he was always to be seen, working steadily and patiently—nay, sometimes almost fiercely—as one to whom labor was not so much a means as an end and an escape.

Seldom now did his face wear the old smile, or his eye kindle with the old fire, save when he turned to listen to the merry laugh, or answer the puzzling questions of his darling boy, his only treasure; for upon this one child all the long-suppressed affection of his great and loving heart was lavished.

The wife and mother had not, as you may well suppose, been softened or improved by the hardship and isolation of a frontier life. Her mother dying within two years after their removal she was left much of the time with only the companionship of her babe, and even this was not long left to her. Freddy—so was the boy called—learned to speak the name of father long before his lips could shape themselves to utter mother; and, strange to say, the first use to which he put the art of walking, which she taught him, was that of leaving her to follow his silent father.

And yet the woman was not so bad; indeed, she was not bad at all. She was just and upright, according to the strictest standard; diligent in season and out of season; and the admiration of all the little world about her. The very clocks in the neighborhood were set by Mrs. Barton's dinner-horn, for every thing of which she had the management was undeviatingly "up to time." Even her baby never cried nights like any other baby, and cut his teeth unflinchingly, nay, almost as if it were a pleasant pastime. Mrs. Barton's oven was never too hot or too cold, so her bread was never over-

done nor underdone; her chickens never died of gaps nor were carried off by hawks; her potatoes grew large, and her cabbages headed in due season; and she had little charity for such as did not flourish after the same fashion, attributing all failures and all accidents, whether of flood or fire, to the one cause, which she esteemed the sin of sins, namely—laziness.

David Barton had been living in his new home for some fifteen years, a fortunate man, people said, and growing rich, when one autumn the country was visited by one of those terrible rain-storms that, swelling the streams suddenly to thrice their size, sweep away in a few hours the improvements that have cost the labor of years. His house, situated on higher ground, was safe, but the mill was of course in great peril, and if the water in the stream continued to rise through the night as it had done during the day, he foresaw that its safety was beyond hope. But within and near it were large quantities of lumber belonging to others, and these he set himself to save, if possible. Working incessantly, with no help but such as his boy could give him, he was unwilling to spare even time to take his evening meal; and disregarding the call to supper, which was never under any circumstances allowed to remain on the table but half an hour, he came in, after toiling far into the night, to find the board empty and the hearth cold. It was a rigid rule of Mrs. Barton's house that fire and lights must be extinguished at a fixed hour, and the stroke of nine by the punctual clock, set daily by the "noon-mark," was the inexorable curfew-bell, whose warning was not to be lightly regarded.

Cold, hungry, and "tired in heart and limb;" for he had been able with all his effort to save but little, David Barton sought a pillow to which came neither sleep nor rest. Next morning, lame and chilled, he was unable to rise, and before night he was burning and delirious with fever.

Even the stern wife was almost touched as she looked upon that strong, self-reliant man, reduced in a day to such utter helplessness. True, she omitted no household duty that she might be near him; but she did nurse him faithfully after her fashion; giving his medicine punctually, preparing his food as the doctor directed, and bringing it to him at regular and stated times, whether he was shivering with a chill or burning with fever.

But Freddy! He had all the intuition and tenderness supposed to belong especially to woman. The more helpless the father grew the more helpful he became. He was always near, and yet never in the way; he knew and answered each unspoken wish, and brought sunshine even into that shadiest of shady places.

The winter wore slowly away, and when the warm days of spring came David Barton was able to creep into the sunshine once more, and see the banks of the stream, now gliding peacefully to its end, strewed with the wrecks of his mill, the greater part of which had been car-

ried by the flood far out into the lake. But a sadder and more terrible wreck than this was the man himself. People said, "He will get better as soon as he can get out and go to work again; it's pretty hard for an active man like him to be shut up so all winter, but he'll come round again." But he did not come round. He was slowly dying: simply, as it seemed, from inability to live. He had no definable disease, and he complained of no pain; but it was as if the tie that had bound him to life was grown too weak to hold him longer.

When the autumn came round again, on one of its loveliest October days, he whose little life was rounding to a sleep turned his weary eyes to the glorious gateway of the west to take his last farewell of the sun.

The doctor had been with him in the afternoon, and had told Mrs. Barton she might continue the same treatment, and he would look in again in the morning, but that she ought to have rest, and he would send some one of the neighbors to stay with her that night, in case—that is—to be company for her. She neither accepted nor rejected the offered help, and he went his way.

The shining gate had opened for the monarch of the day to pass, and swung back again on its golden hinges; and now the dying man turned his face and his thought once more to those who waited silently beside him, and uttering the last solemn words of parting, and commending them each to the other, and both to God, fell asleep. Long he lay so quiet that those about him thought the light of life had gone out forever.

But after midnight he woke as from a heavenly dream, the traces of years and pain gone from his face, and in their place was a look of ineffable happiness and peace, as looking far beyond those about him he said, softly: "Go, and leave me now to sleep, for at daybreak I must be on my way. It is a long journey to the new home—a long journey; and I must go alone. Annie is not strong enough to come now, but she will come after me. It was best that she should not come till all was ready for her. Tell her it was right that I went first, and went alone."

Those who stood about him when he ceased to speak, and closed his eyes with that wondrous light on his face that is only seen on the face of those for whom the gates of the eternal city are opened, waited long in vain for further word or sign. It never came. At the break of day he was gone on the strange journey to his new home!

Unchanged, save that she was a little more cold, a little more punctual and exacting, the now widowed wife lived on in the home whence her husband had been taken. Freddy had inherited the best traits of his father, and had added to them a genial and hopeful temperament. He had reached the age of twenty, had acquired a solid education and the profession of doctor, when two events happened to disturb his hitherto peaceful and uneventful life.

His mother gave her *hand*—all that was asked of her, I presume—a second time in marriage. The suitor was a thriving neighbor, whose wife had fallen a victim to the hardships incident to life in a new country; and who, now that the city was almost encroaching upon his farm, began to long for the old freedom of the wilderness. And so, in a few days after the widow had parted seriously and decently with her weeds and her name, she bade farewell to her only son, firmly and tearlessly, as a Spartan mother, and took her way where we shall not follow her, far beyond the barriers of the Rocky Mountains.

Her son, who had given her all a son's duty, and even love, though this came rather from his own rich nature than from her need or desire, would have been indeed desolate now but for an all-pervading feeling that filled his mind and heart to the exclusion of every other thought. Our country's flag had been insulted, and her brave sons were every where rushing to defend its honor. Leaving the pretty cottage he had built, and the fertile acres he had improved and beautified, and accepting a surgeon's commission, Frederick Barton was one of the first to answer to the call of duty and patriotism.

Through the hardships, the horrors, and the glory of war we will not follow him. Suffice it to say he left the service worn out and almost exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, but with his bronzed and bearded face scarcely seared, and his limbs unmaimed, and with an untarnished reputation for bravery, humanity, and skill.

It was again autumn—autumn after peace—and the sun was again looking back, as he went down upon the world, at quiet homes and bountiful harvests; and nowhere did his beams linger more tenderly than upon a small, somewhat neglected, yet not unpicturesque cottage lying in a secluded valley of the Cumberland Mountains. Sitting beside the door on the pleasant evening of which we write, in the long shadow cast by the low sun from a clump of crimson maples, was a woman, no longer young, whose eyes were so steadfastly fixed upon the mountain range that bounded the valley on the north, and whose thought had gone so far beyond her vision that she did not hear a footstep that came up the weed-grown gravel-walk. It was a clear, pleasant voice that recalled her to herself and to the present; and a most winning presence had the young man who, bowing, simply asked, "Does Mrs. Worthington live here?"

Words harmless enough in themselves surely; and the bright, frank, handsome face that looked down upon her was not one to inspire fear. And yet she to whom the question was addressed looked for a moment as if one had come from the grave to confront her. In that moment she was the happy girl who sat and sang on the farm-house porch such long, long years ago, and beside her stood the forsaken but unforgotten lover of her girlhood. An instant, and the vision faded. She saw a handsome stranger,

whose likeness to the unfaded picture in her heart had carried her far back into the past, as but a stranger, and remembered herself, a woman past middle life, whose lip had ceased from singing, and whose once raven hair was fast growing white as the widow's cap that hid it. Recollecting her duty as hostess, she answered, simply, that she was Mrs. Worthington, and leading the way to the parlor, and inviting the stranger to follow, she motioned him to a seat, and taking another near him, waited that he might unfold the object of his visit.

"I was a surgeon, Madam, during the late war, in the Union army; my name, which is perhaps immaterial to you, is Frederick Barton." She did not start at the name, she was herself now. Nor did she speak or question him; he wished she would, it might make it easier to tell what he wished to say; but she was silent, and he went on: "As a surgeon I was often made the confidant of the wounded under my charge, and commissioned to bear messages to friends at home. One night, searching the field to see if any living had been left among the dead, I found among those who had just been arrayed against us in battle one who, though past any hope of living, clung to me so desperately that I could not bear to leave him alone. Seeing his moments were numbered, I made his position as comfortable as I could, and waited beside him for the end which was drawing so near. He told me he had come from the North many years ago to Tennessee, to this valley, and at the breaking out of the war he had gone with his State, and was proud to say he had fallen in defense of her rights; that he had a wife and daughter, who might never know his fate, and begged me if it were ever possible to let them know when and how he had died. I promised faithfully to fulfill his solemn request, and by the dull light of the sinking moon wrote the description of his home, the name of his wife, and his own, which was—"

And the speaker paused to see if a suspicion of the truth had come to the woman. Almost for the first time during his narrative she raised her eyes, and when he hesitated she finished the sentence herself—"his name was Clifford Worthington. I knew the fact of his death, nothing more," she said, "almost two years ago. I saw his name reported among a long list of those found on the field after one of the most terrible battles of the war. I am grateful to you, deeply grateful, Sir, for comforting his last moments, and for giving me the comfort of knowing that he was not left alone in that solemn hour."

She spoke not without feeling, but without emotion. It was evident, even to a stranger, that if the waters of affliction had ever been deeply stirred by the death of him whose name she bore, the waves had now subsided into an almost unruffled calm.

After a few more questions and answers had passed between them in reference to the dead, they passed on to speak of the war in its effect

upon the country, and especially upon the South, and then gradually to more pleasant topics of conversation.

"I much wonder," said Mrs. Worthington, in answer to some remark of Dr. Barton's in reference to the beauty of the surrounding scenery, "that you should see any thing here to admire; indeed, it seems to me strange you should voluntarily return to a place which can have for you no associations that are not of a most painful nature."

"I was much broken down by my labors during the war, and came here by medical advice in search of that health which I am most happy to say I have found, and now in a few days I return to my Northern home."

Then she told him that she too once lived in the North, and of the city where her youth had been passed, and that she knew there long ago one of his own name.

"Was it David Barton? was it my father?" he asked, eagerly.

"David Barton it was; and your father I can readily believe, since your face is a most perfect copy of his as I remember it."

And then she led him on to speak of his father, a subject of which he never tired. He told her of his life in the wilderness, and of his going out from them on that quiet October evening. And his voice trembled and his eye moistened as it ever did in speaking of him whom he so dearly revered and loved.

So talking they sat till the gray twilight stole up through the valley, seeing which Dr. Barton rose to take his leave.

He was declining the very urgent solicitations of his hostess that he would stay longer in the valley, and give her the opportunity to make what return one so poor and sorrowful might for the great comfort he had brought to her, when his ear was arrested by a sound that held him like a spell. It was the voice of a young girl singing; singing as artlessly as the birds, and because she needs must sing.

Scarce knowing what he did he sank back into his seat and listened as the sound drew nearer; and presently down the garden walk and into the house through the deepening shadow, beating time to her song with a flower, came sweet Lucy Worthington.

If the young man thought in his heart when he heard that voice as did Geraint when he heard the voice of Enid—

"Here by God's grace is the one voice for me:"

he knew with unerring certainty when he lifted his eyes to the beautiful vision of the fair young girl as she stood before him—"Here by God's rood is the one maid for me!"

One hour, two, three passed, and Dr. Barton seemed quite to have forgotten the supper and bed he had ordered at the inn a mile further down the road, from which he had set out that pleasant afternoon to find the widowed wife of him who slept far away in a soldier's unmarked grave.

And when at last he walked back again the way he had come, the grass-grown and neglected path strewn with fading leaves seemed covered with roses, and his feet no longer trod the common earth. The place was not the same his eyes had beheld but a few hours before; for the valley was an enchanted valley, on which the stars looked down with a softer and more dreamy light, and about which the evening wind, gliding in and out among the trees, came like a bashful maiden to whisper her innocent secrets in his ear.

Though evidently restored to that perfect health which was the object of his travels, Dr. Barton still lingered among the mountains day after day, seeking their least frequented paths for his long and lonely walks. Then as time passed on a gentle, timid maiden came sometimes to wander beside him and make the air musical with her artless speech.

And ere long, he grew more confident and she more confiding, they wandered through wood and vale almost daily together; and in the evenings, now growing chill, the fire on the hearth that was wont to fall upon sad and anxious faces danced upon rosy cheeks and eyes sparkling with the happy light that is born of new and precious hopes. And so when the leaves had faded from gold to brown these two, who had watched together all their beautiful and varied changes, and had walked for the last time under the now naked boughs of the old familiar trees, had come to be fond and plighted lovers. He had besought her to come and dwell with him in his own land, and she had promised in the sacred aisle of the forest sanctuary that when the windows of heaven should again be hung with the soft, green curtains of the spring, his people should be her people, and his home her home.

On the banks of the beautiful stream where he was born, and almost upon the very spot where his father's rude cabin rose to cheer the wilderness, in the now thickly-settled suburb of a new and thriving city, stands the comfortable and pleasant home of the prosperous and popular Doctor Barton. For he is well-to-do, respected—even more, he is honored and beloved. All of manly greatness which in his father was mere possibility, has in him, under the more favoring circumstances by which he has been surrounded, reached its full and perfect development.

Blessed by the poor and unfortunate, honored and sought by the rich and worldly, his chief delight is in his home, where Lucy is a sweet ministering spirit. She is not a heroine, nor a miracle of loveliness and grace, though her husband, I am sure, could never be made to see her as less than this; but she is something even better, a true, loving, faithful woman, full of all sweet and charitable thoughts and deeds; making melody often with her lips, but always in her heart, and brightening the little world about her, through which the course of her life flows peacefully on its way, even as the pleasant

stream that sings beside her door brightens the grass and the humble flowers that are round about it, and is content.

And as for her who was long ago our bright, joyous Cousin Annie, she has left, with the home of her married life, a quarter of a century behind her. Cheerful, contented, even happy now, she lives in and for her children; and I think she herself could not tell whether Frederick or Lucy is nearest and dearest to her heart. She is a woman in whom all the neighbors confide in sickness and in sorrow; she is the helper and comforter of unhappy lovers, and the good aunt of all the little children. For herself, she has no complaint to make and no sorrow to tell; and yet the past has left something in her face or manner which leads her neighbors sometimes to shake their heads wisely and a little sadly, and say, "I am sure she is a woman who has seen trouble."

On a gently-sloping mound, shut by a pleasant grove from the sight of all save those who seek the place, and near the bright, beautiful stream he loved, sleeps the dust of David Barton; and hither, leading a careless, happy boy by the hand who bears the name he bore, comes often, in pleasant evenings, the subdued and quiet woman, whose name was the last name that trembled on the lips that have so long been silent. Never sorrowful, and never tearful, willing to wait till her appointed time comes, she plants and tends the vines and flowers about his grave she might have trained to grow and blossom about his home. But she looks not back so much with vain regret to the past as with bright hope to the future; when in that new and wondrously beautiful land whither he has gone on before her, she shall take him by the hand, and walking through green pastures and by still waters, they shall enter together upon the joy of eternal youth.

AUGUST DAYS.

Oh, working world! while rest is sweet,
And ease a welcome comer,
Only your blithest songs are meet
For the queen-month of summer.

And while her plenteous harvests bless
And crown the year together,
I sing the month of idleness,
The pleasant August weather.

For her the others toil and spin,
Her bounden treasure-heapers,
Till all the wealth is gathered in
And ready for the reapers;

Till like the lilies fair to view
She sits in covert shady,
With nothing in the world to do
But play the royal lady,

And scatter with a lavish hand
The largess they have brought her;
For fair and fruitful is the land
Of the sun's favorite daughter!

These are the days that reign in right
Of royal pride and beauty,
That owe the world no tribute light
Of sober working duty.

These are the nights that lie awake
To pleasant sounds to listen,
And with their open beauty make
The starry heavens glisten.

When faint upon the dusty ways
We pause amid the toiling,
Then hail the August holidays,
The yearly disenchanting!

From crowded streets the dwellers wind.
(The gentle clouds have pity
On that woe sufferer left behind,
The poor sun-stricken city!)

Far from the striving and the din
They walk beside the ocean,
And drop their restless lives within
That mighty Rest in motion.

The world has come up to your doors,
Oh, holy mountain-places!
Her feet are on your silent floors;
And where the tangled traces

Of rocky woodland paths betray
Some tiny grotto hidden,
The native fairies shrink away
From guests that come unbidden.

Fair are the country's quiet nooks,
And sweet the clover meadows;
Our lives are like the shrunken brooks
That creep into the shadows.

We'll let the mill-wheels stand a while,
And we'll go down with dances,
Down by ourselves to sit and smile
At our own idle fancies.

Sing to ourselves, and never mind
The care of rhythm-keeping;
For who should tell it but the wind?
And soft!—he, too, is sleeping.

Oh, sweetest grace of carelessness!
Oh, riot rare of learning!
How short, how sweet the dreams that bless
The rest of honest earning!

However soon the visions melt
Beyond these valley portals,
Once in Arcadia we have dwelt,
And piped to the Immortals!

THE NEW TIMOTHY.*

Part Ninth.

I.

IT was only a fragment of wrapping-paper not larger than the palm of your hand, yet it came upon and covered forever like a tombstone of heaviest marble the entire question as to whether or no Charles Wall is to be pastor of the city church. In this way:

Ours being a free country the citizens of Hoppleton have about as much access to any one part of their post-office as to another. Or if any body hesitates a little in reference to going behind the letter-boxes and assisting in sorting the mails, wondering over the post-marks on the letters, having the first look at the illustrations of the magazines and the like, Tom Hopple makes any such a one a deputy postmaster in a trice, and so removes all possible objection to the fullest access to all his realm. Thus there were only the usual two dozen deputies, or thereabout, handling the mail-bags the evening the all-important letter arrived from Mr. Langdon on behalf of the city church, conveying to Mr. Wall the nephew an invitation to the same as pastor thereof. And so that gentleman's fortunes, as far as that church is concerned, are poised for a moment within that letter upon the edge of the littered table about which the deputies crowd laughing and talking. A nail's breadth more upon the table and it will remain there, be delivered, be accepted! But the letter falling unobserved upon the doubly littered floor, the wrapping of a newspaper is dropped upon it the moment after; the letter disappearing thus forever from the eye of man. Luke, the yellow boy, crams it, in the centre of an armful of paper, into the stove next morning; and the unanimous call of the magnificent church ends as ignominiously as Alexander's dust. Not hearing from the same, Mr. Wall junior, more mortified than he cares to show, accepts the pressing offer of the church in the Likens neighborhood, forsaken just now by Mr. Merkes in coming to Hoppleton to teach.

Of course there had followed other correspondence between the young clergyman and the somewhat astonished church in question. Having once pledged himself, however, to the country church he refuses to recede therefrom, to the great amazement and still greater respect of all who know him.

"It is a manifest Providence!" he reasons with his uncle, who acknowledges it, though by no means so readily as he had done that which had seemed to call his nephew to the city instead.

And thus we get back to the first chapter of this history, and the bear-fight therein recorded. The first, but by no means the last, after he is fully settled in charge of the Likens

church. Although the Meggar boys and the like are, while utterly unconscious of the same, the "vermin" he really hunts. The arrow of Sir Walter Tyrrell, aimed at other quarry, glanced and slew William his king. In this case any lesser game than the Meggars is hit only by the glancing of shots aimed really at them.

And so we are quietly settled down in the Likens neighborhood for the present. This evening Mrs. General Likens is imparting valuable advice, in unceasing continuance, to John seated at the supper-table.

"No, child, whatever you do, don't you never marry a preacher!" very solemnly, even said as with a menace of prophecy.

Mr. Wall is shut up in his room studying all of each morning, away visiting among his charge all of every afternoon. John is absent at school all day, imparting and receiving too a vast deal of instruction. The General is over the place, pipe in mouth, looking gravely after the black ones, pretty much all day. Even when he occupies his arm-chair out on the porch or beside the fire—for fall is coming on—he is to his wife like a cliff worn smooth by the long continued wash of the surf; he listens too impassively, listens too much as if he was not listening at all. Very solemn and silent the General is becoming, having the aspect, as he sits and smokes, as if he were waiting, waiting for something, waiting fully prepared and willing when it should arrive.

"I can't exactly describe it," Laura Wall had said in the family circle at Hoppleton after a week's visit to General Likens, "the change that is coming over John. She is perfectly well, round and plump, soft and rosy. But she has become even more silent than she used to be."

"Worn out with that wretched school-room—what a girl she is!" Mrs. Wall had ventured, an invalid herself.

"Not at all," Laura had eagerly replied. "She is not worried at all. You know how happy she always was before. She seems even more so now, only a deeper, quieter kind of cheerfulness, more serene, more peaceful. She is amazingly beautiful—all lighted up from within somehow. My wonder is how Charles—"

"Charles is engaged to Louisiana," interrupted Mrs. Wall, promptly.

"Yes, and Louisiana is as much inferior to John as a wax baby is to a living one," says Laura, indignantly. "All that Louisiana is consists in what is around her and on her. A beautiful, good-natured, good-for-nothing! There is nothing has lowered Charles in my opinion so much as for him actually to want to marry such a girl!"

"Hush, Laura," says her father at the head of the table, "the servants might hear you!" for Laura has quite flashed up at the thought.

The solemn fact, Sir! They would not have cared a straw for property themselves. They

would have consented to see Laura married to any poor but respectable man. But Charles! That was another thing. To have him wedded to that rich, indolent, luxurious Louisiana was an idea they would once have scouted. But when they grew to know that their nephew actually *could* marry her if he would, their desire that he should gained upon them like an infatuation. In their own day they had known so much of the lack of money that for their nephew to possess it in abundance was a thing so unlike their own experience as to have the charm of splendid novelty—the aspect of enchantment. They did not deprecate his being called upon to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Not at all. Oh, not at all! And yet, for him to be the master of a comfortable house and hosts of servants, with an ample purse to relieve the destitute, entirely free from all the small, incessant miseries of an insignificant and uncertain salary—there was a fascination in this they did not even endeavor to resist. They had both, silently but entirely, set their hearts upon the marriage. They took a pride in having Louisiana at the house, in seeing her at their modest table; a pride in the very quantity of her jewelry, the richness of her silks, in her very indolence even. Singular, but it was so.

And there is Mrs. General Likens. All her dread in regard to John is lest she should marry some poor man—a poor preacher being the worst possible species of a poor man. John was to marry young Burleson—that was her settled plan. Her young pastor was to marry Louisiana Mills; if not, there was Araminta Allen—rich, even if she *did* use snuff. So that it was only harping upon an old string when, that night at her table, she said to John: "Whatever you do, child, don't you never marry a poor preacher!"

"Why not, Mrs. General Likens?" says John. There was a gleam of fun in the corners of her lips, and the smallest possible fraction of a glance at young Mr. Wall, as she asked the question. "Perhaps it is only a prejudice you have. You can have no reason for it, I am sure. How do you *know* it is so terrible a thing?"

"How do I know, child?" exclaimed Mrs. General Likens, in astonished surprise.

"You have read about such things in books; perhaps you have heard exaggerated stories from others," explained John—mischief in her glance, as she said this, and plaiting the tablecloth with downcast eyes.

The General turned slowly from the table toward the fire, pipe in hand. With a fatal fascination Mr. Wall takes a seat by his side.

"I'm gettin' to be an old lady now," said Mrs. General Likens, plaintively, after a considerable pause. "My opportunities ha'n't been very grand, but I've used what I had."

"Old 'oman, I wouldn't!" interrupted her husband at this juncture. "Mrs. Merkes is happy up among the saints in heaven now. What's the use?"

"I must, General, I must. It's not pleasure, I'm sure, it's duty," said his wife, with a show of deference to her husband, a deference which John and Charles had observed to have singularly increased in the last few months. "You must let me, General, if it's only this once. Didn't I know *her* well, poor thing? Didn't I know *him*?"

The General subsided as if into sombre reflections. It was too portentous. No one spoke. Mrs. General Likens breaks the silence at last: "'No; I *knew* you wouldn't believe it, ma'am; but I was as ruddy and stout a woman as you'd ever want to see,' she says, says she to me. 'I've tried and tried to stand up against it,' says she. 'On my bended knees, morning an' night—often through the day—I'd drop down by the cradle, and cry and pray when baby was asleep and the other children was out. I got some help that way. But, then, month after month, year after year, it *wears*—it *wears* one so,' says she."

"Excuse me—says *who*?" inquired Mr. Wall.

"Mrs. Merkes, of course," replies Mrs. General Likens. "Not that she came out so at first. No, she was as reserved as could be for months after she first settled here. Bless you, we all knew it, but not from her. If there ever was a good woman she was. It happened in this way: I was over there one morning. One of the black ones went with me to carry a quarter of beef, and I went over with the saltpetre an' molasses an' things to show her how to corn it. It was so I came in on her a little sudden. She was setting on her low rocking-chair by the cradle, trying to rock that poor little scrap of a Lucy of theirs asleep. Mary, Alexander, and Samuel—he was the oldest—were off somewhere."

"John, child," added Mrs. General Likens at this juncture, "please step into the linen-closet and get me another towel. You see," hastily whispered Mrs. General Likens, during John's absence, "Mrs. Merkes was *expensive*—couldn't go out them days—ahem! She had been cryin' *hard*," continued she, as John returned. "All day it looked like she tried to hold herself in for a while. Well, I didn't notice. I had brought over a pair of red shoes for whichever of the children they might fit. That amused Lucy, playing with them in her cradle. After a while we got into a kind of cozy chat. I saw it coming in her eyes while I was talking, minutes before it arrived. At last she jest up an' told me all. How they was married; it seemed ages an' ages back, she said. How they was settled in some place, I've forgotten the name. They'd a home of their own there, bought with her money; *he* had nothing from the start—bless you, in debt for his education at that. She told me how nicely she fixed up the place, flower-garden, little lawn in front, an' all. How she tried to please the people and make him popular. 'And Mr. Merkes was a better preacher than than people seem to think

him now,' she said. It was before his troubles had soured him and hardened him, and worried all his life out, almost, I suppose she meant. All about the Sunday-school, Sewing Society, and all, she told me, too. How, jest when Samuel, their first baby, was born, came a quarrel with the people—something about their having a melodeon in the choir, or such like. How her husband resigned his pulpit one day in a huff; wouldn't listen to any thing from any body; sold the pretty place for nigh nothing, to get right away. And it's been so ever since. 'Mrs. General Likens,' says she, 'it was the first and last home of our own we ever had.' And then she went on to tell me how they moved to this place and that place, and the other. Pleasant at first. Then a quarrel was sure to come. It was about the choir, or it was about the Sabbath-school, or about the hour when service ought to begin, or ought *not* to begin, or about the salary, or about something a little too severe Mr. Merkes had said in the pulpit or out of it. Trouble, trouble, quarrel, quarrel, all the time! I never heard such a pitiful story. She knew she oughtn't to be talking so; but she kept on only the faster. Seemed to me as if she'd kept it to herself and thought it over until she was *too* full. When once she began she couldn't stop. It all came out in spite of her."

"Why didn't the man lay aside his profession, roll up his sleeves, and go at some other business, if he didn't succeed in that?" asked the General, meditatively.

"I'm astonished at you, General," said his wife. "That was his *calling*. He would have felt like Jonah flying from his work; would have been miserable, expecting the storm and the whale every hour."

"And I asked Mrs. Merkes. 'Teaching?' says she; 'he's tried that often. If possible, it's worse than preaching. It's more worrying. Besides, Mr. Merkes was certain to make some of the parents mad about something in the school-room. And then, when he came to settle up the tuition bills, there was sure to be a difficulty.'"

"But there are other occupations," began the young minister.

"Yes, yes; I told her so," continued Mrs. General Likens, hastily. "'No, ma'am,' she says, shaking her head. 'Here's a young man enters college, say at eighteen; studies for the ministry there and in the Seminary some six years or more in all, steady along. When he comes out a preacher he must be fitted for that, for it unfits him for any thing else in the world! He don't understand any other business. More than that, he don't understand *people*. As to any bodily labor, one day's work with axe or hoe's sure to lay Mr. Merkes up for a week; partly because *he* ain't used to it; partly because he got dyspeptic overstudying *himself*. Wherever money's concerned, too—*it's* the gains, collecting, any thing of *that* him, *sure* to lose!'"

"Way with all preachers," murmured the General. "So little accustomed to handling it."

"Ah, there's the misery of it, Mrs. General Likens," she says to me. "Mr. Merkes is unhappy as a preacher; but it's *that* or nothing else. Wretched in it; more wretched out of it! And then there's the salary," she says to me; "some people look on Christmas as a happy time. It's just the worst of all the year to us. The salary is so small at best. And when the time comes to get it in the officers of the church and Mr. Merkes have to go over the subscription paper. This name can't pay—lost too much money during the year some way; this one finds he can only pay half he promised, and hard work to do that; this next one will try and *see* what he can do. The next one is that man who took such offense at something the minister said, or his wife said, or the man's children told him the minister's children said. Next man can't stand such preaching; don't catch him coming to hear him again, much less pay. This next family on the paper has moved away. That other family was carried off since it subscribed by some other denomination; and so on and so on. Settling up, Mrs. General Likens," says she, "for last year's bad enough, but the making up the salary for the next year—oh me! Officers of the church go at it from a dreadful sense of duty only, hunting people down, reasoning with this man, cornering that man—squeezing them to subscribe. Just fancy your husband, Mrs. General Likens," says she, "you just fancy the General up that way on the block at New-Year's like a nigger, being excepted to, and run down, and higgled over!" and she would have cried, only the tears were all shed already. I do believe she really loved her husband, and he *was* a good man—a real pious man, though a mighty poor preacher, whatever he may *have* been: uninteresting, you know. "If they could only not *tell* Mr. Merkes so much," she said. "But, then, he needn't tell you about it," says I. "It's his *disposition* to talk over his slights, to dwell on them," says she; "seems to take a kind of satisfaction in it. Tell them!" says she; "why, unless I was stone-blind I couldn't help reading it all in his face at table, in his manner to me and the children, to say nothing of his groaning and twisting about in bed all night." "Why don't he jump on a horse and ride 'round, exercise—brighten himself up?" says I. "But where's the horse?" says she. "He couldn't afford to buy one; and if he did, he couldn't pay for provender for one. He can't afford, even, to buy a watch; that keeps him nervous and guessing on Sabbaths lest he's too late for church; and it's impossible for him to tell, except by people gettin' up and going out, whether or no he isn't preaching too long. A horse!" says she. "I tell you, Mrs. General Likens, the dyspepsy he got in the Seminary's the cause of all his trouble. After he's been recreating a little, for a week or so, he's fifty times brighter and hap-

pier, in the pulpit and out of it—only it's not often he gets the chance. It's *poverty* that crushes Mr. Merkes!" she says, "an' keeps up his dyspepsy—long-continued *poverty*! It's that keeps him awake all night; it's that makes him preach the dull sermons the people complain of; it's that makes him seem gloomy and sour; it's that is stamped so into his face. He's struggled and prayed against anxious care for the morrow; but then his children and his mortifications and his slights and his debts year after year seem killing his very soul, with all the faith in it. You see, a minister's calling is a peculiar one, Mrs. General Likens," says she. "What with studying his sermons, visitin' the sick and the dyin', burying the dead, consoling the survivors, dealing with backsliders, struggling with the anxious—a thousand times more anxious about them than they are about themselves; describing what heaven is like and hell, and all that—his feelings are on a terrible strain and stretch all the time! They get to be too much brought out, too much on the skin! He can't get hardened like a doctor does—it's spiritual concerns, eternal matters, the soul, God, heaven, hell, that his mind is straining at all the time. Unless his body's strength is kept up to the pitch of his mind it gets nervous, irritable, worn out. That's the way, Mrs. General Likens," says she, "the wicked report got out about his whipping our Samuel so severe. He never intended it, but he was so worried just then about that Amelia Ann matter and Araminta Allen's terrible to-do about it. If it was only the custom for ministers to keep their *body* in full health—if they could afford it only. I *can't* think, Mrs. General Likens," says she, "that our Heavenly Father *intends* his servants should drag along that way; it cripples them so, you see, for His service! Besides—"

"Come now, Polly, that's enough," interposed the General. "Do let's talk of somethin' more cheerful."

"Three years ago he happened to get a wedding fee," says Mrs. Merkes," continued Mrs. General Likens, not heeding the General's expostulation. "'Now wedding fees are always spent,' says she, 'in buying actual necessities of life; he always gives them to me, manages to borrow them next day, however. This time he sends and has his life insured, brings me the policy to put away. I never knew him to take as much satisfaction in any thing as in that. "It's a solid gratification to me every hour of the day, and when I lie awake at night," says he. "I think, if I die, well, there'll be *something* any how for you and the children—a little, but *something*—an' he stooped down an' kissed me on the forehead—first time he'd done that in months," she said. "Well, Mrs. General Likens," says she, "three months after he had to make another payment or forfeit his policy. It was only some ten dollars or so, but he couldn't raise it; did his best; couldn't! I don't think I ever saw him more cut down in my life," says Mrs. Merkes. Don't you ever

marry a preacher, child!" said Mrs. General Likens, abruptly, almost savagely, to John.

"Do stop!" pleaded the General, despairingly. "You're one of Job's comforters, to Mr. Wall here."

"But why couldn't he have asked some of his members for a loan, Mrs. Merkes?" said I," Mrs. General Likens continued. "'No, ma'am,' says she. 'The moment a preacher begins to beg this sum and that from members, he becomes a bother an' a trouble to them; they lose all respect for him; he is a burden; a nuisance they're impatient to get rid of. Mr. Merkes was cowed and tamed and whipped down by poverty, but he couldn't do that. He's been waiting an' hopin'; but he's never had the money to get another policy since. He's had wedding fees, but they had to go for things—shoes, clothes, pressin' debts. And there's one thing, Mrs. General Likens,' says she; 'it is the collections for Foreign Missions, Tract Societies, and the like. Mr. Merkes often and often preaches a sermon, and has a collection taken up in the church for this object an' that; it's a regular quarterly or monthly thing. After benediction the officers count up the money they've got in the hats—a good deal of it given by people that haven't paid the pastor his dues for years. They get Mr. Merkes to mail the amount off to some society a thousand miles away, and the church owing him—he actually *suffering* the day he mails it for the money himself. It *does* seem to me as if they ought to pay their pastor first. Mr. Merkes has often told me he's tempted to grudge the very boy that sweeps the church, makes the fires, lights the lamps, the regular pay they give him every month, while hundreds of dollars are owing him—he needin' his pay mo'n the boy needs his. You see the boy will stop right off if they don't pay. Mr. Merkes can't.'"

"But why does he *not* leave in such a case?" asked the young minister, very indignant.

"Very question I asked Mrs. Merkes," continued Mrs. General Likens. "'How can he?' she says; 'no invitation to any other field; nowhere to go! If he had, no money to move on. And how about his debts? Leave them unpaid behind him? No, ma'am, a martyr—and *chained* to his stake!' says she. 'Oh, Mrs. General Likens,' says she; 'if 't please God Mr. Merkes was only a farmer, raisin' his corn and his punkins on a little patch of ground—serving his Master that way! I'll tell you, Mrs. General Likens,' says she, growing kind of desperate; 'once I went off from home to spend the day. I forgot something, and had to go back to the house. You see, Mr. Merkes had no study but in the sitting-room, his books piled about here and there. He was glad to have me and the children get away occasionally, give him a good chance to study. That day I went back. I passed by the window where he was. It was summer, and the window was up. I heard somethin' like groanin', an' glanced in. There he was, lyin' flat on the floor. The Bible

was open before him, an' he was agonizin' in prayer. It curdled my blood to listen: "No blessing on my labors," he groaned; "no sinners converted, no backsliders brought back, no interest in preaching or prayer-meeting—and my family!" he groaned; and I knew well what he meant. "And my debts, debts, debts!" he said. "I *want* to do what is right!" he groaned. "Take me to some other field," he says; "or open the way for me to leave the ministry, or take me out of the world! Am a *husband*! Am a *father*! Can't help myself!" he says. "At least make me submissive to Thy will!" I could only catch a word here and there,' says she. 'I tell you,' Mrs. General Likens,' says she, 'it almost broke my heart, only it was nothing unexpected to me. To see him with his thin, gray hair, and his pale, hollow face, and the tears running down, and he drawn up in a spasm of agony like on that floor! I dare not run in to him. I didn't know one single thing to say to encourage him, not one,' she said. 'I felt so awful I could have *screamed*!—felt savage; but what could I do?' she says, says she. 'The lady where I staid all day had a fine dinner; but it was little I could eat of it. I *know* I oughtn't to tell you all I have, Mrs. General Likens,' says she; 'but it's getting worse and worse every day. I do believe,' she says, stopping solemnly in the midst of her tears, 'he must lose his mind if things go on so. He's getting so wakeful at night, so irritable, so nervous! Think he's a peculiar case?' asked Mrs. General Likens, warmly, of her little audience. "Don't you believe it! Among preachers every where there's hundreds on hundreds of such Elijahs lyin' groanin' under juniper-trees. No, child," said Mrs. General Likens, with a sudden application of her narrative to John; "don't you ever, ever, *ever* marry a preacher!"

"A minister's salary would do generally," said the General, during the pause which followed, "if only it was *paid* at all regular. As it is he has to buy on a credit, an uncertain one at that, all his store things. The merchant he puts on so much over an' above because it's a credit bargain. If the parson only had his money in hand to buy with he could get every thing one-third cheaper. An' then them debts, like a nightmare on a man! Their reputation as a minister is so tied up in their payin' *their* debts; example to the flock, you know. My wonder is they can preach at all! Poor sermons? I don't blame a man for one; nine-tenths of his time an' heart an' brain given up to scuffling along, to say nothing of people criticising the sermons, contrary members, blunt-spoken church officers, an' the like."

"James?" broke in Mrs. General Likens. "Yes, I *did* give my consent he should serve the Lord in the ministry, if it was God's will. I couldn't say yes for years. At last, that's the reason, I think, the Lord won't convert him. Better be converted, even if he *does* have to be a preacher, than not be converted at all, I says

to myself. An' so he *was* converted, sure enough! I said yes to it; but I thought, Oh, pshaw, we have plenty of property, he'll have *that* to support on in his preachin'. I'm afraid that's how I came to say yes. I know it's mighty wicked in me to feel so," continued Mrs. General Likens, ingenuously. "If it was for him to go to China, India, or some other of the islands of the sea, I wouldn't care. Or if it was to lay his head across a log an' have it chopped off for Christ right away, I wouldn't care so; but to be a preacher—despised like by outsiders an' starved by insiders—worry, worry, bother, bother *all* the time—it was more than I had grace for about James."

"Ev'ry preacher isn't Mr. Merkes, however, Mr. Wall," said the General, more thoughtful of his guest. "Common run of people couldn't *like* Mr. Merkes, that's one reason in regard to him. An' their not liking him was the protest like of Health against Disease; the natural risin' up like of simple, sweet, everyday kind of feelin's against sour, sickly, unnatural ones. Now," continued the General, "there's your uncle, for instance; he isn't worn to death all the time about money-matters—don't look like it, at least."

Both John and the nephew winced.

"Let me tell you the difference between them, General," spoke up John. "I believe almost every minister has more or less that kind of trouble, and all their life. But Mr. Merkes seems so constituted that such things strike *into* him—make a festering wound. They happen to Mr. Wall, too—perhaps so, I mean—only they glance off as they happen."

"Holds up the Shield of Faith, I guess," interjected Mrs. General Likens, wiping vigorously at the cups and saucers.

"I imagine Mr. Merkes takes any hint of a defect in him as an insult," continued the fair philosopher. "Mr. Wall takes any such hint, if there ever is any, gladly as help toward raising him nearer his own standard. Mr. Merkes seems to be too sensitive and sore altogether to every thing—perhaps I wrong him."

"And I believe," said the nephew, "my uncle sees the hand of a Father just as much in a needed sum of money withheld from him as in an unexpected sum received; as much in any bitter remark against him as in a flattering one."

"I've known that uncle of yours," said the General, reflectively, "for years now, an' through rain and shine he's the happiest man I ever knew. Let us talk about *him* a little; we've had enough about Mr. Merkes for once."

"No, we ha'n't," remarks his wife, promptly. "I ain't satisfied till somebody explains things to me. Lo, I am with you always, the Saviour said. And all that Sermon on the Mount about the grass of the field, the lilies, the sparrows; how *can* a man read that, an' the like, over an' over; preach on it too, and not profit by it more himself? Nine-tenths of that man's misery was in his moods, his—pshaw! what you call it—fancies? notions? The Lord He always *has*

provided. 'Love,' says she to him, sittin' by her bed that day she was dyin', 'what a pity we couldn't 'a trusted Him all along; at last He *did* provide, you know!' she says to him. 'If we only could 'a trusted in Him all along how much misery we would 'a saved ourselves! Not that I blame you though, darling,' she says, quick like. A-workin' like new yeast, fermentin' like I don't know what, all the time he was. If he only could have gone sound asleep—staid asleep for a year! Cross at Lucy just before he begins to say blessing at table; boxes Alexander's ears for dropping his fork the minute Amen's out of his mouth! Sour at his wife for not making Samuel still as a mouse in prayers; putting that poor little pale-faced Lucy of theirs in the closet the moment he's up from his knees at family worship because she dropped her little hymn-book! Scold? how he *did* scold 'cause the servant there broke in on him, in his private devotions I believe it was!" the old lady even dares add.

"You seem to have known—" began John, with a smile.

"Yes, bless you, child, it was when his wife was sick; you see I went over an' staid there to nurse," said Mrs. General Likens, the more rapidly as she was talking on against the tugging within of her own conscience. "For months before Mr. Merkes had been worse than ever—bother about his salary, trouble with Araminta Allen about Amelia Ann; then his rest was broken o' nights by the children. Lucy'd get uncovered an' cry with cold—whimper—she didn't dare to cry. Alexander, he'd get thirsty in bed, go stealing over the floor to the bucket, stumble over a chair, and wake up his father *that* way. Samuel, he'd cry out, seeing a booger—and so it went on: it almost killed that man to have his sleep broken—his *brain* needed it so, I suppose. Yes, it began months before, Mrs. Merkes was so sick; you see he had such a large family *already*, he thought. Cross—"

"Polly, you stop!" said the General, decidedly.

"Yes," said his wife, reining in and shaking her head slowly, her face full of reminiscences—"yes, I *had* better—it's all over now; but at the time it was awful! But, well! 'I'm not sorry; I'd rather it was so,' she said. 'It's better in heaven;' that's what she said when I told her the little baby was dead. She *would* take the poor little rat of a thing in her arms, hugged its little cold body a while to her bosom, an' give it back to me. 'I'm not sorry,' says she; 'it oughtn't to have come—too many before.' An' 'I was not sorry,' said Mrs. General Likens, energetically, "when *she* died too—not a bit of it. 'I don't blame you at all, darling,' she whispered to him. 'You've had so *much* to try you. Please try, precious, to bear with the poor little children; they couldn't help coming, you know. Little Lucy, darling,' she whispered to him, 'she's such a poor, pale, frightened little scrap, please don't—an' she whispered so low I couldn't hear; I was rubbin' her

limbs with brandy, you see. 'It'll be all right,' says she, 'when we all get together at last in heaven, precious. To him that overcometh will I give—I give,' an' she rambled off.

"Such a desolate house," continued Mrs. General Likens, pausing to wipe her eyes, "that cold, rainy mornin' the corpse lay there on the lounge, I never want to see again—the poor children sticking close around the lounge, afraid of their father, so white and cold, settin' by the fire, a book in his hand. You see, Mrs. Merkes had been the only sunshin in that house—a gentle, quiet little woman, tryin' hard to hope for the best all the time. It provoked Mr. Merkes, her putting the best interpretation upon every thin' that happened—it was contradictin' him. When she saw that worried him, too, she just kept silence, while he grumbled an' murmured—tried to warm him by her silent smilin', her cheerful looks. She hath done what she could. Yes, that might 'a been cut on her tomb. If he had only been the man she was a woman, now! Fix up old clothes! Make a little money stretch a mile! Keep herself neat on just nothin' at all! I never *did* know such a woman!" said Mrs. General Likens, warmly. "Nobody ever quarreled with her. Araminta Allen, even, bless you, many an' many a bolt of domestic, an' barrel of flour, turkeys, butter, eggs, an' all such like, she's sent to her through me. Araminta's tongue outruns every thin' I ever heard when she gets to talking about Amelia Ann," adds Mrs. General Likens. "She was a little afeared of Mr. Wall, day she was here; but she never had a word to say against Mrs. Merkes."

"What would you say, Mrs. General Likens," said John, after a while, with laughing eyes, "if Mr. Merkes was to marry in Hoppleton? Laura Wall told me something when she was here."

"You don't mean to tell me Laura Wall is that crazy?" ejaculated the lady of the house, laying down every thing out of her hands to lift them up in horror.

"Never mind; who it is is a secret," said John, with delight. "If it turns out to be true we'll hear of it."

"Well!" said Mrs. General Likens, bringing her hands slowly down—"Well!" and she was silent for a space. "I *did* hear that Josiah Evers was courtin' Miss Laura," said the old lady, at length. "But Mr. Merkes? *Well!*" and then, after another pause, she added: "So you don't marry a preacher, John, it's all I ask."

II.

"Dead? You mean only very sick! You can't mean *dead!*" Yes, dead—actually dead! How the tidings fly, like living, winged things, this Monday morning!

The children playing along the road on their way to school, or, truants therefrom, rambling through the woods, fishing at far-off pools, catch the swift and startling tidings as if from the air, halt, horror-struck, a moment, and then run ev-

ery step of the way home, to burst breathless into the house.

"Oh, Ma! Oh, Pa! Dead! Likens! General! General Likens! Dead!"

Black Scip, plowing in the field steadily along with incessant "Gee!" and "Haw!" and "Come here, Brandy!" calculating, as he trudges along with uneven feet on unbroken ground and broken furrow, up and down, how long it is before "sundown;" what are the chances of the possum hunt to-night, nor dreaming as yet of emancipation by five hundred years, though the same is but some six years or so off—black Scip halts suddenly. His furrow runs along the fence, and some "boy," galloping for life upon the road, yells to him the sudden news, and is gone.

"What you say? General Likens? Lor a massy! Dead! *Who-a-o*, Buck!"

In five minutes every hand in the field has left his or her plow, and is beside Scip on the spot where the lightning struck! The overseer is seated on the fence above them, the negroes wondering, exclaiming, ejaculating, scarcely above their breaths, though. Five minutes before the overseer was yelling and cursing at the hands here, there, all over the field at the same time; now none so silent as he; for he knew the General, the General knew him, well—and he is thinking of that last talk they had together.

"There, there, boys! That'll do! Work must be did whoever's dead!" he says, at last; but it is half an hour before he says it, and in very mild tones. And so each hand goes slowly back to the plow with other thoughts, as the mould opens to the plow-share before their feet again. The possum hunt is abandoned for to-night. The very calling to oxen and mule as they plow sounding to their own ears like swearing almost; for Sunday has suddenly come down upon the field, and it seems almost wicked to work.

Late in the afternoon the body is laid, duly covered with the snowiest of linen, upon a lounge in the centre of the best room. Uncle Simeon is seated at the side ever since it was laid there, leaning heavily on his old staff, and looking fixedly and without a tear at the cold, set face.

"An' you is dar! 'Fore me! Dar! Gone, an' dar 'fore me! Act'ly dar!" He repeats it over and over again very often, regarding nothing else in the world.

Let us go back a little. It was upon the household assembled that Monday morning the event fell—out of all possible occupations assembled for family worship. The General had taken his seat as usual in his arm-chair, his wife placing the little work-table, with its cover and fringe of cotton, upon which lay the large family Bible, beside him, as she had done morning and evening for many a long year. As he had never failed at family worship to do, the General places his hands, clasped together,

upon the Bible lying opened before him, bows his head reverently and with closed eyes, and begins his brief petition—going always before the reading—"Lord, open thou our eyes, that we may behold wondrous—"

A hesitation in the words, a sudden raising of the hands, still locked together, to the breast, a labored, indescribable gasp, and the General has fallen to one side in his large chair, whose arms support him from falling to the floor. Dead. A curious ashen hue over his face—dead.

There follows around him, lying perfectly still in the centre of it all, the rush of all there, the cries of surprise, the shrieks of anguish. Caught up from the group gathered in terror around the body—the wife nearest to it, but most silent of all—the tidings fly from house to kitchen, from kitchen to cabin, from cabin to stable, from stable to field abroad, and so, over the whole neighborhood, and on, in time, to the farthest individual that ever heard of the General. There is a galloping off after the doctor of negro after negro as fast as one horse after another can be saddled for the purpose: whip and shout applied with immeasurably more energy than if it was for their own father, brother, wife, child. There is a wild throwing open of pantry-doors, a tearing out of drawers in search of remedies, a running of persons against each other. Amidst all the noise the General has fallen a little forward in his chair, silent forever: amidst all the confusion and bewilderment he has entered, wondering, upon the realm of perfect and perpetual peace.

The young minister, having done all else that he could, was about to offer some consolation—with a sense of infinite awkwardness, too—to the smitten wife, clinging so silently about her husband's knees; but John, pale and weeping and quiet, with hand on his arm, whispers him, "Not now, please, not now!" and comforts the wife most by quieting the confusion, and then having the body laid, with silent beckon and motion of command to the servants, upon the bed. It is hours after, when the doctor has come and gone, when all know that the master of the house is indeed dead, before John—sitting beside Mrs. General Likens, lying, exhausted, upon her bed—ventures to whisper words of consolation.

"Don't be afraid for me, child," says Mrs. General Likens; and she rises instantly and sits up in bed. "Haven't I been expectin' it all along? An' I ain't been prayin' for grace to help in time of need all this time, mornin' and night, for nothin', I hope. It was only the first clap, you know. He was ready an' waitin'. I jest laid down a minute to rest a little. Don't fear me; I'm strong; I'll bear up!" and she persists in getting off the bed, bathes her eyes, smooths her hair, arranges her cap, and moves about, overseeing and directing all that is going on—very old, though.

"Never is a time a mistress is needed so all around," she says, hours after, to John, who

has refrained from expostulation, only followed with anxious look her tall, active figure as it moves about with restless energy, the tears in John's eyes and a vague dread in John's heart. "Must be after the black ones all the time; they mean well, but don't know how," she explains to John, sitting down for a moment beside her and rising up again instantly. It seems to John as if the mistress of the house dare not stop an instant, on some account. And then, hair, and complexion, and manner, she is suddenly ten years older than when they sat down to breakfast that morning, the General apparently never better in his life—Mrs General Likens certainly never more talkative. And yet the servants are almost troublesome in their officious zeal. They anticipate every wish, keeping wistful eyes upon her; start forward to obey as she opens her mouth to speak; are off on her errand with a "Yes, Missis—yes, Missis," before the order is well out of her lips. Moll, the house-girl, late that night, lingers uneasily around the table in the kitchen at which the cook is making up her bread for the next morning's breakfast.

"I don't like about ole missis," she ventures at last; "pears to me— What you think, mammy?" The old cook has carefully refrained from lifting her eyes from her dough, and now replies, roughly,

"Don't stan' dar foolin' round me, gal!" and immediately thereafter sinks back in her seat with an "Oh my Hebenly Massa!" and a paroxysm of weeping.

The next day is Tuesday, and as the hour of the funeral services approaches all the children of the neighborhood come flocking in. General Likens has been to them from their births a part of nature itself. General Likens dead! It is as if the universe was tumbling down! They can not comprehend it. On their first arrival no earthly inducement can get them into the room, the best in the house and opening upon the porch, in which the General lies in his coffin, supported at each end upon a hide-bottomed chair. They steal cautiously to the door and look in, grouped together and holding by each other with breathless awe. By-and-by they steal in one by one, stand beside Uncle Simeon seated beside the coffin, and holding firmly to him and to each other as they do so, they gaze fearfully upon the cold, calm face. Not for millions would they dare touch, however, the brown hands clasped upon the broad bosom—hands yesterday so familiar, to-day so terrible in their waxen coldness. And so they get used to it all, and finally have to be checked by parents and friends, as they forget all about the dead and frolic noisily, waiting for service to begin, around the house and over the yard.

The company pours steadily in, upon horseback, and in all manner of wagons and carriages; evidently all the Likens neighborhood will be there by eleven. Brown Bob Long had been at the house since noon yesterday; is the first to arrive to-day. And he is grave, but

with a singular elation in his manner too, almost joy, as if a fortune had fallen to the General. Arrayed like all these, in his best clothes, Isham, the black theologian, idles among the groups of negroes gathered from all the plantations around, conscious of being their host. He is so far recovered from the shock of the death as, in intervals from carrying chairs hither and thither, and assisting to tie the ever-arriving horses, to deny and dispute every statement of a religious nature put forth by any one of his sable friends.

"Ef yonder ain't them Meggar folks!" ejaculates one of these, in reference to a party on horseback coming up the lane.

The statement is promptly scouted by Isham, but is true none the less. Old Mrs. Meggar has come with them on horseback, and precedes the rest into the house. The others fasten their horses outside the fence, taking much more time for the same than is necessary. For Isham has remarked from the first:

"Ketch me fastenin' their critters for such trash as the Meggars! Not 'less old massa was to come back from hebben to tell me!"

But they come into the gate at last, with Doc Meggar in the lead. A delegation of sixteen dogs, Thunder in advance, accompanied them; or, to be sternly accurate, fifteen and four-sixths, three of the four-sixths being the dog lamed in the bear-fight, who uses now only three of his legs; the remaining sixth being the fice, off of duty at home and deprived thus of his bark. With the other dogs Zed and Toad come, and very much as if with their tails between their legs, after the Meggar boys to the gate, but stop there, produce knives simultaneously from their pockets, split each a good splinter off the palings, and begin whittling. They are out of their element, and curse guardedly and under their breaths, hats down over their eyes.

"S'pose he is dead. I never said he wasn't!" Zed complains in continuation to Toady. "He isn't *my* daddy, is he? I want to know!" and his splinter is assuming under his knife the shape of a coffin.

"An' such a day for a hunt!" acquiesces his companion. "Oh no! mighty pious, to be sure! legs in trowsers like candle-moulds, a feller's collar a-sawin' away under his ears. It's gettin' to be a leetle more'n I can stand myself!" and his remarks thereupon are not exactly of the nature of a mass for the repose of him who lies shrouded within.

"You hear Doc try the old man?" remarks Toad again, after a silence, whittling nearer his companion and farther from the gate, as the company still continues to arrive.

"To get him to come?" answers Zed, with an oath.

"Not straight out, you know; he hinted round," said Toady, with half a dozen curses. And that was a peculiarity of the Meggar family, that hinting round. Very rarely, indeed, did any one under that roof ask a direct ques-

tion of, or make any direct remark, unless it was a curse, to any other there. This would involve their looking each other straight in the eyes while they spoke—a thing habitually avoided by them even in the heat of quarrel. Old Mrs. Meggar only asked direct questions, made remarks aimed at some one person under her roof, looking in the eyes of the person she addressed as she spoke; but she was a disagreeable exception to the general rule—a sort of incarnate conscience in the centre of the family on that account.

"Yes, Doc he hinted round an' round the old man like a bumble-bee, comin' closer an' closer ev'ry time," said Toad, who had himself not seen his companion's eyes in his life except furtively.

"An' what *did* that old cuss say?" inquires Zed.

"He was a-smokin' by the fire. 'Ketch me goin' to funerals,' says he. Old 'oman was a-knittin' in the corner," continues Toad. "'Soul?' the old man says, says he, 'Ha'n't got any. Spit it away in tobacco juice; puffed it away in tobacco smoke; drowned it out in whisky; cussed it to pieces long ago.' An' he up an' alams on his breast with his hand, 'Hollow!' says he, 'hempty!' Old 'oman she was cryin' softly; when he says that she ups an' out."

"Breaks for the butter-beans," remarks Zed, and very correctly.

"Ha'n't been no fun sence that bar-fight," continues Toad, at last. "General Likens *he* comes over—*glad* he's gone; Brown Bob *he* sits an' talks; that young parson actly hes his praars in the house! Goin' to preachin', too, ev'ry Sunday; old 'oman on old gray, or in *the* wagon; we a-followin' behind."

"An' Doc, he tryin' to ease off from swearin'." Zed continues the catalogue of grievances. "A fellar that could swear the bark off a black-jack too—he tryin' to give up swearin'!" The thought is painful to both in the extreme.

"Did my best, too, to stop it," complains Toad; "his givin' it up. Crossed and bothered him more'n I ever dar to do before. You see I thought Doc he'd blaze out at me like he used to; get in the way again so."

"Not a curse at las'. Only got knocked down for your pains," observes Zed, moodily.

"But, I say, look here," says Toad, after some silent whittling under the temporary influence, probably, of the funeral and of the many solemn faces grouped around and arriving every moment, and as if by a desperate effort, "S'pose a fellar turns out he *hes* got a soul somewhere among his in'ards—and s'pose there *is* a God—" But his conjectures are broken by the indignant oaths of his disgusted friend, who trembles inwardly with even greater apprehension himself.

By this time the young minister, standing beside the body in its coffin, has begun the funeral services. The room is filled. So is the

piazza in front. The negroes crowd a back room, peering in at the open door, sending in their voices to swell the funeral psalm. No one thinks of disturbing Uncle Simeon in his seat by the coffin.

"An' you is *dar*, Massa, along Mass James, act'ly *dar*!" the old man has been still murmuring to himself in lower and lower tones as if falling asleep, regardless of those around. But it is Mrs. General Likens who attracts the most attention. She sits beside John, clasping firmly her hand, calm by a fixed effort. No one there, however, but notices the features how they have suddenly sharpened; the hair, too, whitened in the last few hours: she seems to have indeed rapidly become old, very old!

"Thank you. I was expectin' it, you see," she has remarked to every attempt at consolation from the multitude of friends assembled about her. "No, you needn't fear me. I'll bear up. We *have* been long together, but I was expectin' it!" And she repeats it to every one, as if mechanically. "Thank you! Needn't fear me. I'm strong. Expectin' it, you see!" And so the funeral services go on about the sleeper lying in his coffin, but with uncovered face, in the midst—so calm, so natural! The dead countenance is but that of a very plain Christian planter; yet it strikes Charles Wall, as he gazes upon it, what breadth there is of brow, and curve of chin and lip, and regal dignity of aspect—wonderfully like, in the marble of death, to busts he has seen of Roman emperors; an unspeakable exaltation and grandeur in the set face, as of one entered on rule in a sublimer world!

Since the service began old Mrs. Meggar, utterly forgetting the dead, has changed her seat in the crowded room, so that she can see the living—her sons! Happy tears flow for them as she sees them enter the room. All have come—Doc, Bill, Jake—under a force which they would gladly have resisted if they could. At first they lingered on the outskirts, but now they stand as near the coffin as any, neatly dressed, solemn, and thoroughly alarmed. The neighbors wonder even there, and nudge each other to observe them. After the second verse Doc even endeavors to join in singing, for the lines are given out. His brothers glance up with surprise, note the calm, firm expression of his face, and look down again more alarmed than ever. Doc sees nothing but the peaceful face of the dead; has reached the full climax of his new purpose in life; neither thinks nor cares for any thing else.

It may be mere accident that Brown Bob Long stands beside Doc—mere accident. However that may be, the tears are running undisguisedly down his rough beard as he hears Doc's murmured attempts at melody. And it is rather a wonder than not that Doc can stand there so composed, for Brown Bob has managed to get his hand as it hangs by his side in his own, and the squeeze is unlimited, yet Doc is hardly aware of the presence of Bob in the room.

"Mighty to save," Bob whispers, hours after this, to the young minister after the grave has been filled up. "You look at it in the Hebrew when you get home—it's Isaiah, sixty-third—*mighty* to save—the mightiest sort of mighty, the Hebrew makes it! I dug it out to the roots with my Lexicon las' night. An' that *text* you spoke from over the body at the house—our Saviour Jesus Christ hath abolished death—you oughter 'a told the people about that word abolished. It's *Katargesantos*. *Kata* by itself means, you know, dead against, upsettin', destroyin'. Then there's the rest of the word, *argesantos*—the *alpha* is privative, you know, dead against: again, *ergon*, "a work"—that is, death, which is the devil's work! What an amazin' strong expression it is! Christ hath completely, utterly, entirely undone, destroyed, annihilated death! Yes, abolished is good English for it if a man only knows how *strong* the abolished is!" and Mr. Long has the earnestness of a discoverer.

But that was afterward, when they had laid the General to sleep near the little old church in the woods, close beside James. While the friends are yet around the open coffin in the house the young pastor dwells in plainest language upon the simple facts of salvation for every one else there as for the General by the same Saviour, and his words evidently sink deep into a good soil, for it is soft with tears.

Uncle Simeon leans more and more heavily upon his staff beside his old master. He is very old and feeble. As the minister proceeds his forehead rests upon the edge of the coffin, nothing visible but his white head and bowed shoulders. All respect and love Uncle Simeon; next to the wife no one has a better right to be so near the dead. But he will not move when they come at last to put on the lid of the coffin. Brown Bob lays his hand kindly on his shoulder, stoops to speak to him, looks around with an exclamation—Uncle Simeon is gone after his master. The grief of the negroes before was loud and clamorous; it is awed now almost into silence.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE event of the last month that made the loudest noise was the "Peace Jubilee" in Boston, which seems to have been the most amusing, and probably profitable, performance that has occurred since the war. It was one of those happy devices for popular excitement which have an immense success in the absence of any great public interest and through an extraordinary public good-humor. Nobody anticipated any musical pleasure, of course, from a tumult of cannon, bells, and brass bands; but there was a pleasing absurdity in the idea of such a combination; and as the weather was pleasant, and the advertising prodigious, and as the President actually came, and Parepa sang, and a hundred anvils clanged, every body laughed and went to the "Coliseum," and beheld an enormous crowd, and came away as from a circus which has delighted the children.

But that is the very pleasure of such things. They amuse us as children, indeed; but then who is ever so much and so innocently amused as children? There is no mood so foolish as what is called the nil admirari. It is foolish in life, and it is foolish in literature and art. This Boston show was a mere advertising dodge of a musician, says somebody; what effrontery to call it a Peace Jubilee, and to try to associate it with national emotions! Yes; but why take it so solemnly? Say, rather, here is a shrewd fellow who has studied the great Barnum to advantage, and who proposes to turn an honest penny by appealing to the love of excitement, giving us a great spectacle and a great noise for our money. Upon the whole, any body who will undertake such an affair deserves to be well paid for his trouble. Suppose it had rained! Think of his risks! He works day and night for weeks and weeks, in order that we may be innocently amused, and lo! we look severe, and we have our doubts of the classicality of the music, and we deplore the vulgarity of the big drum and the anvil-whacking—but meanwhile the crowd comes and shouts and enjoys in a sensible way, and at a moderate expense; and the crowd has the laugh upon us who are too fine for the fun.

There has certainly been no better reading of its kind than the reports of the "Jubilee" in the newspapers. If the scores of thousands of spectators had all been dead-heads they could not have shouted more vociferously, nor clapped more lustily. More? Why they could not have thundered half so grandly if they hadn't all paid at the door. The population of Boston apparently arose upon the eventful morning and put badges in their button-holes, and began to move in procession toward the renowned Coliseum. The neighboring country poured in, all duly badged, and with rolls of music for the "grand chorus." Cars and steamers brought their multitudes, and the intention of those public benefactors, the liquor dealers, could not withstand the immense arrival. At least their reported intention, for the Easy Chair is not in their secrets, and only knows that it was stated to be a matter of grave consideration with them whether, in view of the new prohibitory law, which was not agreeable to them, they had better not refuse to sell

any thing to drink during the days of the Jubilee.

What a refinement of vengeance was here! The Great and General Court of Massachusetts decree some restrictions upon drinking whisky just as the world is invited to Boston to enjoy itself in the month of June. "To enjoy itself!" exclaims the Great and General Association of Whisky Merchants, defiantly. "Suppose that the world can not suck a mint-julep in Boston for love or money! Suppose that the fifty thousand horn-blowers, who are simultaneously to blow themselves away in the grand chorus, can not afterward wet their whistles in all Boston! Suppose that the three hundred gentlemen of the press whom his Honor Mayor Shurtleff is to welcome to the hospitalities of the city discover that Boston hospitality consists of strawberries and cold water! How about Boston trade then? What well-advised Western merchant from Chicago, from beyond, will be dripped upon through the Hoosac Tunnel only to find that the dripping continues in Boston hotels? It is a game that two can play at. If our trade is to be ruined, can't we ruin the trade of the town?"

Some such questioning went on in the minds of the friends of whisky; but it came only to a mild expression, and seems to have disappeared wholly at the advent of the thirsty world. The great moral protest was not made, and, so far as known, the beverages of the season gladdened those who blew horns and those whom the horns blew upon. Indeed, it is stoutly asserted that, such was the magical enthusiasm of the occasion, that every body, musician or not, took a horn some time during the glorious three days; and there are those who are so fully penetrated with the musical spirit of the great affair that they insist the Jubilee was itself nothing but a great blow-out—an event to be typically commemorated by a horn. Indeed, how many a happy visitor, in his subsequent account of his enjoyment, recalled a friend's humorous description of a renowned pulpit-thumper—a Boanerges of the Revival, more strident than substantial—whom he had been to hear! "How did you like him?" asked a neighbor. "Did he say any thing? Did you bring any thing away?"

"Bring any thing away? I should think I did. I came away with my belly full of water-melon and my ears of bass-drum."

But when the good-humored public seated itself in the Coliseum there was no severity of criticism—no exigency of demand. When Ole Bull led in the applause was immense. When Mr. Gilmore, the projector of the Jubilee—the great Jubilender, so to speak—took his place at the stand there were thunders and tempests of cheering and clapping, while clouds of pocket-handkerchief filled the air; and when he waved his *baton*, then indeed, as one of the gallant three hundred informed us, "all the grandeur of unanimity heard in lesser gatherings was intensified." And it is only surprising that the beatified spirit of the late M. Jullien did not beat a spiritual tattoo upon the wooden walls of the Coliseum expressive of his celestial approbation.

The Mayor of the city had previously welcomed mankind to the Coliseum, and the Divine blessing had been duly invoked. The Mayor very properly emphasized the Peace aspect of the festivity. The eloquent magistrate soared and fluttered upon the wings of enthusiasm. "May the harmony of the occasion," he said, "strike deep into the hearts of us all, and implant within our nature the most sacred and lasting impressions; and may peace and good-will forever remain triumphant! Welcome! thrice welcome! are all to this our Festival of Peace!" Then came the opening address. It began with a salvo of superb compliments, and continued in a warm and patriotic strain to its perorating point, to which the telegraph was unjust. But it was a good hearty burst of rhetoric, meant for an enormous and excited crowd, intent upon something that was to follow; and the adroit orator is declared to have so thoroughly comprehended the situation that he refrained from speaking more than a few minutes, leaving the address itself to be printed and read.

Admiral Farragut, Commodore Rogers, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, Madame Parepa, and other personages of note, were recognized and vehemently applauded. The delight was contagious. It was better than election-day or muster. "Nothing like it" exclaims one of the gallant three hundred, as it were with a horn in his hand—"Nothing like it was ever seen on this continent: the view embraced about three and a half acres of faces." This precision is exquisite. Not three or four acres, not three acres and three-quarters. But the area of solid human face was just three and a half acres. Posterity shall at least be satisfied that there was no trifling with accuracy in the history of the three days. There is a famous old volume describing the festivities at Kenilworth when Queen Elizabeth came to visit Leicester there, and Sir Walter Scott has preserved much of it in his novel; but imagine the absurd fairies and sprites and Ladies of the Lake by the side of such an effect as this! "The next was the 'Star Spangled Banner,' under direction of Gilmore. This introduced the whole chorus, organ, the entire force of musicians, with the chiming of church bells and the firing of artillery. This was one of the grandest features of the day"—(shall we say the nose, for instance?)—"and was a grand success. The audience, after joining in the chorus of the last verse, rose *en masse* in a state of high patriotic excitement, and it was repeated with renewed energy and harmony, closing with another outburst of enthusiasm." Such is the fervor of the description telegraphed to the New York papers that it seems not entirely unworthy the master hand that composed the preparatory advertisements. And indeed before the end of the account was reached it may have seemed to some credulous reader that he was again entangled in the subtle meshes of an advertisement.

In the midst arrived the President. He was as quiet and simple as ever. The Legislature received him with three speeches. The people in the streets cheered incessantly. The crowd in the Coliseum rose to him and roared, and away into their loudest noise went the bells, anvils, and bass-drums, with the President looking, as we may fancy, almost shyly on. He dined with the Mayor and his guests, and then went

away by rail to Secretary Boutwell's, where he passed the night.

In the midst also came the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, which is a holiday in Boston; and as the success of the Jubilee was already assured, it was more successful than ever. Indeed, Boston may well invite those to laugh that win. It is now written in her annals that she offered to Parepa the largest audience to which a singer ever sang, and she may record that every one of the thousands could easily hear the clear, calm voice of the great prima donna, who never seemed before to have an audience in proper proportion to herself, as it rang melodiously over the great tumult. Whether the Boston Peace Jubilee is to be ranked with the renowned Leipsic and Birmingham musical festivals is a question indeed; but it is very secondary. The spectacle was imposing, the choral effects were grand, the enthusiasm of the enormous multitude was inspiring; and New York may toss her head as loftily as she will, but it has been seriously asked inside of it whether the Boston Jubilee could not be repeated here.

THE question of the College of the City of New York excites a great deal of attention here among the friends of education; but its interest is limited only by that of public instruction itself. It is indeed a college supported by the school-tax, and the objection which is urged against it is that the system of State education contemplates only the common school instruction, and not what is called the higher or collegiate branches. Moreover, there have been calculations made to show just how much it costs to teach a young New Yorker Latin and Greek at this institution, akin to those which Mr. Wendell Phillips assures us show that it costs this country about a million and a half of dollars to kill an Indian.

Into this debate, however, the Easy Chair does not propose now to enter, but to refer merely to the report of Mr. Nathaniel Sands against the degree of attention which is devoted to the Latin and Greek languages, and his plea in favor of scientific instruction as the proper course for such a college. It is a paper of zeal certainly; but its positions are not sufficiently guarded, and it illustrates very well the kind of assault that is usually made upon the classical system. Nobody can state too strongly the value of scientific study until he insists that it shall be exclusive, and the classics, as they are called, banished to utter infamy. A school which in the present condition of human knowledge disregards the claims of scientific study is an extremely foolish school; and that which flouts the ancient literature as useless, or worse, is also an extremely foolish school. The fact unquestionably is, that the classical system has been hitherto pursued with extravagant exclusiveness; and certainly no one, not even the lively Mr. Robert Lowe, has stated the truth of this partiality more brilliantly and effectively than Sydney Smith more than thirty years ago.

It is natural that one extreme should produce another, and when we know how much precious time is squandered in teaching boys to write faultlessly elegant Latin verses, we must not be surprised to hear this tremendous sneer of Mr. Sands: "What, then, are the reasons generally assigned for this perverse conventionalism of de-

voting the time of youth to the acquirement of dead words, to the unavoidable exclusion of nearly every thing that is of value?" Such a judgment depends much upon the standard of value; and a standard that excludes Homer, Plato, Sophocles, Thucydides, Aristophanes, Virgil, Horace, Lucretius, and the rest, is a standard that certainly deserves a close scrutiny.

Mr. Sands tells us that Mr. Mill indeed advocates classical studies, but for certain special classes which exist in England who have no regular occupation in life. Now Mr. Mill has as little reference in his remarks upon education, as in all his writings, to any particular class as any author who can be named. As to this particular point, Mr. Mill's address at St. Andrews is directed against the exact position assumed by Mr. Sands. "The question," he says, "whether we should be taught the classics or the sciences seems to me, I confess, very like a dispute whether painters should cultivate drawing or coloring, or, to use a more homely illustration, whether a tailor should make coats or trousers. I can only reply by the question, why not both? Can any thing deserve the name of a good education which does not include literature and science too?" And again, speaking of the idea that either the classics or science must be relinquished, he adds: "So narrow a conception not only vitiates our idea of education, but actually, if we receive it, darkens our anticipations as to the future progress of mankind." And, finally, he says: "The only languages, then, and the only literature, to which I would allow a place in the ordinary curriculum are those of the Greeks and Romans; and to these I would preserve the position in it which they at present occupy..... Without knowing the language of a people we never really know their thoughts, their feelings, and their type of character; and unless we do possess this knowledge of some other people than ourselves, we remain, to the hour of our death, with our intellects only half expanded."

When, therefore, Mr. Sands, in the ardor of advocacy, declares that even for the cultivation and development of art and taste science is the true curriculum, what he really says is that the æsthetic sense is more truly nourished by the study of comparative anatomy than by poetry; that Berzelius is a more æsthetic influence than Shakespeare or Dante; and this he certainly can not mean if he proposes to use words in their ordinary meaning. "He who is ignorant of anatomy," says Mr. Sands, "can not appreciate either sculpture or painting." Or put it in another form: "He who is ignorant of botany can not appreciate the beauty of a rose." Is that an accurate statement? Can such an assertion be substantiated except by begging the question? Did Byron appreciate the statue of the Dying Gladiator? But what was his real knowledge of anatomy?

"I now come," says Mr. Sands, "to the last and most serious aspect of this question; and I fearlessly assert that classical studies have a most pernicious influence upon the morals and character of their votaries. It should not be forgotten that Greeks and Romans alike lived by slavery (which is robbery), by rapine, and by plunder. Yet we, born into a Christian community which lives by honest labor, propose to impregnate the

impressionable minds of youth with the morals and literature of nations of robbers." Now, strictly speaking, Mr. Sands and this Easy Chair were born into a nation which did *not* live by honest labor, but a very large proportion of whose prosperity was due to slavery (which is robbery). Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley contributed to the literature of a nation of robbers. That is, if we are to take Mr. Sands exactly at his word. But the truth is, that we can not generalize in this way. Although slavery was recognized in the country, although it even controlled the Government, so that the national representatives were everywhere tainted with it, and apologized for it and defended it; although the supreme law made it a penal offense, in the remotest corner of a free State, not to join in the slave-hunt upon occasion; and although we were derisively known as a slave-holding republic, yet it would be extremely unwise to denounce all the literature that we produced when the hold of slavery seemed surest as that of a nation of robbers. Undoubtedly there was a much more general assent to slavery among the Greeks and Romans than among us. Yet if Greece was a nation of robbers, it was still Homer who sang,

"Whatever day
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away."

Mr. Sands forgets that the best literature of a nation reproduces what is best in the national character and thought. The morals and politics of Dante's time in Italy were certainly little better than those of robbers—we are, therefore, to reject the "Divina Commedia" as pernicious? England was very far from free in the age of Elizabeth, and Cromwell sold prisoners as slaves in Jamaica—we are to prohibit Shakespeare and Milton? If we may safely read Chaucer we need not fear Theocritus. Martial satirizes no Roman shame that was not possible to the régime of slavery under which "Evangeline" was written. It is in despite of any contemporary taint or immorality, not by reason of it, that great works of literature survive: and let us, good Mr. Sands—let us judge them by themselves, not by certain contemporary facts. France under Louis Philippe did not hold slaves—but may we therefore safely read Paul de Kock? The United States in 1856 tried to force slavery upon Kansas—must we refuse to read Emerson?

It is very possible that the system of instruction at the College of the City of New York is not wisely adjusted, and that the time given to literary study is disproportionate. It may be forcibly urged, also, that in such a school it is not wise to go beyond the usual English branches and elementary science. But if it is to furnish a "good education" it can not disregard the most ancient, and in some respects the most delightful literature in the world. If, on the other hand, it is to fit young men for a particular calling, its curriculum must be prescribed accordingly. The old method of study should be reformed, not abolished. Half of the wit and wisdom of modern literature is derived from the ancient. How refreshing and beautiful, for instance, is the best pastoral poetry! Yet Theocritus, as he is the first, so he is the last of pastoral poets. He is delightful in translation; what is he not, then, in the original!

In his clever speech at Edinburgh, two years ago, Mr. Lowe said, to the great delight of his hearers: "I think it is more important to a man to know where his liver is seated and what its functions are than to know it is called *jecur* in Latin and *eiper* in Greek." There was prodigious laughter. But, after all, it was only because Mr. Lowe did know it that he could be witty upon the subject. There would have been no particular point in his saying that it is more important to know a thing than the name of a thing. And so throughout the speech. It was brilliant because of Mr. Lowe's mastery of the very knowledge that he decried. "We are expected," said he, "to know how many archons there were at Athens, though we probably do not know how many Lords of the Treasury there are in London." Can't a man know both? Was not the impression made by the orator due to the consciousness of his audience that he *did* know both? A very accomplished man may have his pleasant joke at learning; but an ignorant man's derision of knowledge is very dreary.

Besides, all that Mr. Lowe pleads for is a modification of the old system; and Mr. Mill does the same. When it comes to smattering, indeed, every man will have his choice. And a smattering of science seems, upon the whole, to be less agreeable than a smattering of literature. A little science may be very delusive; a little literature is certain great gain. But no man will willingly divorce them, nor believe that he can be liberally educated by insisting upon ignorance on either hand. Mr. Magnus Gross made a very good statement of the argument for the study of literature, so far as could be judged from the report. But he, also, undoubtedly overstated the case in order to withstand the onset of Mr. Sands. The contest was decided by retaining the classical instruction, with possibly some modification of hours.

And we pray Mr. Sands to take heart. A youth need not be unable to distinguish barley from oats, nor an ash from a beech, because he can enjoy a story of Ovid; nor need he be profoundly ignorant of the component parts of air and water, nor of the fundamental provisions of the Constitution of the United States, because he can read Demosthenes and Tacitus.

In two of the July Magazines there are articles of great interest, by writers telling their own story, at the Retreat for Inebriates at Binghamton in the State of New York. They detail the history and the daily order of the place, and are full of information about the chances of a cure of a most melancholy habit or malady or passion, as the reader may consider it: a subject to which the thoughtful attention of the country can not be again too strongly drawn.

Near Cork, in Ireland, there is an unfinished tower, which will probably always remain unfinished, to the memory of Father Mathew. Poor Father Mathew! And why do we all say Poor Father Mathew? Why do we all feel Poor Father Mathew? How immense his work seemed to be! How many thousands, hundreds of thousands, perhaps more than a million, he persuaded to sign the pledge! How many keep the pledge? How much soberer is Ireland to-day?

And how many years ago is it that there was the Temperance movement in this country? There was a time when the chief interest and excitement in town and city was the temperance lecture. It was superseded, indeed, by the Anti-Slavery agitation, and it was troubled by the schism of moderates and teetotalers; but it had a wonderful effect. Thirty and forty years ago drinking was universal. The "spirits" were always on the side-board, and whether it were a house-raising or haying, a baptism or a burial, the ceremony was completed with a drink. When Mr. Cheever blew his blast against Deacon Giles's distillery—when Mr. Pierpont waged his Hollis Street war, they were considered as pestilent incendiaries as the most unsparing abolitionists. Society shivered decorously at the extravagance of men who spoke such loud words in such a high voice; and then, above all, hadn't New England rum always been drunk? How was it possible to get through haying in such burning weather without the old-fashioned jug? and who would be so intolerably mean as to grudge the hearers and the minister a cheerful glass to keep out the cold? Indeed, the staple old follies and furies that assault every reform were produced in great force against this whim of temperance.

But the good seed fructified. Gradually the decanter disappeared. Ginger-beer took the place of New England in the jug; and spruce-beer popped at every corner. Wine slowly began to recede from public tables. It was less singular to abstain altogether; and, finally, a Maine Law was passed. Doubtless the public sentiment was not yet ripe for a law—and may never be. The "striped pig" very easily outwitted the statute. But even the striped pig could not carry the whole victory. A law that misrepresents general opinion will undoubtedly always be evaded, and so tends to bring the authority of all law into contempt. But a law, even when public sentiment is not exactly ready for it, if its intention is supported by the public conscience—if its operation naturally leads to better order, to greater happiness and lower taxes—has a certain victory. Unquestionably the Maine law had it.

It was said, indeed, derisively, that a man could get as much liquor to drink as ever in Maine or in New Hampshire, or wherever this outrageous inquisitorial statute prevailed. And so he might, but not agreeably. The Easy Chair proved it upon various occasions. It proved it in the State of Maine itself. A vague intimation, consisting of a wink and a smile and a word, conveyed the possibility of "getting a drink" even in the capital city of the temperate Commonwealth. Following the wink like a convict the turnkey, the Easy Chair passed through the corridors to a door which was unlocked. Then down a narrow staircase into a cellar—and hotel cellars do not always stimulate the festive imagination. Then to another door, which, being duly unlocked, and closed and relocked upon the inside, revealed a damp, dim room—a cell in a cellar—with half a dozen black bottles and some cloudy glasses. This cheerful entertainment was at the pleasure of the convict. The turnkey poured out a glass of something, and offered it to his companion. It was better than Father Mathew. "No, I thank you! not upon these terms." The

turnkey looked amused. "Wa'al, it isn't exactly gay!" and he swallowed the potion; and leading the way, furtively opened the door again and locked it, and the two revelers, with the jollity of conscious malefactors, stole back again into the light of day.

The striped pig could evade the law. But who wants to steal through a damp cellar with a feeble tallow dip to drink a festive glass? "Cheerful and bright in liquid light," indeed! "Lilies on liquid roses floating"—really it is difficult to see them under the circumstances. When the romance is gone how much is gone! The Easy Chair was by no means a teetotaler; but if the Maine Law can provide such conditions—can reduce the matter to its ghastly lowest terms—it may not diminish drunkenness, but it will certainly lessen drinking. This was probably its effect. It was a kind of preventive. A young man may be seduced by a brilliant bar-room, but it demands firm determination to be jolly in a dim damp cellar with unmitigated liquor. When you compel a man to sneak in order to drink you have done a great deal to stop tippling. It was the disgrace which was inevitably attached to drinking when you had to creep through cellars to do it which was the force of the Maine Law. Primitive Christians might gladly grope through catacombs to offer their worship; but that business in the Maine cellar has never, to this day, reminded the Easy Chair of primitive Christianity.

But it is still a question whether the legislation, whether because it went too far or not far enough, really diminished drunkenness. In the State of Massachusetts, where the battle has recently been most strenuously fought, a large body of testimony was taken, and still the question was left undecided. Meanwhile, upon the principle of the law good men differ. Shall it be admitted that any thing which the majority may determine to be possibly injurious to public order shall be prohibited? That the law should repress disorder will not be disputed. Shall it also forbid what *may* disturb the peace? The sympathy of those who have had bitter experience of the misery of drunkenness, as well as of all who know that drinking is mainly a gratification, naturally favors some restrictive law. But those, on the other hand, and they are many of the very same persons who remember that civilization advances in the ratio of the reduction of government to its lowest terms, and by resisting its claims to do more than keep the peace and secure fair play, feel that such laws are an invasion of the individual freedom that ought under no circumstances to be infringed.

But the Retreat at Binghamton, of which we have spoken, involves no consideration of the wisdom or folly of law. It is a pleasant place provided for those who wish to be a law to themselves. It offers an agreeable seclusion, entertaining occupation, and the sympathy and support of those who have a common purpose. If any one feels himself beyond the power of resisting the incessant temptation of the city or of his familiar haunts, and wishes in good faith to wrestle with his appetite and put it under his command, he finds every favorable opportunity at this institution. The history of the life and the struggle there, as related in the articles of which we have already spoken, is full of painful

interest. And the Easy Chair must stop suddenly by referring the reader to them.

THE death of few conspicuous men in the country could call forth a more general expression of kind feeling than that of Henry J. Raymond, who was buried on midsummer-day of this year. To the guild of the press, and to all political circles in the city, he was personally well known; while to the country his position as editor of one of the great morning journals of the city of New York had made his name familiar. This Magazine, also, has a peculiar interest in his honorable memory, for he was its first editor—always prompt, trusty, and efficient, and finding time, amidst the most engrossing cares of politics and journalism, to help give it the hold upon the popular heart which we are glad to know that it has never lost.

Mr. Raymond's biography has been given with affectionate detail in all the papers; nor is there any difference of opinion as to his remarkable ability and accomplishment. It seemed at one time, not many years ago, as if there were an almost equal consent of opinion as to his want of earnest conviction and of high purpose. But there were probably very few who stood in the gloomy church on the stormy summer evening of his funeral who had not at last perceived the injustice of this estimate, and who were not willing to echo Mr. Beecher's wish—"If this were trimming, would to God there were more trimmers!"

Indeed, there has been a curious and most agreeable want of mere eulogy in all that has been said of him. The tone of remark has been most tender, whatever the estimate of his character and career; but every thing has been the result of a real impression and a thoughtful consideration. The key of his life, and of the peculiar impression that he produced, is unquestionably, and by common consent, the judicial mental temperament which refuses to acknowledge that there are not two sides to all questions. He lived at a time when there was the most emphatic necessity of sternly asserting one side, and of not weakening the assertion by the counter-declaration that the other was nearly as good. A man who has doubts, with Proudhon, whether after all property is not robbery, will have a very gentle feeling for the thief.

But with Mr. Raymond there was no question of the end, but of the means. Here again he fell upon a time when the means seemed often to involve the end; and to choose one method rather than another was necessarily to work for a different result. This position cost him the confidence of the political party with which he had always acted, and which had often honored him. But this loss of confidence, of which he was perfectly aware, however painful to him, however it may have baffled his hopes and ambition, did not embitter him; and where is there the public man who ever more generously owned what he at last believed to be a mistake, or who, by his treatment of his own error, more raised himself in the general estimation?

This is not the place, however, nor is it our purpose, to do more than to add one word of friendly and grateful remembrance to the eloquent praise that has been uttered. In this working world and country Mr. Raymond died

of overwork—a man not yet fifty years old. He never spared himself; and he has not lived vainly if among the other services of his life it teaches us to do in that respect what he did not. He has left no book to keep his name fresh. His serv-

ice has been mainly that of the great journalist, and that fame is brief. But in the history of the profession which he loved he will always be honorably mentioned; and with his journal his best fame will be associated.

Editor's Book Table.

NOVELS.

IN the dog-days we very properly throw study to the dogs. Books of philosophy wait with uncut leaves a more convenient season. The minister preaches old sermons, or follows his fleeing parishioners—if he ministers in a city parish—to their country retreats. The schools are closed; no troops of noisy children pour from their doors as the afternoon sun casts its long shadows in the hot streets. Students turn their wearied brains from their libraries to peruse the book of nature; merchants shut up their ledgers, leave their empty stores, and take account of country stock. The newspapers "have nothing in them." Mrs. Grundy alone continues her ceaseless labors, shuts herself up in a miserable little cell such as the devotee of the Middle Ages would hardly have submitted to, and transfers her hot and oppressive balls from New York to Newport and Saratoga. But, except with her, August is by universal consent a sort of Sabbath month. The American decalogue reads, "In August thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy strangers that are within thy gates." As for servants and cattle, they are supposed to be impervious to heat and oblivious of dog-days. Literature adapts itself to the season. The public, wearied of mental work, demands novels. We want them to read in the cars, to while away dull hours in waiting-rooms, to read under great spreading trees as we lie upon Nature's couch of grass, to take up for morning recreation on days when heat or rain forbid croquet and quoits, and the wind that shares our inertia will not fill the sail of our yacht, and the fish who, like us, have no appetite, can be enticed with neither worm nor fly, and flowers in the garden are as wilted as ourselves. The supply is equal to the demand. So many new novels lie on our table all ready for the summer requirements that we find ourselves compelled to hold a sort of levee of romances and introduce them to our reader after the most approved fashion of American receptions, with little more than the name, leaving their character to be surmised from a few very brief hints, or to be learned by further personal acquaintance.

First come some old friends in new attire, who scarcely need any introduction to the lovers of romance. Since the days of Walter Scott it is safe to say that Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray are without rivals as novelists in the field of English literature; both alike in this, that they portray the romance of real life; both alike in that their themes are drawn from the common walks of life. That there was heroism, grandeur, true nobility in this nineteenth century, and among the ironmongers, costermongers, haberdashers, and common traders, was a new revelation when Dickens began to

write. That all nobility is not truly noble was equally startling when Thackeray first began to portray the hollowness of high life. One that reads novels for the plot will find Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins more to his taste. One that reads to get a picture of Anglican life and manners will find nothing so literally and exactly true as Thackeray.—From Harper and Brothers we receive three volumes of a new and complete edition of his novels: *The Virginians*, *The New-comers*, and *Vanity Fair*. This edition is printed on good paper, with clear type, at fifty and seventy-five cents a volume—in paper—and contains all the original illustrations of the author. Thackeray's genius with his pencil was as decided as with his pen. Though his pictures are mere outline sketches they are in some respects more powerful than more finished designs would be. No one has read Thackeray who has not read him illustrated with his own original pencil. No one knows Becky Sharp, and Sir Pitt, and the Major—to go no farther than "*Vanity Fair*"—unless he has seen Thackeray's pictures as well as read Thackeray's book. The romances of Reade, and Robinson, and Collins, and a host of others, are of transient interest, and perish with the season that produces them. The works of Thackeray will grow in value as the world grows older, and will always have their place among the English classics.—From D. Appleton and Co. we receive the last two volumes of *Waverley Novels*. The type is very fine—as it must be in order to compress four stories into one average-sized volume, but it is very clear; the engravings are excellent, the binding is as pretty as it is unique, and the price enables every one to put on his library shelves the works of one who may almost be said to be the father of modern English fiction. The last volume contains a chronological list of the novels, indicating the eras which they illustrate, a list of characters introduced in the various volumes, and a glossary of Scotch terms.—Hurd and Houghton complete their *Globe Edition of Charles Dickens's Works* in a volume containing "The Uncommercial Traveler," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (but not "Little Nell and her Grandfather," which is published in another volume), and the "New Christmas Stories." Each volume in this series has a beautifully executed frontispiece from the pencil of either Darley or Gilbert, but no other illustrations. A useful and characteristic feature is an index at the close of characters and their appearances, in which each character is described in a sentence, and references are added to volume and page where chiefly they respectively appear.

Doubtless the most famous of Continental novelists next to Victor Hugo is BERTHOLD AUERBACH. From Leypoldt and Holt we receive, in two forms, *The Villa on the Rhine*—one edition in two bound volumes, duodecimo; one in

four volumes uniform in size with the Tauchnitz edition. Another translation of the same book, which is perhaps more accurate but less elegant, and preserves in English sentences the German idiom, is issued from the press of Roberts Brothers. It is an intensely German novel. That is to say, it is in exact contrast to a French romance. The German is a philosopher. The Frenchman is a sensationalist. The German, under the guise of romance, writes philosophy—as witness Auerbach and Spielhagen. The Frenchman, when he tries to write philosophy, produces a romance—as witness Michelet and Rénan. It is quite impossible to characterize such a work as this two-volume novel—if novel it can be called—in a single paragraph; as impossible as it is to translate all of his German philosophy into English common-sense. It is not a picture of German life; and yet nowhere else, perhaps, can one get a truer picture of the valley of the Rhine and its inhabitants. It is not a portrait-gallery, and yet Eric and Sonnenkamp are both drawn by a master-hand. It is not a romance, and yet it has both love and war in it. It is not a political novel, and yet it is full of the spirit of liberty; its hero comes to America and enlists in a negro regiment; its—shall we say villain?—and yet Sonnenkamp is the farthest possible remove from the conventional villain of literature—makes his immense wealth as a slave-trader. It is not a religious novel. And yet the faith of the Roman Catholic and the skepticism of New England rationalism are brought into constant contrast. It is neither locally American nor German, though its scene is mainly on the Rhine, and the American sympathies of its author are unmistakably portrayed. It is not a poem, nor a dream, nor an idyl, nor an historical portraiture, nor a love romance, nor a religious philosophy, but a singular combination of all such as only a German could produce. We read the first book with great interest, the second with less, and more than once laid the volume down in despair before it was finished, yet always to take it up again, attracted by the magnetism of the author's genius. We however like *Edelweiss*, by the same author (Roberts Brothers), much better, perhaps because it is less pretentious. It is a pretty and quaint story of peasant life, founded on the queer conceit of an unhappily mated husband and wife buried beneath a falling avalanche, where the terror of death and the strange imprisonment reforms the wife, and restores peace to the household which at first it threatened to destroy. As illustrations of German life *The Black Forest Village Stories* (Leyppoldt and Holt), Auerbach's first book, we believe, is the best, and bears to the more elaborate "Villa Eden" the same relation that the early sketches by Boz do to his later "Bleak House" and "Great Expectations."

We can hardly judge of FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN from the single unfinished volume which Leyppoldt and Holt now furnish us, *Problematic Characters*. We are certainly not prepared from this story alone to indorse the verdict of his countrymen, which, we are told by the *Westminster Review*, assigns him "the foremost rank among modern writers of fiction." The title is suggestive of a philosophical treatise, rather than of an interesting romance. Spielhagen is, however, less philosophical and more dramatic than Auer-

bach. He thinks less and feels more. If his thought is not so profound it is more sparkling. Deep waters rarely ripple. It does not require study to understand him. We are not wearied with Auerbach's elaborate detail. His style is less abrupt, his paragraphs less sententious. He is more entertaining, but less deeply, at least less intellectually, interesting. While in both Spielhagen and Auerbach we miss those high ideals of character which constitute one of the chief charms and chief values of romance. Neither Eric nor Dr. Stein are sufficiently heroic to stimulate the reader to any new and noble ambitions.

We are glad among our literary guests to recognize three or four of American birth. Since Hawthorne died, and Mrs. Stowe took to writing essays, we have hardly had in a single American novel a really true delineation of American life and character. Such a novel is *My Daughter Elinor* (Harper and Brothers). Its characters, scenes, and life are thoroughly indigenous. They are not marred by that absurd provincialism which was tolerably funny in the first volume of "Sam Slick;" but its endless repetition in novel and drama since has become intolerably stupid. The American has some other national characteristics than wearing striped pantaloons and talking through his nose, and the anonymous author of "My Daughter Elinor" has discovered the fact. It is thoroughly dramatic. We do not mean that it is sensational. It is the farthest possible remove from that. Its incidents are those of daily life. It is as natural as Thackeray, and more real than Dickens. But its characters portray themselves. In "Norwood" Mr. Beecher introduces his characters to us, and philosophizes about them. We only know them from what he tells us. In "My Daughter Elinor" we meet men and women as we meet them in actual life, and judge of them for ourselves as best we can. Almost without exception they are clearly cut and strongly marked. Tad, in his way, is as thorough an original as Sam Weller or Joe, though unlike either. The "Idol" is scarcely inferior, as a portraiture of a certain class of fashionable women, to Mrs. Potiphar, from whom she widely differs, chiefly perhaps in this, that, with all her essential vulgarity, she has, as has many a Mrs. Dives, a warm and kindly heart. Mrs. Piffit is perhaps overdrawn, but not more so than Becky Sharp. The broad humor of her character is thoroughly relieved by the genial badinage that perpetually sparkles in the sunlight of a pure love between Tom and Rosa. Clive Farnsworth is perhaps more like the creation of a romance than any one else in the book; but like all the rest, like all real human nature, is a singular compound of strength and weakness. And without saying that Elinor is the finest female character we have met in the works of living novelists, we do not hesitate to say that she is the most thoroughly human one. She is not an angel, but veritable flesh and blood, with the pride of a noble woman and the vanities of one used to society; but nevertheless, what for this sphere is better than an angel, a true woman—noble, strong, heroic. Comparing her with Dickens's creations—and while the author of "My Daughter Elinor" is no imitator, he reminds us continually of Dickens—she is more real than Agnes, and stronger by far than Esther Summerson. We honor the tone of this story,

its perpetual protest against the hollow insincerity of society, its inculcation of true depth and thoroughness of character in man and woman, its appeal from approbateness to self-respect, from self-respect to faith in God. We honor its teaching of the perpetual obligation of the marriage vow. We need the lesson it inculcates in these days, when betrothals are reduced to vague understandings; when engagements, the outcome of a night's flirtation, are easily formed and more easily broken; when marriages are made in haste to be repented at leisure; when we are taught in high circles that love is only a transient sensation, and that husband and wife on the first serious difference are to separate and go their respective ways: in a word, in these days of temporary marriages and easy divorces, when men so readily put asunder whom God never joined together, we need the lesson of this book, that the vow of the husband, whether spoken in the church or only in the presence and with the witness of God, to love, cherish, and to protect, is to be sacredly kept, though the heart break and the life be converted into one protracted Gethsemane. Above all, we honor the genuine religious spirit which raises the story far above the romances of either Dickens or Thackeray. They are humane. This is Christian. It is not a "religious novel." One would find it difficult to guess what church the author belongs to, or whether he belongs to any. But through scenes of suffering the soul is built up, not by its own resolution only, but by a resolute faith in God. A single quotation will suffice to indicate this characteristic:

"In that instant he grasped at the only help which offers in a need like that—the help which we sneer at in our modern philosophy—the Almighty Father's. Let me tell you, if you ever stand in a similar crisis, modern philosophy is as weak a stay as the old forms of infidelity; if you have any hope of passing the danger, it is in putting away the cold, abstract idea of a Great First Cause, and calling on Him who loves us and died for us; and if you say that sounds like a Methodistical tract, why I can only say, God aid you when such need of him arrives! Clive Farnsworth did call; his soul fairly shrieked in its agony and was heard. He learned that nature is not God; that humanitarianism is the wretchedest lie ever palmed off on human souls eager to grasp at delusions: that there was no strength in his boasted intellect and will to support him; that it was something extraneous and yet within him; his and yet not of him; the blessed help of the Crucified."

We should commend *Old Town Folks* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.) very highly as a story of great power, despite great faults, if it had been published anonymously. As it is we are disappointed, because from Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE we had expected a great deal. She has fallen into a great error in the outset in attempting the autobiographical form. She is too thoroughly a Beecher to be able to lose her individuality. Horace Holyoke is unmistakably Mrs. Stowe. The apparitions which are occasionally introduced are certainly no part of a picture of New England life. For no country in the latter part of the eighteenth century was more absolutely skeptical concerning all such supernatural appearances than the incredulous Yankee land. The plot is intricate but not skillful. The story is only a frame in which to set pictures of life and character. Mrs. Stowe rarely presents ideals. She paints portraits. Her characters are not creations but reflections. "I have tried,"

she says, "to make my mind as still and passive as a looking-glass or a mountain lake, and then to give you merely the images reflected there." The mirror is sometimes flawed, the lake ruffled here and there, and the image consequently distorted. The hard and repellent features of New England life and theology are too exclusively portrayed. And though we never met Miss Asphyxia on New England soil—or indeed any where else—Aunt Lois, Sam Lawson, and Deacon Badger are all admirably life-like. On the whole, the picture has the truth of Pre-Raphaelitism. It lacks the deeper truth that looks beneath the surface and depicts the inner life. Comparing it with other recent pictures of New England society we find it less finely written than "Malbone," but more a portraiture of local life; less attractive by far than "Norwood," and less subtle, but more dramatic. Contrasting it with Mrs. Stowe's previous works it has less to touch the emotions than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," less to appeal to the aesthetic faculties than "Agnes of Sorrento," is less attractive as a portrait gallery than the "Minister's Wooing," but it is more powerful than either of the latter two. In brief, it is powerful rather than pleasant, portrays a reality not an ideal, the surface and appearance of things rather than their profound substance, and will be read less for the interest which attaches to it in its character as a romance than for that which belongs to its several chapters as studies of life and character.

Other novels that have accumulated on our table, and though less notable, yet present some claims to summer readers, we must group together in a single paragraph. *The Habermaster*, from the German of HERMAN SCHMID (Leypoldt and Holt), is a tale of the wild and irregular times which characterized the close of the eighteenth century, and the kingdom of Bavaria under the unmitigated tyranny of Charles Theodore, the sovereign, and his more despotic mistresses. Such eras always produce lawless tribunals whose only justification is that they are better than the legal ones. What Judge Lynch has been to California, what the Ribbon-men were to Ireland, that the Habers were to Bavaria. They organized a formal court. They had their duly appointed chief. From their edicts there was no appeal, and rarely any escape. "A Spartan-like sternness prevailed among the members of this society. Their secrets were kept with inviolable faith; and if any injury was done to property ample recompense was quickly and secretly made to the aggrieved one." Their trials were held in secret; their members were closely masked; the accused never saw the face of accuser, witness, or judge. The high and the low were alike subject to the despotism of this irresponsible tribunal, itself a reaction against the despotism of the king and the noblé. The "Habermaster" is a graphic and picturesque delineation of real life in an era when this court held almost absolute sway, and conducts to better times that witnessed its decay and death. The distinguishing characteristic of Schmid, who is eminent in his native country as a poet, dramatist, and novelist, is a delicacy of detail which renders his novels what they have been well called by a German critic, "cabinet pictures." The death of the rag-picker is a remarkably powerful scene; and the end of the Habermaster court is as beautifully though simply

told as it is poetically conceived.—A single sentence in the opening chapter of *Waterloo; a sequel to the Conspect of 1813* (Charles Scribner and Co.), is the key-note to the book: "I had made the acquaintance of glory, and that gave me a still greater love for peace and horror of conscription." It is a brave man that writes in France against *la gloire*. But our authors, Messieurs ERCKMANN and CHATRAIN, not content with dimming the glory of the great warrior, write with a Frenchman's intensity against war itself. Their description of the battle of Waterloo is quite as good in its way as that of Victor Hugo in "*Les Misérables*," though entirely different from it.—*Norman Leslie*, by THEODORE S. FAY (G. P. Putnam and Son), purports to be a picture of New York life. It was written, the author tells us, over forty years ago. He need not have added that its revision has been made "without any attempt to remove all its evidences of youthfulness and inexperience." Our college Professor, who was a most remorseless critic, once recommended, we remember, a class-mate to revise his rather high-flown composition. "Read it carefully, Mr. Smith," said he, "and draw your pen through all its best passages." We commend his advice to Mr. Fay. This book would be twice as good if it were half as long. The best passage in it is the preface, which is curt enough to compensate for a good deal of surplusage in the story.—*For Her Sake* (Harper and Brothers), is the last of six novels by F. W. ROBINSON, all issued by the same house. It is profusely illustrated. The story itself is an average novel, a tale of love, in which every thing is done "for her sake," the plot rather involved, the characters rather extreme specimens of virtue and villainy, but the whole very well told and of fair degree of interest.—*Unforgiven*, by BERRIE-DALE (GEORGE S. WILCOX), is a trifle less high-flown than "Warwick," and a great deal less interesting. The author has Mr. Walworth's ambition without his imagination; and has produced a story of which we can only say that it is neither good nor bad, but simply indifferent.—*Stretton*, by HENRY KINGSLEY, is published simultaneously by both Harper and Brothers and Leyboldt and Holt. Internal evidences indicate that it is one of Kingsley's earlier compositions. It will be read for its author's name by a good many who probably never would have read it otherwise.

"The Sacristan's Household," "Cord and Creese," "The Stranded Ship," and "Malbone," are all republications of stories which have already appeared in serial form in different periodicals. *The Sacristan's Household*, by the author of "Mabel's Progress," is an English story of German life. The unknown authoress, who is not Charles Dickens's daughter, but who has been surmised to be Mrs. Adolphus Trollope, improves as she writes, and we think this is the best work from her pen. The illustrations, by Mr. C. G. Bush, are the strongest pieces of character-drawing we have seen in any American book for many a day. Mr. Bush promises to take a first rank, and a place which he will make for himself, among American artists. In fact, as a delineator of character he has now few, if any, superiors.—*The Stranded Ship*, by L. CLARKE DAVIS, is a queer story, better adapted for the serial than for publication in a book

form. There is a seduction, and a murder, and a curious confounding of identity, and a shipwreck in which the brother of the wronged girl saves her seducer, whom he had killed in the opening chapter, but who turns out not to have been killed after all. Despite its sensationalism it is remarkably well written. Mr. Davis is capable of a better book.—*Cord and Creese*, by the author of the "Dodge Club," is one of those stories of perfectly impossible adventure so plausibly told and with such a succession of absurdly interesting incidents that you read it in spite of yourself, and after galloping through its pages lay it down in a state of mental exhaustion, surprised at yourself for being interested in it.—As a picture of New England life and manners, *Malbone*, by T. W. HIGGINSON, is not remarkably successful. The plot is rather melodramatic, and the characters, with perhaps the exception of Aunt Jane, not remarkable for any New England traits. But the story is well written and abounds with beautiful passages; and the whole volume is irradiated with a quiet humor, which is, perhaps, its best feature, and makes it very pleasant reading.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

TURNING from the novels for older folks to some romances for the little ones, we give the palm for originality of conception to *Alice's Adventures in Wonder Land*, by LEWIS CARROLL, illustrated by John Tenniel. The story is a charming extravaganza, narrating the adventures of Alice in a mysterious land, where she shuts up short, like a telescope, and afterward opens out long, like a telescope, and where the animals indulge in all the habits of civilized society. Of the illustrations, which are as extravagant as the story, it is enough to say that they are by the artist whose cartoons have been one of the most enjoyable features in the London *Punch*, and that, after a careful comparison of the English and American editions, we can not see but that Lee and Shepard have rendered these admirable designs quite as well as Macmillan and Co.—*Salt Water Dick*, by MAY MANNERING, and *The Ark of Elin Island*, by Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG, are marine stories which the boys will read with avidity and without serious injury or great benefit. We confess ourselves skeptical of Captain Rhine's method of stilling the Atlantic Ocean in a gale, or, to put it more moderately, of breaking the force of its tremendous breakers by a little oil suffered to dribble out from a barrel lashed astern. A novel is no worse for children because it contains incidentally accurate information. Inaccuracy is nowhere so pernicious.—*The General; or, Twelve Nights in a Hunter's Camp*, which purports to be a narrative of real life, but sounds more like a fiction founded on fact, or at least a narrative of facts embroidered with fiction. It is a little too old to be interesting to children, and a little too young to be interesting to their parents.—As for *Dotty Dimple at School*, we advise parents to be cautious about purchasing it. It is the fifth in a series of Dotty Dimple stories. When you have bought one that little girl of yours will give you no peace till you have bought the others. All the above books are from the press of Lee and Shepard.—*Little Women*, Part II., by LOUISE M. ALCOTT, is a rather

mature book for the little women, but a capital one for their elders. It is natural, and free from that false sentiment which pervades too much of juvenile literature. Autobiographies, if genuine, are generally interesting, and it is shrewdly suspected that Joe's experience as an author photographs some of Miss Alcott's own literary mistakes and misadventures. But do not her children grow rather rapidly? They are little children in Part First, at the breaking out of the civil war. They are married, settled, and with two or three children of their own before they get through Part Second.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have read nothing of its kind so good as *Five Acres Too Much*, by R. B. ROOSEVELT (Harper and Brothers), since the days of the "Sparrowgrass Papers"—a book which it somewhat resembles in the geniality of its humor, and decidedly excels in the broadness of its burlesque. It is aided by some very Hoodish illustrations, none the less comical because of no particular value in an art point of view. Mr. Roosevelt had read "Ten Acres Enough." It inoculated him with the country fever. He was seized with an ambition to have a home of his own—a rural retreat whither he could fly from the din and bustle of the city; a place where he could simultaneously cultivate flowers and a love of nature, vegetables and his own muscles; with a cow to give fresh milk to him and his children; and a safe family horse to afford them inexpensive riding, the expenses of the whole establishment to be paid by the sale of butter from the dairy, fresh lettuce and early peas from the garden. It was all practicable. "Figures never lie." "Ten Acres Enough." "My Ten Rod Farm," "Farming by Inches," and half a score of like volumes were full of figures to demonstrate the practicability of his vision. How he tried the experiment, and what he made of it; how he shipped a house from Nantucket, and how it did not come to time; how his kitchen-garden became a grazing place for the neighbors' cattle; how his flower-garden produced nothing but some carrot-heads; how his spring chickens furnished food for the dogs; how, in short, he paid for his garden and his henery in the spring, and bought his chickens and his vegetables in the summer, as amateur farmers are wont to do. All this he tells with a wild, uproarious glee that is positively contagious, and makes you imagine his sparkling eye and his broad laugh as he tells to his friends with infinite zest the story which he has told so well to the public. Blessed is the man who can convert every misadventure into a good joke.

The Realities of Irish Life, by W. S. FRENCH (Roberts Brothers), reads more like a romance than like veritable history. Indeed, in spite of the intimation of the title-page and the solemn asseveration of the Preface, we should unhesitatingly pronounce it a romance, were it not indorsed by the English Reviews as a truthful portrait of Irish life and manners. Mr. French was agent of some large landed estates in Monaghan and Kerry counties. He commenced his labors by barely escaping with his life a mob of exasperated tenants, carried the estates of Lord Lansdowne through the indescribable wretchedness of the famine which followed the potato-rot, sending off at his Lordship's expense between four and five thousand emigrants from the land of death to America, the land of plenty, and faced and fought successfully the Ribbon-men, a league formed of the worst class of tenantry and bound together by secret oaths to assassinate whatever agent attempted to compel the payment of rent to the landlords. In detailing his experiences he not only recounts some most thrilling adventures, he introduces us to the wild mountain scenery where Pat and Biddy are cradled, discloses the barbarism which makes them what they are, and reveals at once the curse of Ireland, its landed system, and the almost insuperable difficulties which impede the most earnest attempts to ameliorate the condition of Ireland while that system lasts. How little philanthropy can do for the relief of a people cursed by a bad government and a disorganized trade is illustrated by the simple fact that, during the potato-rot, "there was abundance of corn and abundance of meal within some few miles of the district, and no lack of funds to purchase these provisions; and yet, in near proximity to this plenty, the people were dying by hundreds of actual dire starvation, merely for want of some one with sufficient energy and powers of organization to bring the food and the people together." For romantic incident, for almost melodramatic interest, and for real information concerning the Emerald Isle, by one in sufficient sympathy with its people to catch their spirit, yet sufficiently removed from them to write as an observer and not as a partisan, we know no volume that equals this unpretending narrative. We join in the hope expressed by the *Edinburgh Review* that "this book will be read not only throughout Great Britain, but throughout Europe and America." In our country the Irishman is alternately subjected to the most unjust prejudices and to fulsome flattery not less injurious. No one can read the "Realities of Irish Life" without a juster estimate of his character, and a heartier sympathy for him and his unhappy land.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of June. Of domestic matters there is little which requires notice. The progress of the insurrection in Cuba occupies a considerable place in public interest. In Europe the main topics of importance are the situation in Spain and the debates

in the British House of Peers upon the bill for disestablishing the Irish Church.

On the 25th of June Mr. Borie resigned his place as Secretary of the Navy, owing, as he says, to continued ill health and the demands of his private business. He was succeeded by Mr. George M. Robeson, of New Jersey. Thus, of the seven members of the Cabinet appointed by

President Grant, four have already resigned. These are: Mr. Washburne as Secretary of State, succeeded by Mr. Fish; Mr. Stewart as Secretary of the Treasury, succeeded by Mr. Boutwell; General Schofield as Secretary of War, succeeded by General Rawlins; Mr. Borie as Secretary of the Navy, succeeded by Mr. Robeson.

Mr. Curtin, appointed as Minister to Russia, has left for his post of duty.—General D. E. Sickles has been appointed Minister to Spain, to succeed Mr. Hale.—Mr. Sanford, Minister to Belgium, has resigned, and Mr. Andrews, who had been appointed to Denmark, has been transferred to Belgium.—Mr. Nelson, appointed to Mexico, in place of General Rosecrans, has reached the seat of government of Mexico.—Mr. Washburne, Minister to France, has been formally and cordially received by the Emperor.—Mr. Motley reached England on the 31st of May. At Liverpool he was waited upon by delegations from the American and Liverpool Chambers of Commerce, who presented him with complimentary addresses. His reply in each case was diplomatically guarded. He hoped for the maintenance of kindly relations between the two nations.

CUBA.

Ten times the entire space devoted to this Record would not be sufficient to give even a resumé of the reports from and about Cuba with which the newspapers are filled. There are accounts of battles in which both parties claim to have won decisive victories. They resolve themselves into indecisive skirmishes; but the general result is that the war has become a guerrilla affair, the balance being quite in favor of the insurgents, for it seems clear that the Spanish troops are wasting away more from disease than from actual loss in the field; while the insurgents are receiving continual augmentations from the United States. The Cuban Junta, established in New York, seem to have at their disposal almost unlimited funds; and they have certainly sent many hundreds, perhaps some thousands, of men, with the best weapons known to modern warfare, to Cuba. Among the men thus sent are many who fought on either side during our late war. The press and the public have been studiously mystified as to the expeditions sent forth. Hereafter, when the real facts can be ascertained, we shall endeavor to give the true account of the expeditions sent to Cuba from the United States.

In the mean while it is to be noted that early in June an uprising of the Spanish Volunteers took place against General Dulce the Governor-General, who had not long before sent his resignation. He was compelled to abdicate in favor of Espinar, his second in command, who was to hold power until the arrival of General de Rodas, who had been appointed to succeed Dulce. So for some time there was really no Spanish Government in Cuba. Rodas arrived at Havana on the 28th of June, bringing with him about 1000 Spanish troops. He forthwith issued a proclamation, thanking the Volunteers for their action, and declaring that his line of conduct would be embraced in these words: "Spain, Justice, Morality."

The Governments of Chili and Peru have formally recognized the Cuban insurgents. This rec-

ognition was evidently made by concert between the authorities of these two South American republics. The note of the President of Peru, dated May 13, to General Cespedes, "Captain-General of the Liberating Army of Cuba," contains the following essential paragraph: "The President of Peru sympathizes deeply with the noble cause of which your Excellency constitutes himself the worthy champion, and he will do his utmost to mark the interest which that island, so worthy of taking its place with the civilized nations of the world, inspires him with. The Peruvian Government recognizes as belligerents the party which is fighting for the independence of Cuba; and will strive its utmost to secure their recognition as such by other nations; and likewise that the war should be properly regulated in conformity with international usages and laws."

GREAT BRITAIN.

Now that the temporary excitement growing out of the *Alabama* question and the speech of Mr. Sumner has subsided, the main matter of interest centres upon the proposed disestablishment of the Irish Church. On the 31st of May the bill as presented by the Ministry came up for its third reading in the House of Commons. A motion that the bill be rejected was voted down, and it finally passed by a vote of 361 to 247.—The bill then went to the House of Lords. The first reading, which is merely formal, bringing the matter before the House, took place on the 1st of June, and the 14th was appointed for the second reading. In the mean time immense public meetings had been held in various places in the kingdom protesting against the passage of the bill.

When the bill came up for second reading Earl Granville moved that it pass to this reading. He said that he had always thought that the Irish Church was an anomaly and a great injustice, and should be legislated out in a reasonable and moderate way. He appealed to the Opposition, after due protest, to allow the bill, indorsed by the voice of the country, to pass. The House of Peers, he said, had great power for good; but it had no power to thwart the national will.—The Earl of Harrowby moved that the second reading be postponed for three months—which in parliamentary phrase is equivalent to a rejection. The bill, he said, was revolutionary, and in violation of the coronation oath and of the Act of Union. Its result would be to diminish the number of Irish Protestants. The sense of the country had not been tested on this point, and he believed that the country was now earnestly looking to and expecting the House of Lords to reject the bill.—Lord Clarendon, as a Protestant, sympathized with his Catholic fellow-countrymen in Ireland on the wrongful position in which they were placed. He never felt it more strongly than when he saw crowds kneeling outside a hovel, with a handsome parish church close by unattended. Ireland was the question of the hour. Her condition had bewildered Government after Government. The universal assent of the country, and the impossibility that such a state of things should continue, imposed upon Mr. Gladstone the duty of settling the Irish Church grievance.—The Duke of Rutland opposed the bill because it overthrew the rights of property, violated the religion of the ma-

jority of the people of the United Kingdom, and destroyed the union of Church and State.—Lord Stratford de Redcliffe believed that the passage of the bill, as it now stood, would result in irreparable injury to the Church, and would not improve the condition of Ireland. But he warned the House not to sacrifice the substance to the shadow. The relative positions of the two Houses demanded the second reading of the bill, after which the Upper House could go to work and amend its objectionable features.—Lord Grey said that if the bill passed it must be materially amended. The House of Peers now had, but might not hereafter have, the power to re-mould the measure. The result of the late elections was emphatically in favor of the bill. He exhorted the Peers to accept the measure with dignity, and not incur the odium of the people by a collision with the House of Commons, which represented the deliberate opinion of the nation.—The Archbishop of Dublin complained of the harsh manner in which the Church was treated by the bill, and thought, if it was necessary, that it might have been less severe.—The Bishop of St. David's criticised the details of the bill, but urged its second reading, and afterward the introduction of amendments.—The Duke of Richmond felt that there was injustice in the bill; but thought that the constitutional course was to pass it, after amending the objectionable clauses, and leave the responsibility of accepting the amendments or withdrawing the bill on the Government.—The Bishop of Peterborough opposed the Bill, and urged the Peers to act firmly and impartially, and not humiliate themselves by abjectly abdicating their constitutional position, and beseeching the people to spare them because they were utterly contemptible and worthless.—The Marquis of Salisbury objected to the position of the House of Lords with respect to the nation, deeming that the assertion that the Lords, in assenting to the will of the nation, express subordination to the Commons, was false. If that were the case it would be better that the House of Lords should disappear as a co-ordinate branch of the Government. The object of the Second House was to supply the defects and omissions of the First House. In many cases the House of Commons only represented the nation in theory.—Earl Russell spoke at great length. He thought that the creation of the Irish Church was in the beginning a wise thing; but the changes of three centuries had made an alteration necessary. Only a very small portion of the Irish people belonged to the Established Church, and that established the justice and necessity of dealing with the question. He adverted to times when better measures could have been adopted; but now there was no choice but to disestablish and disendow. The Tories, he said, must accept the verdict of the constituencies to which they had appealed, and the result of that appeal must be regarded as the deliberate verdict of the nation on the question.—The Duke of Abercorn opposed the bill as the production of a man eager for personal and party triumph rather than for the good of his country. The result would be the alienation of Protestants, introduction of discord, and failure to conciliate the Catholics.—The Duke of Argyll urged that

disestablishment and disendowment could not be separated. The system which endowed Protestant sects and Maynooth College had never promoted the cause of Protestantism. He urged the Lords to put themselves in harmony with the nation, and declared that the present movement was dictated by a desire to erase the foulest stain on England's rule over Ireland.—Lord Westbury regarded the bill as full of evil; yet he would vote for it in an amended form; but if the amendments were not accepted he would insist on the rejection of the bill.

Many others of the Peers took part in the debate, which lasted for nearly a week. The vote was taken on the 19th of June, with the following result: For the second reading, 179; against it, 146: the majority in favor of the reading being 33.

SPAIN.

Some substantial progress has been made toward the establishment of a Government in Spain. On the 1st of June the Cortes, by a vote of 214 to 55, finally adopted the new Constitution. Señor Figueras, on the part of the Republicans, announced that they, though opposed to those clauses which provided for the establishment of a monarchy, would yet be governed by them. A motion to reduce the standing army from 85,000 to 25,000 was lost by a vote of 173 to 56. It was officially announced that the anniversary of the birthday of the ex-Queen (October 10) would, as usual, be publicly celebrated at Madrid. On the 6th of June the ceremony of the public proclamation of the adoption of the Constitution by the Cortes took place at Madrid. A platform was erected in front of the hall of the Cortes, upon which the deputies and other officials took their places. It was noted that none of the members recognized as Republicans took part in the ceremonies. The reading of the Constitution was received with cheers from the crowd in front of the stand. The deputies then returned to their chambers, and took the oath to protect the Constitution and the laws. Some disturbance then arose in the crowd, in spite of the efforts of the troops to put it down. This was, however, soon suppressed, but not until two persons were killed and several severely injured. They soon proceeded to establish a Government, taking the form of a Regency. The bill for the establishment of this was first read on the 8th of June, it being clearly understood that for the present there was no chance for the election of a King. General Prim expressly stated that in the present condition of uncertainty no person would come forward. Señor Ochoa spoke in favor of the speedy election of a King, favoring the choice of Don Carlos, the cousin of the late Queen. Señor Becerra replied that the prospects of Don Carlos were extinct, and could never be revived. Finally, after protracted debates, the Cortes, on the 16th of June, passed a decree, by a vote of 193 to 45, establishing a Regency, Marshal Serrano being appointed Regent, and General Prim Secretary of War and President of the Ministry. The other members of the Cabinet are wholly unknown out of Spain. Their names, as given by telegraph, are Silvela, Secretary of State; Hererra, of Justice; and Segusta, of the Interior.

Editor's Drawer.

THE late Justice Smith Thompson, of this State, the predecessor of Mr. Justice Nelson on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, was a man of jocular as well as juridical habit. The Drawer was a few evenings since conversing with a venerable jurist who was full of anecdote of the old-time judges, and, among others, recited this of Judge Thompson:

The Judge had dined with a gentleman whose hospitality was not more proverbial than the capacity of his wine-cellar and the quality of its contents. The session was long but pleasant. Next morning, on entering the court-room, but before taking his seat upon the bench, he was accosted in a courteous way by one of the guests of the previous evening, who asked, "Well, your Honor, how do you find yourself this morning?" "Excellent well," replied the Judge, rubbing his hands; "excellent well. I've just had a gin cock-tail, Sir, and it has operated like a *scire facias*—it has revived my judgment!"

ONE of the pleasantest essays in that pleasant book, "The Recreations of a Country Parson," is on "The Art of Putting Things." Pretty much every thing, in fact, that is said depends for effect on the way one says it. The simple and beautiful manner in which the parable of the Prodigal Son is "put" in the New Testament could not be bettered; and when read to us through the idioms of a foreign tongue seems to lose all its charm. For example, a young Chinaman, Choy Awah, a scholar at the Five Points House of Industry, reads the Testament in English, and then gives the sense in a dialect of his own; and this is what he makes of the parable of the Prodigal Son:

A man, he two sons. Son speak he to father; father got money; give some he; father he take it all right. I just now give you half. He give him half; he go long way—like me come China to New York. No be careful of money, use too much; money all gone; he very hungry. He went to man. He want work, he say; all right; he tell him to feed pigs. He give pigs beans; he eat with pigs himself. He just now talk: "My father he rich man—too much money. What for me stay here hungry? I want go back and see my father. I say to him, I very bad. He knows I bad. Emperor [God] see I bad. No be son, me be coolie." He go back; long way, father see him. He take him on the neck. The son say, "I very bad. I just now no be your son, I coolie." His father talkey to boy, and say, "Get handsome coat; give he ring; give he shoes; bring fat cow—kill him; give him to eat." They very glad. He all same dead; just now come back alive; he lost; he get back. Number one son come. He hear music; he tell servant, "What for they make music?" He say, "Your brother come back; your father very glad he no sick; he kill fat cow." Number one son very angry; he no go inside; very angry. Father he come out; he say, "No, no be angry." Number one son, he say, "I stay all time by father; never make him angry. My father never kill one fat cow for me. My brother he very bad, he use money too much; he have fat cow and music." Father say, "You no un-

derstand; he just dead; he now come to life; he lost, he now come back." They make music.

THE venerable Bishop Meade, of Virginia, used to relate with infinite glee a little anecdote upon himself, illustrative of the comparative effect of preaching with and without notes. Early in life the Bishop used no notes; subsequently he confined himself to manuscripts. While preparing a book on the old preachers of Virginia, he asked Mr. Andrew Hunter to give him some anecdotes for the work. Mr. Hunter said, "Well, Bishop, I have only one, and that is about yourself." "Let us have it, then," said the prelate; and it was as follows:

"Many years ago, when this valley of Virginia was a much wilder country than now, you preached here in Jefferson County. You used no notes on that occasion. A certain hunter, distinguished for his skill with the rifle, and who had a supreme contempt for a man who required 'a rest' from which to shoot, was in the congregation and listened attentively to you. You wore your clerical robes, and he was struck with the strange dress, as he had not heard many Episcopal preachers. After the sermon some one asked him how he liked the preacher. 'He's a right down good preacher,' said the hunter; 'and, by-the-way, he's the only one of them petticoat preachers that I ever heard that could preach without a rest!'"

THE *Philadelphia Ledger* of March 27 contains a portion of the testimony taken in the Girard Hall murder case, and in the advertising columns, appended to a notice to "the officers and members of Washington Council, No. 11, S. and D. A.," to attend the funeral, is a poem by Lizzie E. Mullen, Recording Secretary, on the murdered man (Joseph W. Smith), from which we segregate the following sympathetic stanzas:

"Brother, you did not deem it so soon
You was to meet your earthly doom;
When in the grave thy body lies,
At the resurrection for to rise.

"Ah! soul murderer, where art thou?
You the one that done the deed,
We would like to find thee now,
To give you what you justly need.

"Ah! sad are our hearts to-day,
When we see thy mortal clay;
No more thy pleasant face we'll see;
We will ever think of thee.

"It was your time to go, brother,
God has bidden you to come;
But, perhaps, you'll have no other
Than a bright and better home.

"O'er thy grave we will be weeping
Where thy body is secretly sleeping;
When we carry to the grave thy bier,
We will shed a silent tear."

It was a little hard upon that poor little school-boy in Porter County, Indiana, to have administered to him a tremendous cathartic by the schoolmistress, who construed physical punishment to relate simply to the bowels!

THE violin "interest" of Nova Scotia has recently suffered bereavement by the decease of two of its most eminent exponents, Patsey D—

and Tim Howard, who were conceded to be the ablest fiddlers in those parts. Their professional engagements were mainly at flash houses, raffles, and places where the company was more numerous than select. By a strange coincidence both died at nearly the same hour, and were to be buried on the same day, the graves being alongside each other. A stranger to the grave-digger being in the cemetery, approached that functionary and asked, "Who is this for?" "For Patsey D—, the Lord rest his soul!" was the reply. "And for whom is the other?" "That's for Tim Howard; 'tis chums they was." "And did they both die on the same day?" "Faith they did," said the digger; "and it must be a mighty big raffle that's goin' on down below when they'd be sindin' for the both of 'em on the same day!"

THE late Archibald Constable, the well-known Edinburgh publisher, was somewhat remarkable in his day for the caustic severity of his speech, which, however, was only a thin covering to a most amiable if somewhat overbearing disposition. On one occasion a partner of the London publishing house of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown was dining with Mr. C. at his country seat near the beautiful village of Lasswade. Looking out of the window, the Londoner remarked, "What a pretty lake, and what beautiful swans!" "Lake, mon, and swans!—it's nae a lake, it's only a pond; and they're naething but geese. You'll maybe notice that they are just five of them; and Baldy, that ne'er-do-weel bairn there, caws them Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown!" Sir Walter Scott, in telling the story, was wont to add: "That skit cost the 'crafty' many a guinea, for the cockney was deeply offended, as well he might be, not knowing the innocent intent with which his Scotch friend made such speeches."

AN instance of rare precocity in a ten-year-old recently occurred in the Sunday-school of an Episcopal church in Albany, the rector of which takes an especial pride in the proficiency of his pupils. He had given out, to be committed to memory by his scholars, the Collect for the day. On the following Sunday he called upon all who had got the Collect to hold up their right hand. The show of hands was decidedly poor, until he observed in the back part of the room a little girl of ten years (whose parents were not in the pale of the Church, and who had herself but recently entered the school) confidently elevating her hand. "Ah! I see a hand raised in Miss —'s class," said the encouraged rector; "please repeat the Collect to me, my good little girl!" The scholar appearing suddenly bewildered, her teacher said, "If you know the Collect, why don't you repeat it?" Our little heroine, evidently thinking something was wrong, bashfully stammered out: "I thought he wanted all that had the *colic* to hold up their hands, and I had it the other night, and father had to stay up and take care of me!" At last accounts the child was still living, in spite of the defects of her early Presbyterian (O. S.) training, which did not enable her to see any good reason why she should repeat the "Collect."

THE Duke of Wellington once set a good example to other prominent men who are pestered

by applications for indorsements for office. During the Peel administration an important situation in Ireland became vacant, to which an Irish relative of the Duke wished to be appointed. He therefore wrote to his Grace, and after having stated his wish, concluded his letter with these words: "One word from your Grace will be sufficient." The Duke's reply was laconic and characteristic:

"DEAR —: Not one word. From yours affectionately,
WELLINGTON."

Nepotism was less in favor with him than it seems to be on this side of the water.

As a simple matter of fact, irrespective of any theological bearing, the reply made by Uncle William — to his physician, Dr. D—, was entirely accurate. Uncle William was a wicked man. Dr. D— was good. Uncle William, being hungry, asked the Doctor for some bread. The Doctor approached the bedside of the sufferer, and in a very solemn tone remarked:

"My dear friend, man can not live by bread alone."

"No," replied wicked Uncle William; "he's bleegeed to have a *few* wegetables!"

AMONG the noted members of the Henry County (Illinois) bar, a few years since, was old Joe Knox, as he was familiarly called—a man of considerable note as a lawyer and as a wag. At the hotel where the profession were compelled to "put up" (where a good many things had to be put up with), provisions were neither plentiful nor easily obtained. Among the edibles submitted to the palates of the bar was the body of a venerable rooster, which refused to yield to the most vigorous application of the carving-knife. Day after day he made his appearance, but so untoothsome was his look that no reckless pleader ventured to wreak upon him the power of his molars. At the end of the week, when the bar came to prepare for departure, lawyer Knox, on leaving the dinner-table, approached the plate upon which rested the bodily frame of chancier, and taking him affectionately by the drumstick, shook it gently, saying, "Good-by, old fellow! good-by! We'll see you again next term!" Thus "resting" they silently emanated from the county seat.

THE following touching tribute to the memory of a Western pioneer appears in the organ of public opinion published in Traverse City, Michigan:

"DIED.—At half past 3 A.M. on Friday, the 12th of September, 62 years and 12 days, old Seth Hall Norris. He was interred near his residence, two miles north of Traverse City, on Sunday the 14th. The deceased came to this section of country eleven years ago. He has left behind him four stalwart boys and three girls, all good republicans and strictly temperate, and who *now* are on the *eve of prosperity*."

THE Rev. Dr. Hugh M'Neile, Dean of Ripon, has always been known in England as a violent Anti-Romanist. On one occasion, when rector of a church in Liverpool, his denunciations of the papists were so bitter that one of his churchwardens felt called upon to expostulate, and after service followed the reverend gentleman into the vestry-room for the purpose of expressing his views. He began: "Mr. M'Neile, I felt so hor-

rified to-day at your language about a Church that is at least Christian, like ourselves, that had I been seated near the door I should have walked out." Here the irate priest stopped him, and with an imperious wave of the hand toward the entrance, said, "You are not very far from the door now, Sir!"

A GRAY, though genial gentleman, who deems it a good thing now and then to "relieve the tedium of business with a little honest hilarity," asks us to republish the famous sermon, "He played on a harp of a thousand strings," preached twenty odd years ago by a man who to the calling of a Hard-shell Baptist preacher added the vocation of captain of a Mississippi flat-boat. The "discourse" is somewhat characteristic of "the river," but nevertheless good—of its kind:

SERMON.

I may say to yo, my brethering, that I am not an edecated man, an' I am not one o' them that bleeves edecation is necessary for a Gospil minister, fur I bleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated; an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my brethering, that I am a Hard-shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hard-shell Baptists; but I'd rather hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethering, drest up in fine close; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering; an' although I have bin a preacher uv the gospil for twenty year, an' although I'm captiv uv that flat-boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethering.

I'm not gwine to tell you *edzactly* whar my tex may be found: suffice it ter say it's in the leds of the Bible, an' you'll find it somewhar 'tween the fust chapter of the book of Generations an' the last chapter of the book of Revolutions; an' if you'll go an' sarch the Scriptures you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other *texes* as will do you good to read; an' my tex, when you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus:

"And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

My tex, brethering, leads me to speak of sperits. Now thar's a great many kind of sperits in the world. In the fust place, thar's the sperits as som folks calls ghosts; then thar's the sperits uv turpintime; an' then thar's the sperits as som folks calls liquor, an' I've got as good artikel uv them kind uv sperits on my flat-boat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi River; but thar's a great many other kinds uv sperits, for the tex says: "He played on a harp uv a *thou-sand* strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you uv the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex: it's *fire*. That is the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex, my brethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you light a pipe or cigar with; an' then thar's camfire; fire before you're ready to fall back, an' meny other kinds uv fire; for the

tex says: "He played on a harp of a *thou-sand* strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is ment in the tex, my brethering—it's *hell-fire*! an' that's the kind of fire as a great many of you'll come to ef you don't do better nor what you've bin doin'—for "He played on a harp uv a *thou-sand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

Now the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions in the world. In the fust place, we have the 'Piscopalians, an' they're a high-sailin' an' a high-falutin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard that flies up into the air, an' he goes up an' up till he looks no bigger than your finger-nail, an' the fust thing you know he cum down an' down, an' is a-fillin' himself on the kar-kiss uv a dead hoss by the side uv the road—and "He played on a harp uv a *thou-sand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

And then thar's the Methodis, an' they may be likened unto the squirrel runnin' up a tree; for the Methodis believes in gwine on from one degree uv grace to another, an' finally on to perfeckshun; an' the squirrel goes up an' up, an' he jumps from lim' to lim', an' branch to branch, an' the fust thing you know he falls, an' down he comes, *kerfummux*; an' that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallin' from grace—ah! And "He played on a harp of a *thou-sand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

And then, my brethering, thar's the Baptist—ah! and they hev bin likened unto a possum on a 'simmon-tree; an' the thunders may roll, an' the airth may quake, but that possum clings thar still—ah! An' you may shake one foot loose, but tother's *thar*; an' you may shake all his feet loose, but he laps his tail around the lim', an' he clings fur ever; for "He played on a harp uv a *thou-sand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

If you want to make old Satan run,

Play on the golden harp!

Just shoot him with the gospil gun,

Play on the golden harp!

Play on the golden harp! play on the golden harp!

In Forster's Biography of Walter Savage Landor there is an amusing account of the absent-mindedness of that eccentric genius:

On one of his visits to his sister at Warwick he had been so much put out by having left the key of his portmanteau behind him that his sister was not surprised to see him, when next he appeared at her house, eagerly flourishing in his hand an unlighted key—at once showing this to be his comforting assurance to her that any possible repetition of the former trouble had been guarded against. Storms of laughter followed from him as she expressed her satisfaction; and the last of his successive peals had scarcely subsided when, inquiry being made for his portmanteau, the fatal discovery presented itself that to bring only a key was more of a disaster than to bring only a portmanteau. On this occasion the portmanteau had been left at Cheltenham.

As a general thing young women are of a more obliging disposition than young men—an illustration of which comes from Monroe County, where a donation party was held last winter. At the supper-table a young person of the male gender, addressing one of his species at the far-

ther end of the table, said, "Moses, just start the milk this way, if you please."

One of the young ladies, eager to be accommodating, seized the cream-cup and handed it to her next neighbor, with the remark, "My name is not Moses, but I can start the milk;" which created a momentary smile, pending which she retired in good order.

WITH the exception of Governor Hoffman (if his case be an exception) no Governor has ever vetoed so many bills as Governor Palmer, of Illinois. His persistent determination to "protect the Constitution" annoyed many members of the Legislature, and none more so than Mr. —, one of the representatives from Henry County, who happens to be an ex-preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. On his return home from the State capital he found the people of his town blessed with a religious revival. He attended one of the Conference meetings, and in addressing the same remarked that he felt great confidence in his faith, and added, "I feel sure that I am going to heaven;" when one of his neighbors cried out:

"Amen! thank the Lord, Philip! Governor Palmer can't veto that! You've got the Governor this time!"

CAPITAL story-tellers are our judges and lawyers in private or on social occasions; but in court it seems to be out of keeping to mingle things jocular with things judicial. Now and then, however, it is not deemed *infra dig.* to be gravely merry. As, for instance, quite recently, in Lockport, in the Supreme Court, Judge Barker presiding:

A jurymen was absent from his seat, all the others being occupied. A dog, looking for his master, very quietly took the vacant place. The Judge, addressing Hon. A. P. Lanning, of Buffalo, said:

"You see, Mr. Lanning, that the jurymen's seats are all occupied. Are you ready to proceed?"

The distinguished pleader raised his glasses to his eyes, and after a brief survey of the jury box made the witty reply: "Your Honor, that fellow might do for a judge, but I should hate to trust him for a jurymen."

The good-natured Judge joined heartily in the merry laugh that followed, and proved that he could take as well as give a joke.

A GENTLEMAN who has just returned from a trip on the Pacific Railway happened to be obliged to pass a Sunday in one of the new, uncombed towns that have sprung up like magic on the line of the road, and to fill up the time went in the morning to a public room where religious services were held. The preacher sermonized on the subject of the devil going into the swine, and the swine into the sea, and divided his discourse into the following heads:

1st. The text proves that the devil was a drover.

2d. That he was a hog drover.

3d. That he brought his hogs to a *mighty poor market.*

And by way of "improving" the text told his hearers that, though rough frontiers-men, they were not exactly porkers; nevertheless, if they

didn't mind their eye, the old *hog merchant* would "fetch" them some way or other, and bring them to the same watery market that is alluded to in the text—which would be bad for them.

In one of the thriving towns of Oswego there is a neat cemetery, and among its graves is one at the head of which is a plain slab bearing the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
The earthly house or tabernacle of
SARAH A —
which fell Sept. 6th, 1847,
which had been standing
87 years & 6 months;
Her Psychology
was the wife of
Henry C. H —
and daughter of
Thomas & Mary —
John xl, 26th:
Believest thou this?
Yes! Sarah lives.

THE vicissitudes of the life of a circuit preacher were touchingly illustrated a few days since in the case of a modest young lady, who, on being asked where was her native place, replied: "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

A CLEVER writer has said that "the vagaries of habit are a never-ending source of perplexed inquiry." Especially is this the case in the habit most people have of constantly pronouncing words which they themselves neither hear nor observe, but which are instantly taken notice of by others. The familiar phrase sinks into our very nature, and, once firmly adopted, is all but ineradicable. Wilkie, the English painter, had a trick of speech of this sort. One day Calcott, an intimate friend, said to him:

"Do you know that every one complains of your continued *rea-al-ly*?"

Wilkie mused a moment, looked at Calcott, and drawled out, "Do they *rea-al-ly*?"

"You must leave it off."

"I will *rea-al-ly*."

"For Heaven's sake don't go on repeating it," said Calcott, "for it annoys me."

Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said, "Rea-al-ly!"

People who are not geniuses sometimes become intolerable to susceptible nerves from some unmeaning expletive having grown to their tongue's end, as it were. And there is no phrase too futile to serve for every conversational purpose, when one once allows the habit to get dominion over one's self.

In the palmy days of Natchez Judge V —, then a young man, was one of the leading members of the bar. On a certain occasion he had risen to address the jury in an important case. One of the jurymen was Stephen Kennedy, a good man, who could sneeze as no other mortal could. Judge V — had scarcely finished his exordium when Kennedy sneezed—sneezed three times, and such explosions! There was confusion in court; the jury were in commotion; the sheriff was convulsed with laughter, and unable to call "silence;" the dogs around the courthouse commenced barking, and the barking spread to the dogs of the village; a pack of hounds that were in training, and somewhat

used to the horn, howled out as only hounds do howl. Kennedy, poor fellow, looked scared; certainly his was the only serious face in the room. The clerk had gone out to laugh; the judge was endeavoring to smooth his own face; the bar was all in a titter. Just as the hounds had ceased a calf on the green near by bleated; this renewed the uproar. Meanwhile there stood Judge V——, not knowing when the storm would lull, or whether to take his seat or not. At length, when quiet was restored, and the jury had adjusted themselves, and poor Kennedy had wiped his face, nose, and eyes on a blue-checked handkerchief, the orator resumed his argument, saying: "Gentlemen of the jury, when I commenced addressing you, a short time since, I flattered myself that I was about to make a speech that was not to be sneezed at; but I am sorry to find that I have been mistaken, for another such sneeze would ruin me and blow us all out of court!" After getting himself, the court, and jury in a proper frame of mind, he proceeded to finish the argument; but the memory of the scene pervaded the minds of those who witnessed it long after court had adjourned.

THE celebrated Sprague-Craig breach of promise case, in Chicago, has elicited the following stanzas of that bailiwick the following stanzas:

TO AMANDA.

Amanda Craig, that gushing girl,
May now dismiss her scholars,
Since she has won, from poor old Sprague,
A hundred thousand dollars.

TO ELISHA.

Elysha Sprague, ewe badd old eg,
Whoo kant spel wurth a dern,
You terned your back to Mandy Kraig,
And now yer munny's hern.
Downe with yer greenbax, lett 'em trott,
So Mandy Kraig may buy
A luvver who no tumor's gott,
Nor weekness of the l.

THE Drawer is disposed to give a little aid in circulating the card of Messrs. ABBEY, DARRELL, and CHANCE, of Water Valley, Mississippi, who supplement thereto a notice of "Wanted—a few LIVE agents to sell popular BOOKS and MAPS, for which payment will be received in Rags, Beeswax, Brass, old Iron, and Dried Fruit." The main business of the firm, however, is to vend sewing and knitting machines, scales, stoves, smut machines, cotton-gins, pumps, church-bells, oil, and grave-stones; besides which they do a little stroke at life and fire insurance!

Nothing like variety.

As anecdotes of the bishops seem to be finding their way into the journals, the following fresh one from over sea is submitted. It comes from a bishop.

At the period spoken of there were two Dr. John Thomases, whose individuality was not easily distinguished. Their resemblances led to much laughable confusion. Some one, speaking of Dr. Thomas, was asked,

"Which Dr. Thomas do you mean?"

"Dr. John Thomas."

"They are both named John."

"Well, then," the interrogator would pursue, "Dr. Thomas who has a living in the city."

"They both have livings in the city."

Annoyed, but still seeing a way out of the difficulty—"Dr. Thomas who is chaplain to the king."

"They are both chaplains to the king."

Still baffled, but as if to bring the matter to an issue—"Dr. Thomas who is a very good preacher."

"They are both very good preachers."

Deeper and deeper in confusion, but still there is a ray of hope, and approaching the disagreeable—"Dr. Thomas who squints. Surely there can not be two squinting divines of the same name."

"Yes, they both squint."

And Newton adds of these twins, "They both were afterward bishops."

OUR collection of *Juvenalia* increases so upon our hands that we must classify them. Here are a few, illustrative of the odd turn which the religious idea sometimes takes in little heads:

"A far-away cousin of my wife," writes a Baltimore correspondent, "is now on a visit to us. He is a rather bright lad, but 'raised' away back in the 'piney woods,' where they 'haven't heard of Sunday' yet. Of course his religious notions are rather vague, and my wife has taken no little pains to instruct him in such things. He was greatly puzzled to find the shops all shut on Sunday. By dint of infinite pains my wife succeeded in making him comprehend the reason of this, and he was quite satisfied until he happened to observe that the druggist shops were open on the day of rest."

"Aunt Susan," asked he, "what makes them shops open Sundays?"

"Oh, these are druggist shops, where they sell medicines. People get sick on Sundays as well as on other days, and must have medicines to make them well."

"Didn't you say that it is God who makes folks sick?"

"Certainly."

"Does he make 'em sick Sundays?"

"Certainly he does."

"Then ain't he wicked? Don't he work Sunday, Aunt Susan?"

"It required all my wife's ingenuity to explain the matter to his comprehension."

THE following is sent by another correspondent:

"Oh, mamma," said my little boy the other day, who had been listening to my conversation with a friend, "did you say I was born on Sunday?"

"Yes, my child."

"Ain't I wicked, mamma?"

"Why, what makes you ask that?"

"Ain't I a Sabbath-breaker, for being born Sunday? But, mamma, I didn't mean to; I'm sure I didn't."

THE next anecdote comes from Savannah, Georgia:

I have a little four-year-old niece, who asks odd questions, and draws funny inferences.

"Aunt Mary," inquired she the other day, "what are angels?"

"They are God's servants, Nelly."

"Oh," rejoined she, after a pause of deep

thought, "if the angels is God's servants, they'se niggers, ain't they?"

THOSE of our readers who have ever passed through Chatham Street must have observed the enormous boots which stand as signs before the shops of certain ambitious disciples of St. Crispin:—Boots whereof it is said in the capital "Richardsiana"—the best collection of parodies (next after the "Rejected Addresses") ever made:

"What a leg that boot would hold,
Leg of giant stout and grim;
Fabled by the bards of old,
And nowise slim!"

We were once passing by the biggest of these big boots. Just before us was a man leading a lad of some four years.

"Johnny," said the parent, "do you see that great boot there?"

"Oh yes, papa, what a big boot it is! Ain't that God's boot?"

The idea was not a very unnatural one. The little fellow saw clearly enough that the big boot was quite too large for his father's wear. It had never occurred to him that a boot could be intended for any other purpose than to be worn by somebody; and he could not believe that there was any being greater than his father, except God.

AN English gentleman was on a visit to a friend in Oswego, New York, who was blessed with two fine little boys of three and four years of age, to one of whom he made the tempting offer of a pretty white pony, with flowing mane and tail, if he would accompany him to Canada. Master Charlie considered the offer for a minute, and replied:

"You've got no pony."

"Well, I can buy one for you, my little man."

"No, you can't."

"Why, Charlie?"

"Because you've got no money."

There was more truth than poetry in this view of the case, so the Englishman said:

"How do you know that?"

"Because you don't go to your office, like my papa; and if you haven't got any office, how can you have any money?"

Truly, as John Chinaman says, "How can?"

"OLD ROSE" was the most conceited, crabbed, opinionated fellow to be met any where. What he didn't know wasn't worth knowing, and he took it as an insult if any one essayed to give him any information.

At last he fell seriously ill, and was more crabbed and opinionated than ever. It soon became evident that he was near his end; but no one liked to tell him of his condition. A pious old neighbor finally took upon himself the solemn task.

"Neighbor Rose," said he, "there is something that I feel it my duty to tell you."

"You tell me any thing!" snapped Old Rose, in great scorn.

"But I must tell you, Mr. Rose, that you are dying."

"Mind your own business. I guess I know what I'm about," growled the old man, with his dying breath.

It is ill jesting on solemn subjects, but for a long while the neighborhood phrase, equivalent to the modern injunction to "dry up," was "I guess I know what I'm about, as Old Rose said when he was dying."

DURING the political canvass in Mississippi last summer the talented editor of the — *Democrat* took an active part in the speech-making department, and on one occasion was addressing a large audience of negroes—men, women, and children—in an old gin-house. Every thing went on swimmingly in the earlier part of his speech, and the very respectful attention with which his remarks were received encouraged the orator to mount higher and touch the easily awakened emotions of his dusky hearers. The first time he rounded off a period with animation one old woman cried out "Amen!" at the top of her voice, thinking she was hearing a sermon. Somewhat astonished the speaker went on, and gradually overcome by the importance of his theme he ventured another flight, and was greeted from all parts of the audience with shouts of "Yes, Lord!" "Amen, Brudder!" "Glory be to God!" and soon the entire house was filled with singing and chanting and shouting, in the midst of which the speaker made his escape, thoroughly imbued with the idea that he had mistaken his calling, and should have been a missionary to the Freedmen.

DAFT JAMIE was a well-known character in the city of Edinburgh forty years ago. As his sobriquet implies, he was crazy, but the crack in his skull let in sufficient light to enable him to run on errands and carry letters for those who might employ him. The poor harmless lad was the last victim of the infamous Burke and Hare, and it was by his death that the long series of murders by those wretches was brought to light.

One cold winter day Jamie delivered a letter to Bailie —, and waited at the office-door while the clerk was preparing a reply.

"Weel, Jamie, my mon," said the official, "how's a' wi' ye?"

"Na that gude, Bailie; I had an unco bad dream last night."

"And what might it be about?" queried the Bailie, as he stood with his back to the blazing hearth, regarding with easy indifference the shivering messenger.

"Deed then, Bailie, I just thocht I was in hell."

"So! And what sort of a place did you find it, laddie?"

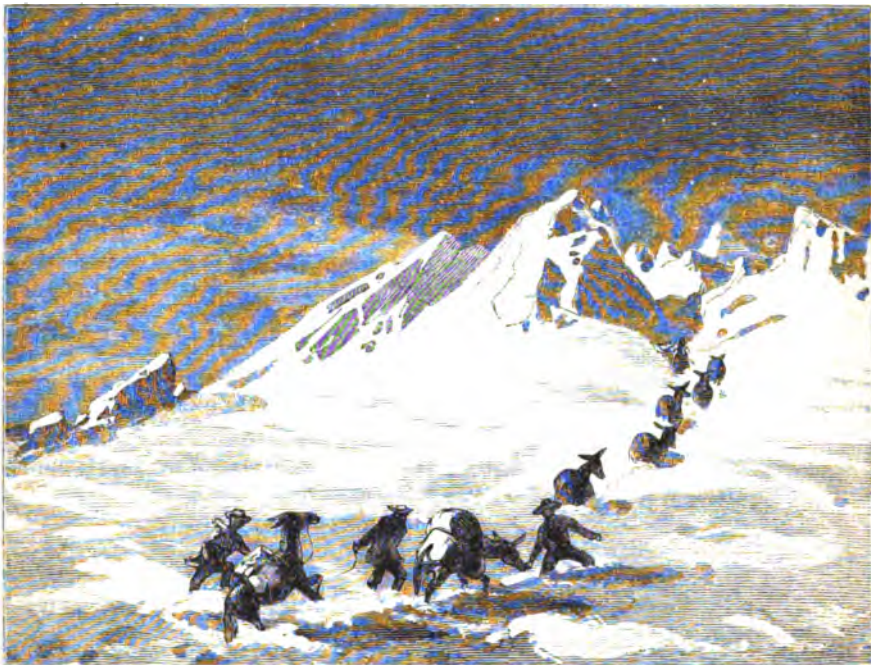
"Ou, just like aw ither places; the biggest rogues nearest the fire!"

It is well known that Mr. Webster, although one of the foremost orators of his time, set a comparatively low value upon rhetorical efforts. He was at one time on very intimate terms with a well-known New York gentleman, now dead, who was often at his house at Marshfield. Noticing this intimacy one of his rural neighbors asked him one day, at a moment of familiar intercourse: "Who is this Mr. —, Mr. Webster?—is he a great orator?" "Great orator!" he replied, opening his eyes with real or affected astonishment. "No, Sir; he soaks into the higher regions; he knows how to make money!"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXII.—SEPTEMBER, 1869.—VOL. XXXIX.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE HIGH ROCKIES.



TRAVELING ABOVE THE SNOW-LINE.

PLACES and people are made familiar to us by means of the camera in the hands of skillful operators, who, vying with each other in the artistic excellence of their productions, avail themselves of every opportunity to visit interesting points, and take care to lose no good chance to scour the country in search of new fields for photographic labor.

During our late war we had photographic representations of battle-fields, which are now valuable as historical material, both for present and for future use.

The battle of Bull Run would have been photographed "close up" but for the fact that a shell from one of the rebel field-pieces took away the photographer's camera. In 1863, while photographing Fort Sumter and the Confederate batteries in the vicinity of Charleston, a courageous operator saw his camera twice

knocked over by fragments of shell, his camera-cloth torn, and the loose white sand of Morris Island scattered over plates and chemicals. The veteran artillerists who manned the battery from which the views were made wisely sought refuge in the bomb-proofs to secure themselves from the heavy shell fire which was opened upon their fortification; but the photographer stuck to his work, and the pictures made on that memorable occasion are among the most interesting of the war. Many of the best photographs of events that occurred during the war were made by the adventurous artist who now furnishes pictures of scenes among the High Rockies, and narrates the adventures incident of the long journey during which the photographs were made.

Early in the summer of 1867 a surveying party of about forty persons left California to

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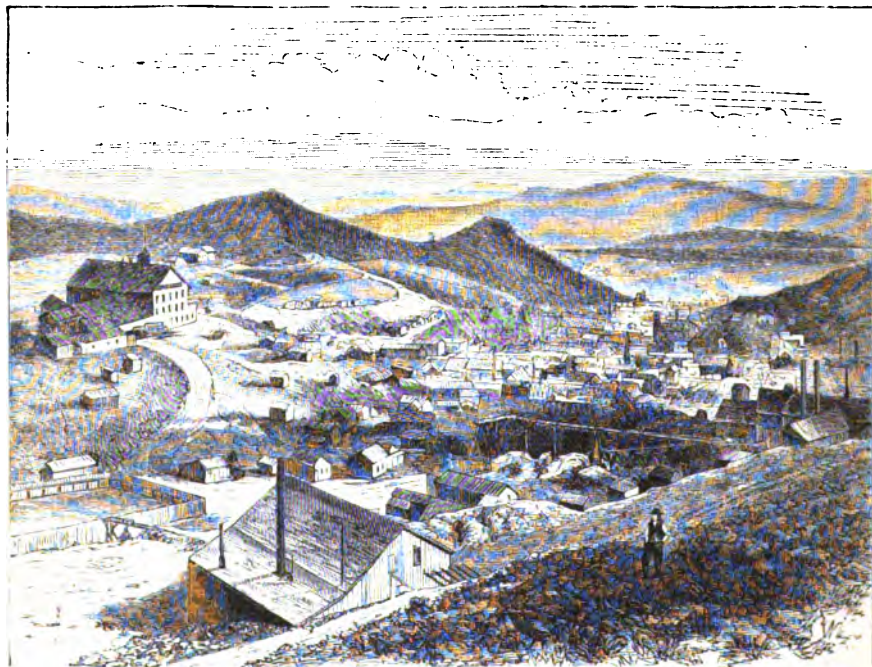
THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S OUTFIT.

proceed eastward directly across the different ranges of the Rocky Mountains as far as the Great Salt Lake, and traveled most of the distance in the vicinity of the proposed route of the Central Pacific Railroad. The company comprised scientific gentlemen and other civilians, such as cooks and packers, to the number of seventeen. An escort of twenty men from the Eighth United States Cavalry, under the command of a sergeant, was considered a force quite adequate to guard against any danger from the Piutes and other tribes of mountain Indians who might be attracted by the stock,

rations, or *hair* of the party. Two mules and an experienced packer were assigned to the photographing artist, and were by him duly accepted as a satisfactory outfit for the proposed expedition.

Traveling for some days in California, through fair mountain country, the mules became used to their packs, and the party sufficiently familiar with each other to realize the fact that to know a man well you must campaign with him.

A tarry at Nevada City, long enough to rest the stock, gave the Artist time to explore the mines along the great Comstock Lode, situated



GOLD HILL AND SILVER CITY.



THE NETTIE.

in Gold Hill and Silver City. This locality was a few months since visited by one of the direst calamities that ever befell the inhabitants of the mining regions of our country. I refer to the fires on the different levels of the Crown Point, Kentuck, and Yellow Jacket mines.

By means of magnesium light interesting views were taken of places located several hundred feet below daylight; but as this is not an article relating to gold mining, we will come up out of that profitable hole in the ground from which something like ninety million dollars in gold have been taken, and proceed northward to the banks of the Truckee, a swiftly flowing stream which empties its alkaline waters into the southern portion of Pyramid Lake.

The Truckee has its source in the Wabash Mountains, from the cañon and gorges of which flow brooks that may be traced to living springs of almost any mineral property that one may desire. These brooks combining form the Truckee. On this river the *Nettie*, a boat at which a single glance was all that was necessary to convince a man reared on the rugged coast of New England that the craft was the handiwork of an artisan who had built boats for New London fishermen. She was a perfect model of her class.

The pack animals were left in charge of the men who were not desirous to visit Pyramid Lake, while into the *Nettie* were stowed provisions and articles of actual necessity, among which may be mentioned the instruments and chemicals necessary for our photographer to "work up his views."

To sail or float down the rapids of the Truckee in a boat of the *Nettie's* build was an undertaking that, prior to this time, had not been accomplished. Between the rapids of the stream lay stretches of deep still water, through which the boat glided, impelled either by sail or sweeps. Presently the great rapids are reached; the stream is wider and shallower. Danger is near. The location of the rock, that

is hidden beneath the rushing water, is discovered by the whirling eddy. In some places the foaming torrent dashes against a projecting spur of rock that breaks the current in showers of spray, of which the larger drops fall in the form of tiny crystal spheres that dance and sparkle for an instant ere they disappear below in the swift stream that has, in places, worn its course through, and exposed to view singular rock formations that tell of volcanic action.

The trunk of a tree comes floating swiftly down the tide, and is plunged into the whirling rapids. The stout stem that has stood for years, a landmark for the Piutes, is in a moment splintered by the rushing water as if riven by lightning. It is through these rapids that the *Nettie* must be navigated, if she can be released from the strong hold which the current has of her, as she lies jammed by the mad velocity of the stream against two projecting rocks. The strong oars are swept away and caught by the rocks below. In a twinkling the tough ash is bent into a shape more like the bow of an ox yoke than that of the tried oar.

Our photographic friend, being a swimmer of no ordinary power, succeeded in reaching the shore, not opposite the *Nettie*, though it was but forty yards from the shore, for he was carried a hundred yards down the rapids. A rope was thrown to him from the boat, and thus he rescued the little craft with her crew from their perilous situation. The sharp rocks had torn the little clothing of which he had not divested himself, and had so cut and bruised his body that he was glad to crawl into the brier tangle that fringed the river's brink. When at last he gained the point nearest to the boat his excited friends threw shoreward his pocket-book, freighted with three hundred dollars in twenty-dollar gold pieces. "That was rough," said he; "for I never found that 'dust' again, though I prospected a long time, barefooted, for it." The line which had been thrown was quickly made fast to a convenient spur of rock, and the

Nettie, half filled with water, was soon hauled to the shore, where the exploring party, wet and famished, pitched their camp among the briers for the night. On the following morning the *Nettie* was finally passed through the rapids by the aid of ropes, and not long after the party arrived at the outlet of Pyramid Lake, an irregular and stormy sheet of water, some 30 miles long and 12 wide.

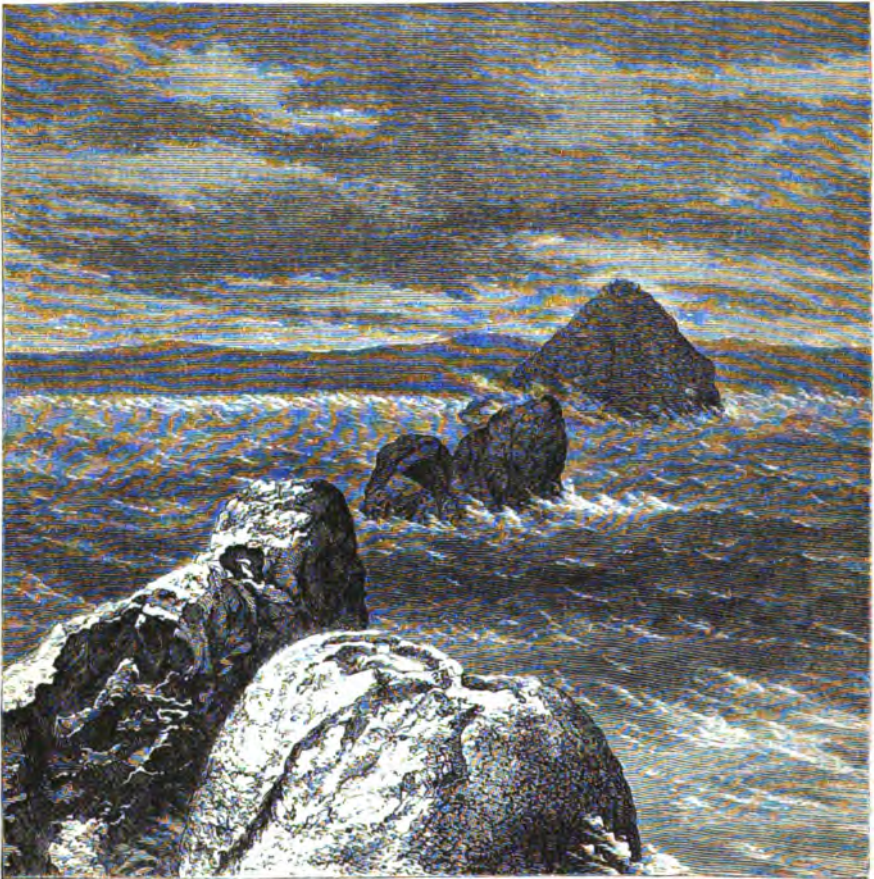
The peculiar rock formations, from which this lake derives its name, are remarkable even among the "Rockies." The principal pyramid towers above the lake to a height of more than 500 feet, presenting in its general outline a remarkably perfect pyramidal form. Close scrutiny shows portions of its sides to consist of volcanic tufa, which greatly resembles a vegetable growth of vast size.

In color the pyramidal mounds vary with the varying light. At some moments they convey the impression of a rich, warm, brown tint; at others the hue is a cool gray that more nearly resembles the color which a close examination will prove to be the true one.

A visit to the largest pyramid developed the

fact that it was occupied by tenants entirely capable of holding inviolate their prior right of possession against all human visitors. From every crevice there seemed to come a hiss. The rattling, too, was sharp and long continued. The whole rock was evidently alive with rattlesnakes. In every party that ever ventured into a country infested by rattlesnakes are some men who derive great pleasure in killing every snake that may show its head or sound its rattle. A loud shout of "Snakes! rattlers!" brought out the band of exterminators; but such a number of snakes came upon the field that it was clearly beyond the power of our snake-haters to carry on the combat with any hope of final victory. They gave up, and abandoned the locality to the serpentine tribe, which will probably retain the ownership for a period of time indefinite and unlimited.

The water of Pyramid Lake is clear, sparkling, and very salt. It abounds in fish, among which are the *couier*, a sprightly fish, having flesh the color of salmon, and quite as game. In weight this fish ranges from three to twenty pounds, and an occasional specimen rises to the



PYRAMID LAKE.



STRANGE TUFFA.

fly that will scale quite twenty-five pounds. Besides the *couler* there is an abundance of trout, not precisely the speckled beauties of the Lake Superior region; neither do they bear a very close resemblance to the sluggish, black, spotted trout of our more Southern States. It is a trout, nevertheless, which rises readily to the artificial fly, and is a pleasing morsel for the epicurean palate. Cooked in the various styles known to the campers, this fish will compare favorably with its eastern brethren. Other varieties of the finny tribe abound in Pyramid Lake; but these are the ones which will be most sought after by any courageous disciple of Izaak Walton, who leaves the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad where it strikes the Truckee, and who ventures down to its outlet in this curious lake.

From Pyramid Lake the exploring party journeyed back by land to a point on the overland stage route, where the animals and extra camp equipage were in waiting for them. The Central Pacific Railroad has now its iron bands beside this road, and, in this vicinity, passes

through a valley picturesque, and, for this section, tolerably fertile.

The next point of interest was the Humboldt Valley and Sink, on the way to which the party passed through a country where, besides the Indians, were occasionally found white inhabitants who had come from the Eastern States and traveled thus far on their long journey to California, and here they had squatted. These people seem to be peculiar to this portion of the Union. They have, ordinarily, left the States many years before, and migrating toward the famed Eldorado of the Pacific coast, have, from some reasons best known to themselves, here shortened their trail and come to a full stop. Possibly, and even quite probably, the Indians have "cleaned them out," to use the Plains' phraseology; that is, have stampeded their stock, and appropriated whatever was of any value in the "outfit" to their own use and behoof, leaving the emigrant to settle down, squat, where he was, and obtain such subsistence as he might be able to secure by cutting and preparing wild hay for the use of the great mining

companies which dot those sections of the Rocky Mountains as do red barns the rugged hillsides of the old Granite State.

In this way the wayfarer will get a little "dust" ahead to help him to a new start for the promised land, and this will only result in another tarry at the first locale that pleases his fancy, and there he will again settle down, an inviting bait to any party of *bad* Indians that may wander like himself, but with a more definite purpose, into the little valley that satisfies the "hay rancher."

It takes a long time to reach California by adopting such a trail as this; and if the pilgrim does at last arrive there, the chances will be as nine to ten that this perambulating life-waster will take the back track, declaring his purpose to be "to clar the settlements 'cause thar ain't no ground that's worth any thing but what's taken up."

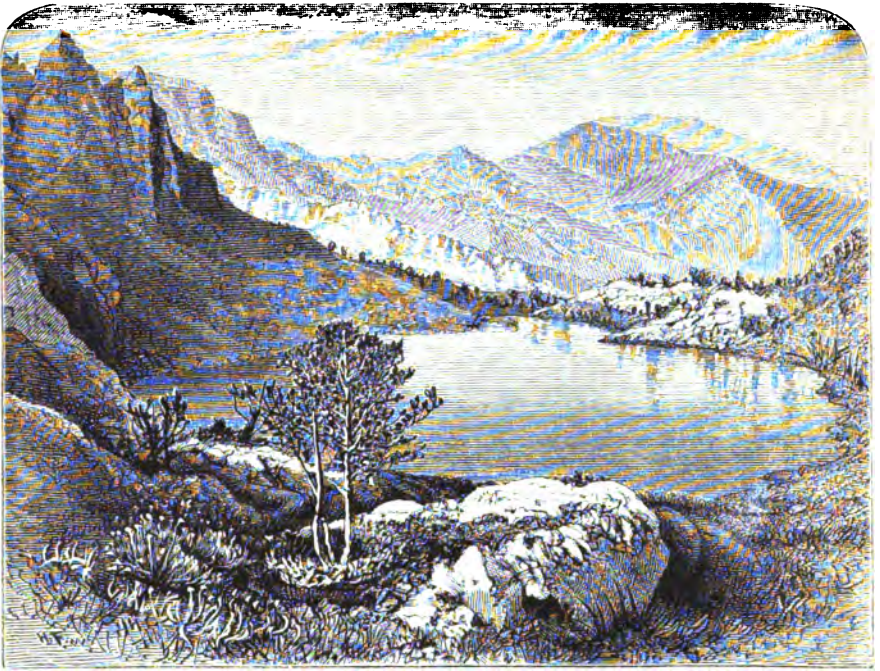
The Humboldt Sink is one of those peculiarities that nature presents as picturesque evi-

dence of great volcanic convulsions that have occurred in years long since passed away. In the Humboldt and Carson "sinks"—a term indigenous to this locality—as well as in many other parts of the High Rockies, where traces of volcanic eruptions are found, the horizontal system of rock is not commonly seen. The rocks present a broken outline which may be pleasing enough to the eye, but to journey over with pack-mules is found laborious and difficult in the extreme. The foothold is very insecure, and danger from fragments of rock that are frequently dislodged by those who are in advance is continually experienced by the climbers in the rear. The accompanying illustration will convey some idea of a mountain crest, one of the curiosities of the Great Humboldt Sink.

To persons engaged in mountain climbing, the rarity of the atmosphere is one of the first among the many discomforts that will be likely to be experienced. Animals suffer from this



THE CARSON SINK.



HIGH WATER.

thin, depreciated atmosphere quite as much as men, and it was not difficult to learn that the mule which made an easy burden of a pack at the altitude of 2000 feet above the Pacific could not bear the same load over any long trail at the height of 10,000 or 11,000. It will be noticed, too, that birds seldom make long flights when in the rarer atmosphere of the higher peaks of the Rockies.

In speaking of the Humboldt and Carson sinks our photographer remarks: "It was a pretty location to work in, and *viewing* there was as pleasant work as could be desired; the only drawback was an unlimited number of the most voracious and particularly poisonous mosquitoes that we met with during our entire trip. Add to this the entire impossibility to save one's precious body from frequent attacks of that most enervating of all fevers, known as the 'mountain ail,' and you will see why we did not work up more of that country. We were, in fact, driven out by the mosquitoes and fever. Which of the two should be considered as the more unbearable it is impossible to state."

Some portions of the trail next followed were over a traveled route; but the greater portion of the distance was through or over a country absolutely wild and unexplored, except what the Indians and fur-trappers who frequent the mountains may have accomplished in the way of exploitation.

In moving from the Pacific coast toward the foot-hills, which form the eastern limit of the great mountain range of our continent, the trav-

eler will find it necessary to cross range after range, all having a general direction from north to south. Many of these ranges are only separated by little valleys. The usual distance from range to range is not more than 25 or 30 miles, and frequently the distance is not even so great.

In crossing these ranges or "divides," as these irregularities are designated in the language of the country, our exploring party found it necessary to travel during the midnight hours. The reason for this being the condition of the snow-crust, which in the summer season is not sufficiently thick, even on the highest ranges, during the day, to sustain the weight of either man or beast. In crossing some of these snow-covered crests the party endured indescribable hardships, for the crust was in some cases too thin, even at two or three o'clock in the morning, to bear up the sharp hooved mules, burdened with their heavy packs. In one instance not less than thirteen hours were consumed in crossing a divide, and the whole distance traveled did not exceed $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. On this occasion snow-drifts from 30 to 40 feet in depth were crossed. The men and animals were frequently lost from sight.

When, during the day, they arrived at the snow-line, they camped until midnight, or even later, to wait till the surface snow which had thawed during the day should become frozen or crusted by the frosty air of night—this crust, as a general rule, being sufficiently strong to bear up men and animals, and make it pos-

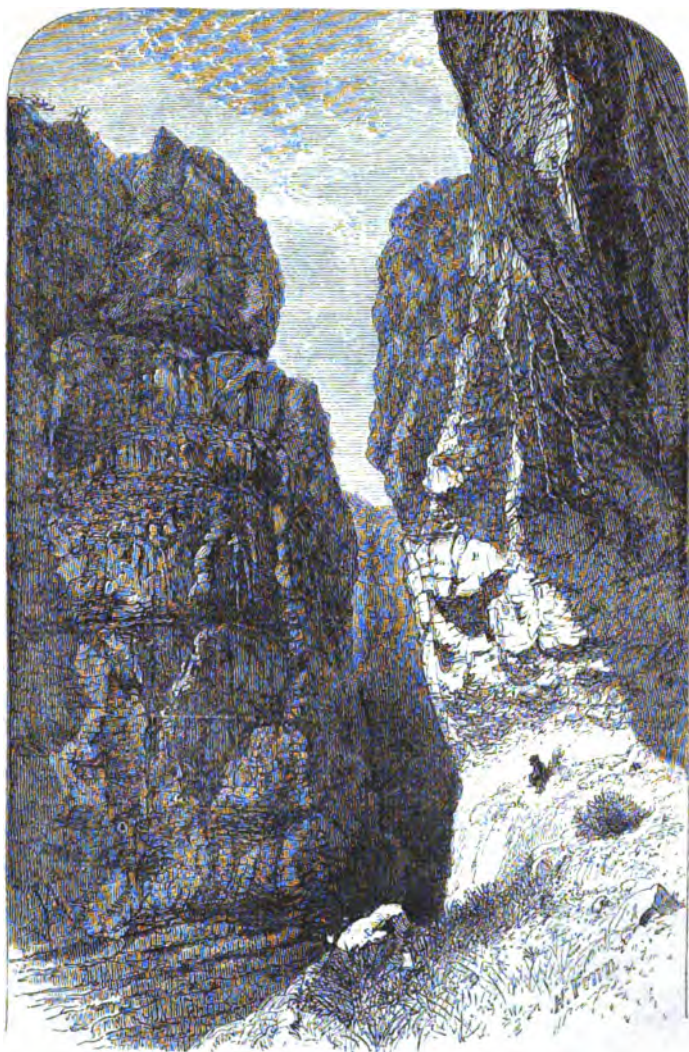


THE RUBY RANGE.

sible to take a trail which would otherwise be quite impracticable.

The explorers frequently found in the valleys little basins of snow-water that were of an extent to be dignified by the name of lake; indeed such they were, though some of them were found at an altitude of nearly 9000 feet above the surf that rolls upon the shores of the grand Pacific coast.

In the Ruby Range, one of the finest of the Rocky cordon, are some of the most beautiful of these lakelets. Near the lake, too, there are quite a number of trees. Some of them, notwithstanding the altitude of their situations, have attained considerable size.



CAÑON IN THE RUBY RANGE.

This particular locality has been for years a favorite resort for some few Indians of the Piute tribe, attracted, maybe, by the excellence of the pine-nut which grows in the vicinity, and by springs of which the waters are said to possess great curative properties in certain cases of physical malady. The pine-nut is one of the principal articles used as food by these Pintes and other mountain tribes. The general appearance of the tree is not unlike our pine of the Eastern States; the branches are more gnarled and the leaf somewhat longer; the cone or bur is much larger, and affords the little wedge-shaped nut, which the Indians secure late in the fall by throwing the burs into a fire, from which they are taken when charred and the nuts shaken out. From some of these burs

the number of nuts obtained would quite fill an ordinary tea-cup. This nut, when dried, is sometimes pounded into a coarse meal, which is made into cakes and baked in the ashes, in much the same manner as the hoe-cake is by the negroes of the South. In taste the nut is resinous, and to the palate unaccustomed to the food not extremely agreeable.

The cañons in the Ruby Range were among the most interesting places met with during the entire trip. Standing just within the entrance of the one here shown it was possible to realize the immense power which could force this vast passage through a rock that would seem quite too hard to suffer greatly from the pigmy strength of man. The strata of the rocks are quite regular, and no marked appearance that



SHIFTING SAND-MOUNDS.

the great trap has been occasioned by volcanic action can be noted; indeed, there is evidently great dislodgment of rock, and the stratification is invariably horizontal, or with only a slight dip.

Our photographer, becoming tired of too much High Rocky, took advantage of an opportunity that offered to visit the great mounds of shifting sand which are located in an arid waste nearly a hundred miles to the south of the Carson Sink. For this trip an ambulance drawn by a team of four mules was used instead of the pack mule; a change in the means of locomotion

that enhanced the comfort of the artist, and enabled him to transport a sufficient quantity of water to make the variety of views that he purposed to add to his already magnificent and valuable collection.

Arriving in the vicinity of the sand-mounds, the first impression conveyed by them was that of immense snow-drifts, for in the sunlight the white sand sparkled like a hard frozen crust of snow. The contour of the mounds was undulating and very graceful, it being continually broken into the sharp edges left by the falling away of some portions of the mound, which had



ABOVE THE SHOSHONE FALLS.

been undermined by the keen winds that spring up during the last hours of daylight and continue throughout the night.

Frequently, while traversing this waste, a light breeze would catch the sand, loosened by a footstep, and carry the sparkling crystals up the mound in the form of a whirlwind. This circling cloud of sand appeared each moment to increase in size and strength until the crest of the mound was attained, when, as if ambitious of continuing its flight, the dancing sand took one whirl more, then broke, and its dismembered fragments were added to the other side of the mound. It is by the whirlwinds that these great mounds of sand—some of them reaching to the height of 500 feet—are shifted from place to place.

The photographer returned from the shifting sand-mounds and joined the party, which had already advanced some distance along the trail to the eastward, taking for their route the overland stage road. Then leaving this they moved northward toward the falls of the Snake River, designated, in the vicinity of Salt Lake, as the Great Shoshone Falls. The volume of water pouring over the Shoshone Falls is small compared with the great flood which gives grandeur to Niagara. Neither is the width of the river greater than that portion of Niagara known as the American Fall. In the Shoshone we have fall after fall to view as a preliminary exhibition. Each cascade is a splendid fall of itself, and the vast walls of rock are worn into weird forms by the constant action of rushing water.

The surroundings of the main fall are such that any number of views may be had of the scene. Standing upon the craggy rocks that jut out from and form the walls of the tableland below the falls, one may obtain a bird's-eye view of one of the most sublime of Rocky Mountain scenes. Even in this location, which is many feet above the falls, the air is heavy with moisture, which is attributable to the mist into which the river's great leap shivers the water. From the position on the crags you have also a grand sight of the different falls, of which the main one seems but the culmination. Each small fall is in itself a perfect gem with a setting of grandeur in the glorious masses of rock. On one great wall can be traced a tolerably perfect outline of a vast figure of a man. The whole form is not less than 160 feet in height.

There is in the entire region of the falls such wildness of beauty that a feeling pervades the mind almost unconsciously that you are, if not the *first* white man who has ever trod that trail, certainly one of the very few who have ventured so far. From the island above the falls you may not see the great leap that the water takes, but you will certainly feel sensible of the fact that you are in the presence of one of Nature's greatest spectacles as you listen to the roar of the falling water and gaze down the stream over the fall at the wild scene beyond.

Our photographic glimpses of Rocky Mountain scenery end with the picturesque little natural bridge which serves for a crossing over a deep gorge in the neighborhood of the falls.



NATURAL BRIDGE.



THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA.

THE EYE AND THE CAMERA.

HAVE you ever had the curiosity to put your head under the black cloth which hangs over the camera of the photographer, and see what it is that he looks at when he stands adjusting the instrument? If you have not, you had better ask permission to do so the next time you go with a friend to have a picture taken. You will see in the instrument the image of your companion standing on his head.

One can easily make a simple experiment which illustrates this inversion of the image. With a fine needle pierce a hole in a card, and then hold the card between a lamp or candle and a screen. The image of the light will be

seen reversed upon the screen. In order to make the image distinct to the eye the room must have no other light than the one used, and the hole in the card must be very small.

When the light of the sun falls upon objects in nature it is reflected from them, with modifications resulting from the character of the surface of the objects; and the reflected rays are, in most cases, thrown in every direction in which they can proceed in straight lines. If at one side of the object so illuminated a screen be interposed so as to cut off the rays proceeding in some one general direction, and a small hole be made in the screen, it will result that rays passing through this hole will reproduce an image of the objects from which they are reflected upon whatever surface may be presented at a convenient distance beyond the screen to receive them.

This image, however, will be inverted, the upper part of the external object appearing at the bottom of the image, the lower part at the top, the right hand side at the left, and the left hand side at the right. The cause of this is, that the rays passing through the aperture from the upper part of the objects in question, since they must descend in a straight line, will cast their light upon the lower part of the surface where the image is formed, while those reflected from the lower part of the illuminated objects, passing upward through the aperture, will be thrown upon the upper part of the surface.

This experiment may be tried by holding some screen opposite a keyhole in a dark room, if there are brightly illumined objects in view outside the door. If, instead of a keyhole, which is of irregular form, a round aperture be made, and a lens of suitable form be inserted in it, in order to give distinctness to the image, and



PHOTOGRAPHIC OPERATING ROOM.



THE INVERTED IMAGE.

the room be made very dark, so as to render the image visible to the eye, the forms, colors, and motions of external objects will be reproduced with a magical effect. This is the *Camera Obscura*—that is, the “Dark Chamber.”

In order to bring the image into its proper position for the eye, it should be received upon a mirror set at an angle of forty-five degrees, so as to restore the image to the upright position, and cast it upon a table with a white surface below.

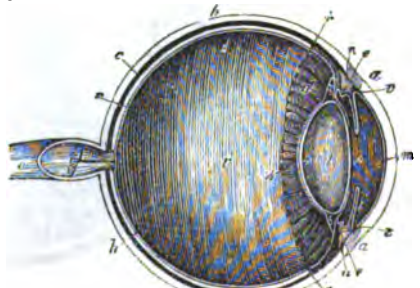
The eye is such a “dark chamber” as we have described. The pupil is an aperture in a curtain or screen which is called the *iris*. On either side of this screen—that is, in front of the iris and behind it—are the lenses which serve to give distinctness to the image; and the back of the chamber, the whole interior of which is colored black, receives an inverted image of external objects. The illustration on the following page shows the essential features of the eye.* Thus it is that the eye receives the

image of all the world upside down! How it is that the nervous organization, in reflecting

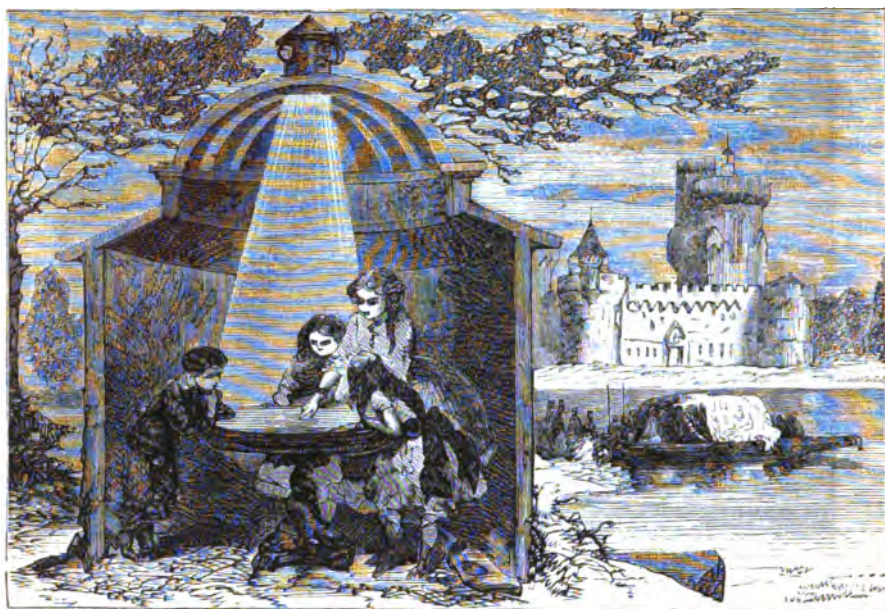
crystalline is situated between the aqueous and the vitreous. The aqueous humor is divided by the iris into two portions—the anterior and the posterior. The crystalline humor, or lens, is double-convex in figure, held in position by the ciliary ligament and muscle. The vitreous humor is held in position by a delicate membrane, which traverses it in every direction. The iris is composed of muscular fibres, some of which pass circularly around the centre opening, or pupil, while others are arranged as radii. When a strong light falls on the iris, the circular fibres contract and diminish the opening of the pupil. The black pigment is the screen of the eye, on which the humors bring the image of objects to a focus. The retina is formed by the expansion of the optic nerve. The optic nerves do not pass directly from each eye to the same side of the brain, but they meet at a short distance behind the orbits, so that a portion of those from one eye pass to that side of the brain, and a portion to the other. Thus there is a perfect communication between the eyes, and any thing which affects one of them is almost sure to produce disturbance in the other. The accompanying illustration, by Dr. Draper, shows the essential parts of the mechanism of the dark chamber of the human eye: *a a* is the cornea; *r* the retina; *i* the iris; *e* the lens; *m* anterior chamber of the aqueous humor; *p* posterior chamber; *d* *r* *r* ciliary body; *v* vitreous humor; *o* optic nerve.

* For the sake of those who wish to look further into this subject, and to see how far the “dark chamber” of the eye within the space of an inch exceeds all that man can do, we give the following, much abridged, from Dr. John C. Draper’s work on *Anatomy and Physiology*:

The globe of the ball, which is about one inch in diameter, is composed of three coats—the *sclerotic*, *choroid*, and *retina*. The *sclerotic* is formed of dense white fibrous tissues, and gives to the ball its figure and white color. The *choroid* is the vascular coat, consisting of arteries and veins, and lined interiorly with black pigment. The *retina* is the nervous coat, and is formed by the expansion of the optic nerve. The optical mechanism consists of the *cornea*, three humors, the *iris*, and the *screen* or black pigment. The cornea is shaped and fitted into the sclerotic like a watch-glass into its case. The three humors are the *aqueous*, *crystalline*, and *vitreous*. The vitreous occupies about four-fifths of the bulk of the eyeball; the aqueous lies immediately behind the cornea; the



THE EYEBALL.



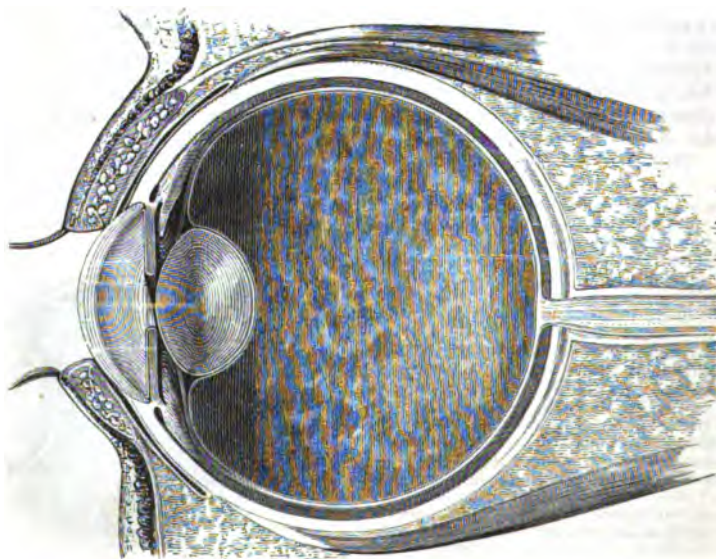
THE DARK CHAMBER.

this image into the mind, reinverts it to the upright position again, has been the subject of much controversy.

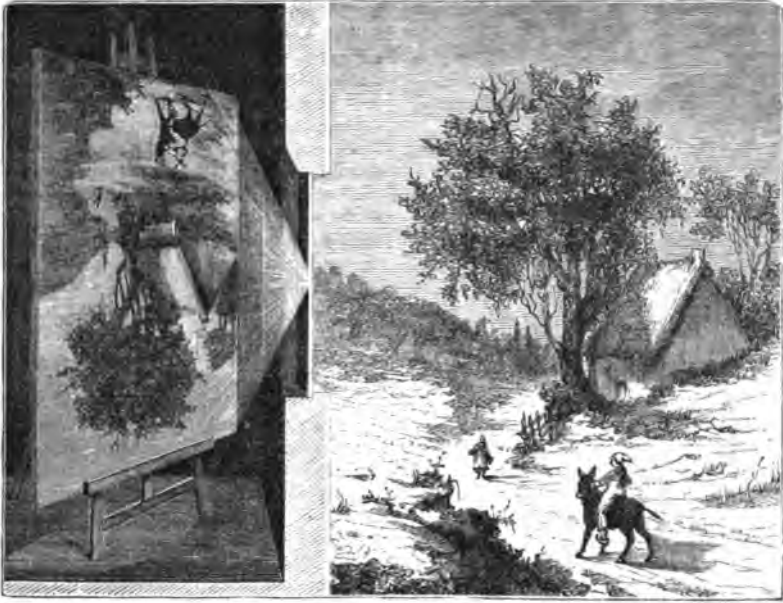
But there is another more curious question arising out of the peculiar structure of the organs of sight.

We have two eyes, and each produces its own separate image of any external object. Why is it, then, that we do not see two images instead of one?

It is easily proved that there are two separate images. Look at any small and bright object in front of you, and then, by pressing the finger upon the outer end of one eyebrow, draw the upper lid gently to one side so that it will press upon the eyeball of one eye, and thus move it slightly from its natural position. The effect of this slight change in the relative position of the lenses of the two eyes is that we become conscious that they furnish to us two separate



SECTION OF THE EYE.



REVERSED IMAGE IN THE DARK CHAMBER.

images. The images then become, so to speak, separated to our consciousness, and we see that there are two. When the pressure is removed, and the eyeball returns to its natural place, the two images merge in one again.

These two images, although they seem wholly to unite, are not exactly alike. What we see with one eye is always a little different from what we see with the other, because the eyes are in a different position. The images are of the same size, and present the same general objects, but one gives a little more of the right side and the other a little more of the left side of each.

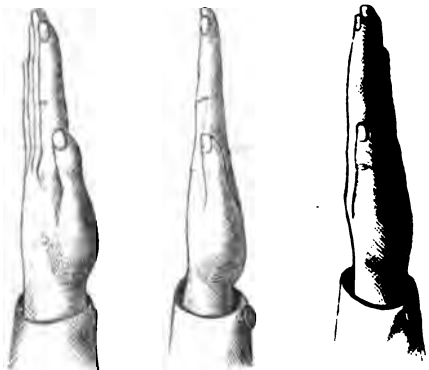
Hold up your left hand open before your two eyes in a vertical position, in such a way that the thumb and the forefinger will be visible, and will conceal, as much as possible, the other fingers behind them. If now, without changing the attitude, the right eye be closed and the left opened, you will see something of the back of the hand as well as the thumb and forefinger. Next close the left eye and open the right: the image will be quite changed; it is no longer the back of the hand that you will see, but the palm. Open again both eyes and you seem to see but one image, a combination of the two. It is by means of this combination of images that the mind judges of distances. If the hand be placed near the eyes in this experiment the contrast between the two images is much greater than if it be held at arm's-length.

An experiment which is very amusing to children shows that we can not judge accurately of distances without the use of both eyes. If you tell a child to close one eye, and you

then hold up before him just within his reach some little object, and then ask him to put forth his finger from one side to touch it, he will very likely not reach within several inches of it, and will be surprised to find his finger coming into line with the object, yet not touching it, as he supposed it would. One eye gives us *direction*, two give us *distance*. To judge how high the bird flies, the sportsman must look with both eyes; to aim his gun at it, he must shut one and use only the other.

In a picture all distances are represented upon a flat surface, and therefore a picture lacks the appearance of solidity and reality which a view of the natural objects affords. And it is by artificial means, among the most difficult and delicate in the art of drawing and painting, that this anomaly is in some degree overcome.

The *Stereoscope* is a contrivance to present



THE THREE ASPECTS OF THE HAND.



TAKING STEREOSCOPIC PICTURE OF NEAR OBJECTS.

two pictures to the sight at the same time, the one differing from the other just as the image in one eye would differ from that in the other if the observer were looking at the real objects which are represented in the picture. When, therefore, by the aid of the instrument, the right eye sees one of these pictures only, and the left eye sees the other one, the same general effect is produced as if each eye, from its own position, and with its own peculiar difference, received the image reflected from the actual object.

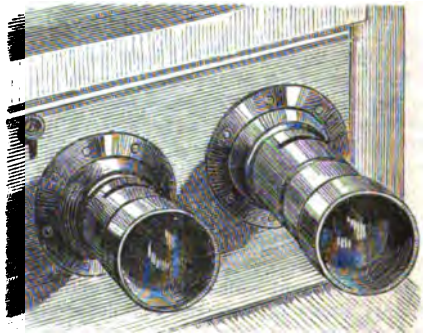
If you stand before a window in such a position that one of the lines of the sash is immediately before you, and look out and observe what point in the landscape the sash intersects, you will see that the apparent position of the sash changes as you close one eye or the other, alternately, bringing more of the landscape at first upon the right hand, then more upon the left of this dividing line. The same is true of all other objects in view, although the effect is less noticeable in objects at a great distance from the eyes and very near each other.

In a good stereoscopic picture this difference

between the two may be detected by careful examination, and its existence is essential to the full effect of the stereoscope. We say that this difference exists in every *true* stereoscopic picture, and is essential to the full effect, because it is very curious that something very like the stereoscopic effect may be produced by two pictures which are exactly alike, not possessing this difference. The experiment may easily be tried with two ordinary *carte de visite* pictures of the same person, which, fastened on a card, with their centres at the same distance from each other as are the centres of the two pictures in the stereoscopic view, will afford to the eye, when placed in an instrument, a considerable degree of that appearance of solidity which a true stereoscopic picture affords. Why this should be so has not, we believe, been explained; but the effect is very well known to the makers of stereoscopic views, who often produce and sell as stereoscopic pictures those that are not. The only view of the interior of the Cathedral of Milan for the stereoscope which the writer was able to find in that city was one of this false character. It was taken from an engraving, and it is obvious that two copies of the same engraving can not possess those differences in perspective which are essential to the principle of double vision.

There are many qualities which go to constitute a good stereoscopic picture, but the most important among them is this difference; and any one which is copied from an engraving or photograph, or which by reason of both pictures being taken from the same point of view lacks the contrast of position, is not a good stereoscopic view.

The ordinary camera resembles a single eye. Stereoscopic pictures can be taken with an ordinary camera by taking first one view, and then removing the instrument to a short distance at one side of its first position to take the other view. Greater exactitude is attained by using two cameras at once. They must both be pointed, so to speak, at the same centre in the subject, just as the two eyes would be in looking at it. This method is used in taking stereoscopic views of objects very near at hand. But it is found that with objects at a great distance, such as landscapes generally, it is not



STEREOSCOPIC CAMERA.

necessary that the two points of view should be separated so much. For this reason the camera made for taking out-of-door and distant views is like a forehead with two eyes in it. The two round tubes in front contain the lenses, and the brass caps which the photographer shuts over them when the exposure is complete are the eyelids. The diaphragm, which is inserted in each of these tubes to regulate the size of the aperture, is like the pupil of the eye that contracts and expands according to the degree of light. And this double instrument makes two pictures at the same instant, which differ from each other just as the images received by one eye differ from those received by the other in an observer standing at the same place.

The stereoscope itself is an instrument for the assistance of the eyes in looking at these two pictures. It is possible for one to get the effect of a stereoscopic picture without any instrument, but it requires some practice to do this, and many persons are not able to do it for this reason. If you hold up a stereoscopic view without an instrument there are two pictures in view, and as each eye makes its own image there are reproduced four images. Each eye sees both of the pictures, and these create confusion; for, as has been explained, it is the object of the stereoscope to present one of these pictures for the right eye and the other for the left. In every stereoscope, therefore, there is placed a little partition between the two lenses, which projects to such an extent that the right eye can not see the picture which is intended for the left eye, and the left eye can not see that which is intended for the right eye. If one has not an instrument it requires a considerable effort to disregard the superfluous image in each eye and combine the two others alone into one double image.

The stereoscope is an English invention, owing its origin to Wheatstone, who contrived it to illustrate the physiology of vision. It is curious that it was invented before the introduction of photographs; but it could not have come into general use but for photography, for it is not practicable to produce the views with sufficient accuracy by engraving. The form of instrument devised by Wheatstone was less convenient than the present one, and has gone out of use. It was constructed with mirrors instead of prisms or lenses. The essential features of the present form we owe to Sir David Brewster. It was a long time after his invention was made public before it attracted any general interest. Its popularity dated from the time when one of his instruments was exhibited at the Great Exhibition in London in 1851. Queen Victoria, at one of her visits to the Crystal Palace, was struck with this instrument among the scientific toys, and amused herself a long time with the spectacles it afforded. Some days after Sir David presented to the Queen a magnificent instrument, constructed at Paris, with which she expressed herself as greatly pleased. The

instrument, once thus known, soon came into public use.

A French account of the introduction of the stereoscope into Paris gives an amusing history of the optical obstacles which it encountered. The Abbé Moigno, who had taken a great interest in the discovery, undertook to enlist the attention of scientific men in Paris in reference to it. He wrote a pamphlet on the subject, and taking his manuscript and the instrument, he went to call on M. Arago, who was then at the head of the Observatory. Arago received his visitor with his usual courtesy, but Arago had a defect—a very grave one for such inquiry as this—he “saw double,” or, if you prefer a scientific word more sonorous, but which does not mean any more, he was affected with *diplopia*. To look into the stereoscope, which doubles its pictures, with eyes affected with *diplopia*, is to see four objects, and consequently to be completely inaccessible to the effects of the instrument. Arago, in compliance with the Abbé's request, applied his eyes to the stereoscope, but he soon handed it back, saying, “I see nothing.”

The Abbé then replaced the instrument under his cassock, and went to call upon M. Savart, another member of the section of Physical Sciences of the French Institute, celebrated for his investigations in acoustics, but not familiar with optics. M. Savart had one defective eye, its vision being very obscure. He consented, after considerable urging, to apply his one good eye before the instrument, but he withdrew it very soon, saying, “I can not see with that a bit.” The Abbé, sighing, received again his stereoscope and his manuscript, and went to the *Jardin des Plantes* to call on M. Becquerel. M. Becquerel, celebrated for his discoveries in electricity, had never occupied himself with optics, for the very good reason that he was almost blind. Notwithstanding his good-will toward the discussion which the Abbé desired to raise, he was not able to discern any thing in an instrument which demands the power of two good eyes. The good Abbé began to despair of his mission. Nevertheless, to make one more attempt, he drove to the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* to call upon M. Pouillet, of whose zeal in the cause of science he had heard. He was not mistaken in his confidence in M. Pouillet's zeal, but M. Pouillet, too, had a defect—he squinted. With eyes whose axes diverge it is impossible to make the double images of the stereoscope coincide in one point. After vain efforts the Professor of the *Conservatoire* was forced to declare, in his turn, that he could see, so to speak, nothing but fog.

There was, nevertheless, a member of the section of Physical Sciences of the Academy who had neither *diplopia* nor *strabismus*, and who, far from being blind or having but one eye, saw perfectly clear in every way. This was the illustrious Biot of the *College de France*.

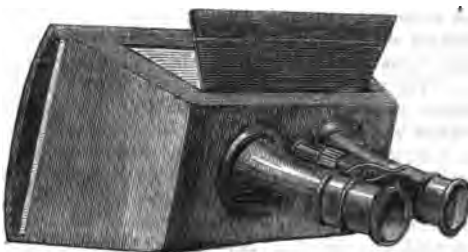
Biot had excellent eyes; only when the Abbé presented to him the stereoscope he was sud-

denly struck with a paralysis of sight. Let us explain. It was a voluntary paralysis; in other terms, he refused to look at it at all until he should first be assured whether this new phenomenon contradicted the classical theory of the emission of light put forth by Newton, and of which Biot was a constant and brilliant defender. And the persevering Abbé was obliged to seek still further for one who should present the subject to the Institute. His perseverance was at last rewarded with success.

The glasses of a stereoscopic instrument are prisms or lenses, calculated, by a refraction of the light, to assist the eyes in combining the two images into one, and at the same time to magnify the picture. It is very important in the use of the instrument that the distance between the picture and the lenses should be adjusted to suit the focal distance of the eyes of the observer. Much of the fatigue or pain which some persons experience in looking at the stereoscope results from a lack of this adjustment.

A modification of the common stereoscope has recently been introduced, making this adjustment much more facile. In it the lenses or prisms are placed in two tubes formed like an opera-glass, with a little wheel or button between them, by turning which the lenses are drawn out or in at pleasure.

Although the novelty of this instrument is



SLIDING STEREOSCOPE.

somewhat worn off, yet it is probably growing in favor, and in the extent of circulation and usefulness. Nothing reproduces more beautifully works of statuary, and nothing affords a more convenient and pleasing memorial of scenes visited in travels than a collection of stereoscopic views. In a village library not long since the writer saw upon the shelves, among the books, a neat box which contained a stereoscopic instrument and a number of views. This box was taken out by any one entitled to take out books, with no other safeguard than the signing of a simple receipt specifying the number of views taken, and promising to return them upon a specified day. It had been in active and constant circulation, the librarian said, for more than a year and a half without receiving any injury, and was one of the most popular attractions of the library.

OUT IN THE STREETS.

The light is shining through the window-pane;
It is a laughing group that side the glass.
Within, all light; without, pitch-dark and rain:
I see, but feel no pleasure as I pass,
Out in the streets.

Another casement, with the curtain drawn;
There the light throws the shadow of a form—
A woman's, with a child—a man's: all gone!
They with each other. I am with the storm,
Out in the streets.

There at the open window sits a man,
His day's toll over, with his pipe alight;
His wife leans o'er him, with her tale began
Of the day's doings. I am with the night,
Out in the streets.

All these have homes and hope and light and cheer,
And these around who love them. Ah! for me,
Who have no home, but wander sadly here,
Alone with night and storm and misery,
Out in the streets.

The rain soaks through my clothing to the skin;
So let it. Curses on that cheery light!
There is no light with me and shame and sin;
I wander in the night and of the night,
Out in the streets.

You who betrayed me with a loving kiss,
Whose very touch could thrill me thron' and thron'—
When you first sought me, did you think of this?
My curse.... But why waste time in cursing you,
Out in the streets!

You are beyond my hatred now. You stand
Above reproach; you know no wrong nor guile;
Foremost among the worthies of the land,
You are all good, and I a wretch all vile,
Out in the streets.

You have a daughter, young and innocent;
You love her doubtless. I was pure as she
Before my heart to be your lackey went.
God guard her! Never let her roam, like me,
Out in the streets.

I was a father's darling long ago;
'Twas well he died before my babe was born;
And that's dead too—some comfort in my woe!
Wet, cold, and hungered, homeless, sick, forlorn,
Out in the streets.

How the cold rain benumbs my weary limbs!
What makes the pavement heave? Ah! wet and chill,
I hear the little children singing hymns
In the village church—how peaceful now and still
Out in the streets!

But why this vision of my early days?
Why comes the church-door in the public way?
Hence with this mocking sound of prayer and praise!
I have no cause to praise, I dare not pray,
Out in the streets.

What change is here? The night again grows warm;
The air is fragrant as an infant's breath.
Why, where's my hunger? Left me in the storm?—
Now, God forgive my sins! this, this is death,
Out in the streets.

BORDER REMINISCENCES.

By RANDOLPH B. MARCY, U.S.A.

V.—THE BLACK-HAWK WAR.

THE early pioneers of Wisconsin will remember that in the spring of 1831 the Government gave notice to the Sac and Fox Indians that, in accordance with a treaty made with a few of their people, they must at once leave the beautiful land of their nativity on Rock River and remove west of the Mississippi. As this treaty, like many others made with the Indians, had been forced upon them by designing agents and rapacious traders, speculators and interpreters, it was not regarded by them as having the sanction of a majority of the tribe, and they did not, therefore, consider themselves bound to carry out its stipulations. Accordingly they assembled under the leadership of Black-Hawk, established their camp on Rock River, and firmly resolved not to be driven from their homes.

This determination, amounting to a declaration of hostilities, necessitated the calling into the field a considerable force of regulars and volunteers, and among the latter contingent was a battalion of mounted volunteers recruited about the lead mines in Northern Illinois. They rendezvoused at Galena, where they were organized, and elected for their Colonel a very respectable lawyer by the name of S—, who doubtless had a thorough knowledge of his legal profession, but was not particularly well versed in the art of war, and evinced no special ambition to immortalize himself by deeds of martial valor. He therefore, at first, positively declined the position, but as he was an exceedingly popular man, his numerous friends urged him so persistently to take the office that at length they prevailed upon him to do so.

The battalion was immediately mustered into service, and soon armed, equipped, mounted, and on the way to the theatre of war, from whence it was anticipated that many of them might never return.

After scouting the country for some time in the vicinity of where it was supposed the Indians were waiting an opportunity to make a bold strike, and discovering no recent signs of them, they one evening encamped upon the grassy border of a beautiful stream, and had no sooner unsaddled their horses than a scout came in and reported to the commander that the redoubtable Black-Hawk, with his entire band, was then only a few miles distant, and might at any moment be expected to attack them.

This startling intelligence instantly put the camp into a high state of excitement, and some of the bold volunteers, who before this had professed supreme contempt for the savages, now manifested symptoms of decided alarm.

The Colonel promptly issued orders for putting every thing in readiness for action. The

horses were picketed in close proximity to the bivouac; picket-guards, videttes, and patrols were sent out on all avenues of approach, and every other precaution was taken to guard against a surprise. The sentinels were instructed to walk their posts continually, and keep a sharp look-out for the enemy in all directions; and special orders were given, in case the Indians were seen, to fire their muskets and give the alarm by crying "*Indians!*"

The Colonel, after seeing that his orders for the safety of the camp had been properly enforced, picketed his horse to a black stump with a long lariat, which allowed him to graze within a circle of which the rope was the radius, retired to his bivouac fire, and without taking off his clothes laid down for the night. Being much exhausted he soon fell into a profound slumber, which, however, was constantly disturbed by frightful dreams, in which bloody encounters with the Indians, resulting in the total defeat of his own troops, and followed by the concomitants of tomahawking, scalping, and other barbarities incited by the savage instincts of the enemy, were predominant. So that his imagination became wrought up to as high a pitch of excitement as was possible under the effects of a horrible nightmare.

In the midst of this he was roused from his deep sleep by the sudden discharge of a musket and the alarming shout of "*Indians! Indians! Indians!*" in close proximity to his head.

He bounded like lightning to his feet, and in a terrified, semi-somnolent state saw his men running about in all directions, in the greatest possible confusion and terror, and he for the moment had but a very faint conception as to who or where he was. Of one fact, however, he felt perfectly confident—which was, that the savages were upon him, and that his only safety consisted in getting away from them as soon as possible.

Accordingly he instinctively bolted for his horse, leaped upon his back without saddle or bridle, and driving the rows into his flanks, bounded off at full speed. But one end of the lariat being still fastened to the stump caused the horse, when he, with tremendous momentum, was brought up at the opposite extremity, to turn heels over head upon the ground, and land his rider some ten or twelve yards in advance, causing him to see more stars than the most powerful telescope ever brought to view in the firmament.

He imagined he had been knocked off by an Indian, but raised himself up again as soon as he recovered sufficiently from the effects of the fall; and his horse, in rising, having turned his head in the opposite direction, he again leaped upon his back, and, with a vigorous application of the spurs, away he went the second time, un-



DISMOUNTED CAVALRY.

til the rope again caused them to turn a somersault, with the Colonel sprawling upon the ground. He was, if possible, more stunned by the concussion than before, and regarded it as certain that he had been again knocked down with a war-club or tomahawk, and that he must now be completely surrounded by the savages. This situation seemed to him so perilous that he began to despair of making his escape; but he was a man of great firmness of purpose, and he resolved to make one more effort, and endeavor by a desperate charge to force his way through the hostile cordon. Accordingly he mounted the third time, and the generous animal he bestrode, in obedience to the will of his master, enforced by a severe punishment with both spurs, again dashed off at full speed, but in a circle around and around the stump, until his feet became entangled in the lariat, and he was thrown down again, this time casting his rider near the black stump, which he in the darkness of the night imagined to be an Indian warrior standing knife in hand, ready to take his devoted scalp.

He deliberated for an instant in fear and trembling as to the course he should pursue in

this critical position. He was by no means a coward, but was fully conscious of the fact that mercy was not embraced in the catalogue of savage virtues, and that he had little compassion to expect if he fell into their clutches. Yet, as a last resort for escaping a horrible death by torture, he concluded to make a final desperate appeal to the better instincts of the savage heart, and dropping upon his knees before the stump, he raised his hands in the most suppliant attitude, turned up his eyes with an imploring expression, and exclaimed, in the last accents of despair, "*Mister Indian, I surrender!*"

As the fancied warrior did not respond to this touching appeal he soon became conscious of his mistake, and seeing no Indians about, untied his horse, mounted, and set out in pursuit of his stampeded fellow-soldiers, who in the darkness had scattered in the utmost confusion all over the prairies, believing that the relentless chief and his savage band were upon their trail, and even at their heels.

In the obscurity of the night they were unable to distinguish a white man from an Indian, and whenever they separated they seldom came together again. Occasionally one of them, com-

ing in sight of a supposed comrade, would endeavor to overtake him, while the other, believing he was pursued by an Indian, would press his horse vigorously to escape, and in this way some of the fleetest races came off upon that memorable night.

A small squad of the men, who had recognized each other and united about daylight on the following morning, made a short halt to give their wearied horses a little rest, and were discussing the affair of the previous night, when they saw a negro servant of one of the officers coming on horseback at full speed and seemingly in great alarm. As he was about passing them without slackening his pace they ordered him to halt. He screamed out in reply, as he continued to urge his horse forward, "Please don't stop me, gemmen! Don't do it, I tell ye; fur I'ze the wust demurred nigger that perhaps you ever seed in all yer born'd days!"

They were obliged to point a pistol at him before they succeeded in stopping him. At first he was so much terrified that he could hardly speak. After he had partially recovered they asked him what had induced him to desert his master and run away in the cowardly manner he had done.

He replied: "Wall, now, gemmen, I'll tell ye how it war. Ye see, de boys they thout mabbe mout be Ingines in de camp; but they didn't git very bad skeert at fuss, and saddled their hosses; but bime-by dey git sight o' de Cunnel, an' he war jist a-gwine it on the most *retreat-in-est* hoss you ever did see; an' they tuck skeert, the boys did, an' they jist broke fur the pur-rar-rees; an' my ole masser he out-run me all to smash, an' my hoss he git used up mighty fassa, an' I speck every minute de Ingine he cotch dis chile; but heah I is now, tank de Lor', an' like to git muster out mighty quick."

The result of all this was that the battalion became dispersed over the entire country; some brought up at Fort Winnebago (now Portage City), some at Galena, and others at Prairie du Chien, and it was several weeks before they were assembled again; indeed, it is believed that some of them were never heard of afterward.

An investigation into the affair showed that no Indians had been near the camp when the stampede occurred, and

that the alarm was occasioned by a sentinel seeing a large black wolf approaching his post, which he took to be an Indian crawling up to him on "all-fours," and he gave the designated signal of alarm.

VL—A LEGAL DIFFICULTY.

I verily believe that I am one of the most amiable and best-natured men in the world, for I never had a quarrel or serious difficulty with any one, except perhaps at rare intervals with my better half—(but this, dear reader, is emphatically *entre nous*, and is softly whispered in your ear with the express understanding that she must not be told of it, for the dear old lady might give me a private lecture if she supposed for a moment I disclosed family secrets). But there is one consolation—we always made it up, and were better friends than ever afterward. Moreover, I have never sused any body, and have been so fortunate during my somewhat protracted and diversified career as only once to have become entangled in the meshes of the law.

Upon that memorable occasion it was my misfortune to have been brought before the bar of justice in the wilds of Illinois. This *contre-temps* happened during the winter of 1837-38, while I was making a pleasure excursion from Northern Wisconsin to Chicago and back; and as the circumstance was a source of no little amusement to our friends at the time, the narration of it at this distant day may serve to indemnify the reader for the time expended in its perusal.



A DEMORALIZED NEGRO.



"LOOK-A-YERE, MISTER!"

One lovely morning, when the thermometer ranged many degrees below the freezing-point, and the atmosphere was pure and invigorating, with the snow in the best possible condition for sleighing, I joined a party of ladies and gentlemen, and with four capital horses hitched to a large sleigh well provided with robes, we set out across the prairies for Chicago. Our track led us through Madison, Janesville, Rockford, Belvidere, etc., all of which were then small villages, and the fare we encountered at the primitive inns of the country was not as luxurious then as can be found at the present time; yet we made the best of it, and had a jolly time for about a week, which brought us to our destination.

Entering the city we drove directly to the "Lake House," which had just been completed, and was regarded by our rural party as about the most magnificent hotel in the universe. Sumptuous apartments were assigned to us, and every thing was done by the obliging proprietor to make us comfortable; and here we ate of the first fresh oysters that were ever introduced into that city. Canned oysters were then unknown, and these were brought in sleighs all the way from New Haven, Connecticut, and were, of course, sold at fabulous prices.

This was probably the first time printed bills of fare and napkins had appeared at a Western hotel table, and the comments they elicited from some of the "Hoosiers" and "Suckers" were dull in the extreme. For instance, one verdant individual from the Wabash, after seating

himself at the dinner-table, and not having been furnished with those indispensable adjuncts to a modern table, called to the waiter in a loud voice, saying:

"Look-a-yere, Mister, I don't mind ef I hev one o' them thar catalogues an' towels."

The bills of fare were gotten up strictly *en règle*, with the different courses, such as soup, fish, etc., etc., duly classified. Even *entrées* were embraced upon the list; but the variety of dishes under this particular heading was usually rather meagre. Indeed, I remember one day to have observed only one dish named in the list, and that read: "*Pomme de terre au naturel*."

After an exceedingly pleasant sojourn of several days in the flourishing new city of the West, we started on our return, with a reinforcement to our team of two beautiful horses, which I purchased from John Frink, the great pioneer stage-proprietor.

Our first night out was passed in a tavern kept by one P——, at Elgin, on Fox River. If the house is still standing, and has the same landlord (which the Lord forbid), I caution all travelers who may in future have occasion to pass that way to give his establishment a wide berth; for a more unmitigated scamp it has seldom been my misfortune to encounter.

After a night spent in defending ourselves against the incessant attacks of an army, or rather a navy, of "couch pirates," we paid an extortionate bill and gladly left the premises, shaking the dust from our feet as we went out, and en-

tering our sleigh, drove rapidly away with our six spanking steeds, consoling ourselves with the idea that henceforth we were out of the clutches of our rapacious and disobliging Boniface. But in this we were mistaken, and "counted without our host;" for we had not proceeded over about ten miles when we were overtaken by a horseman, apparently much excited, his horse at a gallop and reeking with sweat.

As he was passing us I remarked to him that he seemed in a great hurry, and asked if any thing unusual had occurred. Without slackening his pace he answered: "You'll find out what's the matter when you reach the next tavern." And on he went, leaving us in perplexity as to the cause of his excitement.

A short time after this we arrived at a town in the woods called Sunderland, containing two log-houses and a blacksmith's shop. As soon as we had halted at the "Buck-horn" tavern a constable approached and served a writ upon the party, under a charge of petty larceny, with a specification that we had been guilty of purloining a buffalo-skin from the house where we had staid overnight.

Of course we were superlatively exasperated at the impertinent proceeding, and indignantly told the fellow if he took us for thieves he had better search our sleigh, and ascertain for himself whether it contained any thing besides our own luggage.

"That is precisely what I propose to do," coolly replied he; and we all, accompanied by five or six stage-drivers—friends of the man who professed to have lost the robe—went to our vehicle and commenced overhauling our baggage. To our utter astonishment, under one of our own robes was a miserably dirty old buffalo-skin which did not belong to us.

The man who had pursued us eagerly seized the article, exclaiming, "That's my property!" and triumphantly held it up to the inspection of the surrounding crowd, who, by significant nods, winks, and smiles, unmistakably indicated that we were regarded by them as very far from being honest travelers.

We afterward ascertained that our host of the Elgin House, in co-operation with the stage-driver, had placed the robe in our sleigh for the express purpose of extorting money from us; and, in accordance with the plot, the driver who had caused our arrest intimated that he was willing to compromise the matter, and quash proceedings upon the payment of five dollars, which we rejected with scorn.

Finding that no levy could be made upon our purses in this manner, he said the law must take its course; and we were taken into the bar-room of the inn, where we found the country Justice who had issued the warrant for our arrest, and a ragged old pettifogger, whose bloated visage gave strong presumptive evidence that he would not be likely to decline a pressing invitation "to liquor," together with a motley collection of hangers-on about the tavern, whom

curiosity had drawn together upon this interesting occasion.

The magistrate, who was a plain, sensible-looking old farmer, apparently possessing more knowledge of agriculture than law, was seated before a small pine table with pen, ink, and paper; and as soon as the parties were assembled he intimated that the court was opened and in readiness for business.

The pettifogger then, in a very consequential manner, rose to his feet (he had been seated upon a log of wood near the fire), and after discharging a huge quid of tobacco from his mouth into the fire, and hemming and hawing, and looking daggers at the prisoners for a while, opened the case with the following exordium:

"May it please the honorable Court and gentlemen, as the attorney for the plaintiff in this important case I remark, *firstly*, that I expect, and I have no doubt I shall have, a fair and impartial hearing and decision from this highly enlightened Court. My client, who is a gentleman of the highest standing in this respectable community, has been feloniously deprived of his lawful property. Yes, may it please yer Honor, he has been robbed; he has been robbed! I say! and by whom, yer Honor? I'll tell you by whom—by an organized gang of pillagers."

Just at this moment I tapped him on the back and pointed to the bar, indicating that I desired him to drink with me. He asked the Court to excuse him for a moment, went to the bar with me, took a whopper of a drink, and returning to his place, resumed:

"As I said before, yer Honor, I think it a disgrace to the human family that such men as these should be permitted to prowl about our beautiful per-rar-ries and take the property of our honest, hard-working citizens. It's *contra-ry* to the principles of the Constitution, *contra-ry* to the principles of law, and *contra-ry* to good order, and must be stopped; and, may it please yer Honor, these men should be made an example of, and heavy damages be given to my client."

At this stage of the harangue one of the other men of our party quietly gave him an invitation to repeat his drink, at which he said to the Justice:

"Yer Honor will please excuse me for an instant while I take some refreshment, for really my constitution is so delicate that I am unable to speak long without a little suthin' stimulat'in'."

Then he went to the bar again and imbibed another glass of whisky. This performance was repeated several times more during his speech, until at length he became considerably affected by the numerous potations he had indulged in; and as the whisky went down his throat his appreciation of our moral attributes became correspondingly elevated, so that finally he said:

"I don't for a moment suppose, yer Honor, that either one of these gentlemen here" (point-

ing to us) "would be guilty of stealing the paltry amount of an old buffalo-hide not worth four bits—by no means, yer Honor; but I believe that this gentleman" (pointing to our driver) "committed the theft."

At this accusation our pugnacious Jehu jumped to his feet, and shaking his fist indignantly in the old fellow's face, said:

"You are a drunken old liar, and if you'll come outdoors I'll lick you!"

The magistrate regarded this as indecorous, and entreated the gentlemen to preserve order in court; but it was some time before our driver could be prevailed upon to pay proper respect to the judicial functionary.

The case finally came to a conclusion, and a decision was rendered that the evidence was not sufficient to sustain the charge, and we were released from custody.

Of course the stage-driver was disappointed, and I informed him that I should immediately write to Mr. Frink, his employer, and request him to discharge him, which seemed to give him considerable uneasiness, and he then ac-

knowledgeed that our Elgin host was the instigator of the whole affair. In passing the place several years afterward I learned that the man was dismissed as soon as Mr. Frink received my note.



A SCENE IN COURT.

A SUMMER FRIEND.

Mr early friend, now is it well
To smile when Fortune smiles,
And frown when Fortune sounds the knell
Of all my bravest toils?
Come, is it well to cloud thine eye,
And turn thy face from me,
And in cold silence pass me by,
When all the insects see?

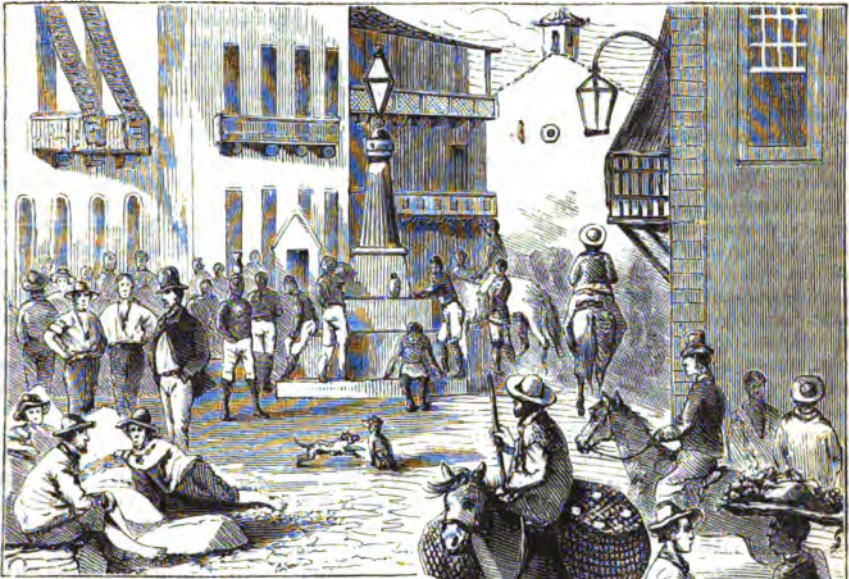
O for the generous morns of youth,
When fortune was no bar,
When we two, like twin-souls of truth,
Flashed like a single star!
When each for each would rush to fight
Against the banded foe;
Content to know but one delight,
And own a single woe.

But, early friend, my early friend,
Some sands are yet to run;
And no man's fortune hath an end
Until his life be done.
Why, fate itself may yet relent
At mercy's strong appeal;
Will, then, thy doubting heart repent?
Thy coldness uncongeal?

I care not for the common frown,
The common world's neglect;
No lesser man can stare me down
With fortune's grand effect.
But *thou* to join the baser rout,
Thine ancient friend to ban!
Great God, defend me from the doubt
That there is truth in man!

A HEALTH TRIP TO BRAZIL.

I.—PARÁ.—PERNAMBUCO.—BAHIA.



STREET SCENE, PERNAMBUCO.

THE American and Brazilian Mail-Ship Company, established two or three years ago, have rendered a journey to Brazil a less formidable matter than it used to be. Sixty or seventy days were formerly spent in tossing about the lazy torrid oceans, or sleeping becalmed under burning vertical suns, before the mountain gate of the southern metropolis rose against the horizon, and the Armida Islets of the bay, with waving plumes of palm, welcomed the voyager to a haven sufficiently beautiful to compensate his weary journeyings. Now the journey is accomplished in about twenty-five days, and the almost uniform tranquillity of the weather for the greater part of the journey renders it as agreeable a sea voyage as the most exacting tourist could desire. The ships touch at St. Thomas, Pará, Pernambuco, and Bahia, and their stay at these ports is sufficiently long to enable one to obtain something more than a glimpse of these cities, their people, and their environments.

I sailed in the steamer *North America*, and remember to have been somewhat impatient at a delay of one day, to which some exigency of coal or cargo subjected the ship. We were to have departed on Tuesday; we got off on Wednesday, growling October adieus in voices hoarse with catarrh. The delay saved us. After a week of nausea, east wind, and weak Bohea, we ran into the harbor of St. Thomas exactly one day after the great cyclone. If we had sailed from New York at the appointed

time it is likely that the *North America* would have been torn to splinters upon the rocks of the harbor. Commander Timmerman would have commanded no more, unless his shade had been relegated to the quarter-deck of some phantom-ship sailing the gray dim spaces of the inane; the sea-sick scores would have found intestinal and other peace; those hundred emigrants who were going with their wives, babes, and bags to build transitory homes in the distant south would have found enduring ones nearer by among the weeds and shells.

Although this account relates to other themes, it is not possible to cross the track of such a hurricane as that which, in October, 1867, swept the harbors and hill-sides of the Virgin Isles without turning aside for a moment to note its desolation. Such a picture of wreck and ruin one is not likely to see more than once in a lifetime. Although the Antilles and the ocean region which surrounds them constitute one of the great storm-centres of the

globe, one of the fountains, so to speak, from which issue the great tempests which traverse the world, no such storm had been known here within the memory of the living. Like that great wind from the north which swept over England, in the loudest dirge-note whereof the great Cromwell drew up his feet and died, before which hall and hovel went down like weeds, and which was not forgotten after the lapse of several generations, this transcended experience, and will doubtless live for ages among the traditions of the isles, as the most notable phenomenon in that sort which ever issued out of Chaos and old Night.

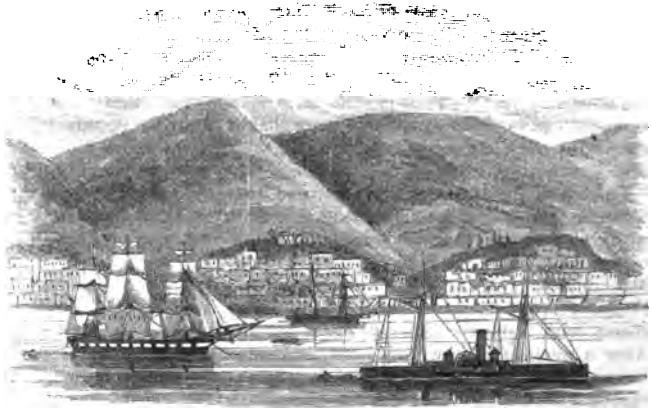
The calms which ensue after these hurricanes are unusually placid and benign. A celestial tranquillity broods upon the hill-sides and the water, as if nature were seeking to atone for her outburst of fury. We sailed into the harbor under a cloudless sky, and over shining and unrippled reaches of water. The contrast between the serene beauty of the afternoon and the wreck and destruction on every hand was quite overpowering—like that of a pale, placid morning rising upon yesterday's battlefield. The shore was strewn with wrecks—some of the smaller vessels were hurled high upon the land, and lay there like stranded marine monsters. Some were sunk, and the tops of their masts appeared above the water. Others, escaping absolute wreck, lay at anchor, torn and shattered as if they had gone through the fire of Lepanto or Trafalgar. One vast ship lay within a stone's-throw of our anchorage, her three masts broken like reeds, and all her upper works shattered. Besides her visible injuries she appeared to be struck in some vital part, for a hundred blacks toiled at her pumps, singing the while a wailing song. With them it was the mechanical refrain wherewith they lighten the monotony of toil; but to my ear, as it rose and rode the air of the sultry afternoon, it seemed the threnody of the drowned—a voice of music and of sad lament for the dead of a hundred lands. For the drowned had come from far: from Indian and Arctic oceans; from the farthest north and the extremest south. There were the burly craft of the Baltic and the lighter bottoms of the Mediterranean. There were whalers from the Pacific and the Okhotsk, on their homeward way; and trading coasters from Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, laden with hides and wool. There were clippers from San Francisco and Baltimore; steamers from Liverpool, Brest, Cadiz, and New York;

and merchantmen of all sorts and sizes, bound any where, and freighted with every thing under the sun. All were involved in the general destruction.

The disaster was too recent for us to acquire a full knowledge of its extent, though the recovery of nearly two hundred bodies, to which the arriving boats made constant additions, afforded us a horrible basis of inference. Every available structure near the pier was for the time being turned into a morgue.

Notwithstanding these ghastly trophies of the storm, the living appeared to be sufficiently merry and joyous. The population of the island consists chiefly of negroes, and once released from the imminence of personal peril, the black sees no good reason why he should not enjoy himself. The colored people clustered upon the wharves in great numbers, and, according to the custom here, celebrated their deliverance from danger by wearing their best clothes and largest ear-rings. Some of the tribes of Interior Africa are said to celebrate the disappearance of a comet or the passage of the eclipse in a similar fashion. Many of the blacks upon the wharf had lost their cabins and gardens in the storm; but they did not suffer that circumstance to cloud their holiday. The white population of the town were in no mood for festivity or celebration. Their streets were heaped with debris—tiles, bricks, window-blinds, shattered merchandise, and what not—through which progress was difficult; and they hovered at the doors of their bazars mute and sorrowful of aspect, and contemplated the spectacle of destruction with doleful visages.

The town is sheltered by a semicircle of high hills, and the injury inflicted upon it, though considerable, was less than might have been apprehended. Balconies suffered; so did roofs and awnings, and the lighter decorative adjuncts of buildings; but the main structures were in most cases uninjured. A report was current that a battery of guns had been blown from the embrasures of the fort, but my observation did not verify this rather startling statement. Like



CHARLOTTE AMALIE, ST. THOMAS.

the story of the hurricane off Madagascar, which blew the color out of the admiral's wig, I set it down as the fable of some excitable and imaginative marine, for which a sober traveler ought not to make himself responsible. The actual achievements of the wind were sufficiently marvelous. Villas upon the adjacent hillslopes were lifted from their foundations and dashed into splinters. Even so solid a fabric as the light-house was overthrown. The roof of the barracks inhabited by the Danish garrison was sent sailing through the air like a kite. During the prevalence of the hurricane a deep darkness overspread the island and the harbor—a shadow as black and baleful as that which veiled the burial of Pompeii. The awful clamor of the wind blent in desolate concord with the crash of riven timbers, the cries of sailors, and the wail of the terrified inhabitants of the town. Although the suddenness of the catastrophe, the unparalleled violence of the tempest, and the darkness were calculated to bewilder and baffle the most experienced sailors, there was one, the captain of a Spanish man-of-war, who exhibited a courage and presence of mind worthy of the best days of Castilian chivalry. He cut his masts away at the outset, and under full steam traversed the harbor during the thick of the storm, affording such assistance to other craft as was possible. As a providential reward of his courage and magnanimity, his own ship escaped with little injury.

We were to have taken on coals at Charlotte Amalie; but it was not possible. To have asked for food or fuel under the circumstances would have been like soliciting the loan of seven-and-sixpence from the chief mourner at a funeral. To the disgust of our Chief Engineer, who stood at the companion-ladder smoking a pipe as long as that of the Caliph of Bagdad, we were forced to leave without any addition of fuel. This circumstance resulted to the advantage of the passengers, for the ship made for Martinique, instead of sailing directly for Pará, according to her custom. We got no coal, and the Engineer again clouded the sun with vengeful whiffs from his meerschauum; but we saw the Island and Port of France—the hill-sides embroidered with palm and orange trees, and the house in which Josephine was born.

The loveliness of the island surpasses expression, and the graceful traditions associated with it lend to it an added charm and enchantment. One would go far to see the gardens and groves amidst which had been passed the infancy and the girlhood of one who so copiously embellished the annals of glory and unhappiness. She who became Empress, and whose name is indissolubly associated with that of the most famous of mankind, played about these hill-sides when she was a child, just as some light-footed creole maiden may be playing at this moment, and quite as unmindful of the high destinies which awaited her. The *Sieur Tascher de la Pagerie* would hardly have repined

so bitterly at the unfortunate sex of his first-born if he could have foreboded her future. He would have seen her first a young, unhappy, and calumniated wife; then a prisoner in the dungeons of the Revolution; then free again, but penniless, and sometimes in want of bread; then, with the recovery of part of her fortune, the brightest star of the drawing-rooms of the nascent Republic; then the wife of a slender young soldier of fortune, with wondrous gray eyes, and a sword at his girdle whereof the world heard somewhat anon; then the anointed and the crowned, a Pope standing by and all mankind looking on and wondering; then— But no matter. The picture is surrounded with sufficient blazonry now, although the good *Sieur Pagerie* had not the gift of prophecy and could not forebode it.

That story of the weird unearthly old negress and her prophecies, to which the biographers of Josephine generally give credence, hath a basis of probability. Indeed, I have somewhere read that the Empress told it herself to her maids of honor in the castle of Navarre, so that it is rescued from the visionary domain of fable, and takes its place among the verities of history. Let us not doubt that the bones of that sable pythoness moulder somewhere hereabout; perhaps they have crumbled and mingled with the soil, become a part of palm and ilex, and still unfold in the humbler sort of prophecy which declares that the bud shall be a flower and the flower turn to fruit. Who knows? Assuredly the rhapsody of this aged sibyl was remembered and treasured by Josephine, and was her stay through all extremes of vicissitude and peril. While the tumbrils were waiting at the gate of the Conciergerie, and it seemed that the Viscountess de Beauharnais might be summoned at any moment, she told her fellow-captive, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, that she was secure in a charmed life, and that she should live to be Queen of France. Let history do appropriate homage to this meritorious colored person, and record its lament that she is doomed to wander through its pages forever without the decoration of a name.

This Caribbean islet endowed France with another young woman whose name, in her day, rang up and down all avenues of celebrity, and is not yet forgotten. She too was the wife of a king, though the nuptials were left-handed and under the rose; and her soft, bejeweled, creole hands shaped for many a year the destinies of France. One *Françoise d'Aubigné*, afterward *Madame Scarron*, known to history and scandalous biography as *Madame de Maintenon*. No one points out to us the house in which she was born. Two hundred years have gone since that most notable of improper females came into the world, and it would not be strange if hurricane and dry-rot had destroyed all vestiges of the habitation wherein she first saw the light. *D'Aubigné*, the father, was a wanderer, a stormy petrel of a man, who found little rest for the sole of his foot; perhaps when his daughter

came to bless him he had only a casual abiding-place—an inn, or the friendly shelter of a stranger's roof. Howbeit the little maiden thrived, weathered trivial accidents and perils, and prospered in a small and obscure way. A venomous serpent bit her one day, and a devoted nurse saved her to France and history by drawing the poison from the wound with her lips. Who knows but that serpent had its lair in yonder jungle that crowns the hill-slope overlooking the town? Tradition ought to point out the spot of this perilous misadventure. But it does not; nor does it tell us exactly from what inlet or bayou or palm-engirdled bay her faithful dog one day drew her half drowned and senseless. It was somewhere along the shore hereabout, but the place is matter of conjecture.

One follows the fair little maiden in her stormy journey to France; sympathizes with her penury and misfortune; is rather glad when thin, shriveled, paralytic old Scarron, fast anchored to his arm-chair, takes her to wife; for henceforward she will at least have bread and wine in plenty, and society enough of witty and wicked people. When she first appeared in the drawing-rooms of Scarron her toilet was very poor and scanty, and the sensation which she created among the belaced, bejeweled, and rouged dames which crowded the salon of the wit was as marked as that which a pretty young dairy-maid in brown kirtle and hose would excite in the saloons of Miss M'Flimsey or Madame Potiphar. But her wit and beauty atoned for the scantiness of her toilet, nor was it long before she found means to revise the latter upon principles of much liberality and costliness. Alas! the best part of her history is that of her years of innocence and obscurity. The splendors of unmentionable women do not lend a wholesome light to history. All France bent the knee to this woman—proud Montmorencies and haughty De Rohans and high-crested D'Aiguillons. Her smile was coveted by princes, and her frown chilled the marrow of dukes who drew their lineage from the knights of Clovis and

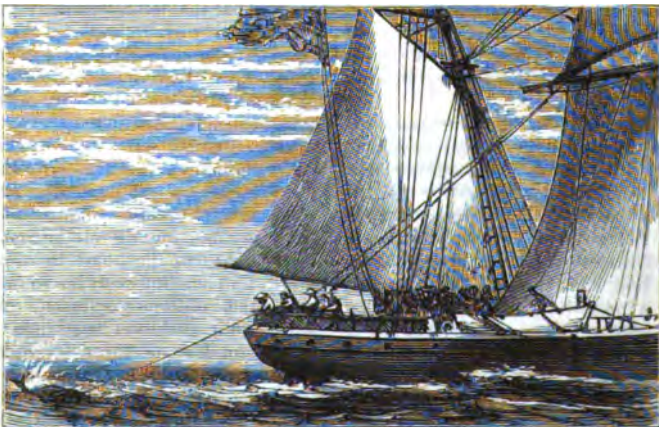
Pepin. Women toiled in the furrow like oxen, and left their infants by the way-side hedges to die, that she might deck her shoulders with gems worth a king's ransom, and build the terraces and transplant the forests of Marly. Plodding persons addicted to sums have computed that this famous creole cost France, first and last, more than one thousand millions of francs—in those days of famine and despair quite a large sum. The land of the well-beloved Louis had little cause to thank Martinique for that endowment.

Martinique was unvisited by the tempest, and the summer calm which dwelt upon her beautiful hill-sides, clothed with palm and orange trees, and upon the smooth waters which environed her, seemed as if it never was broken by such rude invasion. Its aspect was that of the land of the lotus-eaters:

"Wherein it seemèd alway afternoon."

It was little wonder that the tired mariners sat down upon the yellow sand, between the sun and moon, upon the shore, and matured their lazy scheme of conjugal desertion. Who would willingly leave such blessed isles? They are an earthly glimpse of that Paradise for which we pray; and one would like to abide beneath their perfumed groves forever. I quite envy the fishermen in their little boats whom we see coming in with their freight of fish as we steam away to the southward; they are gorged with sunshine and oranges forever; environed with eternal beauty and eternal summer. However, as the land fades out of sight and the night falls, I become content with the new horizon which surrounds me, and dine as heartily as if Martinique were a crag.

The course of the Brazilian and American steamers usually takes in a view of most of the Windward Islands—Guadaloupe, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, Barbadoes, and scores of smaller islets, with difficulty identified upon the map. Sea and sky are almost uniformly calm and tranquil, and the journey is like a summer



HAULING IN A DOLPHIN.



PARÁ, FROM THE RIVER.

yachting expedition. It is enlivened by the occasional excitement of dolphin-catching; when one is struck all hands rush aft to bear a hand at hauling him in. Our course deviated somewhat from the usual one, so that we were deprived of the view of some of the islands. Barbadoes uprose against our horizon, its hills crowned with innumerable wind-mills, and its harbor thronged with masts. Thereafter we saw no land till we reached the delta of the Amazon, and entered the mighty river on our way to Pará. We first encountered the flood of this stupendous stream some hundreds of

miles from shore—a yellow belt of immense breadth cleaving the blue waters of the ocean.

Pará is the principal city of the Amazon, and, with the exception of Quito, the only considerable town in the world upon the equatorial line. I was prepared for a degree of heat only less than that held up by the Old Testament as an encouragement to sinners. But daily rains and unresting airs from forest and ocean so far mitigate the temperature that it is not excessively oppressive. Seen from the water, the town wears quite a stately aspect. It has a cathedral with high bell towers, numerous churches, and ranges of wharves and warehouses of a solid, respectable look. The custom-house, situate upon the wharf, was formerly a Jesuit church, and its ecclesiastical aspect is not diminished by its secular employment. To be at all in keeping, the manifests, bills of lading, and clearances therefrom ought to be written in monk's Latin, and interspersed with scraps from the breviary. Some of the customs officers who visited us spoke English fluently, and, when asked, "took something" without hesitation. This facility appears to be acquired with the language. Foreign students at Göttingen and Heidelberg have a proverb that you can not learn German without drinking a tun of beer, and it is perhaps equally true that you can only wade to mastery of Gallic speech through rivers of Beanne and Haut Barsac. Our own minions of the revenue might learn lessons of civility from the swarthy and courteous servants of his Imperial Majesty Dom Pedro II. They are politeness itself. They facilitate our efforts to get ashore, and impart to us with ceremonious civility such information as we desire.

A grand *festa* was in progress on the day of our arrival. These feasts are numerous in Brazil, and the saints in whose honor they are nominally held ought to be gratified by the zeal and vigor with which their festivals are celebrated. They extend over days and even weeks. They are occasions of mirth rather than of penance or worship, and cakes and dainties hold their own with fasting and prayer. The church fronted a wide square, and at night was brilliantly lighted with rows of lamps which girdled its broad façades like rosaries. Upon the front facing the square they were disposed in wavy lines, giving the porch the air of being festooned with strings of jewels. The devotees were mostly women. They were of all colors, and apparently of all conditions in life, but the love of finery, which is characteristic of the tropical races, was evinced in the attire of the humblest as in that of the wealthiest. Some of the Paraneese wore gorgeous dresses and costly lace and jewels of price, but these ambitious adornments scarcely outshone the riotous bandanas and blazing scarfs and cheap and tawdry jewelry wherewith the darker and less opulent worshippers invested themselves. There was a choir of boy voices, among them one clear and high, which would have been heard in the cho-

ruses of La Scala with applause, or in the chants of St. Peter's with approbation. I wondered which of the white-robed young choristers possessed this marvelous organ, and thought that if his tones could reach across the waters to the *Conservatoire*, or Gye's, or the Italian academies, emissaries thence would be sent to him with tempting gifts.

The men appear to devolve their devotional duties upon the women, and to give themselves up to the out-of-door ceremonials, which are not quite so pious, and perhaps more amusing. The gambling shops were full, and the drinking shops appeared to do a lively business in the way of *caxache* and *schnapps*. Every body seemed to be losing money with much ease and celerity. The instruments of gaming are the roulette-wheel, the *monté-table*, and one or two other abstruse appliances, the exact operation of which I did not ascertain. The hells were small, badly lighted places, and the practitioners of the sinister art were rather dirty and exceedingly vulpine and vulturous of aspect. Money gained of them would, I should imagine, have a strange odor. However, the cash generally went in the other direction.

Indeed, the celerity with which a series of *mille reis*, deposited upon the table by one of my companions, were gobbled up by the person of guile who stood behind the table reminded me of the valorous experiment of the Californian fresh from the mines upon the hand-organ of a wandering Savoyard. He mistook the instrument for a utensil of chance, and the turning of the crank for a "little game" of some sort. So he gravely laid a double-eagle upon the box, which instantly disappeared, and was followed by another and another, and yet several more; whereafter the miner went his ways blaspheming, and avowing his unalterable conviction that it was not a "square game."

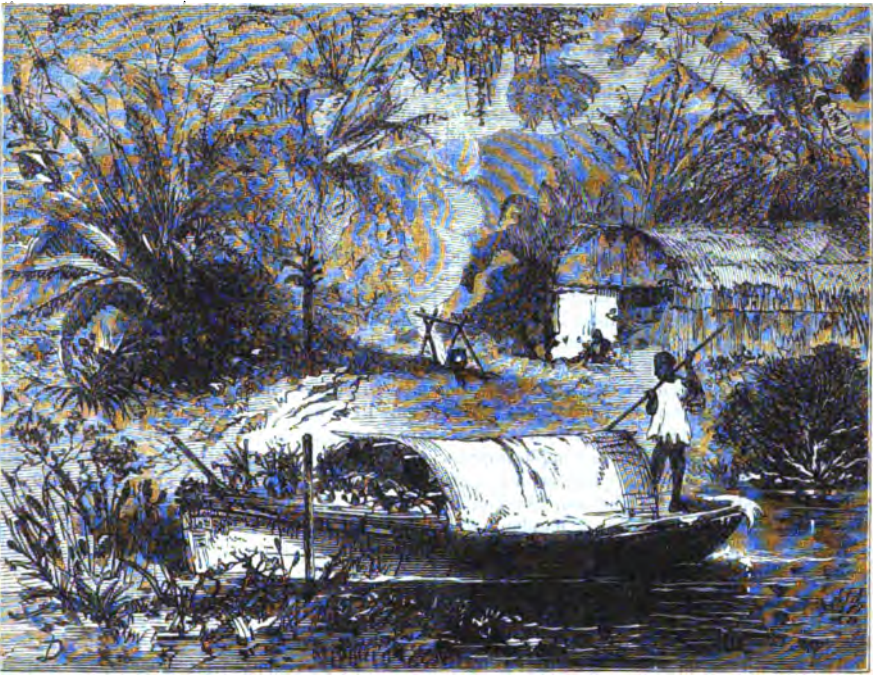
I do not know what geometrical appellation would befit the games in which the Paraneses engage with so much eagerness, but their belongings and environments were rather squalid and uninviting. I found more amusement in observing the purchasers of trinkets and nick-nacks, who made the booths and bazars vocal with their chaffering and chattering. All sorts of little articles are displayed for sale during the season of the festa; but at its conclusion the shops are shut, and the shop-keepers return to their establishments in the busier quarters of the town.

A rather brisk trade appeared to be done in the merchandise of superstition. Rosaries and crucifixes, said to have been blessed with unusual solemnity and dipped in the holiest of holy-water, were in much demand. Charms against the evil-eye and other visionary perils sold very briskly, and the transfer of dumps and patacas was accompanied with a good deal of colloquy. Most of the wares displayed were of holiday sort, such as we are wont to see exposed at fairs; and I was informed that the lower classes and negroes enacted prodigious

exploits of economy—not to speak of larceny—during the rest of the year in order that they might be provided with means of carousal and extravagance during the period of the festa. It was the harvest of mountebanks, mendicants, and minstrels. Religion, melody, and rum opened all hearts; and the black magicians, who stood on their heads and balanced each other on their noses, and threw up balls and egregiously failed to catch them, and performed other rather clumsy exploits in the lamp-lit pavilion, the singers who sung in the moonlight to the strumming of an unquiet mandolin, and the beggar with brown extended palm, went not empty away.

The Paraneses derive their origin from an odd assemblage of races. The aboriginal and negro elements appear to predominate, though their traits are intermingled with those of Lusitania and Catalonia, and in a lesser degree with those of every people under heaven. The native Amazonian Indians have adopted urban habits, and adjusted themselves to the restraints and industries of civilized life. They are shop-keepers and artisans, water-carriers, porters, gamblers, loafers, and what not. Not a few retain the primitive Indian aspect. They have the long, straight, coarse hair and the expression of mingled cunning, fear, and ferocity which distinguish their brethren of the woods. One involuntarily feels for his scalp while buying little articles of these harmless descendants of the warlike Purupurus and Tupinambas, and almost expects his bargaining to be interrupted by the war-cry and the whiz of arrows. In general, however, they are mixed with other races. Abyssinia and Nubia have contributed kinks to the straightness of the Amazonian hair, impressed additional flatness upon noses too flat already, and elongated heels which needed no such supererogatory extenuation. Portugal has aided in this transformation. So that the result is something compounded of the negro, the Jesuit, and the brave.

They are quite ingenious in some branches of manufacture. They make hats out of the fibres of the palm, pipes from the red clay of the river, stems from long hollow reeds, which they paint and decorate with gilding after a rude but highly ornamental fashion. I was interested in examining some specimens of their more ambitious artistic efforts. The vehicle of these attempts was "guarana," a dark, resinous gum, which exudes from a tree, and is said to be a medicine as potent as quinine, though I believe it always kills, while quinine sometimes cures. They fashion this gum into various forms—snakes, lizards, birds, ant-eaters, monkeys, jugs, cups, pitchers; and the more aspiring and ambitious adventure upon the imitation of the human figure. The results are more like the clumsy and hideous idols of India and Egypt than like the sculptures of Canova or Angelo; but their arms and legs are very distinct, and there is no mistaking their heads; and though they are a little uncertain as to toes and noses,



THE ENVIRONS OF PARÁ.

their import is discernible without verbal or written elucidation. Formerly they made various articles of India rubber, but now the gum is sold in its crude state to the merchants, and undergoes more enlightened processes of fabrication. The most graceful and attractive products of their untutored art are, however, the feather dresses and decorations which constitute the royal robes of the chiefs. These sometimes find their way to the market as curiosities. They are woven of the feathers of the scarlet ibis, the parrot, the macaw, and other birds of radiant plumage, and they outshine the raiment of Solomon. A kind of rude heraldry is sometimes expressed in their designs and figures, and the achievements of the warriors whom they are to adorn are rather obscurely hinted at.

The aspect of the town is quaint. Bizarre glimpses of ornate Moorish architecture, emblazoned with bright colors, alternate with the gray and venerable gloom of structures which are coeval with the earliest Jesuit occupancy of the town. The cathedral and some of the churches are ancient, while their environing structures are of recent origin, and display the glowing colors and intricate arabesque devices in which the southern races appear to delight. Mingled with these are habitations of extreme squalor, and not unfrequently the genuine Pará hut, with its long, sloping roof of thatch, and its surrounding of high wooden palisades, asserts its claim to attention and admiration. Of old these palisades constituted a defense against

the incursions of the savages, and they are in many cases yet retained from habit.

I noticed several well-built and spacious residences which were thus surrounded. The stakes were twelve or fifteen feet high, and placed close together, forming an impassable barricade. Some of the residences of the wealthier Paraneses are spacious and elegant, surrounded by large gardens, in which flowers of every tropic variety bloomed in a profusion unknown in our soberer climes. As they have no climatic rigors to combat save those of rain and heat, their habitations are devised with sole reference to protecting them from the sun and the rain. At night, when the houses are thrown open, they have the look of pavilions. You may, perhaps, see the members of the family reclining in chairs or hammocks, smoking, drinking lemonade or coffee, and it is likely that you may hear the civilized click of the billiard balls or the rippling music of the piano. I took a long drive through the town at night in company with an American gentleman resident there, and owing to the extra-mural and unreserved usages of the town, had an excellent opportunity of making Asmodean observations. Nobody in Pará seems to think of drawing a curtain or veiling the strictly personal concerns of life from the contemplation of the public. I saw a good many toilets making and unmaking, in every possible stage of progress and demolition. Peeping Tom of Coventry would have been quite in his element here. Tradition affirms that his curiosity cost him an eye; if

similar penalty were exacted of the Paranesse for the contemplation of each nude Godiva, one would need more eyes than Argus. I saw a very old woman with long gray hair, clad only in a night-gown, kneeling before a crucifix. In the next house a colored family appeared to be adjusting some little domestic dispute, and the air was clouded with flying wool. Three coffee-colored nymphs, scarcely more attired than Anadyomene when

"Her clear limbs enticed
All lips that now grow sad with kissing Christ,"

stood or reclined within a lamp-lit chamber, where there were birds, and monkeys, and tambours, and thin gauzy tapestry, and mats of leopard-skins, as unconscious of observation as Sannanah may have been of the unpriestly and uncanonical contemplation of the elders. Nor did this casual display of the brown and unadorned graces of the Paranesse nymphs impress one as being seriously out of place or improper. They were naked and unashamed, like Eve in the Garden, or like the forest maidens who clustered upon the beach and looked with wonder upon the white-winged galleys of Columbus, upon the knights in shining mail, the banners of St. Jago, and the Cross which the discoverers planted in the sand.

The forest rolls unbroken upon the town, as if it were bent upon crowding it into the river. No roads lead through suburban vistas toward the interior country. No farms or fazendas appear beyond the borders of the city. Beyond the outer wall of habitation there is a solid rampart of vegetation which can only be entered axe in hand. The Amazonian woods appear to resent intrusion, and to hold civilization sternly at bay. The axe can hardly destroy so fast as nature restores, so rapid and prodigal is vegetable growth in these regions of humidity and heat. The sanguine Paranesse have laid out a few streets and squares which are not yet built upon, and the avenues surround solid quadrangles of jungle. My friend told me that repeated efforts had been made to clear them, but that while the axemen were chopping down one tree, another and a larger grew up beside it. This appears to me as improbable as the story of the pumpkin-seed incautiously planted by an Illinois farmer, which came up and chased him home, winning, indeed, by a furlong or so, and depositing a large pumpkin on the door-step. The rapidity of vegetable growth here is certainly inconceivable, but, as my readers are not all marines, I shall not ask them to believe that nature is so abrupt and intemperate in her operations as the story of my friend would imply.

Beyond the limit of the avenues one comes upon the region of butterflies. The cloud-land of the cuckoos, whereof the Greek sang so wondrous and wild a song, was nothing to this sun-land of the butterflies, wherein, under golden ardors, millions of embroidered wings noiselessly wave and flash upon the sight hues

which dwell not in rainbow or stone, which the looms of Sidon and the dyes of Tyre never rivaled. They fill the air with light and lustre. I am not a bug-person, and know little of the labyrinths of entomology. Perhaps these broad-winged silent creatures—some of them intense azure or ultramarine with brownish-purple border, some spotted with lustrous eyes like those upon the feathers of the peacock, some of pale gold "freaked with violet"—may be varieties familiar to collectors, but to me they were as new and wondrous as if they had just flown out of the golden spaces of heaven, and had brought upon their velvet wings gleams of celestial effulgence. The varieties are numbered by hundreds.

Bugs abound. Some are vast centipedes, clad in lustrous mail which gleams in the sunshine like the armor of Launcelot, while many are of more modest hues and dimensions. Some of them are set in jewelry and worn as ornaments. They have the hardness and the shining glow of enamel, with a changing opaline light not to be imitated by art.

It is doubtless owing to the proximity of the forest that the snake has domesticated himself in Pará, and lives on terms of amity and familiarity with its inhabitants. Every house has its pet snake, and the monster appears to occasion to his keepers neither repugnance nor alarm. The Biblical decree of enmity between the serpent and the sons of men appears to hold good every where except in the Amazonian regions, where truce is proclaimed, and serpent and citizen abide together in peace. The snakes are



SNAKE MERCHANT.

of the boa constrictor species, but, so far as I can learn, they generally refrain from constricting or otherwise molesting the inhabitants. They catch rats and "gobulate" them, and now and then a monkey mysteriously disappears. Perhaps, as Herculean exploits belong to the fabulous ages, it would not be quite safe to trust small black babies alone with them. But tough and indigestible adults are perfectly safe. We asked to see "the snake" at a warehouse which we visited. He was haled from his lair in some back room or closet by a negro, who held him by gripping his neck just behind his head. The snake appeared to be familiar with this rather ignominious mode of appearing in society, as he only expressed his emotions in a series of fatuous and imbecile wriggles, and when released coiled himself deliberately upon the floor and proceeded to take "forty winks," like the fat boy of Pickwickian memory. We stopped a street vendor who had a barrel of snakes for sale. Discerning in us possible purchasers he tipped them upon the pavement and stirred them about with his foot, exhibiting their fine points to the best advantage, and informed us, in Portuguese, that they were much better snakes than usual, and that if we missed that chance we were not the men he took us for. On consideration we determined to miss that chance, and we left the snake-man cursing and bundling his snakes back into the barrel.

What is the rationale of that propensity which impels the tourist to purchase strange animals which he knows perfectly well will turn out incredible nuisances and cloud his life? In the course of my wanderings I have bought beasts enough to set up Wombwell or Van Amburgh, and birds enough to furnish forth the aviaries of the King of Siam. The beasts all howled themselves to death, and the birds all screamed themselves to death. Nothing in their lives became them like the leaving of it. Still I have not conquered the propensity to purchase anew whenever a fine fat monkey or an unusually boisterous parrot invites my shekels. To put it in the forcible but inelegant phrase of the Major, we "went in for monkeys," and cleared the Pará market. The monkey exchange was agitated beyond precedent. Prices rose and holders were firm. The wavering of the Major, who was negotiating with one of the principal dealers, induced a temporary decline; but the market soon rallied, and was firm to the close. We came off flushed and penniless, but bristling with monkeys of all ages, sexes, sizes, and hues. The Major, being the heaviest operator, led the way. His hat and pockets were full of marmosets, his arms full of baboons; a small, tempestuous monkey sat upon his shoulders, with his tail coiled about his neck, taking brief but malignant twists at his hair; and two natives followed laden with crates or baskets containing a supplementary assortment. The more modest and conservative operators brought up the rear; and in this order we reached the ship,

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MONKEYS FOR SALE.

which thenceforward knew no peace till the journey ended. Such an overpowering element of monkey mingled itself with our lives that we appeared to see them in the sunrise and taste them in the soup. One could scarcely step without treading on a monkey, and the air was vocal with their gibbering colloquies. On the journey homeward, in a cold northeast storm, such as remained with one accord perished of pneumonia, to which the tenderness of their constitutions predisposes them; and although one could but grieve at the fate of the little exiles, it was impossible not to experience a sense of relief when they were finally thrown overboard.

Our investments in parrots were hardly more fortunate. The raw, uncivilized parrot is a monster whom 'twere base flattery to call a nuisance. He screams and yells in a strident key, is inaccessible to kindness or blandishment, and bites the hand that feeds him without remorse or compunction. There is strong probability that after the most assiduous tutelage and cultivation, his vocal exploits will be limited to a hideous scream, or perhaps a monosyllabic imprecation. We grieved but little that the same winter storm which carried off the monkeys smote down the parrots likewise. A few escaped, but the northern temperature appeared to have taken the bad language out of them, for they became as demure and civil as so many squabs.

The head-quarters of the Amazon Navigation Company, of which the Baron Maua, the great

Brazilian banker, is the head, are at Pará, and the buildings erected for its use imply an extensive and prosperous traffic. They occupy the former site of an old monastery, one of the most ancient ecclesiastical foundations in South America, and their appearance from the river is quite stately and imposing. The boats of the Company are like miniature steamships, and are said to be safe, commodious, and comfortable. They ascend the river more than two thousand miles, and bring back the produce of its immeasurable wildernesses—India rubber, sarsaparilla bark, dye-woods, nuts, and other equatorial growths and products. Quite a number of tourists annually ascend the river, and not a few make their way across the Andes to the Pacific shore. The journey is not so arduous or perilous as might be imagined, though it is apt to exert a depressing effect upon the northern liver.

Dried monkey is a familiar article of diet among the natives of the Upper Amazon. So is turtle butter, a kind of oil concocted from the eggs of the turtle, which are found in immense numbers in the sand along the river. Neither of these articles promote a healthy flow of the secretions in systems accustomed to more civilized food; and it is not strange that the combined influences of the equatorial heat and the barbarous diet incite to hepatitis and despondency. Nevertheless, robust constitutions survive even protracted residence in the Amazonian regions without injury. I met one young Englishman who had spent seven years in exploring the tributaries of the great river, and who still retained the sanguine and healthy complexion of his native Devonshire. He had accumulated bugs and birds and curiosities, together with much information of geographical and other sort, and was going home to celebrate his adventures in three volumes octavo.

It is not easy to convey by written description an idea of the magnitude of the great river. Pará is situated upon one of its minor effluents; but this comparatively trivial estuary is nearly thirty miles wide at its mouth. The main flood of the stream reaches the ocean through an island-studded channel on the north of the Island of Joannes, nearly a hundred miles in breadth. It might receive the waters of the Nile, the Danube, and the Mississippi without sensible augmentation of its volume. If it reached the ocean at New York, its entire breadth would be the greater part of the distance between

that city and Philadelphia, and its sources would take their rise from far beyond the Lake of the Woods on the north, and from the remotest mountains of Mexico on the south. It would place the city in navigable relations with the greater part of the northern continent.

A day and a night in Pará are sufficient. It is not a town in which to lounge away a few weeks comfortably. One would as soon think of taking a cool siesta in the furnace distinguished by the peregrinations of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego as of making any considerable sojourn in this sweltering equatorial capital. The heat is without variation or abatement, except from the showers which, commencing about the middle of each day, fall intermittently for a few hours. The thermometer at noon and at midnight indicates nearly the same degree of temperature. Here are no climatic surprises; no storms rushing wildly out of the north; no tossing gales roaring from the south and breaking in tempestuous deluges of rain. One day is as another. Our stereotyped colloquial observations about the weather would be quite out of place among the Paraneze. Any observation thereon would be accounted futile and platitudinous, inasmuch as all thermal and climatic conditions are pre-established and foregone. If one were to say to another, "It is a fine day," or "Beastly weather," or "Looks a little like rain, don't you think so?" he would run risk of being seized upon and buried as an imbecile. With one accord we are glad when the ship weighs anchor and its gun announces our departure.

The distance from Pará to Pernambuco is about fifteen hundred miles, and occupies seven days. Below Cape St. Roque we sail within sight of the shore, and get distant glimpses of Natal and Parahyba, with other towns of less magnitude. But the coast is generally very barren of aspect, and apparently uninhabited. Now and then through the glass I can discern a cluster of fishermen's huts breaking the livid monotony of the sand-hills, and some-



PERNAMBUCO.



STREET IN PERNAMBUCO.

times at night a solitary light gleams from the distant mountains. But the general outlook is bleak and desolate. As we approach Pernambuco, however, the change is magical. The town is situated in a broad, fertile basin, inclosed by a semicircle of distant mountains, which trend from Cape St. Augustine on the south to the high, wooded promontory of Olinda upon the north. The town itself has a Flemish aspect. Count Moritz of Nassau and his troopers had occupancy here once, and have left enduring traces thereof. High houses, like those of Nuremberg or Utrecht, lift themselves above the surrounding structures, and medi-

eval gables, peaked and preposterous, show themselves here and there. A little round Dutch fort stands upon the end of the reef which guards the harbor, and makes a ridiculous pretense of being able to defend something. A brisk fire of Dutch cheeses or Bologna-sausages would level it in half an hour. But in its time it doubtless turned the arrows of the Guararapes, and perhaps the carronade shots of the inimical Portuguese, and so served its purpose. At present it is a relic, interesting but futile, like a suit of chain-armor in an arsenal.

The most interesting portion of Pernambuco is the old town, Olinda, situated upon a high neighboring promontory, and connected with the newer portion of the city, or Recife, by a sand-spit which runs between the ocean and the river Biberibe. Its structures are large and stately, and are embowered in the rich foliage of the palm, the orange, the mangueira, and other tropical trees. There is a monastery, a convent, several churches, and many



OX-CART.



PACK HORSES.

spacious and elegant private residences. But the old town wears a mournful aspect of dry-rot and decay. Its glories have lapsed and have passed over to the bustling and active Recife. The view from Olinda is very extensive and magnificent. The eye ranges over a broad expanse of country, so densely clothed in foliage that it looks like a forest, although it is thickly inhabited and interspersed with beautiful villas and fazendas. Even the suburbs of the town are so copiously environed with shade trees that the houses are submerged and only occasionally visible. The provinces of Pernambuco and Alagoas are among the most fertile and populous in South America; they have the unusual advantage of being traversed by a railroad to some distance in the interior. This intersects the Rio de San Francisco at Aricari, and a second line, crossing the Serra Chapada and traversing the district of Sergipe, connects it with Bahia.

As we pass through the town we get occasional glimpses of the fazendeiros, or farmers, from the back country—bronzed, broad-hatted men, smoking cigarros and carrying

heavy leather whips, with which they persuade to diligence their pack mules or horses. They have come down from the interior to sell their produce and obtain supplies for their plantations. They have a prosperous, solvent look, as of men who, like Dogberry, have every thing comfortable about them; but, judging from their faces, one would not wish to be in the situation of their bondmen. They have a fierce, peremptory look, and the gesture of their thongs is significant. They would evidently flay a Mozambique negro with as little remorse as they chastise their pack mules.

Our glimpse of Pernambuco is brief and unsatisfactory. Time, tide, and Captain Timmerman wait for no man; and long before we have completed our observations the gun summons us on board. A brigade of students of the law-school situated here accompany us as we pass through the fleets of *jagandas* and under the sterns of lofty merchantmen on our way to the ship. One of them intones a stirring chant from the *Lusiad*, and his companions listen in soft silence, smoking little yellow cigarros, which they will throw away presently and experience a sud-



FLEET OF JAGANDAS.



SUBURBS OF PERNAMBUCO.

den lapse of interest in the poetry of Camoens and the elocution of their companion. With one accord they turn a greenish yellow as they get on board, and as the ship gives way and steams southward they unanimously rush for the rail. Truly old Neptune dealeth bitterly with them. 'Tis lucky for them that morals and erudition have not an epigastric residence, else should they wander the earth henceforward illiterate and abased. I have somewhere heard of a naval cadet who, in one of these marine paroxysms, threw up his commission. Nothing so tragical as this befell either of our sucking chancellors, and the next day they emerged tranquil and eueptic, and with appetites like bears.

There are three things in Bahia which the traveler must in no case fail to see—the cathedral, the convent where the wondrous feather flowers of Bahia are made, and the Passeio Publico, or public promenade. There are hosts of churches and monasteries, which invite and would recompense attention; for this, be it remembered, is the archiepiscopal capital of South America, a sort of transatlantic Rome, which in spiritual matters dominates the continent from

Yucatan to Terra del Fuego; and there are wondrous suburbs, through the shaded and flower-starred vistas of which one might wander for a month without exhausting their beauties. But our time is brief; we can only glance at the largest and tawniest lions. 'We got a furious Jehu at the hotel where we breakfasted—a swarthy charioteer who would have carried off the cup at the Pyrrhic races, if yelling at and flogging his coursers could have compassed that result. A good deal of miscellaneous language was poured upon him before he acquired an accurate knowledge of what we wanted. The Major vented a good deal of what he called Portuguese, and made a series of incomprehensible gestures; the Professor tried an experimental mixture of Latin and Chaldaic; while the rest of the party assailed the mule-compeller in rather rickety and uncertain French. This combined philological assault in column produced upon him no effect whatever except to debilitate his understanding and cause him to perspire; so we called in the waiter and the landlord, who did the business in a few gurgling dissyllables. The bewildered Jehu in-



BAHIA, FROM THE BAY.

stantly burst into paroxysms of intelligence and acquiescence, mounted his box, grasped the reins, and signified his readiness to be off.

"To the Passeio Publico." *Bon!* Away we go with a rush, the four mules dashing wildly through the streets, turning corners at break-neck speed, the lash winding in the air above them like a serpent. Are these the vehicular usages of the sedate and languid South? They are maddening. Not more furiously drove Seniramis her leopards; not more impetuously bore Roland his rider from beleaguered Ghent to Aix, than our mules, "pursued by yell and blow," bear us from the Hôtel de l'Europe to the Park. The drivers whom we meet drive with similar impetuosity; wherefrom I infer that headlong speed is the rule hereabout. We rein up at the arched gateway of the gardens, and enter the promenade between avenues of vast and ancient trees, amidst the dark green foliage of which immense yellow globes of fruit, of a kind unknown to us, are suspended. The walks are broad, bordered with myrtle and mimosa, with occasional clusters of roses, and they lead to a semicircular terrace of marble which overlooks the lower city and the bay. From its parapet the hill falls away almost perpendicularly to the line of coast below—a cascade of green lit with flowers. The red morning light burns upon the water, upon the hundred flags of the shipping, upon distant Montserrat and Itaparica, and sleeps in purple billows in the folds of the mountains beyond. It is not without reason that Bahia is called the

most beautiful city in South America—not excepting enchanted Rio itself. All its graces and glories are revealed in one view. It is set upon a hill, or upon an array of hills, and all its proportions disclose themselves in a single *coup-d'œil*. Bordering the water's edge there is a narrow belt of *trapiches* or warehouses, some of them the largest and finest in the empire, while the rest of the town is situated upon the summit of the hills some hundreds of feet above. Between them stretches a broad belt or ribbon of green, with now and then a house clinging against its slope. This abrupt ascent is traversed by zigzag causeways too steep for horses or vehicles, and only eligible for foot-passengers and sedans. The latter are extensively used in Brazil. Those employed by private families have rich silken and satin hangings, are in some cases decorated with coats of arms, and borne by servants in gorgeous livery. Those for the use of the public are apt to be rather fluffy, and their splendors, quite dazzling at a distance, fade a little on a nearer approach. Doubtless, as the used-up chariots of dukes and earls sometimes degenerate into hackney-coaches, the sedans of barons and marquises may occasionally be surrendered over to obscurer employment; for the one which bore me up the hill had a coat of arms upon its cornice which was not only very big and very red, but was of blood-thirsty and carnivorous import. A lurid, apoplectic dragon was in the act of assaulting, with intent to consume, three dejected, pale pink leopards, which were vainly seeking to walk

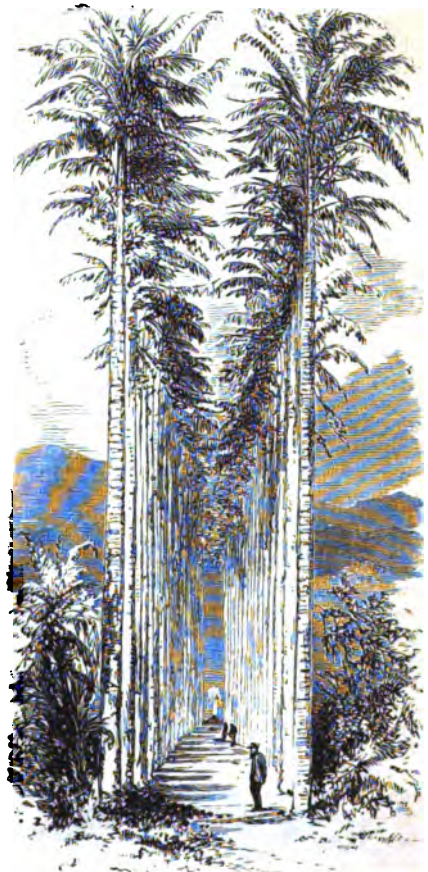
off the escutcheon and take refuge in the drapery. A transverse bar of "or" intersected this wrangling menagerie, and upon its summit was a design, florid and flamboyant, but of obscure implication. The arms were the sole remnant of its grandeur; the curtains, hangings, and cushions, furious enough in color, were very coarse and common in texture.

The feather flowers of Bahia have won extensive celebrity, and are esteemed to be the rarest in the world. Some of the finest are woven by the nuns of the convent, from which ingenious industry the institution derives a considerable revenue. They are of inconceivable grace and delicacy, and their imitation of natural growths is marvelously faithful and exact. Observe that cluster of purple hyacinths; that snowy spray of orange flowers; that half-opened water-lily, with its emerald calyx, its golden stamens, and the soft moonlight sheen of its leaves. Except in perfume, nature herself does not surpass them. We were not able to see the nuns engaged in their fabrication. Our visit to the convent was on a Sunday, "and the sound of a sorrowing anthem rolled" from their pious chapel; but the shop-keepers in the vicinity sat at the receipt of custom, and were ready enough, notwithstanding the day, to display to us the exquisite handiwork of the sisters. An expenditure of about 30 mille reis, or \$15 of our money, gave me something like seventy flowers of different varieties. The good-humored but preposterous person in yellow cap and nankeen small-clothes, with a cast in his eye and a stutter, who took snuff perpetually, and persisted in thrusting that titillating stimulant upon his customers, who at brief and uncertain intervals rushed wildly into the back-room to chastise a noisy monkey, and came out moist and iracund, but unsubdued, tried to sell us a large collection of stuffed humming-birds of all hues and varieties, but various considerations restrained us from purchasing. There were something more than a thousand, and the number was said to embrace nearly all the varieties of the humming-bird known in South America. Some were intense blue, lapis-lazuli, or ultramarine; others royal purple; still others with a changing glow upon their breasts like fire.

The cathedral is the largest and finest ecclesiastical structure upon the continent, with the possible exception of the Candelaria at Rio. Near it is the archiepiscopal palace and seminary, and the college of the Jesuits, which is now surrendered to secular employments. The stones of some of these structures were hewn in Europe and brought hither, and the architecture uniformly exhibits traces of a master hand. High Mass was being celebrated as we entered, and one could not but feel, amidst the rolling flood of organ music, the chant of the choir which filled the holy abyss of the interior, a something of the solemnity and religious awe which subdues the soul in the mighty spaces of St. Peter's, or beside the sepulchre of Borro-

meo at Milan. It was the day of St. Something, and the services were more than usually impressive. The archbishop officiated, and the elect of Bahia were there, spiritually prostrated by the solemnity of the ceremonials. Their Sabbath aspect, although sumptuous, was sedate and serious. The women wore many jewels and scarfs of lustre and laces of price; dark brows were girdled with flashing brilliants, and pearls glimmered upon necks and breasts as dusky as Cleopatra's. The men were usually swarthy, saturnine, reserved of aspect, and, with the exception of their hats, which were a great deal too high, were attired very much as a similar congregation in New York or Paris might be in midsummer.

By the common consent of travelers and residents the Victoria Hill is admitted to be the fairest of the suburbs of the city. Its gardens and shaded spaces are of surpassing loveliness, its residences the finest in the city, and the view from its slopes the most extensive and magnificent to be obtained in the vicinity. We ascended it from the Rio Vermelho, and drove far through its winding and shaded roads, and notwithstanding the heat and the disenchanting



AVENUE OF PALMS.

yells of our driver, were captivated by its tropical beauty. Below us lay the city, beyond the cobalt zone of the ocean, lit here and there with a gleaming sail; on either hand alleys of palm and aloe stretched away and lost themselves in the tangled bloom of gardens where fountains tinkled, the notes of the mandolin or the guitar sometimes mingling with their musical plash; shaded balconies shone now and then through the leaves, where hammocks were swung, and pretty maidens in enchanting morning *deshabille* reclined, waving feather fans, toying with parrots, or languidly perusing the ceiling, apparently unmindful of our admiring attention. We drove by the English and American cemeteries—sad little cities of the dead, planted amidst these sunlit and palm-embowered spaces, and saw familiar names inscribed upon the head-stones. One could not have a fairer place in which to sleep the last sleep.

On our return to the ship we had an opportunity of observing the lower town. Some of its streets are ancient, and have a Moorish look. They are very narrow, and are overhung by numerous projecting balconies, over the rails of which mats and garments, the latter in some cases not very clean, hang fluttering in the morning wind. Some are more graciously embellished; dark faces hover above them, and look down upon the street below. One glistening and buxom young wench, with snowy teeth and dark laughing eyes, pelts the by-passer with little pellets of paper and bonbons, and seems to regard it as a most exhilarating

proceeding. In these older thoroughfares there are no sidewalks, the carriage-way extending to the walls of the houses, so that pedestrians take refuge from passing vehicles in areas or doorways. The newer streets are broad and spacious, and some of the warehouses which front them are of immense size and of costly construction. The Sabbath here appears to impose no restraints upon commerce or amusement. The shops are open; the black carriers move to and fro with their loads; the fruit vendors are clustered upon the *praya*, surrounded by crates, baskets of fruit, and noisy purchasers. Here and there an impetuous negro, exhilarated by *caxache*, is dancing tempestuous rigadoons to the strumming of a tambour or gourd; others lie sprawled upon the pavement fast asleep, the sun glaring fiercely upon their faces; still others, with anxious countenances, are chaffering and cheapening fruit and fowls. Nearly all appear to be eating something—a banana, a bit of sugar-cane, an orange, or the mandioc flour. In Brazil the mandioc is the staff of life, as wheat-en flour is with us. Prepared with jerked beef and black beans it constitutes a viand called *cana seca*, which is to the South American what porridge is to the Scotchman, potatoes to the Irishman, or roast beef and beer to John Bull. But in its more refined manifestations it appears at all Brazilian tables and under all culinary disguises.

We get off at length through the fleets of canoes and fruit-boats which crowd the harbor, and just at sunset weigh anchor for Rio.



MARKET SCENE, BAHIA.



HUNTING BOB WHITE.

BOB WHITE.

THE bird known in Pennsylvania and the Southern States by the name of "Partridge," and in New York and most of the New England States by the name of "Quail," is one and the same bird. The cause of this confusion is easily explained. The settlers in the Southern States, especially those of French origin, found the bird most like the partridge, which it really is, and with which they were familiar; while the settlers further north named it the quail, from its fancied resemblance to the little migratory creature which annually makes a temporary sojourn in the southern parts of England.

There is in North America no such bird as the quail. This assertion is maintained by the

best ornithologists. Their authority, and our authority, lies in distinctions made by the great Creator of all things, who ordained habits and anatomical differences from the beginning; who made the lion and the hare to differ; who made the quail a wanderer in all the earth, and our pretty misnamed bird to be the associate of man.

The true quail is the most restless and uneasy, as well as the smallest, of his family, being no larger than a lark, and weighing not more than three or four ounces. At certain seasons of the year it inhabits the middle and southern districts of England and most of the countries of Europe; but it migrates in the fall of the year to more southern climes. Their numbers when thus moving are incalculable. The islands and shores of the Mediterranean annually



THE TRUE QUAIL.

swarm with them. It has been ascertained that as many as a hundred thousand have been killed in a single day within a very limited space on the coast of Naples. Still later in autumn they cross the Black Sea to more southern coasts, and in time they seek still warmer latitudes. It was these birds which were providentially sent by drifting winds to feed the children of Israel, and with such abundance as not only to darken the sun in their flight, but for the space of a day's journey from the camp the ground was covered by the exhausted birds, trampling and pressing on each other to the height of two cubits. "And all that day, and all that night, and all the next day the Israelites gathered the quails." (Numbers, xi. 31, 32.)

Our favorite bird is no wanderer. He makes his permanent home near the farm-house, and contributes, by his song and his delicious flesh, to the intellectual and substantial comfort of man. He not only builds under the hedge or in the stubble of the field in the spring, but when the cold threatens, instead of seeking a more genial clime, he only clings more closely to his home, and in midwinter picks up the little food needed for his subsistence from the abundant stores of provident man. It is the instinctive sociability of this bird with civilization that makes his appearance on the frontiers along with the honey-bee so terrible to the Indian; for he knows that when they appear the march of enlightenment, which to him is a consuming fire, is on his track. But where was this bird ere the white man set his foot on this continent? With the Indians of Virginia; for they had from immemorial time planted the rich maize, which to-day the so-called quail prefers to wheat or any other grain.

Our native bird differs from its European namesake in size, language, and in many other fundamental peculiarities. The true quail bears the same impression as to form that the guinea-fowl does. He has a stooping gait, and seems to be constantly laboring under some sense of

fear. Our own bird is slender, graceful, and most gallant in bearing. The true quail has its tail-feathers entirely hidden by the long quills of the wings; the tail of our native bird is handsomely displayed, and by measurement is nearly one-third of the bird's entire length. Our bird is nearly twice as large as the European quail, and smaller than the European partridge. It is indeed the connecting-link between the two extremes, and is peculiar to our continent; and is as essentially American as the wild turkey and wilder buffalo. No one who respects the marked distinctions made by nature and pointed out by naturalists would ever, but for long custom, think of calling our American bird a quail. But a misnomer so pardonably introduced, and so long maintained, is difficult to correct.

Having satisfied ourselves that our bird is not a quail, and has no distinctive resemblance to any bird of the partridge family to which it belongs, it is proper and necessary that it should have a name. To call it, as some have suggested, a "quail-partridge" is adopting a cognomen not euphonious, and one continuing an error. To call it the "American partridge" is impossible; for California, Texas, Oregon, and New Mexico will not allow their representatives to be thus ruled out. We are therefore gratified that an opinion expressed a quarter of a century ago is sustained by the best scientific authorities, that neither "partridge" nor "quail" can with propriety be applied to any American species, and that the only way to escape embarrassment and sustain the truth is to select a new name.*

The task seems to be an easy one, for the bird has, for all time, introduced itself to the world as "BOB WHITE," and who should know its name better than itself? Nay, more; this is a pretty name, clustered with sweet associations—dearly loved indeed by all who have heard it. The precedence is set by the "Whip-poor-Will" and "Bob-o-Link"—why not have "Bob White?"

That the idea is in accordance with nature we know, for we never saw a more interesting bit of excitement than was displayed by a city-raised boy, made wise by the experiences of five years, who upon his first trip into the country had his attention suddenly arrested by the gloriously exultant cry of "Bob White!" The little fellow saw the bird, away down the road, screaming from the top of a fence rail, and comprehended that the sounds, so human and so full of sympathy, came from the bird's throat. He blushed crimson-red with pleasurable surprise as he exclaimed: "He thinks I'm Bob White!"

* Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, who deservedly stands at the head of American ornithologists, says: "In reality, however, no one of these names, quail or partridge, can be applied to any American species; though to call our grouse a partridge is perhaps a worse misnomer than to apply the same name to our quail. It would be much better, however, to select names for the American birds which have not been used for other species."

Bob White—(that is, Mr. and Mrs. B. W.)—commence to build their nest in the month of May, a little earlier or later according to the character of the season. If it is very cold they will put it off until June. They select a location in the open field that seems to have little regard for safety; dryness is evidently a first care. A few blades of grass or the roots of a cornstalk act as a shelter, and are generally sufficient to divert observation. The entrance to the nest is on one side; and considering how simple are the materials of which it is constructed, it is a most comfortable and serviceable house. The female lays from sixteen to twenty white eggs; in some in-

stances more have been found. They are sharp at the small end, and so nicely arranged in the bottom of the nest that if even one is disturbed it never can be exactly replaced by human ingenuity. The male bird assists in the incubation, which is perfected in three weeks; feeds the female while on her nest; and always remains in the vicinity cheering his mate by his loving repetition of "Bob White!"

The bird is a determined setter during the hatching, and has been actually stepped upon before she would show any evidence of alarm. An instance has occurred when the female bird had her head cut off by a mower's scythe. On one occasion some laborers came to a nest containing a dozen eggs, the parent bird crouching at a little distance close to the ground. The proprietor of the field, wishing to keep the nest from harm, placed the leafy branch of a tree over it for protection and shelter. Very soon the parent birds returned to the nest, and although the gentleman and members of his family went frequently to look at the birds, they sat out their time. For three successive years a nest was made in the same locality.

A most remarkable instance of Bob White's insensibility to fear, while engaged in hatching, is related by a friend of ours as the result of his own experience. He informs us that when a boy, while residing on his father's farm in Maryland, a nest was discovered in one corner of a small inclosure, which contained the kennels of a pointer and setter dog. It is especially curious that the dogs took no notice of the birds. The intelligent creatures acted as if entirely unconscious of each other's presence. Under these seemingly adverse circumstances the brood was hatched and carried safely into the protection of a neighboring wood.

No living creature can exhibit greater tenacity of life than the young Bob Whites. Before they are fairly out of the shell they commence running about in search of food. They are, however, subject to innumerable vicissitudes.

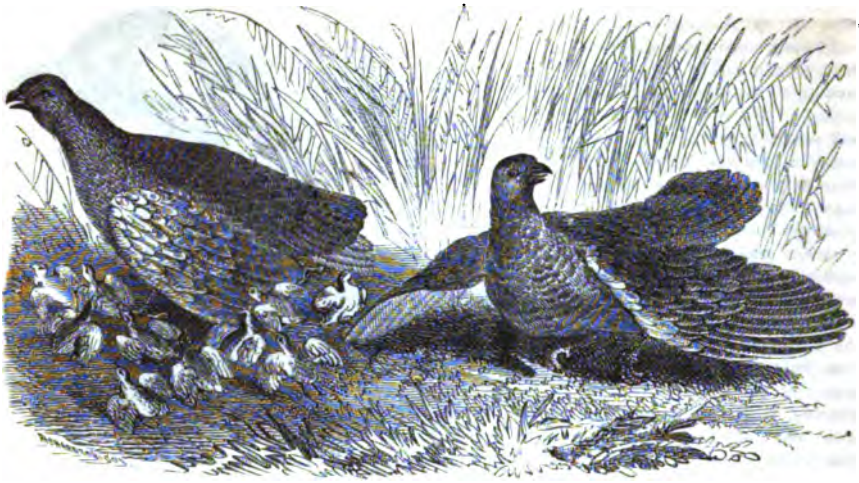


HEAD OF BOB WHITE.—LIFE SIZE.

A wet season is almost fatal to a young brood. They are continually sought after by prowling animals or birds of prey. It is asserted upon reliable authority that when they are about to leave the shell a circular opening is made by the mother through which they are issued into the world. It is said that a part of the shell that covers this opening is attached to the remaining portion by a small fragment of the membrane lining of the shell, which allows it to work up and down like a lid; and that a deserted partridge nest, if not disturbed, affords evidence of this ingenious contrivance of the mother to protect her young.

The notes of the male bird are so modified in expression that he will at one time pour them out in a song of praise, and then again—most frequently indeed—in encouraging notes to his mate near by. The female bird, in addition to "Bob White," which she utters in a suppressed manner, has two more notes at her command, most soft and winning sounds, like "*chi-che*," which involuntarily well up from her throat when sitting upon her nest, and finally become a constant expression of gentle reproof and encouragement to her numerous charge. It is with the varied expressions of these two simple sounds that the mother bird will draw her brood under her wings; will huddle them together in a hiding-place there to remain, while she seeks food for herself; or will scatter them far and wide to avoid a hovering bird of prey, or the insidious approaches of the trained dog—precursor of the gun—to be gathered together again when danger has passed by one faintly breathed expression of "*Bob White*!"

With this "*chi-che*" the mother also teaches her young to move without disturbing a spear of grass; to creep along as stealthily as a shadow; to hide, if necessary, beneath a bit of stone or decayed wood; mingle, and almost literally mix, with the neutral tints of the ground and vegetation; to be, indeed, nonentities in body and color until it is possible



COVEY ALARMED.

to secure the safety of her outstretched wings, where they will have their chilled bodies warmed by her maternal breast, and their perturbed minds quieted by her whisperings of safety and love. When a covey is about to take flight, the birds make a low twittering sound, not unlike that of young chickens; and when a covey is dispersed, the birds come together again by frequently repeating a note expressive of tenderness and anxiety. In September the young are nearly grown, and at this time the notes of the male bird are most frequent, clear, and loud. It is no unusual thing for school-boys accustomed to the sound to imitate the "call" so as to deceive the bird itself.

Their food consists of buds, berries, and grain, seeds of the "ragged grass," buckwheat, and maize—the last-named being the favorite. They are not particularly fond of wheat. At night they seek the high ground, and in some open space arrange themselves in most curious order. By bringing their tail feathers together they form a compact circle with their heads on the outside, thus guarded from sudden intrusion from every possible direction. On the top of this mass roosts a single bird; possibly he is the sentinel or "grand look-out." If disturbed in their nocturnal repose each takes a separate course, all to come together again by a concerted signal when they think danger no longer threatens.

We have already suggested that, independent of form, one of the great distinctions between the European quail and Bob White lies in the fact that the first-named is migratory, while our own favorite is a permanent resident of the place where he originates; and if he violates this characteristic of his nature it is from necessity. If Bob White changes quarters at all it is in search of food, and then he never goes a very great distance.

Audubon noticed in one of his journeys down the Ohio that the banks were lined with the bird, and he suggests that they thus gathered pursuant to a somewhat extended migration; but he saw them in such numbers from the fact that they had reached the farthest limit of their journey, for it is questioned if they can cross a wide river. The lands of many of the tributaries of the Chesapeake Bay have no doubt always been famous for the abundance of the bird, and it is not uncommon there, in the fall of the year, for the bird to move in large flocks, several coveys united, toward the sea-coast, but their movements are stopped when they reach the wide water-courses or outstretching bays; and this is no doubt true of their movements every where. The true-quail, however, often cross seas four hundred miles wide in their journeys south, or travel thousands of miles in their annual migrations.

A gentleman from Kentucky informs us that on one occasion he was traveling in that State, and heard in the brush along the road-side a peculiar noise. On examination he discovered it was a large flock of Bob Whites traveling through the undergrowth, and running with great rapidity, keeping up at the same time a continuously piping noise, evidently of sympathy and encouragement.

Great efforts have been made for nearly a century to introduce Bob White into England; but the climate of the country is so damp that the experiment has not yet succeeded. In some parts of France, especially in Normandy, the bird is thoroughly at home, and thrives quite as well as in America. We find in the *Royal Gazette*, published in New York in the year 1780, an advertisement offering very liberal sums for "quail" intended to be sent to England; and while we write this, March, 1869, eighty-nine years later, we came across seventy-five birds from Georgia, most excellently provided

with traveling facilities, bound for an English nobleman's park.

The preferred food of the Bob Whites being grains and buds only, it can readily be imagined that when the ground is covered with snow they must suffer from want of food as well as from cold. In the midst of a snow-storm they will sometimes seek shelter at the fence corners, and there perish. Whole coveys have been found dead after the snow has melted away. Yet so hardy is the bird that they are often shot after weeks of semi-starvation, retaining their plump form, and in perfect health. True to their nature of being near the habitations of man, in their sufferings from inclement weather, they seek not only the farm-yard, but have been known to fill the streets of some of our Western towns. Some years ago Racine, Wisconsin, was thus besieged. The birds were so plentiful that the boys caught them in their hands. They ran like chickens about the streets and yards, and getting bewildered, would dash themselves against the windows. In the year 1856, in large districts of Pennsylvania and other parts of the country, the bird was quite exterminated by the cold.

But the real enemies of the Bob Whites are "pot-hunters," "trappers," and people who resort to all unfair means to destroy them. We have an authentic record where a party of two "pot-hunters" discovered a drove of Bob Whites, and set a net for them, and succeeded in catching all, sixty in number, save one. This poor bird seemed to appreciate how dreadful would be its liberty if deprived of its companions, and after hovering around a while voluntarily shared the captivity of its mates. Destruction of nests, the killing of the mother bird in the spring, and, lastly, the atrocity of calling together the young by ventriloquial sounds, and then sacrificing them from mere wanton mischief. We revere the memory of a friend long since dead, who literally loved Bob White, and who, in the virtuous indignation of his noble spirit, and inspired by rare intellectual gifts, wrote:

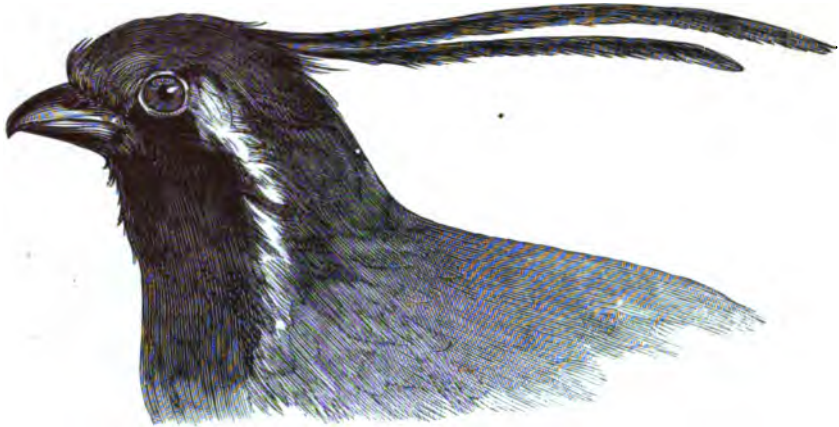
"I knew an Ethiopian once—he lives yet in a hovel on the brush plains of Matowacs—who called a whole bevy together (by basely imitating the maternal notes). He first shot the parent bird, and when the murderous villain had ranged the orphans in close company, while they were looking over each other's necks, and mingling their doubts and hopes and distresses, in a little circle, he leveled his cursed musket at their unhappy breasts, and butchered—'What! all my little ones? did you say all?' He did, and lives yet! Oh, let me not meet that wretch six miles north of Patchogue, in a place where the scrub oaks cover with cavernous gloom a sudden precipice, at the bottom of which lies a deep lake, unknown but to Kwake and the lost deer hunter! For my soul's sake let me not encounter him in the great ravines of the Callicoon in Sullivan, where the everlasting darkness of the hemlock forest would sanctify virtuous murder!"



HEAD OF CALIFORNIA VALLEY QUAIL.—LIFE SIZE.

Many anecdotes are related of the sagacity of Bob White that justly place him in the estimation of true sportsmen at the head of all "game" birds, for they show that the little creature possesses a rare combination of talents with which to test the accomplishments of the true sportsman and the sagacity of his faithful companion, the dog. Three of the best shots we ever knew were foiled morning after morning by the same bird. His head-quarters seemed to be in a small patch of shrubbery, surrounded by open fields and pasture land. Once discovered it appeared as if from his exposed situation he could not escape, yet nearly for a week he set three practiced shots and six well-trained dogs at defiance.

Every morning the bird would be discovered at one end of his domain, and as regularly would be "set at," or "pointed," by the dogs. The hunters would then surround the indicated spot, but just as they thought their bird was safe he would suddenly disappear. Determined at last to "head him off," the "location" was regularly invested—two of the hunters posted themselves on the outside of the shrubbery, while the third, with a couple of dogs, was detailed to "drive" through the brush from one end to the other. Steadily the indefatigable sportsman and his two canine companions pursued the devoted bird through the mazes of his strong-hold; the extremity was finally reached—Bob White must now take to his wings, but no such thing; instead he suddenly turned, and on the outside of the shrubbery commenced running for dear life to his old quarters—but, alas! this attempt was at last anticipated; and, as he discovered that his retreat was cut off, with a scream of



HEAD OF CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN QUAIL.—LIFF SIZE.

despair that was painful to hear, and a *whirr* that indicated hope was gone, he rose in the air; for an instant he hesitated, and then, with a swiftness almost of a ray of light, he made a straight line for the open field. The sharp, ringing report of a fowling-piece, a breath of smoke, and Bob White's little body, dead and cold, lay upon the ground. A fox, with all its cunning, never made a more desperate struggle for life.

In pursuing Bob White with dog and gun an almost inexplicable phenomenon frequently occurs, which has given rise to much good writing and an unnecessary amount of personal feeling—we allude to the fact that it is not uncommon to flush a bevy of birds, to have them rise, then settle in the stubble a few yards beyond, and be entirely lost for the time being to the best-trained and most sagacious dogs. "Can Bob White retain his scent?" is asked, with vehement earnestness, and answered with a thousand "yes" and "no" replies. It is patent to the most casual observer of the habits of this bird that a bevy may be flushed in the morning, and their whereabouts lost to the dogs, when in the evening, or a few hours later, the same birds will be easily found. So thoroughly can the bird, under certain circumstances, disguise his whereabouts that you may send in the dogs where you know they are concealed, you may thrash the cover with the help of men "chopping wood hard by," you may get on the heap of brush where birds are hidden away, and you may stamp and rudely crush it under four feet, and the birds won't stir; nor will the dogs standing listlessly about show that there are any birds under their nose. Our opinion is, that the bird can at times retain its scent. We are justified in this belief by many natural authorities, precedent in the case; but still it is only an opinion, to differ with which simply illustrates that evidence that satisfies one mind is not conviction to another.

Two gentlemen, hunting some years ago in Rappahannock County, Virginia, came across

a bevy of quails, and were successful in killing twenty in all, the remainder, perhaps five in number, escaped. Upon examination the entire number killed were discovered to be male birds. The explanation from an old sportsman was that they were "bachelor birds," or birds that, failing to obtain a mate, were clubbed together to sympathize in their lonely situation. This fact, curious, yet natural enough, indicates the sociability of the bird, and its resources for sympathy of its kind, even under the most forlorn circumstances—the establishment, indeed, of the best features of club life—a very sensible idea, and worthy of a gentlemanly bird like Bob White.

With innumerable instances of the taming of individual birds, it is extraordinary that Bob White is not as familiar to the farm-yard as are poultry. He certainly, more than any wild creature, displays his dependence on man for food and association, which is not in any degree true of the pheasant, the duck, or turkey; yet, while we have these several birds the commonest feature of the farm-yard, Bob White keeps at a respectful distance. That the bird can be thoroughly domesticated there can not be a doubt; and certainly it would be a charming sight to see these little creatures at our country homes, running around with their broods, mingling their cheery voices with the ruder notes of the ducks, hens, and turkeys, and in the mean time performing all the duties of their more gigantic relatives.

A bird partially domesticated made a nest, and, in its instinctive desire to incubate, was induced to set on some bantam chickens' eggs. In due time she brought forth the young, and nursed them with the greatest care. She attempted to control her charge by all the arts she used in her wild state, and seemed particularly anxious when her young were insensible to her oft-repeated notes of alarm. When the chicks were larger than herself she continued her maternal solicitude, and attempted to hover them under her little wings. The chickens

were so far influenced by the novel training of their foster-mother that they affected to be much alarmed by the sight of strangers, would squat in the grass, and make most absurd attempts to hide away.

A California miner had a member of the family, a voluntary associate of his "garden patch," and it became so tame that it would crow with delight when the miner came out in the morning to feed his poultry. In different localities of the West they have been partially domesticated, and it seems to be a want of persistent care that the experiments made were not successful. The eggs have frequently been hatched out by a hen, and reared as her own; but the young were more vagrant and restless than legitimate chicks, and, not being looked after by human intelligence, soon strayed away and were destroyed. Some cases occur when the bird has acquired the familiarity of common barn-yard fowls, and has remained all winter, but has wandered off in the spring. Two young were brought up by a common hen, and when she abandoned them they selected for their associates the cows, which they regularly followed to the fields, and returned with them in the evenings. These eccentricities remained during the winter, and lodged in the stable, but were allowed, as usual, to stray away in the spring.

A gentleman of Louisville, Kentucky, at the time connected with Adams Express Company, kept a pair of quails in captivity for a year, and then took them twelve miles into the country and set them at liberty. In the intensest part of the second winter of their freedom he was one day surprised to hear a rapping at his window, and upon examination found two Bob Whites seeking admittance, and after a critical examination he satisfied himself that they were his old favorites. Meeting with a kind reception, these birds instantly made themselves, indoors and out-of-doors, at home. It is evident that while these birds could do well in the woods they remained there; but when about to be starved by reason of the severe weather, they remembered the kind hand from which they had received attention, and returned to have that kindness repeated.

A prominent resident of Charleston, South Carolina, was presented with sixteen eggs, which on the 25th of May were placed under a bantam hen. Twenty-six days afterward the eggs were hatched out, and the young were fed on the same food given to the other poultry. To keep them from flying away, their owner took off the first joint from a wing of each, which mutilation did not seem to give them much pain or retard their growth. A year afterward two of the birds remained and commenced making a nest; but in the midst of their domestic arrangements they disappeared. It is a noticeable fact that, though raised with the tame poultry, they never learned any notes of their foster-mother, but at all proper occasions would mount some high place and with amusing energy vociferate "Bob White."

Sportsmen are very fond of telling stories illustrative of the "stanchness" of their dogs, and they sometimes test this quality with a degree of severity that in our opinion is inexcusable. We recollect on one occasion, after a fine morning's sport, having been with a small party invited to lunch under the widely-extended branches of a magnificent magnolia. The air was made fragrant by the ripened seeds that were scattered like red carnelian gems at our feet, and our appetites were sharpened by exercise in a clear fall day atmosphere. The viands, by the hands of a faithful negro (now, by the whirligig of time, a State legislator), were spread upon a white napkin, a bottle of excellent claret was opened, and a more delicate and seasonable repast could not be imagined; but I was doomed to have my happiness somewhat marred by an unexpected incident.

Ion and Ione, two magnificent pointer dogs, literally companions of our sport, for they were just as sensible, well-behaved, and more earnest, I believe, than any of us bipeds, had lain down at a respectful distance, and were watching the surroundings with eyes that displayed human intelligence. Ione was a delicately organized and an impulsive creature; we have seen her, as we started out on a morning's hunt, absolutely tremble all over with excitement, she was so nervous and full of happiness. On this occasion, just as our host commenced carving a well-cooked capon, Ione sprang up, and in another instant, to the astonishment of all present, came to "a point," and so near to us that we could, without leaving our seats, touch her straightened out tail with a ramrod. There she stood, as immovably fixed as if she were transformed into bronze. For a moment this was interesting to me, for I supposed some one would relieve her by securing the bird; but Ione's master was cruel enough to test her qualities to the uttermost, for he refused to let her be disturbed, and went on with our suburban meal, occasionally throwing chicken-bones and dainty bits of meat directly under the poor creature's nose; but Ione saw nothing, smelled nothing, knew nothing but that unhappy Bob White a few feet away, indulging in the idea it was beyond the reach of harm, buried from sight in the undergrowth. Impatient and out of humor, at last we flushed the bird, raised our gun, and then, in all charity, let it go. Ione saw what we had done, gave us a look out of her large, gazelle eyes full of commiseration mingled with contempt, and went back to our group of hunters, spurned the delicacies which were now on all sides offered her, and affected to go to sleep. She said to me, as plainly as possible: "Business is business. We came out here to hunt. God made the bird to hide in the coppice, and dogs to point it out, and you to secure it for food. The animal part of the creation performed their parts; man alone failed." Ione was disgusted, and was not friendly with me all that day.

Many marvelous stories are told by all enthu-

siastic sportsmen. Some wag gave the details of the adventure of a "reverend gentleman," who, riding home from church one Christmas-day, in a secluded spot, had his attention attracted by a pointer which by himself was standing over a covey of partridges. He looked, advanced, and pondered on the wonderful and inscrutable instincts of the brute creation; blessed himself, and passed on. The cares of his profession soon drove all recollection of the circumstance from his mind, when, exactly on that day twelvemonth, passing the same way, his second astonishment was far greater than the first, for he saw on the self-same spot the dog pointing at the birds, in precisely the same attitude in which he had left the parties a year before—with this difference, however, that they were *then* living and breathing, one party treacherously "circumventing" the other; whereas they were *now* skeletons, and fit only to illustrate a lecture on anatomy—a wonderful evidence of the power which the bird and the dog in their peculiar ways exercise over each other.

Bob White, considering its numbers, size, good conduct before the dog, and its deliciousness as food, is properly considered the most valuable and most interesting of all game birds; and this opinion is confirmed by the best English sportsmen who have visited this country. The intelligence of the bird we have illustrated in the details, when one for days coped with the superior ingenuity of man and the wonderful sagacity of the most intelligent of dogs; and it is a common saying, that if you successfully break your dog after Bob White, he may then be trusted upon any thing. A native of the locality where he originates, if he disappears he is annihilated; how much real loss this is to every such unhappy community can scarcely be realized. To preserve the bird various means have been tried, but so far they have had little effect. In Minnesota, where they were plentiful a few years ago, they were so completely destroyed that the Legislature passed the most stringent laws against their being killed; and they are now beginning to show themselves again. In Massachusetts the same stringent laws are contemplated. In New York and other States intelligent people are doing all they can to restore the bird to our woods as a beauty added to their charms, and when properly treated a luxury to our table.

Hunting the bird at the proper season of the year with the dog and gun, however enthusiastically pursued, does not annihilate it; on the contrary, it scatters the survivors of the sport over a larger space of country, and thus tends to their more general distribution.

Not being sanguine that the bird can be preserved from destruction by statute-law, the question is, can it be so tamed as to form a familiar feature of the farm-yard, and be received among the fowls that afford so much excellent and nutritious food for the million? Bob White is the companion of man in his natural constitution; then why should not the shyness of his nature

be overcome so that he can be a domestic and a servitor? The jungle-fowl of India—a bird that is one of the wildest of all feathered creatures—has furnished us with our barn-yard stock; then, we would urge, why can not Bob White, the sociable and always half-humanized little creature that lives with us all the time, be thoroughly tamed? In the favorable solution of this experiment lies the only certain preservation of the bird. States may pass preventive laws—they may do something; but bounties for birds raised by domestic farm-yard culture would secure the object desired beyond the possibility of failure.

Our illustrative anecdotes sustain this opinion, that if the partial experiments that promised so well had been persisted in, the great desideratum of Bob White as a domestic fowl would have been accomplished. In two or three or five generations the "wildness" would be cultivated out of their nature; probably the fiftieth generation, under the patient training of the emotionless people of India, was passed before the pheasant of their jungles became a barn-yard fowl. Bob White thoroughly domesticated would be the pride and pet of our homes; his pretty call would always be musical and heart-touching; and the mother bird, with her troop of sixteen or twenty fledgelings, would of all animal pictures of maternal love be the most interesting.

IN QUIET DAYS.

THE dying year grows strangely mild:

Now in the hazy autumn weather
My heart is like a happy child,
And life and I, friends reconciled,
Go over the hills together.

My peaceful days run sweet and still
As waters slipping over sand,
Seeking the shadows of free will
To gather tenderer lights than all
Day's over-lavish hand.

The summer wood with music rings,
The singer's is a troubled breast;
I am no more the bird that sings,
But that which broods with folded wings
Upon its quiet nest.

Oh, fairest month of all the year!
Oh, sweetest days in life! they melt:
Within, without, is autumn cheer,
September there, September here,
So tranquil and so sweet.

Oh! have I watched all night with grief,
All night with joy, and which is best?
Ah, both were sharp, and both were brief,
My heart was like a wind-blown leaf,
I give them both for rest.

Fair Quiet, close to Joy allied,
But loving shadier walks to keep,
By day is ever at my side;
And all night long with me abide
Peace and her sister Sleep.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

With Illustrations.

CHAPTER VI.

JOSEPHINE SCANLAN walked home from the Rectory that afternoon feeling like a woman in a dream.

At first she was so stunned by the tidings she had received that she did not realise her position. How strange!—how very strange!—to be the heiress of a man who in the course of nature could not possibly live many years, and might pass away any day—leaving behind him, for her and hers, at the least a very handsome competence, probably considerable wealth—wealth enough to make her mind entirely at ease concerning the future of her children. Her bright, bold César, her sensitive Adrienne, and all her other darlings, loved, each as they came, with the infinitely divisible yet undivided love of a mother—they would never have to suffer as she had suffered. Thank God!

This was her prominent thought. It came upon her gradually, deliciously! on leaving the garden-gate, where, quite overcome, she had stood ever so long under shelter of the great white-thorn tree: for years the sight and smell of the faint pinky blossoms of the fading flowers reminded her of the emotions of that hour. Slowly her confused mind settled into calmness, and she took in the full extent of all that had happened to her since morning, and the total change that had come to her lot.

Not externally. It was obvious that Mr. Oldham meant to make no public acknowledgment of his intentions with regard to her. Also, he was leaving his property to *herself*; he had said distinctly "my heiress:" never naming her husband. These two facts startled her. The rector, with all his reticent politeness, was then an acuter man than she supposed, and had seen further than she thought he had into the secrets of her married life, and the inner mysteries of her household. He had his own reasons—and her unwarped judgment told her they were quite feasible and good ones—for exacting from her this promise, and requiring that the daily existence of the little family at Wren's Nest should go on as heretofore, and that Edward Scanlan should be told nothing whatever of the change that was likely to take place in his fortunes. It was best so. Edward Scanlan's wife knew that quite as well as Mr. Oldham did.

Some may hold that she erred here in seeing with such clear vision her husband's faults. Can it be that in any relation of life, conjugal or otherwise, it is one's duty to shut one's eyes

to facts, and do one's best to believe a lie? I think not. I think all righteous love partakes in this of the love of God—that it can "hate the sin and love the sinner:" that without deceiving itself for a moment as to the weak points of the object beloved, it can love on in spite of them; up to a certain limit, often a very large limit, of endurance: and that when love fails, this endurance still remains. Besides, mercifully, love gets into a habit of loving, not easily broken through. And Josephine had been married thirteen years.

In all those thirteen years she had never carried a lighter heart than that which seemed to leap in her bosom as gradually she recognized the change that those few words of Mr. Oldham's had wrought in her thoughts, hopes, and plans, though all must necessarily be kept to herself, and not allowed to influence her outside life. Still, this was not so hard as it might once have been: she had been gradually forced into keeping many things to herself: it was useless, worse than useless, to speak of them to her husband. She always intuitively kept from him perplexing and vexatious things; it would not be much more difficult to keep from him this good thing. Only for the present too: he would one day enjoy it all. And even now she brought back to him the welcome news of an addition to his salary; large enough, she fondly believed, to make him fully satisfied and content.

She was quite content. Before she had walked half a mile the morning's events had grown to her an unmixed good, in which she rejoiced without a single drawback. She had no hesitation whatever in accepting the unexpected heirship. Mr. Oldham had no near kindred who could look for any thing from him; and, even if he had, could he not do as he liked with his own? He was an old bachelor: no one had any claims upon him: he was free to leave his property as he chose. Nor in her maternal vanity did Mrs. Scanlan much wonder at his choice. She herself was of course merely nominal. She might be quite elderly before the fortune came to her, but it would assuredly come to her children; and who that looked at her César, her Louis, would not be glad to leave a fortune to such boys? In her heart the mother considered Mr. Oldham a wise man as well as a generous.

After taking a slight circuit by the river-side, just to compose her mind, she walked through Ditchley town; walked with an erect bearing, afraid of meeting nobody. For was not the check in her pocket, and her future safe and



"MAMMA, YOU BRING GOOD NEWS!"

sure? No such humiliation as had happened lately would ever happen to her again. Had not the check been made out to her husband, and requiring his indorsement, she would have paid great part of it away on the spot—this "painfully honest" woman—as Mr. Scanlan sometimes called her. In the mean time, she went into every shop as she passed, and collected all her bills, saying she should go round and pay them early next morning.

Then she walked gayly across the common with her heart full of gratitude to both God and man. She felt kindly toward every creature living. A beggar whom she chanced to meet she relieved with silver instead of copper this time. And every neighbor she met, instead of slipping away from, she stopped to speak to; gave and accepted several invitations; and talked and smiled so brightly that more than one person told her how very well she was looking. At which she did not wonder much; she felt as if henceforward she should always be well; as if her dark days were gone by forever. We all have such seasons, and wonder at them when the dark days return again, as

return they must; but they are very blessed at the time, and they leave a dim odor of happiness behind them which refreshes us more than we know.

When Mrs. Scanlan came to the door of her house—that small house in which she had lived so long, and might have to live—how much longer?—the first that ran out to meet her was her little daughter.

"Mamma, you bring good news!" cried the child, who was a wise child, and could already read, plain as a book, every expression of her mother's face.

And then the mother recognized, for a moment like the touch of a thorn on her hand, the burden which had been laid upon her, or rather which she had deliberately laid upon herself, in accepting Mr. Oldham's secret and its conditions. She did bring good news; yet, for the first time, she could not tell them, could not ask her family to rejoice with her, except to a very limited extent. For the first time she was obliged to prevaricate; to drop her conscious eyes before those of her own child—so clear, so earnest in their sympathy.

"Yes, my darling, I do bring good news. Mr. Oldham has been exceedingly kind. He has done what I wanted. We shall be quite rich now."

For of course Adrienne knew of all the troubles—so did Bridget—so did the whole family. They were troubles of a kind not easily disguised: and, besides, Mr. Scanlan was so incautious and careless in his talk before both servant and children, that to keep things concealed from either was nearly impossible. Mrs. Scanlan had tried to do it as much as she could, especially when César and Adrienne, growing up a big boy and girl, began to enter into their mother's cares with a precocious anxiety painful to witness; but at last she gave up the attempt in despair, and let matters take their chance. Better they should know every thing than take garbled statements or false and foolish notions into their little heads. Were not the children's souls in the mother's hand?—she believed so.

"Yes, Adrienne, my pet, you need not fret any more. Mr. Oldham has increased papa's salary: we must all be grateful to him, and do as much as ever we can for him to the end of his days."

"Must we? Oh, of course we will! But, mamma, if, as papa has just been telling me, the rector has paid him far too little, why need we be so exceedingly grateful? It is but fair."

Mrs. Scanlan made no reply. Again the thorn pressed, and another, a much sharper-pricking thorn, which wounded her sometimes. When the father could get no better company, he used to talk to the children, particularly to Adrienne, and often put into the little innocent minds ideas and feelings which took the mother days and weeks to eradicate. She could not say plainly, "Your father has been telling you what is not true," or "Papa takes quite a mistaken idea of the matter, which is in reality so and so:" all she could do was to trust to her own strong influence, and that of time, in silently working things round. That daringly self-reliant and yet pathetic motto of Philip II., "Time and I against any two," often rung in the head of this poor, brave, lonely woman—forced into unnatural unwomanliness—until sometimes she almost hated herself, and thought, could she meet herself like any other person, Josephine Scanlan would have been the last person she would have cared to know!

"Adrienne, we will not discuss the question of fairness just now. Enough that Mr. Oldham is a very good man, whom both papa and I exceedingly respect and like."

"I don't think papa likes him; for he is always laughing at him and his oddities."

"We often laugh at people for whom we feel most kindly," said Mrs. Scanlan, formally, as if enunciating a moral axiom; and then, while drawing the little thin arms round her neck, and noticing the prematurely eager and anxious face, the thought that her frail, delicate flower would never be broken by the sharp blasts of

poverty, came with such a tide of thankfulness that Josephine felt she could bear any other trouble now. Ay, even the difficult task of meeting her husband and telling him only half that was in her mind: of having afterward, for an indefinite time, to go on walking and talking, eating and sleeping beside him, carrying on their ordinary daily life, conscious every instant of the secret so momentous which she dared not in the smallest degree betray.

Yet she was on the point of betraying it within the first half hour.

Edward Scanlan had seized upon the check with the eagerness of a boy. One of the excuses his wife often made for him was, that in many things he was so very boy-like still, and could not be judged by the laws which regulate duty to a man, now considerably past thirty, a husband, and the father of a family; for he seemed as if he had never been born to carry the weight of these "encumbrances." Delightedly he looked at the sum, which represented to his sanguine mind an income of unlimited capacity. He began reckoning up all he wanted, for himself and the household; and had spent half the money already in imagination, while his wife was telling him how she had obtained it.

On this head, however, he was not inquisitive. It was obtained, and that was enough. He never noticed the blanks in her story—her many hesitations, her sad shamefacedness, and her occasional caresses, as if she wished to atone for some unconscious wrong done toward him which her tender conscience could not help grieving for, even though he himself might neither feel it nor know it.

But when she told him of all she had done in Ditchley as she passed, and of the large sum she was to pay away the following morning, Mr. Scanlan was exceedingly displeased.

"What a ridiculous hurry you are in! As if those impertinent fellows could not wait a little, after having bothered us so much. I've a great mind not to pay them for ever so long, only that would look so odd in a clergyman."

"Or in any man," said the wife, quietly. "Here is the list of what we owe; we must think twice, you see, before we lay out the remainder."

"What, are you going to pay away all that money at once? Why, you might as well have brought me home nothing at all! We shall be none the better for Oldham's 'generosity,' as you call it. Generosity, indeed! When you were at it, Josephine, and he allowed you *carte blanche*, why in the world didn't you ask him for a little more?"

Josephine rose in warm indignation. "Ask him for more, when he has already given us so much? When he is going to give us—"

Every thing, she was about to say, but stopped herself just in time. Not, however, before Edward's sharp ears—I have already said, he was at once careless and cunning in money-matters—had caught the word.

"Given us what? More silk gowns, or books

for the children, or garden-stuff for the house? These are his principal sort of gifts—mere rubbish! He never gives any thing to me: never seems to consider the sacrifice I am making every day I stay on in stupid Ditchley. And yet he must know my value, or he never would have increased my salary as he has done to-day. It is just a conscience twinge, or because he knows he could not get any body else to do my work for the money."

"You know he could, Edward. He told me plainly that for half your salary he could get twenty curates to-morrow."

"But not a curate like me!"

Mrs. Scanlan looked silently at her husband. Perhaps she was taking his measure; perhaps she had taken it long ago; and accepted the fact that, whatever he was, he was her husband—possessed of certain qualities which he could no more help than he could the color of his hair; a rather lofty estimate of the individual called Edward Scanlan was one of them.

"Don't you think, Edward, that instead of arguing about our blessings in this way, we had better accept them, and be thankful for them? I am, I know."

But no, the mean soul is never thankful. Into its capacious maw endless benefits from heaven and from man—that is, from heaven through man—may be poured, and still the cry is continually, "Give, give!" and the moment the gifts stop the murmurs begin again.

Before Edward Scanlan had ended his first five minutes of rejoicing over his unexpectedly large check, he began to feel annoyed that it was not larger. It was not until his wife, watching him with those clear, righteous eyes of hers, made him feel a little ashamed of himself, that he vouchsafed to own she had "done pretty well" in her mission of the morning.

"A hard day's work, too, it was, my dear; a long walk and a good deal of talking. You are a very good wife to me, and I owe you much."

Josephine smiled. Yes, it had been a hard day's work to her, and he did owe her much; rather more than he knew. It is astonishing how often people apologize for errors never committed and wrongs never perceived, while the real errors, the most cruel wrongs, are not even guessed at by the parties concerned in the infiction of them.

While Mrs. Scanlan busied herself in preparing the tea or in holding baby Catherine while Bridget laid the cloth—Bridget, who, of course, had quickly learned every thing, and hovered about her mistress with eyes of rapturous congratulation and admiration—it did occur to her that there must be something a little wrong somewhere; that there was an incongruousness, almost amounting to the ludicrous, in the rector's future heiress doing all these menial duties. But the idea amused more than perplexed her: and ere many hours had passed the whole thing seemed to grow so unreal, that next morning when she woke up she almost imagined she had dreamt it all.

When, a few days after, Mr. Oldham paid his customary visit to Wren's Nest, she took an opportunity of expressing her gratitude for all his kindness, and slightly reverted to his last words over the garden gate: but he stopped her at once.

"Never refer to that again. Perhaps I was a fool to tell you, but it's done now. Only mind, let all be as if I never had told you."

"I am sorry—if your reasons—"

"My reasons are, that few men like to be reminded of their own death; I don't. I shall keep to my bargain, Mrs. Scanlan; but if you ever name it again, to me or to any other creature, it is canceled. Remember, a will can be burnt as easily as made."

"Certainly," replied Josephine, though with a sense of humiliation that was almost agony. Mingled with it came a sudden fear, the faint, cold fear of the shipwrecked sailor who has seen a speck on the horizon which looks like a sail, and may turn out to be no sail at all, or else drifts away from him—and then? Nevertheless, she had self-control enough to say calmly, "I quite understand you, Mr. Oldham, and I should wish you always to do exactly what you think right."

"I believe that, Madame, and I am accordingly doing it," said the old man, with a return to his ordinary suave politeness, and calling one of the children in to the conference so that it could not possibly be continued.

It never was either continued or revived. The rector's silence on the subject was so complete that oftentimes during the long months and years which followed Josephine could scarcely force herself to believe there was any truth in what he had told her, or that it was not entirely the product of her own vivid imagination.

But at first she accepted her good fortune with fullness of faith, and rejoiced in it unlimitedly. It was such an innocent rejoicing too; it harmed nobody: took away from nobody's blessings. The fortune must come to some one; the good old man could not carry it away with him; he would enjoy it to the full as long as he lived, and by the time death touched him he would just drop off like the last leaf from the bough, perhaps not sorry to go, and gladdened in his final hour by the feeling that his death would benefit other lives, young and bright, ready to take up the ended hope, and carry it triumphantly on to future generations.

That desire of founding a family, of living again in her posterity, was I think peculiarly strong in Josephine Scanlan. The passionate instinct of motherhood—perhaps the deepest instinct women have—(and God knows they need to have it, to help them along that thorny path which every mother has trod since mother Eve)—in her did not end with her own children. She sometimes sat and dreamed of her future race, the new generations that should be born of her, impressed with her soul and body—for she rather admired her bodily self, it was

so like her father—dreamed of them as poets dream of fame and conquerors of glory. She often looked at her César—who after the curious law by which nature so often reproduces the father in the daughter, and again in the daughter's son, was an almost startling likeness of the old Vicomte de Bougainville—and thought, with a joy she could scarcely repress, of the old race revived, though the name was gone; of her boy inheriting fortune and position enough to maintain the dignity of that race before all the world.

And then César was such a good boy, simple-minded, dutiful; chivalric and honorable in all his feelings; so exactly after the old type of the De Bougainvilles, who had once fought for their country as bravely as at last, for religion's sake, they fled from it; sustaining through all reverses the true nobility, which found its outlet in the old Vicomte's favorite motto, "Noblesse oblige." Josephine watched the lad growing taller and handsomer, bolder and stronger, month by month and year by year, much as Sarah must have watched Isaac; seeing in him not only Isaac her son, but Isaac the child of promise, and the father of unborn millions.

I think Mrs. Scanlan must have been very happy about this time. Her worldly load was completely taken off her shoulders for the time being. She had enough and to spare. She could pay all her debts, and give her children many comforts that had long been lacking. She had not the sharp sense of angry pain which she used to experience, ever and anon, when, after waiting week after week till she could fairly afford Adrienne a new warm cloak, or César a pair of winter boots, their father would come in quite cheerily, and claim her admiration for a heap of musty volumes; valuable and expensive theological works which he had just purchased: not that he wanted to read them; he was no great reader at any time; but "they looked so well for a clergyman to have in his library." And when she remonstrated, he would argue how much better food for the mind was than clothes for the body; and how a good wife ought always to prefer her husband's tastes to her children's. And it was so easy to talk, and Edward Scanlan's arguments were so voluminous, that sometimes he half convinced his wife she was in the wrong; till, left alone, her honest conscience went back with a bound, like a half-strung bow, to the old conviction. She knew not how to say it, but somehow she felt it, and all the eloquence in the world could not convince her that black was white, or perhaps only gray—very delicately and faintly gray.

But now the sunshine of hope which had fallen across her path—or still more, her future path—seemed to warm Josephine's nature through and through, and make her more lenient toward every one, especially her husband. She felt drawn to him by a reviving tenderness, which he might have a little missed of late had he been a sensitive man; but he was not. His wrongs and unhappinesses were more of the

material than spiritual kind—more for himself than for other people. He regretted extremely his children's shabby clothes, but it never struck him to be anxious because their minds were growing up more ill-clad than their bodies. For they had little or no education; and for society scarcely any beyond Bridget's and their mother's, though they might have had worse, at any rate.

Mr. Scanlan was exceedingly troubled about the present, because the luxuries of life were so terribly wanting at Wren's Nest: but he rarely perplexed himself about the future—his own or his family's. Whatever pleased him at the time, he did, and was satisfied with doing: he never looked ahead, not for a single day. "Take no thought for the morrow," was a favorite text of his whenever his wife expressed any anxiety. What on earth could she find to be anxious about?—she was not the bread-winner of the family. It was he who had to bear all these burdens, and very sincerely he pitied himself; so much so that at times his wife pitied him too, believing him, not untruly, to be one of those characters whose worst faults are eliminated by adversity. For the fact that

"Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor,"

was not then credited by Josephine Scanlan. She still felt that the man of Uz was supreme in his afflictions; and often she read the Book of Job with a strange sort of sympathy. True, she did not understand half his trials—"her children were with her in the house;" her "candle" was still "in its place"—that bright light of contentment which illumined all the poverty of Wren's Nest. Health was there too: for the lightly-fed and hardly-worked enjoy oftentimes a wonderful immunity from sickness. But still it seemed to her that these blessings were not so very blessed, or lack of money neutralized them all, at least with regard to her husband.

His complainings, she fondly hoped, would be quieted by prosperity: when they had a larger house, and she could get the children out of his way in some distant nursery; when he had more servants to wait upon him, more luxuries to gratify him, and fewer opportunities of growing discontented by the daily contrast between his neighbors' wealth and his own poverty. For, unfortunately, there were not many "poor" people in Ditchley, society being composed of the county families, the well-off townfolk, and the working-classes. And Mr. Scanlan was always more prone to compare himself with those above him than those below him, wondering why Providence had not more equally balanced things, and why those stupid squires and contented shop-keepers should have so much money to do what they liked with, and he so little—he whose likings were of such a refined and superior order that it seemed a sin and shame they should be denied gratification.

For, as he reasoned, and his wife tried to rea-

son too, his pleasures were all so harmless. He was no drunkard—though he liked a glass of wine well enough; he seldom philandered with young ladies, except in the mildest clerical way; was never long absent from home; and, as for his extraordinary talent for getting rid of money, he got rid of it certainly in no wicked way, but scattered it about more with the innocent recklessness of a child than the deliberate extravagance of a man. It was hard to stint him, still harder to blame him; much easier to blame "circumstances"—which made all the difference between a harmless amusement and a serious error. When he was a rich man he would be quite different.

At least so thought his wife, and tried to excuse him, and make the best of him, and believe in all his possible capacities for good; also in the actual good there was in him, which might have satisfied some people, who are content to accept as virtue the mere negation of vice, or to rule their affections by the safe law which I have heard enunciated by mediocre goodness concerning absolute badness: "Why should I dislike the man when he has never harmed me?" But to a woman whose standard of right was distinct from any personal benefit received by her, or personal injury done to her; who loved for love's sake, and hated only where she despised; who had begun life with a high ideal, and a passionate necessity for its realization in all her dear ones, especially the dearest and closest of all—her husband—to such a one, what must this kind of married life have been?

Still, her heart grew tenderer over the father of her children. She saw him, and all he did—or rather all he left undone—in the fairest light. When he grumbled she took it very patiently, more patiently than usual, thinking with satisfaction of her comfortable secret—how all these annoyances were only temporary; how he would by-and-by become a rich man, able to indulge himself as he chose. For in her heart she liked to see her husband happy—liked to give him any lawful pleasures, and minister even to his whims and vagaries, when this could be done conscientiously, without her having the pang of knowing that every selfish luxury of the father's was taking the very bread out of the mouths of the children. Not that he did this intentionally; but he did do it; because the even balance and necessity of things was a matter Edward Scanlan could never be taught to understand.

Still, he was very good, on the whole, for some time after he received this addition to his income. It allowed him more pleasures; it lessened his wife's cares, and made her less obliged to contradict him. She grew softer in her manner to him—and Edward Scanlan was one who thought much about outside manner, without troubling himself to investigate what feelings lay beneath. In their mutual relief of mind the husband and wife drew nearer together—dangerously so, for the preservation of Mr. Oldham's secret.

Righteous hypocrite as she fully believed she was, Mrs. Scanlan often felt herself to be a terrible hypocrite after all. Twenty times a day she longed to throw her arms round her husband's neck, and whisper that she had a secret—though one which did not injure him, quite the contrary! Whenever he was vexed about little things, she thirsted to tell him that his poverty days would not last forever—that she would by-and-by be a rich heiress, able to give him all he wanted, and rejoice in the giving. That keenest joy of wealth—to lavish it upon others—flashed out sometimes from the distant future, with a glow that lightened for her many a present gloom.

Still, things were hard now and then, and she had many a twinge of conscience as to how far she was doing right, and what her husband would think of her when he really knew all, as he necessarily must, some day. More than once she definitively resolved to go and speak to the rector—whether he liked it or not; unburden herself of all her doubts, and implore him to free her from her promise, and take away this load from her heart—a load heavier than he, as a bachelor, could comprehend. Little he knew how fatal to happiness is any concealment between married people, whose chief strength and surest consolation lies in being, for good and ill, absolutely and perfectly one.

With this intent Josephine had actually one day put on her bonnet, meaning to go to pay a visit to the Rectory, ostensibly to excuse herself and the children from a tea-party there—a feast on the lawn—the year had again come round to the time of open-air delights—when her husband entered the room, and asked her where she was going.

Her answer was, of course, the truth, though not, alas! the whole truth.

"Excuse yourself from the Rectory feast? What a ridiculous thing! To decline Mr. Oldham's invitation, because the children had an engagement elsewhere—at a common farmhouse, too!"

Still, Josephine reasoned, it was a prior engagement; and the people at the farm had been very kind to the children.

"But they are such unimportant people. Annoying them does not matter; now annoying Mr. Oldham does. I never noticed the thing much till lately, when some neighbor or other put it into my head; but Oldham does seem to have taken an extraordinary fancy for our children."

"They are very good children," said the mother, with a slight trembling of the voice.

"Oh yes, of course. And pretty, too—some of them. Don't be up in arms on their account, mamma, as if I were always crying them down. I see their good points just as much as you do. And if the old fellow really has taken a liking to them, I'm sure I don't object to your cultivating him as much as ever you like."

"Cultivating him!"

"I mean—with an eye to his leaving them something. He can't live forever; and when he dies, some small sum—even a hundred or two—would be a great help to us."

Josephine stood dumb. Oh, if she had had the free, clear conscience of a year ago, how indignantly she would have repudiated such a motive! as she used to do all other similar motives of self-interest or expediency, which her husband occasionally suggested to her. For this lavish, frank-spoken, open-hearted young Celt had also the true Celtic characteristic of never being blind to his own interests. Careless as he was, he knew quite well on which side his bread was buttered; and under all his reckless generosity lay a stratum of meanness: which indeed is generally found a necessary adjunct to the aforesaid qualities.

He noticed his wife's silence: at which his sensitive love of approbation—to call it by a lighter name than vanity—immediately took offense.

"You think that was a wrong thing of me to say? But you always do find fault with any new ideas of mine. You would like every thing to originate with yourself!"

Josephine answered only the first half of his sentence. "I think it wrong to 'cultivate' any body for the sake of what you can get out of him. And you know the proverb, 'It's ill waiting for dead men's shoes.'"

"But how can one help it when one has to go barefoot?"

"Which is not exactly our case, Edward. We have as much as we require; and we need not be beholden to any man—thank God!"

"You are thankful for small mercies," said Edward Scanlan, bitterly—very bitterly for a clergyman. "But, putting aside the future, don't you think Mr. Oldham might do something for us at present, if he knew we wanted help? For instance, last Sunday, in the vestry, he was preaching to me a little extra sermon about César, noticing what a big boy he was growing, and asking me what I intended to do with him—when he was to go to school, and where? Rather impertinent interference, I thought."

"He meant it well," said Mrs. Scanlan, humbly, and with averted eyes: afraid of betraying in any way the comfort it was to find out that the rector was not indifferent to a fact which had haunted herself for many cruel weeks—how her handsome, manly César was growing up in a state of rough ignorance, lamentable in any gentleman's son, and especially to be deplored in one who might have to fill a good position in society, where he would one day bitterly feel every defect in education.

"Meant well? Oh, of course a rector is always supposed to mean well toward a curate, or the poor curate is obliged to take it so, as I shall. But my idea was this: that since he is so anxious that the lad should be well educated—which we can not possibly afford—perhaps, if the matter were cleverly put before him

—and you have such a clever way of doing things, dearest—Mr. Oldham might send César to school himself."

Josephine started. "I do not quite understand you," she said.

No—sometimes she really did not understand her husband. She found herself making egregious mistakes concerning him and his motives. To put a most sad thing in a ludicrous light (as how often do we not do in this world?) her position was like that of the great cat trying to get through the little cat's hole: her large nature was perpetually at fault in calculating the smallness of his.

"Not understand! Why, Josephine, the thing is as plain as a pikestaff. Don't you see how much we should save if Mr. Oldham could be induced to send César to school at his own expense? It is no uncommon thing. Many a rich man has done it for a poor man's son, who turned out a credit to him afterward: as César might, and then the obligation would be rather on Mr. Oldham's side, in my having consented to the thing. Indeed," growing warmer as he argued, "it would be a very good thing on both sides. And I could then afford to pay that visit to London which Summerhayes is always bothering me about, and considers would be such an advantage to myself and the family."

Still Josephine was silent; but her face clouded over and hardened into the expression which her husband knew well enough, and was in his secret heart a little afraid of. He was thus far a good fellow—he respected and loved his good wife very sincerely.

"I see you don't like either of these notions of mine, my dear, especially about César. You know Mr. Oldham pretty well, perhaps even better than I do. If you think he would take offense at such a hint—"

"I should never dream of hinting any thing to Mr. Oldham. If I wanted to ask of him a kindness I should ask it direct, and I believe he would grant it. But to beg from him indirectly the help which we do not really need—"

"We do need it. César must go to school. I want to go to London. And we can't do both, you say."

"No we can not. It is impossible. But it is equally impossible for us to accept favors, or to beg for any, from Mr. Oldham."

"So you say, but I entirely differ from you. It is no favor: the laborer is worthy of his hire."

"And the beggar is worthy of both his kicks and his half-pence. But, Edward, I will take neither. You know my mind. Many a free, honest, honorable kindness may one man have to owe to another, and both be benefited thereby; but to ask from another any thing that by any amount of personal sacrifice one could do for one's self is a meanness I have not been used to. My father never would stoop to it, nor shall my son."

Quietly as she said them, they were stinging

words: such as she could use on occasions. She was not a stupid woman, nor a tame woman; and in her youth the "soft answer," which is often woman's best strength, did not always come. She was fierce against wrong rather than patient with it—outraged and indignant where it might have been wiser to be quietly brave. Though not too thin-skinned, ordinarily, to-day her husband winced as if she had been whipping him with nettles. For he knew what an idol Josephine's father had been to her, and how well the noble old nobleman had deserved that worship. Poor Edward Scanlan was a little cowed even before the dim ghost of the dead Vicomte de Bougainville.

"Your father—your son. Then your husband may do any thing he chooses? You won't care. He, of course, is quite an inferior being."

"Edward, hush! The child!"

For Adrienne had put her tiny pale face in at the bedroom door, outside which she often hovered like an anxious spirit when her father and mother were talking.

"The child may hear it all," said Mr. Scanlan, glad to escape from a difficulty. "Look here, Adrienne; the difference between your mother and me is this: I want you to go to the Rectory to-morrow—she wishes to take you to the farm; which should you like best?"

The perplexed child looked from one parent to the other. "I thought, papa, you did not care for Mr. Oldham; you are always finding fault with him, or laughing at him."

"What a sharp child it is!" said Mr. Scanlan, extremely amused. "Never mind, Adrienne, whether I like Mr. Oldham or not; I wish you to go and see him whenever he asks you: and always be sure to pay him particular attention, for he may be very useful to both me and my family."

"Yes, papa," replied innocent Adrienne, though not without a shy glance at her mother for assent and approval.

The mother stepped forward, pale and firm, but with a fierce light glittering in her eyes:

"Yes, Adrienne, I too wish you to pay Mr. Oldham all proper attention, because he is a good man who has heaped us all with kindnesses; because, though we will never ask any more from him, we can not show sufficient gratitude for those we have already received. Therefore, since papa particularly desires it, we will give up the farm and go to the Rectory."

"Thank you, my dearest; you are very good," said Edward Scanlan, quite satisfied and mollified; and on leaving the room he went over to his wife and kissed her. She received the kiss, but let him depart without a word.

Then, taking off her bonnet, Josephine put it by, mechanically rolling up the strings—a habit she had to make them last the longer—and did various other things about her drawers in an absent sort of way—never noticing the childish eyes which followed her every motion. But always silently—Adrienne was such a very quiet child. Not until the mother sat down on the

bedside, and put her hands over her dry, hot eyes, with a heavy sigh, did she feel her little daughter creeping behind her, to clasp around her neck cool, soft arms.

"Maman, maman"—the French version of the word, with the slight French accentuation of the first syllable, such as her children generally used when they petted her.

Mrs. Scanlan turned round and hid her forehead on the little bosom—leaving a wet place where her eyes had lain on the coarse blue pinafore.

She said nothing to Adrienne, of course; and henceforth she carefully avoided naming to her husband the subject of César's going to school. But she made up her mind when it should be done, and how, during those ten silent minutes in her bedroom. And from that day the idea of asking Mr. Oldham's permission to tell her husband of their future prospects altogether passed from her mind. No; the rector was right in his judgment: she herself was the only safe depository of the secret. She locked it closer than ever in her heart, and returned to her old solitude of spirit—the worst of all solitudes—that which does not appear outside.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. SCANLAN went to London. How he went is by no means clear; but I rather suspect it was through a pearl brooch, which a rich and warm-hearted bride, just going out to India—a neighbor's daughter—greatly de-liberated, and purchased. At any rate, it came about somehow that Josephine's purse was full, her jewel-case rather empty, and that her husband took his jaunt to the metropolis—a pleasure which he had longed for ever since Mr. Summerhayes began his yearly visits to Ditchley and the neighborhood.

I do not want to depict this Mr. Summerhayes in villainous colors, with horns and a tail. I believe the very personage who owns those appendages may be not quite as black as he is painted, still I do not agree with those novel writers who will not call a spade a spade—who make us interested in murder, lenient toward bigamy, and amused with swindling, provided only it be picturesque. There does not seem to me such a wide distinction between the vulgar man who steals a leg of mutton or a loaf of bread, and the "genteel" man—let me not profane the word "gentleman"—who dines luxuriously, but never thinks of paying his butcher or baker; who, however deficient his income, lives always at ease, upon money borrowed from friends or kindred, with promise of speedy return. But it never is returned—was never meant to be; and the man, however charming he may be, is neither more nor less than a thief and a liar, and ought to be scooted by society as such. And till society has the courage to do it—to strip the fine feathers from these fine birds, and show them in their ugly

bareness, mean as any crop-headed convict in Pentonville Prison—so long will the world be cumbered with them and the miseries they cause. Not to themselves: *they* never suffer, often flourishing on like green bay-trees to the end, or almost the end; but to other and most innocent people, who unhappily belong to them, and perhaps even love them.

Mr. Summerhayes was one of these, and he became the evil genius of Mr. Scanlan's life. Though younger than the curate, he was a great deal older in many things from his superior knowledge of the world. They sympathized in their tastes, and each found the other very convenient and amusing company, when, year by year, Summerhayes made his sketching tour round the beautiful neighborhood of Ditchley. There were great differences between them—for instance, the elder man was weak and pliable, the younger cool-headed and determined; the Irishman possessed a fragment of a heart and the ghost of a conscience—the Englishman had neither. On many points, however, they were much alike—with enough dissimilarity to make their companionship mutually agreeable and amusing. And as in both the grand aim of life was to be amused, they got on together remarkably well. Nay, in his own way, Edward Scanlan was really quite fond of "my friend Summerhayes."

So was César, for a while; so was Adrienne—with the intense admiration that an imaginative child sometimes conceives for a young man, clever, brilliant, beautiful, godlike; in so much that the mother was rather sorry to see it, and stopped as soon as she could without observation the constant petting which the artist bestowed, summer after summer, upon his little girl-slave, who followed him about with eyes as loving as a spaniel dog. This year, when he succeeded in carrying off their father, the two children envied papa exceedingly, scarcely so much for the pleasures of London as for the permanent society of Mr. Summerhayes.

This, however, he did not get, as he soon found himself obliged to "cut" his friend, and the set the artist belonged to—which, in spite of their irreligious Bohemianism, the curate liked extremely—for the sake of reviving his own former acquaintances, who had come up to attend the May meetings in Exeter Hall, and who were of a class, aristocratic and clerical, who looked down upon painters, poets, and such like, as devotees to the world, the flesh, and the devil—and besides not exactly "respectable." Mr. Scanlan had to choose between them, and he did so—externally; but he nevertheless contrived to serve two masters, in a way that excited the amusement and loudly-expressed admiration of Mr. Summerhayes.

Often, after being late up overnight, in places which Exeter Hall could never have even heard of, and which, to do him justice, the innocent curate of Ditchley knew as little about as any young lamb of his fold—only

Summerhayes asked him to go, and he went—after this he would appear at religious breakfasts, given by evangelical Earls, and pious Duchesses dowager; where he would hold forth for hours, delighted to see reviving his former popularity. This did not happen immediately. At first he found the memories of even the best friends grew dulled after seven years' absence; but many were kind to him still. The exceeding sincerity and single-heartedness often found, then as now, among the evangelical party—making them associate alike with rich and poor, patrician and plebeian—any one who, like themselves, holds what they believe to be "the Gospel"—stood Edward Scanlan in good stead.

After he had succeeded in making a platform speech—full of the Beast with seven heads and ten horns, the Woman in scarlet, and other favorite allegories by which, in that era of Catholic Emancipation struggles, the Orange party always designated the Romish Church—many of his old admirers rallied round the once popular preacher. But he was in London—not Dublin—and had to deal with cool-headed Englishmen, not impulsive Hibernians. Though his former friends had not forgotten him, and were very glad to see him, still he was no longer "the rage," as he once had been. His blossoming season had a little gone by. He hung his head, "like a lily drooping," before those full-blown orators who now mounted the rostrum, and discoursed on the topics of the day with an energy and a power which carried all before them, because they had a quality which the brilliant Irishman somewhat lacked—earnestness.

Of all places, London is the one where people find their level; where only under peculiar circumstances, and never for very long, is gilding mistaken for gold. The Church of England was beginning to pass out of that stage which the present generation may still remember—when the humdrum sermons of the last century were, by a natural reaction, replaced by the "flowery" style of preaching; now, in its turn, also on the decline. Names, Irish and English—which it would be invidious here to record, but which were fondly familiar to the religious world of that date—were a little losing their charm, and their owners their popularity. Mere "words, words, words," however eloquently arranged and passionately delivered, were felt not to be enough. Something more real, more substantial, was craved for by the hungry seekers after truth—who had brains to understand, as well as hearts to love—besides the usual cant requirement of "souls to be saved."

For such vital necessities the provender given by Mr. Scanlan and similar preachers was but poor diet. Vivid pictures of death and the grave, painted with such ghastly accuracy that it was no uncommon circumstance for poor women in fresh mourning weeds to be carried out fainting into the vestry; glowing descriptions of heaven, and horrible ones of hell, as minute

and decisive as if the reverend gentleman had lately visited both regions, and come back to speak of them from personal observation—sermons of this sort did not quite satisfy the churchgoers of the metropolis, even in the month of May, and amidst all the ardors of Exeter Hall. No—not though backed by the still handsome appearance and Irish fluency—which so often passed current for eloquence—of the curate of Ditchley. Many people asked who Mr. Scanlan was, and lamented, especially to his face, that he should be “thrown away” in such a far-distant parish; but nobody offered him a living, a proprietary chapel, or even a common curacy. And he found out that the inducements and advices held out by Mr. Summerhayes on the subject were mere random talk, upon a matter concerning which the artist knew nothing. He had urged Scanlan’s coming up to London with the careless good-nature which they both possessed; but now that he was there he found his guest rather a bore, and, in degree, turned the cold shoulder upon him. Between his two sets of friends, artistic and religious, it sometimes happened that the poor curate had nowhere to resort to, and spent more than one lonely evening in crowded, busy London; which caused him to write home doleful letters to his wife, saying how he missed her, and how glad he should be to return to her. These letters filled her heart with rejoicing.

And when he did come back, a little crestfallen, and for the first day or so not talking much about his journey, she received him gladly and tenderly. But she rejoiced nevertheless. It was one of the sad things in Josephine’s life that her husband’s discomfiture was, necessarily, oftentimes to her a source of actual thankfulness. Not that she did not feel for his disappointment, and grieve over it in her heart, but she was glad he had found out his mistake. Her conscience was never deluded by her affections. She would as soon have led her boy César over ice an eighth of an inch thick, as have aided her husband in any thing where she knew the attainment of his wish would be to his own injury.

Nevertheless, when he came home—worn and irritable, fatigued with London excitements, which were such a contrast to his ordinary quiet life, and none the better for various dispositions to which he had not the power to say No—Mrs. Scanlan was very sorry for him, and tried to make Wren’s Nest as pleasant as possible to him, supplying him, so far as she could, with all his pet luxuries, listening to his endless egotistical talk about the sensation he had created in London, and, above all, accepting patiently a heap of presents, more ornamental than useful, which she afterward discovered he had purchased with money borrowed from Mr. Summerhayes, and which, with other extraneous expenses, caused this London journey to amount to much more than the pearl brooch would cover. And César had already gone to school; Louis too—for the brothers pined so at being

separated. At school they must be kept, poor boys! cost what it would.

Many a night did their mother lie awake, planning ways and means which it was useless to talk of to her Edward. In fact, she had very much given up speaking of late: she found it did no good, and only irritated her temper, and confused her sense of right and wrong. She generally thought out things by herself, and mentioned nothing aloud until it was fully matured in her own mind. One plan, which had occurred to her several times since the day when Mr. Scanlan satirically suggested that she should apply for a clerk’s situation, and she had replied bitterly, “I wish I could!” finally settled itself into a fixed scheme—that of earning money herself, independent of her husband. For that more money must be earned, somehow and by somebody, was now quite plain.

To the last generation the idea of women working for their daily bread was new, and somewhat repellent. First, because it was a much rarer necessity than now. Society was on a simpler footing. Women did work—in a sense—but it was within, not without the house: keeping fewer servants, dressing less extravagantly, and lightening the load of husbands and fathers by helping to save rather than to spend. There were more girls married, because men were not afraid to marry them; young fellows chose their wives as help-mates, instead of ornamental excrescences or appendages—expensive luxuries which should be avoided as long as possible. Consequently there were fewer families cast adrift on the world—helpless mothers and idle, thriftless sisters thrown on the charity of kindred, who have their own household to work for, and naturally think it hard to be burdened with more.

But, on the other hand, the feeling, begun in chivalrous tenderness, though degenerating to a mere superstition, that it is not “respectable” for a woman to maintain herself, was much more general than now. And the passionate “I wish I could!” of poor Josephine Scanlan had been a mere outcry of pain, neither caused by, nor resulting in, any definite purpose. Gradually, however, the purpose came, and from a mere nebulous desire resolved itself into a definite plan.

She saw clearly that if, during the years that might elapse before her wealth came—years, the end of which she dared not look for, it seemed like wishing for Mr. Oldham’s death—the family was to be maintained in any comfort, she must work as well as her husband. At first this was a blow to her. It ran counter to all the prejudices in which she had been reared; it smote her with a nameless pain. What would her father have said?—the proud old nobleman, who thought his nobility not disgraced by becoming a teacher of languages, and even of dancing—any thing that could earn for him an honest livelihood; who would have worked unceasingly himself, but never have allowed his daughter to work. Poor as they

were, until her marriage Josephine had been the closely shut up and tenderly guarded Mademoiselle de Bougainville. But Mrs. Scanlan was, and long had been, quite another person. Nobody guarded her! Remembering her own old self, sometimes she could have laughed, sometimes rather wept.

But of that, and of a few other sad facts, her father had died in happy ignorance, and she was free. She must work—and she would do it.

But how? There lay the difficulty, greater then than even in our day. A generation ago no one supposed a woman in the rank of a lady could do any thing but teach children. Teaching, therefore, was the first thing Mrs. Scanlan thought of; but the scheme had many objections. For one reason, she was far from well-educated, and, marrying at sixteen, the little education she ever had would have soon slipped away, save for the necessity of being her children's instructress. She learned in order to teach; sometimes keeping only a short distance ahead of the little flock, who, however, being fortunately impressed with the firm belief that mamma knew every thing, followed her implicitly, step by step, especially the little girls. But even the boys, fragmentary as their education was, had been found at school not half so ignorant as she had expected; every thing they knew they knew thoroughly. So the master said, and this comforted their mother, and emboldened her to try if she could not find other little boys and girls about Ditchley to teach with Adrienne, Gabrielle, and Martin. Very little children, of course, for she was too honest to take them without telling their parents the whole truth, that she had never been brought up as a governess, and could only teach them as she had taught her own.

Gradually, in a quiet way, she found out who among the rising generation of Ditchley would be likely to come to her, as the mistress of a little day-school, to be held in the parlor at Wren's Nest, or in any other parlor that might be offered to her; and then, all her information gained and her plans laid, she prepared herself for what she considered a mere form, the broaching of the subject to her husband.

To her surprise it met with violent opposition.

"Keep a school! My wife keep a school!"—Edward Scanlan was horrified.

"Why should I not keep a school? am I not clever enough?" said she, smiling. "Nevertheless, I managed to get some credit for teaching my boys, and now that they are away my time is free, and I should like to use it; besides," added she, seriously, "it will be better for us that I should use it. We want more money."

"You are growing perfectly insane, I think, on the subject of money," cried the curate, in much irritation. "If we are running short, why not go again to Mr. Oldham and ask him for more, as I have so often suggested your doing?"

Ay, he had, till by force of repetition he had ceased to feel shame or indignation. But the suggestion was never carried out, for she set herself against it with a dull persistence, hard and silent as a rock, and equally invincible.

Taking no notice of her husband's last remark—for where was the good of wasting words?—she began quietly to reason with him about his dislike to her setting up a school.

"Where can be the harm of it? Why should I not help to earn the family bread? You work hard, Edward." ("That I do," he cried, eagerly.) "Why should not I work too? It would make me happier, and there is no disgrace in it."

"There is. What lady ever works? Shopkeepers' wives may help their husbands, but in our rank of life the husband labors only; the wife sits at home and enjoys herself, as you do."

"Do I?" said Josephine, with a queer sort of smile. But she attempted not to retouch this very imaginative picture. Her husband would never have understood it. "But I do not wish to enjoy myself; I had rather help you and the children. Nor can I see any real reason why I should not do it."

"Possibly not; you have such odd ideas sometimes. If I were a tradesman you could carry them out; stand behind the counter selling a pound of tea and a yard of tape, calculating every half-penny, and putting it all by—which I dare say you would much enjoy, and be quite in your element. But my wife—a clergyman's wife—could not possibly so degrade herself."

"Why, Edward, what nonsense! Many a clergyman's widow has turned schoolmistress."

"As my widow, you may; as my wife, never! I would not endure it. To come home and find you overrun by a troop of horrid brats, never having a minute to spare for me; it would be intolerable. Besides, what would Ditchley say?"

"I do not know, and—excuse me, Edward—I do not very much care."

"But you ought to care. It is most important that I keep up my position, and that Ditchley should not know my exact circumstances. Why, the other day, when somebody was talking about how well we managed with our large family, I heard it said—'Of course Mr. Scanlan must have, besides his curacy, a private fortune.'"

"And you let that pass? You allowed our neighbors to believe it?"

"Why should I not? It made them think all the better of me. But, my dear, I fear I never shall get you to understand the necessity of keeping up appearances."

"I am afraid not," said Josephine, slowly. "Perhaps we had better quit the subject. Once again, Edward, will you give me your consent, the only thing I need, and without which I can not carry out my plans? They



"MARRIAGE IS A GREAT MYSTERY."

are so very simple, so harmless, so entirely for your own benefit and that of the family."

And in her desperation she did what of late she had rather given up doing: she began to reason and even to plead with her husband. But once again, for the hundredth time, she found herself at fault concerning him. She had not calculated on the excessive obstinacy which often coexists with weakness. A strong man can afford to change his mind, to see the force of arguments and yield to them, but a weak person is afraid to give in. "I've said it, and I'll stick to it," is his only castle of defense, in which he intrenches himself against all assaults; unless indeed his opponent is cunning enough to take and lead him by the nose with the invisible halter of his own vanity and selfishness. But such a course this woman—all honest-minded women—would have scorned.

Mrs. Scanlan found her husband, in his own mild and good-natured way, quite impracticable. He had taken it into his head that it was not "genteel" for a woman to work, especially a married woman; so, work his wife should not, whatever happened.

"Not in any way, visible or invisible?" said she, with a slight touch of satire in her tone. "And is this charming idleness to be for my own sake or yours?"

"For both, my dear; I am sure I am right. Think how odd it would look, Mrs. Scanlan keeping a school! If you had proposed to earn money in some quiet way, which our neighbors would never find out—"

"You would not have objected to that?" said Josephine, eagerly.

"Very likely I might; but still not so much. However, I am quite tired of discussing this matter. For once, Josephine, you must give in. As I have so often to remind you, the husband is the head of the wife, and when I do choose to assert my authority— However, we will not enter upon that question. Just leave me to earn the money, and you stay quietly at home and enjoy yourself, like other wives, and be very thankful that you have a husband to provide for you. Depend upon it this is the ordinance of Scripture, which says that marriage is a great mystery."

"Yes," muttered Josephine, turning away with that flash of the eye that showed she was not exactly a tame creature to be led or driven, but a wild creature, tied and bound, that felt keenly, perhaps dangerously, the careless hand dragging at her chain.

Most truly, marriage was a mystery—to her. Why had Heaven mocked her with the sham of a husband? ordered her to obey him, who was too weak to rule? to honor him, whom, had he been a stranger, she would in many things have actually despised? to love him?—ah! there was the sharpest torture of her bonds. She had loved him once, and in a sort of way she loved him still. That wonderful, piteous habit of loving—the affection which lingers long after all passion has died, and respect been worn out—which one sees in the beggared peeress who will not accept the remedy the law gives her,

and part forever from her faithless, spendthrift, brutal lord: in the coster-monger's wife, who comes bleeding and maimed to the police-office, yet will not swear the peace against the savage she calls husband—nay, will rather perjure herself than have him punished—God knows there must be something divine in this feeling which He has implanted in women's breasts, and which they never fully understand until they are married.

I did not; and I have often marveled at, sometimes even blamed, this Josephine Scanlan, whose little finger was worth more than her husband's whole body, that to the end of his days, and her days, she cherished a strange tenderness for the man to whom she had been bound by the closest tie that human nature can know.

Some chance interrupted their conversation at this critical point, and before she could get an opportunity of reviving it—for Mr. Scanlan shirked the subject in every possible way—she thought over the question, and arranged it in her own mind in a different form.

To go directly counter to her husband was impossible, and to yield to him equally so. That charming picture of domestic life with which he deluded himself would result in leaving their children without bread. Certainly the father earned money, but he spent it as fast as he earned it, in that easy, Irish fashion he had, which his poor old mother knew so well! As to how it was spent nobody quite knew; but nobody seemed any the better for it. That creed, fortunately not a true one, which I once heard nobly enunciated by a stout father of a family, "that a married man must always sacrifice himself to either wife or children," did not number among its votaries the Rev. Edward Scanlan.

His wife must earn money; she knew that, but she thought she would take him at his word, and try to do it, as he said—"in some quiet way." And suddenly a way suggested itself, after the curious fashion in which the bread we cast upon the waters is taken up again after many days.

The woman who had been nurse to unhappy Mr. Waters, overwhelmed by the fatal termination of her duties in this case, gave up her vocation as attendant on the insane; and, being a clever and sensible person, started a little shop for ladies' and children's clothes, lace cleaning and mending, and other things for which the wealthy families hereabout had hitherto required to send to London. She prospered well—not unhelped by advice from her good friend Mrs. Scanlan, whose exquisite French taste, and French skill in lace and embroidery work, had never quite deserted her. In her need, Josephine thought whether she could not do for money what she used to do for pleasure. Priscilla Nunn always wanted "hands," which were most difficult to find. Why should not the curate's wife offer herself as "first hand," doing the work at her

own home, and if possible "under the rose"—that flower which must have been chosen as the emblem of secrecy because it has so many thorns?

So had Mrs. Scanlan's scheme: but once again, as in that well-remembered mission to the Rectory, she took her courage *dans ses deux mains*, as her father would have said, and went to speak to Priscilla.

It was not so very hard after all. She was asking no favor; she knew she could give fair work for honest pay, and she did not feel degraded; not half so degraded as when—owing money to six shops in High Street—she had walked down Mr. Oldham's garden on that summer day which now seemed half a lifetime ago.

Priscilla was, of course, much astonished, but the quickness and delicacy of perception essential to one who had followed her melancholy *métier* for so many years, prevented her betraying this to the lady who wanted to work like a shop girl. She readily accepted the offer, and promised not to make the facts public if Mrs. Scanlan wished them concealed.

"You kept my secret once, ma'am," she said, "and I'll keep yours now. Not a soul in Ditchley shall find it out. I'll tell all my ladies I send my work to be done in London."

"Don't do that, pray! Never tell a falsehood on my account, it would make me miserable. And besides, for myself I don't care who knows; only my husband."

"I see, ma'am. Well, then, I'll tell no stories; only just keep the matter to myself, which I can easily do. I am accustomed to hold my tongue; and, besides, I've nobody to speak to. Thank goodness!" she added, with a shrewd acerbity, that half amazed, half pained Mrs. Scanlan—"Thank goodness, ma'am, I've got no husband."

So the matter was decided, and the curate's wife took home with her a packet of valuable lace, which occupied her for many weeks, and brought her in quite a handful of money. Often it amused her extremely to see her handiwork upon her various neighbors, and to hear it admired, and herself congratulated as being the means of inducing Priscilla Nunn to settle at Ditchley—such an advantage to the ladies of the neighborhood.

Her faithful Bridget, and her fond little daughter Adrienne, of course, soon found out her innocent mystery; but it was a good while before her husband guessed it. He was so accustomed to see her always at work that he never thought of asking questions. When at last he did, and she told him what she was doing, and why, he was a little vexed at first; but he soon got over it.

"A very lady-like employment," said he, touching the delicate fabric over which her eyes were straining themselves many hours a day. "And it keeps you a good deal within doors, which is much more proper than trailing every where with the children, as you used to

do. And you are certain nobody has the slightest idea of your earning money?"

"Quite certain."

"Well, then, do as you like, my dear. You are a very clever woman, the cleverest woman I ever knew, and the most fitted to be my wife."

It did not occur to him was he most fitted to be her husband? He took this side of the question with a satisfied complaisance beautiful to behold.

But to her it mattered little. She did not weigh minutely the balance of things. She was doing her duty both to him and the children, and that was enough for her. Especially when, after a time, she found her provision more needful than she had expected; since there would ere long be seven little mouths to feed instead of six. She was not exactly a young woman now, and the cry, "My strength faileth me!" was often on her lips. Never audibly, however; or nobody heard it but Bridget. But still ever and anon came the terror which had once before beset her—of dying, and leaving her children to the sole charge of their father. And the restlessness which ever since his journey to London had come upon Edward Scanlan at times, the murmurs that he was "not appreciated at Ditchley," that he was "wasting his life," "rusting his talents," and so on, tried her more than any sufferings of her own.

Another sketch which just at this time Mr. Summerhayes took of her—Mr. Summerhayes, who still found it convenient and agreeable to come to Ditchley every summer, making his head-quarters within a walk of Wren's Nest, the hospitable doors of which were never shut against him by his good friend the curate, who would forgive any shortcomings for the sake of enjoying "intellectual" society—this portrait has, stronger than ever, the anxious look which, idealized, only added to the charm of Josephine's beauty, but in real life must have been rather painful to behold. She sat for it, I believe, under the impression that it might possibly be the last remembrance of her left to her children—but Providence willed otherwise.

She labored as long and as hard as she could to provide for the reception of this youngest child, welcome still, though, as Mr. Scanlan once said, "rather inconvenient;" and then, quite suddenly, her trial came upon her: she laid herself down, uncertain whether she should ever rise up more. When she did, it was alone. That corner of Ditchley church-yard which she called *her* grave—for two of her infants lay there—had to be opened in the moonlight to receive a third tiny coffin, buried at night, without any funeral rites, as unchristened babies are—babies that have only breathed for a minute this world's sharp air, and whom nobody thinks much of, except their mothers, who often grieve over them as if they had been living children.

But this mother, strange to say, did not

grieve. When Bridget told her all about the poor little thing—for she had been unconscious at the time of its birth, and her head "wandered" for several days afterward, in consequence, her servant angrily believed, of some "botherations" of Mr. Scanlan's which he talked to his wife about, when any husband of common-sense would have held his tongue—Josephine looked in Bridget's face with a strange, wistful smile.

"Don't cry, don't cry; it is better as it is. My poor little girl! It was a girl? And she was very like me, you say? Did her father see her at all?"

"Can't tell," replied Bridget, abruptly.

"Never mind; we'll not fret. My little lamb! she is safer away. There is one woman less in the world to suffer. I am content she died."

And when Mrs. Scanlan was seen again in her customary household place, and going about her usual duties, there was indeed a solemn content, even thankfulness in her face. She never had another child.

CHANGE.

"Come, fisherman old," I cried,
 "And sing me a song of the sea!
 Let it be gay as the waves are gay,
 And free as the winds are free.
 'Tis long since I heard your voice
 Ring out under radiant sky;
 Glad will I listen while billows glisten
 And gulls in the blue float by."
 But the fisherman sadly said,
 Shaking his gray, bent head,
 "I sing no more by the sunny shore—
 My youth and my music are fled;
 But yonder, at sport on the beach,
 Making chase of the surf's fleet rim,
 My bright little, bold little grandson sings
 The songs I have taught to him."

"Come, tell me a tale," I cried,
 "Old soldier, of battles won,
 Of shattered fortress and headlong charge,
 Keen trumpet and volleying gun!
 'Tis years since I sat, a child,
 On your knee by the hickory blaze,
 And heard narrated, with zest never sated,
 Brave deeds of your younger days."
 Smiling a grim, faint smile,
 The old soldier mused a while,
 And answered at last, "Those deeds of my past
 It were folly as brave to style;
 For home, after months made hot
 With the fiercest of battle-fires,
 My toll-hardened, weather-worn son can tell
 Of deeds that would shame his sire's."

"Oh, woman," I murmured, "the bloom
 Of your beauty is yet the same,
 The light in your tresses, the lure in your eyes,
 And the graces too sweet for a name!
 But where, on that exquisite face,
 Is the innocent rapture it knew
 When spring to the clovers brought honey-bee lovers
 And halcyon dreams to you?"
 "There grow not," she softly replied,
 "May-blossoms in autumn-tide!
 Bitter and stern are the truths we learn
 When our halcyon dreams have died!
 Ah, never the joy that you seek
 Shall my face in the future wear;
 Go question the eloquent love-lighted eyes
 Of my sister, and find it there!"

AN AUTHOR'S MEMORIES OF AUTHORS.



S. C. HALL.



MRS. S. C. HALL.

ON the 6th of May, being "Holy-Thursday," as Ascension-day is popularly called, I visited Westminster Abbey. There was some sweet old music, and Lord John Thynne preached a discourse suggestive of the etymology of his name. As I walked away there were many indications of how this, like other solemn days, is slowly fading into the light of a common day. Formerly it witnessed a general closing of shops, but on this day only one or two were shut. It is the old custom of the committees of the House of Commons to attend a discourse at St. Margaret's on Holy-Thursday; but out of nine committees which sat yesterday only two attended church. I peeped into the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, where the Rev. Mr. Lake was closing a discourse to five people, including the beadle.

On leaving I perceived that Jupiter Terminus was still able to command the larger congregation. A small procession of bareheaded and long-coated boys, each holding a white rod some seven or eight feet long, was passing. They were preceded by a curate, a parish official, and a beadle, the latter bearing in his hand a bundle of birch rods. Along with a motley crowd I followed them. When they came to a parish boundary the boys made ready with their rods to beat the dividing-wall. "Are you ready?" quoth the beadle. "Yes," echo the boys, mer-

rily. Then the beadle, striking them with his birches on the seat of honor, cries thrice, with a loud voice, "Beat your bounds!" The white rods rattle against the wall; and presently the queer procession—the flitting ghost of an almost immemorial past—marched on to the next boundary. The harmless flagellation of the boys has generally superseded a custom still retained in some of the older parts of the city of taking a little boy and bumping the softest part of his body against the hardest part of the wall, the object being to have some one always living in each parish who shall have it severely impressed upon him that such is the boundary of the parish. This custom amounted to cruelty, and is disappearing. But the whole custom of "beating the bounds" must speedily disappear. The boundaries often pass through gardens, cellars, and houses, half being in one parish, half in another; and gentlemen are annually appealing against such invasions. The ordinance maps, too, distinctly and officially define all parish boundaries; and there is a growing objection against the retention of old customs which no longer have actual utility.

The classical student will not need to be told that this ancient custom is the relic of the ancient worship of the god Terminus. As the supreme deity Zeus presided over boundaries, and when he reappeared at Rome as Jupiter

the more strict attention to legal bounds led Numa to institute separate ceremonies in connection with this particular attribute, which in the course of time detached, as it were, from his side the new deity called Terminus, at whose annual festival the piles of stones marking the confines of property were visited and sacrifices offered. Roman Christianity, in accordance with its habit of baptizing pagan deities and rites instead of abolishing them, preserved the worship of Terminus in the custom of the priests in going about and blessing the landmarks and boundaries. One of the most beautiful pictures now to be seen in the Luxembourg is that called "*La Benediction des Blés*," which is a very faithful representation of the ceremony as it still prevails in Artois and other provincial districts of France. In England, too, the custom used to be attended with religious ceremonies, and within the memory of persons now living it was accompanied by the reading, by the parish rector, of a homily enjoining people to respect their neighbors' landmarks. But the only vestige of religion now remaining with it is the presence of the rector or curate.

The ancient observance which I have described connected itself in my mind, by way of analogy, with an event which occurred the same evening—one which those who were present are likely to regard as the consecration of much more important landmarks than the parochial divisions of London. A company of over a hundred people met at the rooms of the Society of Arts to hear one of the oldest literary men in London give his personal reminiscences of the great men and women of past generations. It was not a public meeting; there was no admission by fee; the company came together by cards of invitation. And a curious company it was! There might be seen many of the descendants of the men and women whose names are household words in England. They came, bringing their children, to see an old man who was a co-worker with their honored ancestors, and who remains among us as the last link to two famous literary generations. Of those children who heard and saw him, as he evoked "spirits from the vasty deep of the past," many will live to hand down the tradition of the literary landmarks where the living presence of those mighty spirits last appeared, as vividly portrayed by one of their number. But before I give my notes concerning those intellectual magnates of the past to whom at their shadowy reception we were introduced, it is fitting I should give some little account of the venerable gentleman who presented us to them.

SAMUEL CARTER HALL was born the first year of this century. He studied law and began life as a barrister. He soon after began to work for newspapers, and in 1825 began the "*Amulet*," an annual which he edited for many years. This more distinct entrance upon literature was partially, perhaps, due to his having married (1824) a Miss Fielding, a lady of mingled French and Swiss descent, who has

shared the trials and successes of his long career, gaining a like literary reputation with his own, and who still remains to bless his happy old age. Mr. Hall edited the "*New Monthly Magazine*" with the poet Campbell, and became its sole editor in 1830. He established the "*Art Journal*" in 1839, which he still conducts with signal ability. His services to Art have been indeed great, and Mr. Ruskin was only prevented by absence from London from signifying his high appreciation of those services by presiding on the occasion of May 6. It is needless that I should give here a list of works which have been so widely read as those of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. The list comprises no fewer than 290 books, dealing with the scenery, the history, the social and peasant life, the literary traits of this century and of the three kingdoms—representing an example of intellectual industry quite unparalleled.

They reside now—a somewhat odd circumstance—in one of the large buildings on Victoria Street which mark the invasion of the latest architectural novelty of Paris in this metropolis. These buildings are a series of floors or "flats," each occupied by a family, who have an entrance from the street in common. Here they are not unfrequently surrounded by companies of their friends, representing a quaint but exceedingly interesting mixture of past and present; for the venerable pair, still hearty and happy, love to have the bright and young about them; and indeed it is not every young man or maid that can keep step with them in their appreciation of the new ideas and interests of our time. As Dr. Channing, when asked in his old age the pleasantest period of his life, replied, "The age of sixty-three," I doubt not the venerable literary couple of whom I speak would be quite ready to give their verdict to the present time, which has surrounded them with friends. At the last party at which I was present in their house, Martin Farquhar Tupper abstracted from some book a poem addressed by Mr. Hall to his wife on the forty-fifth anniversary of their marriage-day, and used the freedom of an old friend to read it to the company. The startled hosts were at first annoyed, but the feeling of their friends under the touching and beautiful tribute must have been grateful to them. A sweet old ballad which followed seemed the fit expression of the homage of the young to the old.

There may be some, albeit very few, aged literary people living who were contemporary with those who wrote at the close of last century; but the peculiar richness of Mr. Hall's reminiscences is attributable to the fact that he has been since 1824 the editor of the *Annuals* or *Magazines* which would necessarily bring him into more frequent contact with the authors of that period and since. He has entertained and been entertained by them, and he appreciates his advantages to the utmost.

When he arose before the company the exclamation was whispered around by young and

old, "What a fine-looking man!" And certainly it would be difficult to find a handsomer man in London. Over a ruddy face, with clear, perfectly-chiseled profile, with a brow noble and serene, lit by a large luminous eye, is a blossom of full white hair, reminding one of clustering white-thorn in May. I call it blossom, for the whole aspect of the man—eye, hair, voice, step, all—is that of youth. As he remembered the companions of his early days, or quoted their fine lines, his face glowed with the enthusiasm of a happy child; and his allusion to his wife—who sat before him with prohibitory glances—to her fidelity as a writer, and her equal fidelity to her home and womanly work, was like the tribute of a lover saluting a bride for the first time before friends. He dresses in the old style, with ruffled shirt-front, etc., and when he takes out his gold antique snuff-box, is as good as a picture at Hampton Court.

The first person he told us of was HANNAH MORRIS, who was ninety years of age when he met her in 1825. Her talk was of Bishop Porteus, Edmund Burke, Samuel Johnson, and David Garrick, whom she had well known. At the suggestion of the two latter she wrote a drama; and placed in Mr. Hall's hands a playbill of her tragedy of "Percy," in which Garrick sustained a leading part. She had sat for her portrait to Sir Joshua Reynolds. She was small in person, and had sparkling black eyes. Her manner was sprightly, and even at ninety tripped about like a girl. The effect of youth was heightened by a fancy she had for wearing pea-green silk dresses, though the effect was also somewhat odd. Her conversation was healthy and simple, like the books to whose high and pure tone so many families have been indebted.

The next figure brought before us—for I can give only etchings of Mr. Hall's portraits, and must leave out his criticisms altogether—was that of SAMUEL ROGERS, poet and banker from the beginning to the end of his life. It was interesting to meet in 1855 with one who had published poems in 1786; who had worn a cocked hat, seen Garrick in *Lear*, heard Reynolds lecture and Haydn play; had rowed with a boatman who had rowed Alexander Pope. His portrait by Mr. Hall was very much that otherwise handed down of a genial, benevolent, and respectable man, who rarely smiled, but was beloved by his neighbors, who were the celebrities of the time; and who found in that house in St. James's Place "a little paradise of the beautiful, where, amidst pictures and other objects of art, collected with care and arranged with skill, the happy owner nestled in fastidious ease, and kept up among his contemporaries a character in which something of the Horace was blended with something of the Mæcenas." Samuel Rogers lived one hundred and two years, and then died as the result partly of an accident, which may remind one of the old lady celebrated in the epitaph as having

"Lived to the age of 110,
And died by a fall from a cherry-tree then."

JAMES MONTGOMERY, the Moravian poet, was gentle, brave, and tender, in look and manner, with a touch of melancholy. A remarkable bright blue eye redeemed a face otherwise quite plain. All loved who knew him, and he was in character as in his writings a lofty Christian spirit. He was "an Irishman born in Scotland," and had some of the qualities belonging to the people of both regions. Few things were more remarkable than the way in which this excellent and real poet was overshadowed by the Rev. Robert Montgomery, commonly known by the name of one of his poems as "Satan" Montgomery. Mr. Hall's opinion confirmed that which Macaulay has already stated as the verdict of the literary world—namely, that the success of the Rev. Robert was due to the most unblushing puffery. It is certainly a curiosity of literature that a poem so utterly without interest now as "The Omnipresence of God" should in 1828 have run through twelve editions in as many months. Robert gave in a year more employment to printers than James had done in a century of work. Mr. Hall told us how once James Montgomery came to him with a letter in his hand, looking very sad over it: the letter was written praising him for having written the Rev. Robert's then famous poem, and congratulating him (James) on his improvement as he grew older! Mr. Hall mixed some indignation with the drollery of the incident, and declared that Robert's "Omnipresence," compared with James's poems, was that of a sounding brass beside pure music.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, the "Corn-Law Rhym-er," was a worker in iron, and he was a man of iron. His poetry was evoked by wrong, and he was like his writing, solemn, vigorous, genuine. His massive countenance betokened deep thought. His brow was stern, almost to severity; but the lower part of his face was winning, and his mouth especially delicate and sensitive. His pale gray eye bespoke restless activity; his every look and motion an enthusiastic temperament. He was remarkably susceptible to all kinds of natural beauty; and amidst his stormiest indignation against wrong a flower could soften him, a green lane transform him.

Mr. Hall's acquaintance with Tom Moore began in 1822, and being himself of Irish parentage he seemed to have found a particularly congenial friend in the writer of the Irish Melodies, with whom he and his wife once passed a week at Moore's residence in Wiltshire. The Wiltshire peasantry were proud of their neighbor, knowing he was an author, and believing that he was the author of "Moore's Almanac." The poet once missed his way when close to his own residence, and a rustic of whom he inquired said: "Ah, Mr. Moore, this comes of your sky-scraping." With reference to Leigh Hunt's remark that Byron had summed up Moore's character in the words "Tommy loves a lord," Mr.

Hall denied that the poet was servile, and he said he never sought nor obtained gain from the nobility; he left no property and no debts. He also denied with warmth the rumors which were circulated after the publication of the "Diary," declaring that Moore was a faithful and loving husband. His face was of a remarkably sweet expression, and his good looks not interfered with by a slightly upturned nose. Standing or sitting his head was invariably upraised, owing, perhaps, to his shortness of stature. He sang his own ballads with much feeling, accompanying himself on the piano. Moore's Melodies were written for old Irish airs, to which they were adapted by Sir John Stevenson.

Of "L. E. L."—LETITIA E. LONDON—Mr. Hall spoke with the feeling of one who had sympathized with her sorrows while she was undergoing them. "Poor child, poor girl, poor woman!" he exclaimed; "her life was a grief from the cradle to the grave—a perpetual struggle with poverty and disappointment." Yet during it all she was not without a certain cheerfulness, and even at times when she was inwardly sighing a casual observer might have taken gayety for one of her prominent characteristics. She opened her heart to few. That reserve was her bane through life, and gave rise to misconceptions. In 1838 she married a Mr. Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle. He was a coarse man who could not appreciate her, and her life was wretched. In alluding to her being found lying dead with a vial of prussic acid in her hand, soon after her arrival in Africa; Mr. Hall asserted his belief that she had not committed suicide. She was in the habit of taking small doses of that poison under a physician's advice; but Mr. Hall believed that an African woman who had been displaced by Maclean's marriage had had something to do with the fatal result. In person "L. E. L." was slight and graceful, and paid more attention to dress than literary women are apt to do. Her complexion was delicately fair. She had dark, lustrous eyes. Her black hair, braided carefully over the back of her head, was beautiful. Her nose was slightly *retroussé*. Her voice was low and musical. Her conversation was sparkling and epigrammatic, and a collection might have been made of her brilliant sayings.

Mr. Hall had visited AMELIA OPIE at Norwich when she was eighty-four years of age. Quaker as she was, her ruling passion—dress—was still discernible in the neat folds of her attire. Her Quaker cap was of beautiful lawn, fastened beneath her chin with crimped whippers. She had the reputation of having been beautiful when young. She sang beautifully, and painted skillfully. Her husband—Opie the painter—was a coarse man, and old enough to be her father, but he appreciated the genius of his wife. Soon after she became a Quaker, in 1825, Mr. Hall had asked her to write a story for his Annual. She replied that "it was against her principles to write a Story, but she would send him an Anecdote." The anecdote

came, and bore a sufficiently strong resemblance to a story. Mr. Hall gave a brilliant description of a company of which he was one, assembled in Paris at the house of Baron Cuvier, the great naturalist, where he met Mrs. Opie. He recalled the low stout form of Cuvier, his massive immense head—more German than French—and his sedate and even severe manner. He met Mrs. Opie at another time in Paris at the house of Lafayette. This was in 1831, three years before the death of Lafayette, and when he was eighty-three years of age. It was just before the final struggle of Poland, and a large number of young Poles came to see the great friend and warrior of freedom. Lafayette kissed each of the young men, laying his hand upon their heads and invoking the divine blessing upon them and their cause. Just then, amidst the fashionably dressed company, entered Amelia Opie, in that plain Quaker garb which no Parisian had ever seen. She seemed a vision of purity and light. Lafayette sought her side, and did not leave the fascinating Quakeress the whole evening.

CHARLES LAMB was diminutive and ungraceful—his form wiry, his gait shuffling. His head at once attracted notice; it was uncommon in shape, so large in front that his hat was only able to lodge on the back part of it. His eye was genial and penetrating. His countenance indicated anxiety, the impression being increased by his slight stutter. To him the streets and alleys were as fruitful of great themes as to his friends were the green hills. His genial temper and exquisite humor had to be nourished under a dreary shadow. His sister's intervals of lunacy were made more terrible by the intervals of reason; and nothing could be sadder than to see them, when the dark hour came in sight, pacing toward the asylum, both weeping bitterly.

COLERIDGE, a dreamer from boyhood, was bewildered in metaphysics at fifteen. Mr. Hall first met him when he was traveling through the country diffusing what Mr. Hall—a stanch conservative—called "the poison of the French Revolution." Loyalty, now the easiest of virtues, was not so when Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth were Republicans. But at no time did Coleridge favor the revolutionary infidelity. He edited and published a paper, and went through the country advertising it. The best description of him is Wordsworth's. His face was pale, but its full shape reminded one that it ought to have been blooming. His eyes were gray and soft. His conversation was indescribable, and carried all with it; it was so rich and impressive in thought, and uttered with such a wonderful voice, that one was enchanted, and could not carry away what he had heard. Mr. Hall could think of it only as sitting in reverie beside a bubbling stream, which gradually wove in with its melody all the fancies and thoughts of the solitary dreamer. He told a pleasant story of how once, when he was walking with Coleridge along the Strand,

the latter pointed to a dismal window in an upper story of the office of the "Morning Post," where he used to sit and write for next morning's paper through the night, and how, as he passed out in the faint gray of the morning, he loved to stand and listen to the song of a lark caged near by at the window of an artisan, who used to begin his day's work just as he (Coleridge) was leaving off. Such was the impression of Coleridge's life upon Mr. Hall that he could now never pass the poet's old home at Highgate without repeating mentally his immortal lines:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all!"

The next memory was of JAMES HOGG, the "Ettrick Shepherd." When Hogg came to London in 1833 he produced a sensation such as has rarely been witnessed. Every whit a shepherd in lock, manner, and dress, this only enhanced the interest excited by his acknowledged genius; and it was strange to see the plainly-dressed man fêted by the nobility. Hogg took to literature in earnest only in despair of success in the occupation of shepherd, which his fathers had followed for generations. He was clumsy without rudeness; rustic but not coarse; and was quite at home with the most magnificent of his acquaintances. Mr. Hall once, at his own house, introduced "L. E. L." to him, when the Shepherd exclaimed, "Eh! I didna think ye'd be sae bonnie!" The Londoners got up a public dinner for him, at which Sir John Malcome presided, and the puzzled toast-master cried, "Gentlemen, fill your glasses for a bumper to Mr. Shepherd!" He had a light complexion, clear gray eyes, sandy hair, and a manly and muscular frame; the word "hearty" would best describe the impression he made. The excitement of these days undoubtedly shortened his life.

In ALLAN CUNNINGHAM were found many of the traits of his great prototype, Burns; the same love of Nature which never left him, as when Chantrey offered him a part of the grand tomb he was building for himself, Cunningham replied, "No; I wish to lie where the daisies will grow over me." He came to London also, and mixed much with high life, but he never forgot the lowly Scotch lassie he had loved at home, and went back to marry her. He related to Mr. Hall that when he first sent a poem to a London journal, the editor, in his "Notices to Correspondents," asked for an interview with "A. C.," in consequence of which, not having the means of using public conveyances, he actually walked all the way from Dumfries to London—more than three hundred miles—with his whole earthly estate slung in a handkerchief at his shoulders! He always liked to talk over his lowly origin and early struggles. His Scotch appearance and dialect were strong. He apparently wondered at the strange turn of fortune which brought him into the society of the

great and wealthy. Letitia Landon said: "A few words of Allan Cunningham strengthen one like a dose of Peruvian bark."

The somewhat burly, florid, and genial appearance of SYDNEY SMITH is well known, not only to those who knew him personally, but to those who are familiar with the many portraits and reminiscences of him which have appeared since his death. In form he was portly and clumsy, his face showed the healthy and self-enjoying humorist that he was. Good-natured as he was he could be satirical against injustice, and a friend once said to him, "Sydney, your sense, wit, and clumsiness always give me the idea of an Athenian carter!" He was kindly after a different fashion from the social Samaritans who play their part omitting the penny and the oil. His *bon-mots* were accompanied by a cordial laugh. He is known chiefly by his rich conversation and by his quick repartees, like his reply to Sir Edwin Landseer, the painter of animals, when the artist asked him to sit for his portrait—"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But those who had not heard his pulpit discourses could little appreciate the marvelous eloquence which rose to the highest pitch of the power which intellect alone can not attain, and impressed the heart while it convinced the mind. There was nothing of the Church dignitary in his manner. His sparkling sentences in the pulpit often astonished congregations used to dullness.

While Mr. Hall was dwelling on this point I could not help reflecting how remarkable it is that Sydney Smith's reputation as a wit should so completely have overshadowed his just claim to be considered among the greatest preachers which England has had within this century. In England he resided for several years as the centre of the finest literary circle, and a lecturer at the Royal Institution, without any one thinking of giving him any Church preferment. Lord Erskine was the first to observe his power as a preacher, and gave him a living in Yorkshire. I remember, years ago, when a friend in America drew my attention to the greatness of some passages in his published discourses. The following on Justice is but a fair sample of the freedom and elevation which every where pervade them:

"Truth is its handmaid, Freedom is its child, Peace is its companion, Safety walks in its steps, Victory follows in its train: it is the brightest emanation of the Gospel; it is the greatest attribute of God. It is that centre round which human passions and interests turn; and Justice, sitting on high, sees genius, and power, and wealth, and birth revolving round her throne, and teaches their paths, and marks out their orbits; and warns with a loud voice, and rules with a strong hand, and carries order and discipline into a world which, but for her, would be a wild waste of passions."

But I must not wander from Mr. Hall's sketches, the next of which was one of "Christopher North." The first time he had met JOHN WILSON was on a most interesting occasion, August 6, 1844, when an immense crowd

had gathered at Dumfries from every part of Scotland to do homage to the great poet, neglected during his life—Robert Burns—by giving a public reception to two of his sons who had returned from some far region. Together they—Christopher North and Mr. Hall—had passed an evening with Burns's sister and a shepherd who remembered many things of his old friend "Robbie Burns." A Scottish earl presided at the great festival, and when Christopher North came to speak it was a remarkable picture. The meeting was out of doors, and forty thousand people stood around the old man intent on his every word. He was a model of manly beauty, and as he spoke the wind gently stirred his long gray hair, which seemed to halo his noble head. While he was speaking some reverend gentleman behind him could not resist the odd temptation of trying to steal a hair from his head. The speaker turned fiercely around in his passionate way, but seeing the smile passing, and catching the intent of the friendly purloiner, his face was instantaneously suffused with a pleasant expression, and he continued his address. The speech was remarkable for eloquence, and for a mastery of his theme. He had a massive head, a clear gray eye, and the profile was exquisitely chiseled, especially the mouth. He was large-limbed and tall—an elder son of Anak. In prose Wilson was harsh and uncompromising, but in poetic utterances just the reverse; and his oration on Burns was a poetic strain, which, when it ended, was responded to by a mighty cheer from the vast throng that had hung upon every word.

The warmth with which Mr. Hall spoke of John Wilson is only one more illustration of the truth of Emerson's observation concerning men like Chatham, Raleigh, and Mirabeau, that the fact that their reputation outran their performance is due to their possession of that latent power called Character—"a reserved force which acts directly by presence, and without means." It is now impossible to get from the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" any idea of the "fair-haired Hercules-Apollo," the "inspired king of the gipsies," as his biographers call him, or the "eccentric genius" in whose society Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth so delighted. For us of this generation Christopher's son-in-law, Aytoun, who has far less reputation, has done much more valuable literary work. But many pilgrims repair to the tombs of both, which stand side by side in the beautiful cemetery at Edinburgh.

Mr. Hall first met ROBERT SOUTHEY in 1830. Though he was then but fifty-six years of age he was in the wane of life, aged with anxiety. "My ways," he said, "are as broad as the king's high-road; my means lie in an inkstand." He was of peculiar appearance; he had the eye of a hawk, and his very aquiline nose carried the similitude further. His eyebrows were dark, his hair profuse and long, then rapidly approaching white. He had a pleasant smile

and a dignified manner—the manner, however, of one who had lived among books, not among men. It is interesting to remember, as Southey was so often impaled by contemporary gossips for fawning on the aristocracy, that he refused a baronetcy offered by Sir Robert Peel, even though his reason—that he was too poor to support the dignity—does not entirely relieve his reputation. He wore out his brain, Mr. Hall said, and surely our venerable lecturer himself has hardly written so much as did Southey, who—after coming from Oxford, where all he learned was, as he says, "to row and swim"—left 100 volumes and 126 carefully prepared papers on history, biography, politics, and general literature. The portrait of him drawn by Mr. Hall was the best that could be made, perhaps, of a man who had no points of intellectual or moral grandeur, save that he could "toil terribly," and that he won the love of Coleridge and Wordsworth. In alluding to the pension which Sir Robert Peel bestowed upon Southey, Mr. Hall incidentally paid a glowing tribute to the memory of that statesman on account of his care for the needy men of letters—of whom Horne Tooke once wittily remarked, "We may well be called the Republic of Letters, for there is not a *sovereign* among us!" It was Sir Robert Peel, said Mr. Hall, who whispered peace to Mrs. Hemans, who enabled Wordsworth to forget all worldly anxieties, who upheld the tottering steps of Southey, who made more serene the closing years of James Montgomery, who opened a window of light and hope into the dreary abode of Hood. It is indeed particularly creditable to Peel that in so many cases those he pensioned were distinguished as political radicals.

LEIGH HUNT is described by Mr. Hall as tall, but slightly formed; quiet and contemplative in gait and manner; his countenance brisk and animated, receiving its expression chiefly from the dark and brilliant eyes; supplying unequivocal evidence of that mixed blood which he derived from his parent stock in the West Indies. His friend Hazlitt used to say, "He has tropical blood in his veins." His old age was beautiful; he stood with his gentle looks and his pure white hair as a picturesque ruin with its vesture of moss. He belonged to a galaxy of great bards, of whom he had seen the last star set while he yet lingered with pure light above the horizon.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD was personally what Byron called "dumpy;" and Letitia Landon once described her as "Sancho Panza in petticoats." Her face, however, was as genial as it was broad, which Mr. Hall evidently thought was saying a great deal. A queer story was told illustrating her eccentricity about dress, as well as her simplicity. He once entered a room where he found Miss Mitford seated in state and surrounded by a company who, instead of showing any veneration for the distinguished lady, were tittering. He presently perceived that it was on account of a yellow turban which she wore,

and which had evidently struck her fancy and been purchased at a shop on her way to the party, as a ticket was still adhering to the back of it marked, "*Very chaste. Only 5s. 6d.!*" The ticket was removed dextrously, and she never knew it had been there. She was a brave, generous soul, and did her part most faithfully among the poor in her neighborhood. Her cottage at Three-Mile Cross sent out only sunshine, whether for her neighbors or her readers, and she appropriately rests near Swallowfield, where the lads and lassies whom she most loved while living daily pass near her grave.

WORDSWORTH was still vigorous when Mr. Hall knew him, in 1832. He was above the middle size; his features were large, conveying no adequate impression of the fire beneath. His forehead was not high, but broad, and his eye rather heavy. His every action was considerate; his every look self-possessed; and his low voice had a persuasion in its tone. He read few books, being absorbed in the perusal of Nature. He was happy, prosperous, the idol of his domestic circle, which he idolized in return, the poet dearest to poets, and he was quite content with the world, the whole of which he could scan from the hill near by. He had traveled in early life in various countries, but at last found nothing to tempt him beyond his Grasmere home; and now from his grave is visible every scene in his poems—every flower, rock, streamlet he celebrated. His love of the lowly things around him was reflected in his natural manner and direct speech. His simplicity was the most characteristic trait of Wordsworth.

In 1842 Mr. and Mrs. Hall visited MARIA EDGEWORTH, at her home in Edgeworthstown, Ireland; for her father had not only been fond of letters and politics, but had with his four marriages reared such a large family as to make a town. At the time mentioned she was in her seventy-fifth year, tranquilly holding the even tenor of her way, tranquil in a household devoted to her. She had always been remarkable for her thoughtfulness toward her home and those around her. Out of her eighty-three years she passed seventy of practical usefulness. She was small in person, unobtrusive in manners. Her face was pale, her features thin and irregular; but with her tender blue eyes, pleasant voice, and fine intellectual expression, she was one of those women who do not require physical beauty. There was something very sympathetic in the tones of Mr. Hall as he described the quiet and cheerful decline of the woman who, as the story-teller for the young, is yet incomparable, and whose "rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact" in the delineation of Irish characters gave direction to the genius of Scott, and indeed gave rise to the whole school of stories which depend for their interest upon the popular characteristics of various sections of country.

Of none whom he described did our venerable author speak with more feeling and admiration than of FELICIA HEMANS, "the revered,

pure, holy-minded woman, whose poems have been welcomed in every language of civilized man. Mrs. Hemans never visited London but once, and courted obscurity. She loved to haunt the pleasant out-of-the-way villages of England. Hers was that beauty which depends upon expression. Like her writings, it was thoroughly womanly. Her auburn hair parted over her brow, and fell at either side in luxuriant curls. Her dove-like eyes had a chastened character that was near to sadness. She had a melancholy little smile which seemed to make her little lower than the angels. In her last days she was ever recalling old memories, all of which, whether happy or sorrowful, lived with her as poetry; for she not only wrote poetry, but was poetry. When dying the happiest visions flitted before her eyes in the intervals of pain, and she sent the tenderest messages to all her friends.

In very marked contrast with the description of Mrs. Hemans was that given of Lady SYDNEY MORGAN, who in 1822, when Mr. Hall knew her, was a "Wild Irish Girl" of forty, celebrated for her wit, and not a little dreaded in certain quarters for her delight in political intrigues. Her spirit and genius were just what one might imagine from her "Woman and her Master." At the time mentioned she was a widow, whose weeds were relieved by the white rose she loved to wear in her cap. She was never handsome nor graceful, was small and peculiar, but withal had the attractive *je ne sais quoi*. Dress was the weakness of her time, and she shared the passion for personal adornment. She was undoubtedly vain, fond of the shows of the nobility—carriages and coronets—and fond of gossip; but she was learned and lively, knew the celebrities of all countries beyond others around her, and was most loved by those who best knew her. She was a mixture of imitated gems and pearls of price. She was always trying hard to forget her own age, and shuddered when Mr. Hall told her he had read a book of hers published in the last century. This was hardly fair, she no doubt thought, considering she had first published at the age of fourteen. She was certainly just as young at forty as ever before.

In 1880 Mr. Hall edited with THOMAS CAMPBELL the "New Monthly Magazine," when that poet was about fifty-three. He was under the middle size, and his manners, though bland, were not dignified. His eyes were large and lustrous, his lips thin and sensitive. It seemed to me the speaker's recollections of Campbell were sad, and he did not say much of him personally. He gave a very graphic description, however, of his burial in Westminster Abbey, in the Poet's Corner, to which his pall was borne in 1844 by members of the nobility. Several unusual occurrences took place. When the words "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," were pronounced, a Polish officer in full uniform stepped forth from the crowd, and dropped upon the coffin a handful of earth brought from the grave of Kosciuszko. When the

words "I heard a voice from heaven" were uttered, a thunder-clap drowned the clergyman's voice, and the next words heard were, "they rest from their labors."

Mr. Hall had had a great deal to do also with THEODORE HOOK, who succeeded him in the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," as Hall succeeded Campbell. Hook was evidently a Bohemian of the first water—or, perhaps it would be truer to say, brandy and water. His wit was exhaustless, and he could write admirable things in a moment on the most inauspicious subjects. He inherited much of his celebrated father's musical genius, and sang sweetly, accompanying himself on the piano. He worked hard for an hour, and repaid himself with a fortnight of idleness. On one such occasion, when he was dining, a messenger came to him from the "John Bull," which he edited, but for which he had written nothing for some weeks, and told him he must write something on the death of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, whereon he sent back—

"Walter!—Two Sandwiches!" cried Death,
And their wild Majesties resigned their breath."

It was but too plain to all who saw Hook that he had ill-used time. Jovial nights and idleness had banished self-respect; and when he died it was to point once more the terrible moral of that misuse of mind and body of which so many of the children of genius have been guilty. In vain friends warned, entreated; things went from bad to worse, until the few mourners experienced a certain sorrowful relief as they bore him at last to rest in an obscure corner of Fulham Cemetery. Mr. Hall gave a sad list, which I will not repeat here, of the noble and great minds which he had known wasted by the passion for drink, and uttered a very impressive admonition to those around him against the besetting temptation of thinkers and scholars.

The closing and perhaps the most delicate and touching portrait drawn by Mr. Hall was that of THOMAS HOOD, whom he had evidently loved with his whole heart. No one would have associated with his serious, observant eye, and his grave, melancholy face the "fellow of infinite jest." In person Hood was of the middle height, slender and sickly-looking; of sallow complexion and plain features; quiet in expression, and rarely so excited as to indicate either the pathos or humor in him. The upper face was calm, even to solemnity, seldom relieved even in society by the eloquent play of the mouth or sparkle of his observant eye. He was by no means brilliant in conversation; and if he made a pun, which was rare, it did not seem instinctive, but a process of thought. With all his fun he was incapable of sarcasm, and never did an injury in his life. His mind was as delicate as that of an innocent child.

His life was passed near the dreary skeleton—poverty; yet though always struggling he was cheerful. His last days were rendered happy by the pension which assured him that his family would not suffer. The picture drawn by Mr. Hall of his last days was touching. He was with him at times, and witnessed the devotion of the noble wife who survived him only a few months. Hood, when suffering agony, would utter exquisite jests to try and relieve the friends around him.

Mr. Hall read a passage from a letter written by Hood's daughter to himself, soon after her father's death, which I can not forbear to give here. She wrote:

"Those who lectured him on his merry sallies and innocent gayety should have been present at his death-bed, to see how the gentlest and most loving heart in the world could die. Thinking himself dying, he called us around him—my mother, my little brother, and myself—to receive his last kiss and blessing, tenderly and fondly given; and gently clasping my mother's hand, he said, 'Remember, Jane, I forgive all—' all.' He lay for some time calmly and quietly, but breathing painfully and slowly; and my mother, bending over him, heard him murmur, faintly, 'O Lord, say, Arise, take up thy cross, and follow me.'"

Another letter he read, written to Sir Robert Peel, in which Hood said that being conscious that he was passing away, and could never see him again, he wrote to bid him adieu. He then alluded to various differences of a political kind which the two seemed to have had, and said that if he had to live longer he would advocate a more catholic political principle—one which would reconcile people and soften classes, rather than exasperate their differences. In this last letter Hood made his last joke: "Death stops my pen, but not my pension."

"I have spoken to you," said Mr. Hall, in closing, "of the departed—I can not call them dead; for such can not die; they live to enrich our lives, to shape our thoughts, to remind those who follow that they also can leave foot-prints on the sand. Their mighty spirits surround us, and inspire us to carry forward the noble work of wisdom for which they toiled and suffered."

When the old man sat down, after speaking two hours with only the interval of five minutes, the company thanked him, as it were with one voice, and pressed forward to grasp his hand and that of his wife. Groups lingered here and there as if loth to leave the atmosphere which had been hallowed by presences from the past. And when at last we dispersed it was with minds deeply traced with memories of the "boundaries" of English thought which we had been enabled, as it were, to touch with our own hands in touching the hand and hearing the voice of one who is himself a landmark covered with the most venerable inscriptions.

"Ever their phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
By bed and board they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty and words of good."

THE FOSTER-BROTHERS.

ONE April morning, not many years ago, Mr. Cade Marshall, having nothing else to do for the moment, stood on his door-step and looked at the Mississippi River.

It was not many years ago—yet since then a thousand glories and shames have dazzled and affronted the world; myriads of bright things have been darkened, and dark things brought to light; a continent has been dipped in blood, and has arisen from the red baptism cleansed of its deadliest sin. There is not a man now living who has precisely the same political ideas which he had on that April morning when Mr. Cade Marshall, idly enjoying the spring sunshine, looked from the door-step of his house on an Illinois bluff at the great river, and over it to the Missouri shore.

Mr. Marshall had been a Bachelor of Arts half a year. He had spent this time at home in the city of Moscow, Illinois, an ambitious town that had stretched itself so far over the hills and hollows skirting the river that it seemed doubtful whether it would ever knit its overgrown members firmly together. It had cut one hill in two, in the hope of a bridge which never was built. It had filled up one ravine, in preparation for a railroad which never arrived. It had a special charter from the Legislature, in case it should ever be big enough to need a city government; and it embraced several miles of the adjoining country within its corporate limits, to get taxes enough to keep up the expense of fire and lights for its Common Council. With its four or five thousand inhabitants it occupied about as much room as Paris, and sprawled over its half-dozen hills—as the elder Marshall once observed—"like a small but conceited hen trying to hatch a square yard of eggs."

A Norse poet mentions, as among the prerogatives of the gods, that they always look down. So the city of Moscow, sprinkled over its ragged bluffs, enjoyed much substantial comfort in looking across the river to where the city of Thebes clung with a precarious foothold to the Missouri mud—only existing by sufferance of the great river.

It was with a certain comfortable sense of superiority to fluvial accidents that Cade Marshall walked to his gate and glanced down the steep hill-path, two hundred feet fall to the water-side.

"The river is certainly rising," he thought, "and yet the *Lucy Bertram* seems to be stuck to the landing." But the steamer, which had been blowing and whistling, and ringing bells, and stirring up the yellow sand with her revolving paddles, now swung loose and headed for the Illinois shore, dancing coquettishly sideways over the water, keeping her head up stream.

Two or three men with revolvers in their hands went shuffling by the gate.

"Thar she blows. Hurry up! Hi! or you won't fetch her."

"You bet I fetch her," answered a tall man with blue goggles. "Mornin'; Mr. Marshall! Come along and help tie up the *Lucy*."

Mr. Marshall, much amused at being thus suddenly enrolled in the constable's *posse*, followed that functionary and said, "What has she been guilty of, Captain Ketchum?"

"Why, Jim Whaler missed his carpet-bag as he was a-comin' up from St. Louis, and he swears he believes the cap'n stole it. I reckon he never done it; but that ain't my business. The cap'n offered to compermise by payin' for what was into it. So Jim he drewed out a list: one bowie-knife, one plug o' terbacker, one deck o' keards, and two shirts. When the cap'n seed that he jest sung out, 'Oh, gas! Two shirts! when did you ever git two shirts?' So Jim he's got his back up, and he's took out a tachment, and we're goin' down to tie up the *Lucy* 'till they pay."

"Did you have the shirts, Jim?" said Marshall to the injured Whaler.

"I will, 'fore I'm done with 'em."

They reached the landing just as a deck hand came ashore to cast off the cable.

"Hold on there, my African brother," shouted Ketchum. The sulky Whaler stood by the rope, while the constable went on board and served process. Marshall went with him. As they reached the bar-room a youthful figure started up from near the stove, and a clear, hearty voice shouted, "Bless your dissolute heart, Occidental! how are you?"

Marshall started at the familiar college nickname, and turning, saw his friend and classmate, Clarence Brydges.

"*A la bonne heure!* Where is your luggage? Why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

"I am not coming. I am going to St. Paul."

"St. Paul can wait. Your boat is tied up. The captain and our constable will quarrel all day. You must go home with me. Give me your checks. 'False, fleeting, perjured Clarence,' to slip by without ungirding yourself beneath my roof-tree."

Brydges was soon convinced by the highly-seasoned discourse of the captain that his friend had spoken truth. They went on shore, and Marshall called a broad-shouldered, dwarfish German boy.

"Chris, take this trunk to my father's. Where is your cart?"

"I don't got none a'ready. Hans Doppel-fritz his stief-vater gone dead directly, and mine cart is a funeral. I pack him selbst."

He seized the heavy trunk and trotted up the steep hill-side like a mountain-goat.

Marshall and Brydges were preparing to follow, when Whaler rushed up, all the sulkiness gone from his hang-dog face.

"The cap'n's compermised. He agrees to pay for one shirt and treat the crowd. Come, take a drink, gentlemen."

At that moment a negro came running off the boat with a shabby carpet-bag in his hand. Whaler saw him, and grew sulkier than ever.

He took the thin, leprous-looking bag of black oil-cloth from the porter, who bowed and grinned, vainly expectant of backshish, and slunk away muttering unorthodox expressions in regard to his "misfortnit luck." He disappeared up the sunken road to the town, followed by Ketchum and his friends, who made frequent and jeering reference to "them shirts."

The steamer, after expressing by emphatic growling and puffing her indignation at the "law's delay," went on her way up the river. The friends slowly ascended the hill to Marshall's house. This was a large, rambling structure, originally built for the block-house of Fort Johnstone in the early Indian wars, with numerous additions and changes that had completely transformed it into a comfortable modern residence—as comfort is understood in the West—something very different from the Sybarite luxury of Fifth Avenue or the Back Bay.

"I am not sorry this happened," said Brydges. "There is no real occasion for me to hurry to St. Paul. I am making a rapid tour at the request of my father through the North. I have been reading some law in Mobile this winter, and the governor wants me, before beginning to practice, to see something of your country. You know he is a little *tête-montée* on this secession question. He thinks you will be a foreign nation in a few years, and he is anxious that I should see something of the present régime."

"Very well. Stay here and see it."

"But he insists on my passing all my time at representative places. St. Paul, as a northwest bastion of your power; Chicago, the home of the gnomes—the supernatural workers; Boston, your light-house; and New York, your 'ventral ganglion.' I have his positive commands against stopping for a day any where else."

"Except in case of accidents. We will prepare a new one every day until we fill a chapter, which we will send to your respected ancestor with our dutiful regards."

Coming to the house they found Mr. Marshall the elder sitting in his easy-chair on the long veranda. A fresh, rosy, black-haired old gentleman, who could even yet break a colt, or crack walnuts with his fingers.

"You are heartily welcome, Mr. Brydges. Don't stare; there is no second-sight in my knowing your name. That little Kobold Chris has come with your trunk, and I have sent it to your room. Will you go in, or stay here? When you are my age you will seize every moment of such lovely weather, and keep where there is most of it."

The young men brought chairs and sat in the soft spring sunshine. The impulse of awakening life was faintly visible on the bluffs, where the dry grass began to show an under-tinge of green. The warm light lay richly on the broad river and the brown leafless-wooded islands, and touched softly in the blue distance the high hills beyond the Missouri flats.

Brydges, who was looking at the town of

Thebes, which lies in the delta of the Des Moines and Mississippi rivers, said, suddenly,

"What a quantity of ponds there are in that town!"

"Ponds that have come there since morning," answered Colonel Marshall, quietly. "If the river keeps its present mood it will sponge that town away in a few days."

"If you would like to see the village before the catastrophe we will go over after dinner," said Cade, laughing. "My father has so often prophesied the damp bad end of Thebes that we have come to regard him as a Muscovite Cassandra."

The Marshalls dined at the orthodox Illinois hour of one. Mrs. Marshall received her guest with the simplest courtesy, and made him feel instantly at home.

"I am never quite happy," she said, "when my table is three-sided. So you must keep that place, Mr. Brydges, till you are relieved."

The young men went down to the ferry in the afternoon and crossed over to Thebes. The river was tawny with mud and filled with the varied drift of the northern forests.

"The river is still on the rise, Captain?" said Marshall to the skipper of the *Osprey*, a long, silent, ruminant man.

"She's jest a-boomin'," said Captain Apple, increasing the volume of the stream by about a gill of nicotized saliva. "Five inches yesterday, and the big end o' that sence mornin'. The Dessimine is worse yet. Ef I was a rat in a cellar, I'd move up garret about these here times."

The *Osprey* came to the wharf, which had almost disappeared beneath the encroaching river. With that obstinate unbelief of the disagreeable that has been given us doubtless to prevent our suffering misfortunes in anticipation, the dealers in cord-wood were busy in removing large quantities of it from the water-line, and piling it a few feet further from the shore—to be moved again next day.

Marshall and Brydges walked through the town. It had been built before the levee, and so was on an average several feet lower. The side-streets and back-yards were therefore already invaded by the waters. A great quantity had come in during the night, creeping over the low banks of the Des Moines, and attacking the town in its unleveed and therefore defenseless rear. Many flat gardens and hollow commons were suddenly filled up with the muddy flood, as if it had soaked through the thin soil from below. A good many houses were built, with a sort of make-shift foresight, on detached piles. These stood clear for the present from the wet, looking like slatternly women holding up their dragged skirts. One dreary frame-house they saw where the piles had given way at one end, and the house stood helplessly with one corner in the air and one in the slough. They had the indiscretion to look in at the window nearest the road, and saw a sal-low woman frying bacon at a stove lashed to

the wall, and some ragged urchins in high glee climbing the sloping floor like flies, and sliding down again like musk-rats.

Every where a dismal air of make-shift. All the gates were tied up with ropes—the latches all gone. At the front-doors of several rather ambitious-looking houses a small ladder supplied the place of a porch. Many of the houses were unpainted, and looked prematurely old and shabby. Every thing seemed to say, What is the use? Dirty clay-colored curs lounged on the muddy door-steps with a dispirited and dejected air. The very streets, that started with fair prospects, seemed to grow discouraged and to flatten supinely out into bottomless black mud. The cats found it difficult to make their visits with any regard to neat feet. Long, gaunt, red-haired hogs grunted unsociably in the dry spots that were yet left them, too listless to be hungry.

In the best quarter of the town the two friends came to a large barn-like church with an unfinished steeple, around which the scaffolding was falling to pieces. Here the sidewalk was elevated upon poles to the level of the fence-posts. This had been done some years before in the stress of former floods, and no one had as yet had energy enough to take it down. Turning its corner they found themselves before a larger and better house than any they had before seen. The garden before the door was completely submerged. A young girl standing upright in a light skiff sculled it dextrously about the garden with a long oar. It was a very pretty picture—the exquisite form swaying to every movement of the frail boat, the warm sunshine touching with gold lights the dark brown hair.

"Who has not heard of a jolly young waterman?" sang Marshall.

She turned, and with one stroke of the oar brought her skiff to the gate; she gave her hand to Marshall with a gay "Good-morning."

"Miss Des Ponts, let me present my friend Mr. Brydges."

"Will you tempt the dangers of the deep and come in?" she said.

Marshall looked at Brydges, who eagerly nodded assent.

"You will come first, Mr. Brydges," said the fair mariner. "Mr. Marshall is *chez lui* in my boat."

She gave Brydges her hand to assist him into the boat. It was a soft white hand—"the hand of a marquise," Balzac would have said—with a firm and vigorous grasp. Arriving at the door-step she stepped lightly out of the skiff, and led her visitors into a cheerful-looking drawing-room carpeted in warm bright colors, richly furnished and curtained, where a brisk fire of hickory logs cracked and sparkled in the wide chimney.

"A fancy of papa's," said Miss Des Ponts. "He insists upon this open fire until the first

of May, even if we have a torrid April like this. Cade, open the windows."

Mr. Marshall obeyed the peremptory order; then, in the same familiar tone, said, "Mimi, when are you coming over to spend the forty diluvial days and nights?"

"Silence, rash Museovite! The river is merely performing its fertilizing office for the city of its love. It will be in its bed to-morrow."

"And to-morrow and to-morrow," added Marshall, tragically.

"I am ashamed to own," said Miss Des Ponts, "that papa has been carried away by the prevailing stampede. He wanted the furniture moved up stairs yesterday, but I fought hard and got a reprieve till to-day. I thought it would be a sort of treason to the river to distrust its honorable intentions."

"Pray let us hear your piano once more before it is banished to the attic."

She went to the instrument, and her fingers strayed for a moment over the keys, "building a bridge from dream-land." She then played with singular feeling and expression a low, solemn, dirge-like movement, which neither of the gentlemen recognized, but which was intensely thrilling and saddening. It closed with a sudden and startling discord, and she instantly broke into one of the younger Strauss's most Champagny mazurkas, which she gave with such grace and spirit that Marshall vowed he could see the flash of white satin boots, and catch the distant popping of corks in the supper-room.

Brydges, who had been somehow vaguely annoyed at the easy familiarity existing between Marshall and Miss Des Ponts, had taken no part in the conversation. While she played he devoured her with his eyes. If she seemed lovely in the broad light outside, she was vastly more so now; her brown eyes softened by feeling, her exquisite lips slightly parted, a delicate tinge hovering like the first flush of dawn on the perfect pale cheek.

Her eyes lighted on Brydges for an instant as she played the last lively bars.

"I hope you will remain some time," she said. "I have heard Mr. Marshall say so much of you that I have been quite anxious to know you."

Brydges hardly knew whether to be pleased or vexed. This lovely, intrepid, self-possessed girl, treating him with this utterly unconventional frankness, was not at all flattering to his *amour-propre*. He jumped to the hasty conclusion that she must be *fiancée* to Marshall. He felt half inclined to hate them both. He hated himself worse for feeling embarrassed by the steady glance of the soft brown eyes.

"Yes—that is, not long," he stammered; then added, with unnecessary emphasis, "I am going to-morrow."

Marshall laughed and said, "Mimi, he will spend a week or two with us. Your music shall soothe his savage breast till we get tired

of him and send him on his way, a sadder and a better man."

They rose to go. Miss Des Ponts rang, and a silver-haired negro answered.

"Take these gentlemen to the gate, Darby;" but, glancing out of the window, she exclaimed, "No! voilà, papa! I will go myself."

As they sculled over the garden Marshall said, "Des Ponts translates Brydges."

"Not oversets, I hope, as Father Krakwity would say," she answered, laughing.

Mr. Des Ponts stood at the gate. There was a hurried introduction and word of greeting.

"My mother expects you every day, and hereafter we wait dinner for you," said Marshall.

Des Ponts looked troubled and anxious.

"I fear we *must* very soon claim your hospitality. This rise looks serious. The Des Moines is full of back-water for miles. The 'oldest inhabitants' are talking like screech-owls this afternoon."

"Never mind, mon petit papa. Here's a sigh for those that love us, and a smile for those that hate, and—and—before it gets above us, perhaps it may abate;" and father and daughter sculled to their beleaguered mansion.

As Marshall and Brydges walked to the ferry they saw evident signs of consternation among the towns-people. Those who lived in two-story houses were engaged in emptying their ground-floors, while the groundlings were begging room "under the shingles" from their more fortunate neighbors. Still, some esprits forts were walking calmly about deriding and pooh-poohing, and demonstrating by all the almanacs known that this "was not a high-water year."

That evening the young gentlemen were smoking on the veranda in the dim, confidential starlight. Brydges said, apropos of nothing: "Cade, I congratulate you. Miss Des Ponts is an excessively pretty girl."

"My dear Clarence, you have more taste than sagacity. I have no property whatever in Mimi Des Ponts's unquestionable beauty."

"Why not?" rejoined Brydges, in a somewhat querulous tone. "You don't mean that there are more of that style of girls in the neighborhood; and whom, besides you, would *she* look at hereaway?"

"It is very sweet of you, gentle stranger, to say such things of both of us. Mimi and I love each other too well to be lovers, I suppose. I never had any sister but her; nor she ever a brother but me. We made mud-pies together, and fought over the first strawberries of the season. But I have never thought of availing myself of my evident advantages. I have magnanimously waited for some handsome pilgrim with blue eyes to come, and, if worthy and enterprising, to win her."

"Elle vaut bien la peine."

"You have the requisite Gothic complexion; you will have idleness and juxtaposition in your

favor in a day or two. The great river is working valiantly for you to-night."

"What a superb picture of quiet power!" said Brydges. "There it flows, pouring out over the level bottoms the flood of ten thousand thunder-storms, annihilating farms, fields, and villages, and not the murmur of a ripple comes up to us in this deep silence. It was a true artistic thought of the old religions that made gods of the rivers."

"Yes. I think even Carlyle would respect the Mississippi—so much work with so little talk."

From the window of his chamber that night Clarence Brydges looked out once more upon the vast and broadening sheet of water; and the twinkling lights of the village by the shore. One, he fancied, without any reason except its brightness, was lighting Marie Des Ponts to rest. He gazed musingly at this light till it suddenly disappeared.

"Good-night, and happy dreams," he murmured; then added, "Well, I have given that dark-eyed Missourian enough of my thoughts to-night," and went on thinking of nothing else till he fell asleep.

In the morning, as he came out upon the veranda, he saw the Colonel gazing intently at something in the river. "Cade, my son, get my field-glass. Good-morning, Mr. Brydges. I hope you had pleasant dreams your first night at Fort Johnstone. You know they are to come true, according to our received traditions."

Cade handed him the glass. He glanced at the object that had puzzled him, and laughed—a hearty, strutting, crowing sort of laugh, and handed the glass to Brydges. "There, I don't believe even so blasé a veteran as yourself ever saw a sight like that before."

It was a chicken-coop floating down the river, its hapless inmates roosting on the roof with an air of dragged and desperate resignation. It was a slight but most significant specimen of the night's work.

"Look across the river, Mr. Brydges. The ponds of yesterday are lakes and bays. Behind the town the prairie is one vast sheet of water to the bluffs. Below us the Illinois shore is invaded; the bottom will be flooded to-morrow."

"We shall have the Des Ponts to dinner, doubtless."

"Yes; and then, Mr. Brydges, look out for your heart, if you carry any such light baggage."

The theme was one on which the old gentleman was always eloquent. He began his usual rhapsody, but was soon interrupted by a summons to breakfast.

"Who is Mr. Des Ponts?" asked Brydges, when they were seated at table.

"Lawyer by profession, gentleman by practice," said Cade.

"The richest man in Thebes, and the best bred man in Missouri," said Mrs. Marshall.

"He is a French creole," said the Colonel, "who has the good taste to speak English without lisping. He has good books and good wine, and he buys both himself. The most curious thing about him is that every body owes him money and nobody hates him."

"But," said Clarence, "why does this phœnix of Missourians live in the Theban waste?"

"Ah, that is his most amiable point," said Mrs. Marshall. "He is bound by a promise to the late Madame Des Ponts. She was an enthusiastic Southern woman, who thought a free State the abomination of desolation; even wrote a florid pamphlet called the 'Curse of Canaan'; said she did not see how one could be a Christian and not own slaves, when their means permitted; and I believe honestly doubted whether negroes had souls. She has often said to me that she wished it could be shown that a certain famous text should read in the original, 'Suffer little white children to come unto me.'"

Every one laughed except Mr. Brydges.

"I always thought," the jolly old lady went on, "that Des Ponts recognized as clearly as any one the absurdity of Madame's opinions. But he never disputed with her, and often, when she was hard pressed in a discussion, he would come to her rescue with some brilliant paradox that left one in doubt which side he was really on. She never doubted, I am sure. I never saw a husband so worshiped by his wife. Though one of the proudest of the Shelys, she delighted in displaying her entire subjection to him. I believe she would have polished his boots if he had permitted it."

"O si sic omnes," said the Colonel, and the young men groaned in unison.

Mrs. Marshall continued, scorning the interruption: "She never lost her early infatuation for Des Ponts. The very year she died she and I were in the drawing-room, and Mr. Marshall and he were on the veranda. She looked at him some time in rapt contemplation, and said at last: 'Who could look at that noble form and godlike brow and then think without disgust of Jefferson's clap-trap of the equality of men?'"

"She would have preferred," said Cade, "the dictum of our Pomp—'One man is as good as anuddah, an' a heap bettah.'"

"When her last illness came she seemed to regret nothing but leaving Des Ponts. She would not be pacified till he swore—most reluctantly, and after a terrible scene—that he would never take Marie to a Northern State. For she said she hoped still to be with them in spirit, and she could not follow them into Yankee barbarism. So, ever since, poor Des Ponts has lived in that hideous swamp—the Despontine Marshes, as Cade says."

"But why not go South?" said Brydges.

"I imagine he prefers, while keeping his vow faithfully, to live in this extreme corner of slave territory, in sight of free sky and soil."

Brydges bit his lip; and Mrs. Marshall, re-

membering too late from what latitude he came, talked of pleasant trifles, and put too much sugar in his second cup of coffee by way of apology.

About noon the wagoner, Chris, having reclaimed his cart from its funereal functions, drove up to the back-door, and leaping down, shouldered a vast Saratoga trunk, with which he marched into the house.

"Vere I packs him? Die schoene Fräulein is-comin' bimeby a'ready mit 'm Herr Vater. Mein Gott! Die is wunderschoen," he said, grotesquely kissing his stubby finger-ends.

By the time the luggage was bestowed the exiles were at the door.

The Colonel met them with his hearty, old-fashioned courtesy:

"La Rochefoucauld was right. There is something in the misfortunes of our best friends that does not altogether displease us."

He shook hands with Des Ponts and kissed the neat glove of Marie. She nodded smilingly to the young men, and entered the house with Mrs. Marshall.

"I should have come yesterday," said Des Ponts, "had it not been for that indomitable Shelby pluck of Mimi. We moved the furniture to the second floor in the afternoon; but she still insisted that the river would fall, and so we drank tea in the dismantled parlor, and then sat by the fire till the water ponded over the floor and flooded the hearth. 'What am I to do with my feet?' she coolly inquired. 'Would it be quite lady-like to put them on the mantle-piece?' I took her in my arms and waded to the stairs, and carried her up to bed. This morning she got into the skiff from her chamber-window by a rope-ladder—and ever since she calls me Romeo!"

While he was speaking Brydges observed him more closely than he had previously done. He was certainly a strikingly handsome man: a clear, dark skin; black eyes under straight brows; a square forehead and resolute jaw; the mouth almost concealed by a grizzled mustache, a feature not then so common as now; the whole face framed with glossy and luxuriant black curls. There was a strong general resemblance to his daughter; yet they were curiously unlike. The fine animal beauty of his face was in hers lit up and spiritualized by the glancing light of a vivid intelligence. Seeing them together you would think of a head in clay copied in porcelain.

He turned, and his eyes met those of Brydges. Darting a keen glance at the young man, in which one could almost have fancied there was an expression of defiance, he said, abruptly,

"My daughter tells me you are from Mobile. How long have you lived there?"

"All my life."

"Have you relatives of your name in Savannah?"

"No."

Brydges was a little annoyed at this peremptory interrogatory, and so answered very curtly.

He did not feel inclined to say that his father had formerly resided in Savannah, but had married and settled in Mobile.

The intense expression vanished at once from the face of Des Ponts. He smiled cheerily, with a flash of splendid white teeth, and said,

"Pardon my summary questions—a relic of my bad lawyer habits. An accidental resemblance, doubtless. Colonel Marshall, Mr. Brydges is a proof of what I have so often told you, that you will find the pure blonde Saxon type oftener in the South than the North."

This remark induced an ethnological controversy between the two gentlemen, which lasted until dinner, and Brydges forgot the explanation he had intended to make.

In the evening Mrs. Marshall said, "Now, Mimi, you must sing for me. I get no music except in these flood times."

"I will sing you something entirely new, by a composer whose name I never heard before—a Mr. Boote, who lives in Florence. A friend of mine traveling in Italy copied and sent it to me. It takes hold of me wonderfully."

She sang in a rich, powerful, vibrating contralto a wild, lawless, but singularly thrilling air, to the words of Kingsley's "Sands o' Dee."

There came over Brydges, as she sang, that sense of mysterious recognition which all have sometimes felt, when every word and gesture falls inevitably into its place, as if we had known and foreseen it all for a thousand years. The other persons in the room became as shadows. He knew the song would cease in a moment, and there would be shadowy words of applause from those outside spectres. But while the wild, sobbing music lasted he and she were alone in the world of sensuous melody. Every touch of her fingers on the pearl and ebony keys fell on his heart, and the song they waked was, "She is mine, and no other's. I love her. I have loved her forever."

The song ended, and the spell was broken. At Cade's request Miss Des Ponts sang that brilliant serenade of Gounod's to Victor Hugo's delicious words, "*Chantez, riez, dormez.*" But Brydges only wondered at his ecstasy of a moment before. He looked with critical appreciation at the singer, and saw a superb young girl, as lovely as youth and beauty could make her, singing a showy song in an effective way. But, as if revenging himself for his momentary lapse from self-possession, he thought—"A very pretty girl—a little too prononcée—not infrequently slangy—needs a year or two of better society than she can find in Thebes."

The next day Miss Des Ponts started for a gallop on the Carthage road, attended by her two cavaliers. Cade deserted very soon, riding off to visit the Colonel's farm, north of the town. "It is a remarkably porous soil," said Cade. "Absorbs every thing you put on it, and leaves no trace. Mimi, I hold you responsible for Mr. Brydges."

They rode an hour or two through the thick timber and the sunny lanes, and returned ex-

cellent friends. There was no resisting the charm of Marie's directness and sincerity. Her character had something manly in its frank, fearless honesty.

He was surprised at her unaffected sense of her own shortcomings. "I suspect it is not best for me to live as I do. Mamma died when I was a child, and I have grown up lawlessly with Victor. There—a new impropriety! I have always called him by his first name; instead of correcting me, he laughed and kissed me. So when I talked slang, till I am afraid I sometimes trip that way now, when I am old enough to know better. I read his books and his newspapers, and had no other education until Mrs. Marshall positively dragooned him into letting me go to school. I staid two years at the Visitation in St. Louis, and learned some music; then ran away and came back to him, and found him, I am sure, ten years older by the separation. I will not leave him again. And yet I know we ought not to live in that triste little town. I have so often begged him to go South, or to Congress, or somewhere. With his great talents and influence he could do every thing in politics. But he detests the very name. I believe he cares for nothing but me."

These words were uttered with an intonation indescribably sweet and winning. The great brown eyes were softened with unshed tears. But before Brydges could speak she struck her horse a smart blow with the riding-whip, and they went dashing homeward, accompanied by a cloud of dust and the yelping of scandalized curs.

The days passed on pleasantly enough with walking and riding and making visits in Moscow, where Marie knew every body and was universally admired. Mr. Des Ponts went every morning to Thebes, and passed an hour or two in his skiff, going from window to window of those acquaintances who valorously remained in their upper rooms, lulled nightly to sleep by the rushing of waters under their floors. Day after day Mr. Brydges said, resolutely, "I go to-morrow." But the weather was finer than he had ever seen, the skies bluer than ever had shone, and the Marshalls were the pleasantest hosts he ever had met. So he lingered, and still was traveling always into the borders of the Enchanted Land, which is as old as nature, yet newer and fresher and stranger than any thing on earth, to each young heart that finds it. He never asked himself how far he should go. The path was smooth and enticing, the air subtle and fine. Continually just beyond there was a bank of rare blossoms, a splendor of sunlight on the emerald lawns. He would go that far, and then? All the while the shuttle of Fate was flying swiftly about him, and weaving into the web of his life a richness and brilliancy it had never known.

One evening he and Miss Des Ponts were sitting alone on the veranda. They had been talking for an hour. The conversation was of

the river, of the news, of books; at first animated, then languid, till it dropped into an embarrassed silence. Clarence had given himself utterly up to the delight of his eyes. Her delicate profile was defined against the clear dark sky of the west. The light of the young May moon lay on her rippled hair. She seemed in the faint glimmer almost too lovely to be real. As the young man gazed at her he forgot that she was talking, and even answered her questions at random. Surprised and perplexed, she ceased speaking.

He sat facing the river and the west, where the silver crescent hung above the Missouri hills. Forced by her silence to say something, he said, hastily, "Turn to the left and look at the new moon. It will bring you great good luck this month."

He seemed to himself to speak involuntarily—he listened with interest to his own words.

She turned to him. "I will not look at the moon. I want no luck. I am happy enough. Besides," she added, with a smile as delicate as the starlight, "I can see the moon now, in your eyes."

"Can you see any thing else there?"

She turned away, her heart beating with a vague apprehension.

"Can you see that I love you? that I worship you? that my free-will is gone? that—I love you?"

She covered her face with her hands.

"I have been living here in a dream. I see now what it means. It is fatal for good or ill. My whole life fails if I go from here without you. Marie, will you go with me?"

He paused for a moment.

"If you say nothing I shall go mad with a false hope."

She turned her glowing face toward him. Even in that dim light the radiance of a new and wonderful happiness shone in her perfect features with a faint opaline gleam. But her manner was more quiet and self-possessed than usual as she said,

"I wish you would bring my father to me."

"But, Miss Des Ponts, shall I not have one word—?"

"Please bring my father," she insisted, in a low, appealing tone that there was no resisting.

When they came out she went to her father and leaned upon his arm. In spite of his intense anxiety Brydges could not but admire the statuesque beauty of the group. So Iphigenia must have clung at Aulis to the King of Men; and so the greatest of the Greeks must have folded in his strong arm the most beautiful, protecting her against all the world but him.

"Victor, Mr. Brydges has asked me to be his wife. I will not answer without your sanction."

"My darling, follow your heart, and you will make me only less happy than yourself."

She gave Clarence her hand and said, "I

never dreamed I could love two beings as I love my father and you."

Des Ponts went in, with a strange contest of pleasure and pain in his heart, and left the lovers in the dim light of the setting moon.

Before Clarence slept he wrote a long letter to his father, announcing his engagement and giving many details of the character and position of the Des Ponts. He did not ask his father's consent formally. He was so thoroughly convinced of the propriety of his action that he would have disregarded his father's absolute veto. But, nevertheless, he awaited with some interest Mr. Brydges's reply.

Among the occasional visitors at Fort Johnstone was a friend of Mr. Marshall, a lawyer of Moscow, with whose graceful, though somewhat formal bearing, measured speech, and thorough moderation, as well in speech as in opinion, Clarence was much impressed. One night when this gentleman was gone Mrs. Marshall said, "You would scarcely suppose that Mr. X—— had been tried for murder and acquitted by a quibble?"

Brydges expressed his surprise.

"He was one of the slayers of the Mormon prophet Joe Smith, at our county jail."

"By-the-way, Clarence," said Cade, "would you not like to drive out to-morrow and see where the Church seed was spilled?"

Brydges gladly assented; and the young men drove over the prairie in the cool of the morning. After visiting the scene of the tragedy, Clarence, who had been remarkably taciturn and thoughtful all the morning, said, abruptly,

"I wish you would present me to your County Clerk. I want a marriage license."

"Bravo!" shouted Cade. "I see you never want to come here again. But it is not necessary. I can get your license whenever you want it."

"I may want it very soon. You know, Cade, I am fixed upon this marriage. No opposition from my father could change me. But Des Ponts and Marie are very spirited people. If my father should be whimsical enough to object, they might take umbrage. But if I could be married at once and go home with Marie, Monsieur mon père would yield to her beauty and grace as readily as did Monsieur his son."

"You are Sam Slick and Machiavel rolled into one. Here we are at the court-house."

They got the license and drove home.

"Do you think they will consent to this chain-lightning plan of yours?"

"I do not think Marie will require much time. I imagine that in Thebes she has been uncorrupted by the mania of shopping. I am a little afraid of Des Ponts."

But to his surprise Des Ponts assented with alacrity to an immediate marriage. He said he should soon be compelled to make a journey to the East—perhaps to Europe. He would be glad to see his daughter's happiness secured before he started.

Marie at first protested loudly; but finding no sympathy in her lover or her father she flew to Mrs. Marshall, but found her equally hard-hearted.

"Nonsense, child," said the merry old lady. "We can make you lovely in half an hour. Why, Marshall proposed to me in this very fort while the long-roll was beating one evening, and we were married before the guard was out."

Marie yielded with a pretty girlish grace, that had come in these last days as the finishing charm of a character formerly, perhaps, too firm and self-reliant. Des Ponts's restlessness and anxiety seemed to increase hour by hour. He spent much of his time in Thebes arranging his papers and closing up pending affairs. The flood had now subsided, and a half-drowned slimy life began to move sluggishly through the soft black streets. He alleged to every one urgent business as an excuse for his sudden and unwonted activity. He did not say distinctly where he was going, but spoke sometimes of New Orleans, and oftener of Europe.

"Why will you not go with us?" asked Clarence.

"Later I hope to join you," he would answer, with a smile heart-breaking in the sadness that tried to be gay.

The trunks were packed and sent to the wharf. The bride stood on the veranda dressed for travel, as bright in her blushes and tears as a morning of April. Good Mrs. Marshall, quite melted by her sympathetic happiness, was laughing and crying together, and giving Marie a world of motherly last words.

A red-faced, sleepy-eyed youth came up and asked for Mr. Brydges. "Here's a tally-graft for him."

Clarence opened the envelope hastily and said, "How unfortunate! Father has started to come to the wedding, and is at St. Louis—says he will leave on this evening's packet." I must send him a telegram to wait there for us."

He wrote the dispatch, and was about handing it to the shabby messenger when Colonel Marshall said, "I will send it to the office by Thomas. I don't think this beery youth is quite awake yet."

"I regret, Mr. Des Ponts," said Clarence, "that you are not to meet my father here. You may be acquaintances, after all. My father lived in Savannah some thirty years ago."

At this moment the steamer rounded the point to the north, and her shrill whistle broke off the conversation. Des Ponts turned ashy pale. His daughter clung to him one instant. There was a confusion of hurried farewells, and the young people drove away to the wharf. In the slanting sunshine of the early morning the clouds of dust raised by their carriage-wheels turned to a rosy halo in which they passed out of sight.

There was a moment of silence. It was broken by Des Ponts, who said, in a husky voice, "Good-by, my old friends. I shall not attempt

to thank you enough for your life-long goodness to me and mine."

He took a packet from his paletot and handed it to Colonel Marshall. "This contains my will and one or two other trifles. I am going away for a while—"

"But not immediately?"

"Yes. I can finish to-day the little matters that remain in Thebes. I want to—" He paused, as if in doubt; then continued, in a manner strangely different from his usual one, "I have been tormented all night by impish dreams; and this morning I feel all abroad. I was always rather a lazy man, but the prospect of an absolute *far niente* is by no means alluring. My work in life is done—" Seeing the look of distress on the face of his friends, he forced a smile and said, "Perhaps I shall learn to enjoy the play-time."

"Yes, we will talk that over at tea," said Mrs. Marshall. "You must certainly stay with us now till your departure."

"Well, well, I will come back to-night."

Then, as he was going to the door, he turned and said, "Colonel, it has been a quarter of a century since I heard Booth, yet all this morning I have been haunted by his tones in the words: 'Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart.' And the other phrase: 'If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come.'"

That afternoon Cade Marshall picked up in the library the telegram which Brydges had dropped, and exclaimed,

"Here's a contretemps! This telegram arrived yesterday. That tipsy rascal forgot to deliver it."

"That is awkward," said the Colonel. "We can do nothing now but go to the landing for Mr. Brydges and explain the mistake. It is not so bad, after all. He can meet Des Ponts here, and will be sure to like him. Marie and Clarence can pass a day or two pleasantly in St. Louis."

Des Ponts did not return to tea. The steamer was late in coming. All the afternoon the Marshalls watched for it. It was already dark when the Colonel saw the red head-lights shining far down the river. Even while he looked he saw, to his horror, a bright tongue of flame darting from the lower deck and rapidly climbing up the side. It seemed but a moment until the steamer was wrapped in a lurid blaze that blotted out the moonlight and gleamed balefully over the low bottoms to the distant bluffs.

Des Ponts saw it also, midway of the river. He had been detained in Thebes until he was too late for the ferry, and had taken his skiff to row across in the cool fresh night. The fine air and the exercise of rowing kindled his blood, and he threw off the depression that had weighed upon him during the day. Resting on his oars a moment and looking about him, he saw the steamer coming around the bar, and in an instant observed the red jet of fire that spurted

from the engine-deck. He turned and rowed to the spot as fast as his strong arms and the swift current could carry him, but before he was there the doomed vessel, all pine and paint and tinder, a most delicate morsel for the fire-fiend, was enveloped in a shroud of flame. The water was filled with struggling and drowning passengers. One of these Des Ponts seized, and, in doing so, dropped an oar. By the time he had lifted the exhausted man into the skiff they had drifted some distance astern of the blazing wreck. Perceiving he had lost an oar, he stood in the stern of his boat to scull back to where others were still struggling. The glare of the conflagration was full in his face. His hat had fallen, and his fine head was brilliantly relieved against the dark like a portrait of Rembrandt.

The man he had saved, lying in the bow, burst into a loud laugh.

Des Ponts felt the blood freezing in his veins. A shudder passed over his frame so powerful that the boat trembled with it. The horror that had dogged him through life was there, open-mouthed, in his path. But he still held his oar with a grip of iron, and stood as motionless as marble.

"Sam, you're a d—d lucky nigger! You have saved your hide forty by picking me up to-night."

Des Ponts trembled again, with the ghost of the old slavish terror that stirred in his soul. He remembered, with horrible humiliation, the story of Herodotus, where the Scythians quelled a triumphant army of slaves by dropping their swords and attacking with their riding-whips. He felt in every fibre of his being that the story was true.

"Come, come, Sam, don't be sulky," said the man in the bow, with a tone meant to be good-natured. "Row me ashore, and leave those rats to swim for it. I sha'n't be hard on you if you behave yourself. How is Clarence?"

"Your son has married my daughter," said Des Ponts.

"Capital!" laughed Brydges. "The girl will come along without any row."

These brutal words recalled Des Ponts to himself. A light which was almost triumph came into his eyes.

"Victor Brydges," he said, firmly and quietly, "I do not wish to play at comedy with you. I am your boy Sam. I have no legal existence, you say; I have no child, no name. Granting this, your son is legally married to the natural daughter of Miss Julia Shelby of Glenarthur."

Brydges saw that this calm statement was incontrovertible. In his sullen rage he fumbled in his waistband, and drawing a dirk, sprang at Des Ponts and struck him in the face. Des Ponts seized and disarmed him, throwing him back heavily into the bow. He tossed the dirk, wet with his own blood, into the river.

"You see how strong I am, and how weak you are, Victor Brydges. If you come at me again I will kill you."

In the slight scuffle he had regained his self-possession. He seated himself on one of the thwarts, facing Brydges. The boat floated with the current. They were nearly out of the glare of the burning boat, but there was light enough to show the firm-set face of Des Ponts, where the streaming blood drew lines of crimson across its ghastly pallor. There was no fear in it now, only the paleness of cool and self-conscious desperation.

"In fifteen minutes," he said, "this current will carry us ashore on Fox Island. We must settle our differences in that time. Unless you come to my terms you shall never leave this boat alive."

"Let's hear your terms," said Brydges.

"Our children are married and happy. Let them alone. I have given my daughter a dowry of one hundred thousand dollars. I will give you the highest market-price for myself. In return, you will bind yourself by oath, in writing, to silence—that is all."

"Sam! I will be candid with you. I think you are lying. You have not so much money. If you have, it is mine already. Consent to break up this marriage, pay me for yourself and the girl, and we will fix it up without scandal. I don't forget we are foster-brothers. You have received much kindness from my family—"

"Stop there! I was brought up with you to serve you. I learned to read, helping you. I learned French to be useful to you when you went abroad. I studied at the University to coach you through. I got my degree, and you failed. When at last I offered to buy myself and remain in France, you cursed me and struck me; and after that you were fool enough to trust me. You made me use my credit at the Prefecture of Police to get you a passport under the name of Des Ponts, to assist you in some scandalous intrigue. I swear that until I had that passport in my hands I never dreamed of running away."

"It has played the devil with you at last. I should never have found you but for that name in Clarence's letter."

"I met and married my wife under that name. I had made it honorable, and could not change it."

"Well, what do you say to my terms?"

"Victor Brydges," said Des Ponts, with solemn earnestness, "our children are married and happy. I am ready to die for the good of my daughter, and you must die for the good of your son, unless you accept my offer."

While he spoke Brydges was looking about him. He saw the boat had drifted so near to the low, willowy island that he could easily swim that distance. He felt himself unequal to another grapple with Des Ponts. His whole soul revolted against making any compromise with his slave. He slid over the boat's side with the quickness of an otter. Des Ponts started to his feet. "God have mercy on us both!" he murmured, hoarsely. As the head

of Brydges came to the surface he plunged into the rapid current, and the foster-brothers went to the bottom locked in each other's arms.

They were found in the same posture two days later, lying on the shining sand. The Marshalls mourned and buried them side by side. Mrs. Marshall concluded a long and tender letter to Marie with these words:

"My dear children, from their graves your beloved fathers—one of whom lost his precious life in this noble effort to rescue the other from the waves—exhort you continually to love one another."

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

THE dark color of Hinda Torrens's skin proclaimed her origin distinctly enough to expert eyes. She had Hindoo blood in her veins. Her father was an officer in the British service, who was killed at the storming of Delhi. Her mother was a Hindoo woman of some rank. Colonel Torrens had been cast off by his father when he married the Indian girl. So he died without having been reconciled to the old man. Then the latter became penitent, but he detested his dead son's Hindoo wife so much that he never could bring himself to send for her or to make any overtures to her, and it was only when, after the lapse of some mournful years, she too died that he sent for the child—his grand-daughter—and had her brought to England. Mr. Torrens was a rich man. He had a house in town and an estate in the country, and had no near relative except the dark-skinned girl who came to him from India.

At the first sight of the girl the grandfather shuddered. He had been in India himself in his early days, and he had all the old-fashioned Anglo-Indian's proud and ignorant contempt for the native races of Hindoostan. But she was a supple, plastic girl, with all the dextrous grace and conquering softness of her mother joined to much of her father's bold, frank, and resolute spirit; and she had come to England determined to subdue her grandfather's prejudices and dislikes. She did so effectually subdue them that before very long the old man had made up his mind to declare her the sole heiress of all his property.

Mr. Torrens had, as has been already mentioned, no near relative other than this girl. But there was a family of somewhat distant relatives who had contrived for a long time previous to render him attached to them, "not as the bridegroom is attached to the bride"—to quote a celebrated and felicitous saying of Mr. Gladstone's—"but as the captive is attached to the car of the conqueror." This was the family of the Falconbridges—the Reverend James Elliott Falconbridge, who was nobody; Mrs. Falconbridge, his wife, a clever, sharp, unscrupulous woman, who was really the family; and one son (Mrs. Falconbridge's step-son), and two daughters. It had long been the

habit of the Falconbridges to visit Mr. Torrens when he was in town and when he was in the country; to be with him at Christmas; and at the opening of Parliament; and during the best part of the season; and again in the autumn; and, indeed, on all possible occasions—anniversaries and what not. Mrs. Falconbridge had done her best to compel her daughters to twine their young affections round the old man's heart, and what was much more distinctly to her purpose, to get his affections twined round the heart of some one, any one, of the family. At one time things seemed to be going so well that Mrs. Falconbridge had good hopes of seeing in her own household the prospective heiress of Mr. Torrens's money and estates. But the coming of "the little black girl," as Mrs. Falconbridge called her, gave a terrible blow to these hopes; and Mrs. Falconbridge made up her mind to hate Hinda, and being a woman who generally accomplished any thing she had made up her mind to do, she soon succeeded in hating her very strongly.

Mr. Falconbridge was older than his wife, and had been married before. Hence the step-son. Now this step-son, Allan Falconbridge, was by this time apparently a confirmed ne'er-do-well. He was five-and-twenty years old, and was a handsome, lazy, listless fellow, whose chief capacity in life seemed to turn in the direction of billiards and pale ale. He had been in the army, but apparently did not consider himself cut out for it any more than the popular Captain Jinks, and therefore sold out very soon, and returned to his father's house, which very unwillingly received him. Ill-natured people ascribed his failure in life thus far to the long years of early subjugation he had had under his energetic step-mother; but Mrs. Falconbridge always attributed it to the extra quantity of original sin with which the luckless youth had been endowed at his birth.

Allan Falconbridge very seldom came to the house of Mr. Torrens, who, indeed, disliked him nearly as much as his step-mother did, and was stimulated in the dislike pretty energetically by that lady herself. When he did come—and, to do him justice, he was even more reluctant to come than Mr. Torrens was to ask him—he appeared as a youth under a cloud, on whom every body looked coldly, and for whose especial behoof and benefit sharp indirect admonitions were barbed, and sermons were condensed into reproving, stony sentences.

The young Hindoo girl—if the daughter of an English officer can fairly be called Hindoo—was pleased at first with the society of the Falconbridge girls, who were directed by their mother to pay special court to her, and to humor all her ways and whims. The parish of the Rev. James Falconbridge had the honor of holding the country seat of Mr. Torrens, and when Hinda first came to England Mr. Torrens was in the country. So she had plenty of opportunities of enjoying the society of the Falcon-

bridge girls, who were big, bouncing young Englishwomen, straight of limb, full of bust, fair of hair—a remarkable contrast to the slender, dark, supple Hinda, who might have effectively sustained the part of the supposed victim in the famous Indian basket-trick.

One day that, by a rare chance, none of the Falconbridges happened to be in Mr. Torrens's house, Hinda got on her pony and galloped over alone to look after them. When she came to the gate of the modest parsonage-house she looked round for some way of disposing of her pony, and was about to alight and fasten him herself to the palings, when a tall, handsome young man, dressed very seedily, and who had been idly smoking a meerschaum on the little lawn, came to the gate, opened it, led Hinda's pony in, assisted her to dismount, and then threw the bridle over his arm.

Hinda was uncertain whether he was a groom or a visitor. She had not heard of the Falconbridge step-son.

"Are the ladies—the Misses Falconbridge—at home?" she asked, and she turned her piercing black eyes curiously on the young man.

"No, the girls are out just now," he answered, in a deep, sweet, lazy tone; "but they will be in very soon. Perhaps you will wait a few moments for them? Miss Torrens, I presume?"

"Yes, I am Miss Torrens."

"You don't know me, Miss Torrens? I am called Allan Falconbridge."

"Indeed! a relation of Mr. Falconbridge?"

"A little more than kin and less than kind, Miss Torrens. Yes, I am Mr. Falconbridge's son."

"Mr. Falconbridge's son? They never told me of you."

"No, I dare say not. I am the prodigal son, the *saurier*, the good-for-nothing."

"You don't look like it." This was spoken in all sincerity, for Hinda was really much struck by the frank, honest expression of Allan's handsome face.

"Don't I? Well, people generally think I do. Any how I am the good-for-nothing of the family."

"Why are you good for nothing?"

"I think, Miss Torrens, I suffer from an incurable disease."

"Oh, how shocking! What is it?"

"Laziness, Miss Torrens! I am a confirmed idler. I toil not, neither do I spin; and I am not quite as ornamental as the lilies of the field."

"You are laughing at me."

"No indeed. I am quite serious, and I have good reason to be, for I have not found any one so serious and sympathetic with me for a long time."

"I am sorry you are idle and good for nothing; and I am angry with the others for never telling me of you. But you are not bad, I know, for I see your face."

"No, not bad exactly. Perhaps I have not

force of character enough to be bad. I think if I had a couple of thousand a year I should be a reputable and esteemed member of society."

"Well, I do wish you had. I do so like you already."

Allan Falconbridge positively blushed. Then he took her tiny, almost bistre-hued hand, and touched his lips to it with a respectful grace which might have become the proud gentleman who owned the falcon in Boccaccio's exquisite, immortal story.

Just at that moment the clack of sharp voices was heard and all the Falconbridge women were at the gate. Allan Falconbridge lifted his wide-awake hat deferentially to Miss Torrens, and at once lounged away.

"My love," said Mrs. Falconbridge, sweetly, to Hinda, and she kissed her warmly.

"You dear girl!" said each of the young women, enthusiastically. "How good of you to come and see us!"

"Yes; but why has your brother gone away—and why did you never tell me of him?"

"Oh, poor Allan!" sighed the girls, simultaneously, shaking their heads.

"Poor Allan—yes!" said Mrs. Falconbridge. "He is rather a trouble to his father and to us, Miss Torrens. He is not my son. If he were, I think he would not be what he is. But I suppose his early years were neglected. Mr. Falconbridge wants energy."

"I like him," observed Hinda, in something like a meditative tone. "I think him very handsome; and there is something honest and manly in his expression."

"Ah, you are kind and charitable, dear Miss Torrens. Of course we all love him; and there is much that is good in him. Perhaps if he had any great object in life he might improve."

While Mrs. Falconbridge spoke thus she flashed an eagle eye on Hinda. She had already in her own mind fashioned out a plot, and she was determined to do her best to put it into successful execution. If the young, inexperienced, ignorant girl from Bengal could only be induced to fall in love with Allan Falconbridge, the ne'er-do-well, nothing could be more certain than that her grandfather's money and estates would never be left to her. Nor would Mr. Torrens ever be likely to suspect Mrs. Falconbridge of any share in bringing about such a marriage, for he well knew that there was no being on earth whom she disliked more cordially than her step-son. Why might not the plot succeed? Allan was a good-looking fellow; the girl had been decidedly attracted by him from the very first moment; and badly brought up girls like her always were such romantic idiots. The scheme seemed to Mrs. Falconbridge apt and of great credit, and she set to work at once to promote it.

She began to send Allan incessantly to Mr. Torrens's with messages to Miss Hinda. She contrived that whenever the girl happened to visit the Falconbridge house Allan should always be there. She bade Allan lift Hinda off

her pony and lift her on; she made him ride with her and drive her pony phaeton; and in every possible way she contrived to throw the pair together. Hinda delighted in this. She had all that absence of constraint and conventionality which marks Indian society, and is, indeed, its necessary and inevitable condition; and she grew to like Allan more and more. For him, he was another Cymon, transformed by a bistre-tinted Iphigenia. In truth the indolence of this youth was only skin-deep—at least, it was only the result of a bad bringing up, and of utter distaste for the kind of life and thought and ways with which he had always hitherto found himself surrounded. Hinda was the first woman worth speaking to who had ever spoken to him with interest, respect, or sympathy; and her first words had found their way to his heart of hearts.

So before long he was, although he hardly knew it, devotedly in love with Hinda Torrens.

For her, she never attempted to analyze her sentiments. Had she done so the very newness and strangeness of them might have taught even her innocent and inexperienced mind the cause and the meaning of them.

One day Mrs. Falconbridge thought things were ripe enough for some open intervention on her part. She saw Allan lounging homeward along the road, his eyes fixed on the ground, his hands in his pockets. He had but lately parted from Hinda.

Mrs. Falconbridge went to meet him, and leaned her arm gently, almost lovingly, on his. He looked down on her a little surprised, but he said nothing.

"Allan, my dear," whispered the step-mother, "I have something to say to you."

"Indeed, Mrs. Falconbridge? Say on, fair lady."

"You have a great chance before you, dear. Pray, don't throw it away."

"What should I do with any chance, Mrs. Falconbridge, but throw it away? What else have I ever done with all my chances?"

"Yes; but this is something better, I think, and more to your taste. I congratulate you, Allan. You have won the heart of the heiress."

He started; his step-mother felt his arm tremble. She welcomed the augury.

"What do you mean, Mrs. Falconbridge?" he asked, coldly, recovering himself.

"Mean, dear? Can there be any doubt about it? Have you eyes? Is it possible you really don't see that Hinda Torrens is in love with you?"

He gave a great, deep sigh.

"Mrs. Falconbridge, I fancy you are talking nonsense! Miss Torrens is too good a girl, and too sensible, to care for a worthless creature like me."

"Stuff, Allan! Do you think girls only care for industrious apprentices and the winner of the Monthyon prize? I tell you the girl is in love with you! Her looks, her eyes tell it—

her very step and attitude when she is near you tell it to me."

"If this is so—which God forbid for the dear girl's sake!—what then? Why tell it to me?"

"Because you must marry her, Allan! You must marry her at once! Elope with her if necessary. You owe your father and your family a good turn; and you can retrieve yourself and us. You can make us all happy for life by marrying this girl."

"I don't quite follow you, Mrs. Falconbridge. I don't see how to make her unhappy for life can make my father and you and the girls happy for life."

"Goose!" exclaimed Mrs. Falconbridge, in high good-humor. "Don't you know she is her grandfather's heiress?"

"Oh, I see! I am to entrap the girl into marrying me in order that we conjointly may get hold of her money. But you are not foreseeing, Mrs. Falconbridge. Old Mr. Torrens is certainly not very fond of me, and I am by no means the sort of person he would choose for a grandson. How long do you think this young lady would remain his heiress after she had announced her determination to marry me?"

"Well, not very long, I dare say; but don't you see it would come to much the same thing?"

"Oh, it would come to much the same thing, would it? Well, excuse me if I say I don't quite see that."

"Because, you dull boy, if the old gentleman does not leave his money to her he will be sure to leave it to us. He never will suppose I had any thing to do with urging you to marry the girl; and if he leaves us his money of course we will do something for you. What right has that Hindoo brat to the money? Have we not looked after that old man, and cared for him, and humored him these years and years? and now this wretched half-breed girl comes in and robs us of every thing! But she shan't do it if I can help it! Now, Allan, the game is in your hands—play it! You will admit that it is quite time you began to do something for your father and your family."

"So then I am to make a scoundrel of myself and a beggar and an outcast of the best and sweetest girl in the world to serve my family and oblige my step-mother? No, Mrs. Falconbridge, thank you. I may have been good for nothing, I will not be bad for every thing. I have heard your advice, Mrs. Falconbridge, and, believe me, I mean to act upon it!"

"You will not betray me? You will not go to the old man and tell him what I have said? Oh, Allan, you will not do that?"

"No, Mrs. Falconbridge, I will not do that. Even such a confidence as that you volunteered shall be respected by me. But you have shown me what I ought to do, what I ought to have done long ago; and I will do it!"

Allan Falconbridge had been thinking much and seriously of late over his worthless and barren past. Love for a girl had made him earn—

est, had unsealed the springs of resolution in his heart, had called up his slumbering manhood, and bade it assert itself. Love had redeemed him, had, in fact, called into being the true Allan Falconbridge.

That night he resolved that he would begin a new career. The first step in this must be to rescue Hinda Torrens from the chance of sacrificing herself for him. He would leave England as a common emigrant, cross the Atlantic, and begin his new existence amidst the fresh life of the New World—of the “bountiful, infinite West.”

Mrs. Falconbridge saw that she had made a mistake; but she was not foiled, nor even discouraged. On the contrary, she began to see a way to make things go better than they had promised at first. She paid a visit to Mr. Torrens's; and she accomplished two purposes there. She told Hinda that Allan was about to leave England forever on her account next day; she told Mr. Torrens that his granddaughter was madly in love with the handsome scape-grace, and was ready to fling herself at his head. The old man at first refused to believe her; she offered to prove it if he would only place himself in her hands. He looked at her with a curious expression on his face, and then consented.

Allan had gone into the nearest town to get some few necessaries for his voyage. Mrs. Falconbridge had told Hinda when he would probably return, and showed her the path through a little shrubbery at the back of the parsonage house by which he would be sure to come.

There, on a soft summer evening, Miss Torrens takes her stand, and waits with eager impatient eyes, always glancing toward the little gate through which he must enter. And behind the thick hedge has Mrs. Falconbridge posted herself and Mr. Torrens!

Presently the little gate swings open, and Allan slowly comes along the walk with melancholy face and downcast eyes. To him springs Hinda, and cries,

“Oh, Allan, are you really going away?”

“Miss Torrens!”

“Don't call me Miss Torrens! Call me Hinda!”

“Hinda, then! I did not expect to see you here—or any more, indeed.”

“Why are you going away?”

“Because I have been a worthless, good-for-nothing creature; because I am ashamed of myself, and of the life I have led; because I have learned now to wish for something more worthy of a man.”

“Take me with you, Allan—for I love you.”

“I will not take you, Hinda—for I love you!”

And in spite of all Spartan resolve and heroism he did just once clasp her in his arms and touch her lips with his; and she made no resistance.

“Oh, Allan, if you love me, why do you leave me?”

“Because I would save you from my wretched, worthless self; because I have a new, hard life to begin, and I could not drag you into it and make you pay more than half the penalty of my past folly and idleness. To marry me, love, would be to disinherit yourself and accept poverty; and I should not, perhaps, mind even that, if my poverty were undeserved and honorable; but poverty in my case is a sin and a shame.”

“Oh, Allan, I would bear any thing for you and with you!”

“Love, I can not destroy your life by accepting such a sacrifice. No, dearest Hinda, it can not be indeed. I am not so selfish. Think of how much you owe your grandfather, and of his age, and how it would grieve him if you were to fling yourself away on a creature like me—”

“But I will beg of him, and he will consent! Oh, when he knows I never can be happy otherwise he will consent. He's too good to refuse!”

“He is too good, dearest, to allow you to throw away your life on such a being as I am!”

“No, he isn't, Allan Falconbridge!” a loud voice exclaimed almost at the very ears of the startled lovers, who sprang apart with wonderful alacrity. “He's nothing of the sort. He is not half good enough to attempt any thing of the kind. He has spoiled two lives already by such obstinacy, and he is not going to do any thing of the kind again! Allan Falconbridge, I always thought you were a scape-grace, and I never liked you before; but I find you are a man of heart and spirit and honor; and my advice is, that if you will not take Hinda with you, you had better let her induce you to stay in England with her!” And Mr. Torrens came scrambling through the hedge, and grasped the astonished Allan Falconbridge by the hand!

In fact, Mrs. Falconbridge's plot had failed miserably; the petticoated engineer was hoist by her own petard.

The ne'er-do-well married Hinda, and is making her a good husband. He is taking to the bar as a profession, being determined to shape a career for himself, and he is remarkable for the persevering energy with which he studies. If he does not one day become Lord Chancellor it will be from no want of patient application and labor.

Mrs. Falconbridge has never since been taken into favor by Mr. Torrens. She shakes her head over the poor old man, and says he has been shamefully deceived, but that she hopes he will recover his senses before he dies. After all, let us hope he may relent and leave her something. She has been sharply punished already for her selfishness and deceit; and she has, unwittingly and unwillingly, made two lovers happy.

THE PROGRESS OF ELECTRICITY.

TO wield the thunder-bolt was the marked attribute of the chief deities of antiquity; the lightning flash was the surest proof of the presence of the divinity. Indra, the Jupiter of the Hindoos, was the god of thunder; the Etruscan Tinia always guided the electric storm; Jupiter Tonans waved his thunder-bolt over trembling Rome; and in every form of ancient superstition a belief in the divine origin of the most startling of the heavenly appearances lay at the base of the national faith. When it thundered the grave Romans dissolved their political meetings, the wise Greeks listened with unfeigned awe. The gods spoke from the heavens in the rattle of the passing storm, or wrote their rage upon the earth in the ruin of the lightning stroke. And now, like Indra, Tinia, or Jupiter, the genius of modern civilization bears in its right arm the thunder-bolt as its crowning attribute. It has snatched the lightning from the skies and made it the most docile of servants. The electric flash is busy day and night in doing the work marked out for it by our modern magicians. It flies swifter than Ariel to carry its master's message, and puts a girdle round the earth. It dives in mid-ocean; rides over desert and forest. It prints our books, prepares our paper. It dissolves the diamond and consumes platinum. An electric light turns night into day; electric processes aid almost every kind of mechanical labor; and the thunder-bolt of Jupiter is every where toiling in the cause of human progress.

Of all the achievements of modern civilization this is the most remarkable. Steam is gross and material; there is little poetical or great in the rattle of the train or the roar of a monstrous engine. We can easily account for the mightiest of machines impelled by boiling water. Gunpowder and nitro-glycerine, oxygen and hydrogen, seem the natural servants of inventive man. But when we attempt to catch the idea of the electric spark, it still appears almost as superhuman and terrible as when it flashed fear into the hearts of Greeks and Romans. It obeys with scrupulous accuracy; it performs the smallest as well as the most important tasks with equal care; it is as docile as was the genie to Solomon's seal; and yet it still remains shadowy, mysterious, and impalpable. It still lives in the skies, and seems to connect the material and the spiritual. Whence come these tongues of fire, these sharp shocks, these pale, ghostly lights that play around us and mock the master they obey? Who is it that wields this electric element, which seems to be the very base and source of our existence?

Some such sentiment of mysterious awe pressed upon the mind of Thales, the Franklin of Miletus, when, twenty-five centuries ago, he

probably discovered electricity.¹ A sage of Greece, the philosopher's keen eye watched the minute phenomena of nature. His mind was eager for every kind of knowledge. He studied morals, metaphysics, life; and upon a narrow field of facts he erected vast fabrics of speculation, which were designed to embrace the whole origin and destiny of man. Phœnician voyagers, who were in the habit, in that dim age, of sailing out of the Straits of Hercules, and perhaps of coasting along the desolate shores of Europe until they reached the Baltic, brought back from the savage seas of Prussia a substance greatly prized by the ancients for its fair color and delicate transparency. It was amber, or electron.² The natives found it floating upon the waves, or perhaps gathered it from the mines which still form a source of the wealth of Prussia; and the amber imported from the distant north was an important article of commerce with the southern nations. But to Thales it possessed a mysterious value. He discovered that electron, when rubbed, had the property of attracting to itself various light articles, such as feathers, threads, and floating filaments, as if it were endowed with volition. His discovery was the first step in the great science of electricity. But the philosopher did no more than record his observation, and attempt to account for it, as he had already done with the magnet, by ascribing to amber a soul. He supposed that some hidden principle of life lay in the yellow jewel from the northern seas.

The discovery was never forgotten, and the peculiar property of amber was noticed and commented upon by various ancient philosophers. Theophrastus, three centuries later than Thales, observed the attractive power of electron, and perhaps lectured his two thousand disciples upon the animated gem. Pliny the elder also describes the phenomenon, and believed, apparently, that the amber was rubbed into life by the action of his fingers. But the germ of the great science lay hidden in mystery. No ancient philosopher could for a moment have supposed that there was any connection between the animated electron and the wild electricity of the thunder-storm; that the same power was active in both; and that the secret of the amber was that of the thunder-bolt of Jove; that the precious electron was to create and to give a name to the most wonderful of modern discoveries.

Yet electricity, in all its varied phenomena, never suffered the puzzled ancients to rest.³ It

¹ Becquerel, *Traité de l'Electricité*, 1. Pliny, N. H., p. 37, 829.

² Ges. Carthager. Bötticher, p. 75, thinks the Phœnicians reached Prussia. See Pliny, H. N., iv. p. 27; xxxvii. p. 11, 12.

³ Becquerel, i. p. 82. Plutarch, Lysander, notices the luminous wonders.

flashed along the spears of their long array of soldiers, and tipped every helmet with a plume of flame. It filled even the immovable Cæsar with a strange alarm. It leaped down from the clouds and splintered the temples and statues of Rome, and did not spare the effigy of the Thunderer himself. It was seen playing around the ramparts of fortified towns, crowning their sentinels with a strange effulgence. Often the Roman or Greek sailors, far from land on the stormy Mediterranean, saw pale spectral lights dancing along the ropes of their vessels, or clinging in fitful outlines to the masts, and called them Castor and Pollux. But the science of electricity was still unborn. Meantime, in ancient Etruria, the parent-land of Italian superstition, countless students were being instructed in the art of reading by the lightning the will of the gods.¹ The heavens were divided into various compartments. If the lightning flash appeared in one, it was a favorable omen; if in another, it was fatal. The accomplished augurs, instructed by long years of study and toil, stood upon lofty towers, watching for the sudden gleam or a peal of thunder, and knew at once by their divine art what undertakings would be successful, and when their warriors, clad in brass, should go forth to battle against Rome. The religion of ancient Etruria was almost a worship of electricity, and the land of Galvani and Volta was famous in the dawn of its history for the close study of electrical phenomena.

But no Tuscan augur or Roman priest made any progress in creating the science. Centuries passed away; Europe was torn by civil convulsions; men sank into barbarism and rose again into new activity; but the famous observation of Thales was never lost; and at length, in the opening of the seventeenth century, an Englishman named Gilbert began to study the properties of the electron. He was rewarded by a series of discoveries that, in the dawn of the science, made his name famous over Europe.² Yet they were so meagre as to advance little beyond the early observations of Pliny. He enumerated various substances capable of producing electrical action; he noticed the influence of the weather on the electron and the magnet; and from his labors sprang up a science known as Electricity. Gilbert's work, "*De Magnete*," was published in 1600, and soon the new science began to terrify and astonish men. Every fact, as it was unfolded, seemed spiritual and supernatural. Flames of fire played around the electrical substances in the dark; sparks glittered; sharp sensations, produced by the unknown agent, were felt by astonished operators; and a mysterious awe surrounded the birth of the wonderful principle. Men were almost inclined, like Thales, to invest the electrical substance with a soul.

An Englishman discovered electricity; a Prussian, in the land of amber, invented the first electrical machine. Otto Guericke, of Magdeburg, who also invented the air-pump, formed the instrument by which electricity could be most readily produced: he placed a globe of sulphur on an axle, to be turned by the hand of the operator, while with the other he applied a cloth to the sulphur to produce the necessary friction. It was a rude, imperfect machine, but it was at once found to have made a great revolution in the science. Electricity, which had heretofore been known only in its feeble forms, was now given out in sharp sparks, and displayed a thousand curious properties. Sometimes it attracted objects, at others repelled them. It seemed at times to exercise a kind of volition. The weather affected it sensibly; dampness dissolved its strength; it was capable, too, of influencing bodies at a considerable distance, and was apparently independent of the usual laws of space. Yet the seventeenth century glided away, with its fierce religious wars and its wonderful voyages and settlements, while little progress was made in the knowledge of electricity. Newton paid no particular attention to the new science. He suggested, however, that the electrical substance was a subtle ether, filling nature, which could be set in motion by friction. Yet his bold, inquisitive mind was never strongly attracted by the mysterious study; the flashes and sparks of the electrical machines seemed, perhaps, a puerile entertainment to the great student of nature's laws. Nor did any other eminent philosopher of the age suspect that human hands would ever wield the thunderbolt or unfold by the aid of a globe of sulphur the mightiest principle in nature.

But in the next century electricity sprang at once into startling importance. A series of wonderful discoveries aroused the attention of almost every scientific mind in Europe. England again led the way in the path of investigation: Hawkesbee invented the glass electrical machine, a great improvement upon that of Guericke; and in 1730 Stephen Grey began a course of experiments that unfolded the leading principles of the science. France took up the study, and the curious discoveries of Dufaye and Nollet excited the wonder of their contemporaries. Dufaye transmitted the electric spark through a cord thirteen hundred feet long; and at length, in conjunction with the Abbé Nollet, he performed an experiment, with wonder and terror, that seemed the crowning mystery of the science. Dufaye suspended himself by a silken cord, and was then filled with electricity by the abbé. He presented his hand to his companion, half doubting the truth of his own speculations, when a brilliant spark shot from one philosopher to the other, and filled both with an equal surprise. Never had such a wonder been seen since the days of the Gothic warrior Walimer, who, according to Eusebius, flashed out sparks from his body, or the ancient philosopher

¹ Müller, *Etrusker*, iii. p. 1, 2. Arnob., vii. p. 28. *Genetrix et mater superstitionis Etruria.*

² Becquerel, i. p. 35.

who could never take off his clothes without emitting flames of fire.¹

Not long after, however, an event occurred that seems to have filled Europe with still greater wonder and awe. It was known as the Leyden experiment. Professor Muschenbroek, who wrote an account of it to Reaumur, can scarcely express in language the agitation and terror into which his unheard of sufferings had thrown him. He had felt the first shock of electricity prepared by human hands, and not the whole kingdom of France, he declared, could induce him to take another. He had been struck in the arms, shoulders, and breast, and it was two days before he recovered from the mysterious blow. The Professor, in fact, had invented the Leyden-jar. He had been endeavoring for some time to inclose electricity in a safe receptacle from which it could not escape, except with his permission; and at length succeeded in imprisoning the genie in a glass vessel partly filled with water. Suddenly he formed a connection between the two surfaces of the jar.² The imprisoned electricity sprang through his body and shook him with a wild convulsion. It was a moment of horror. Novelty added its terrors to the unseen assault; his imagination was filled with an indefinite alarm; he shrank from his glass bottle as if it were tenanted by a demon. Yet we soon after find him recovering his spirits and once more experimenting upon his powerful instrument. The electric jar was soon employed in all the laboratories of Europe, and every where terrified philosophers by the vigor of its shocks. One lost his breath, and believed that his right arm was forever disabled; Professor Winkler was thrown into convulsions, and had recourse to cooling medicines to avoid a fever; Abbé Nollet received a severe blow—his body was bent, his respiration stopped, and he dropped the glass jar in terror. Yet the shock of the Leyden-vial soon became the favorite amusement of court and saloon. It was exhibited before Louis XV. at Versailles, and a chain of two hundred persons, having joined hands, received at once the mysterious blow. Each was severely shaken, and it was curious to observe, says a contemporary account, how the peculiar temperament of every individual displayed itself in the moment of terror.³ Soon itinerant electricians wandered over Europe, astonishing the unlearned and the rustic by administering electric shocks from the Leyden-jar; and the mysterious machine became familiar to the people as well as to the court. The jar was improved by coating its sides with a thin metallic covering; its power was increased; it was used in medicine to revive the paralytic, or to open the lips of the dumb; long sparks were drawn from it that resembled flashes of lightning, and that killed unfortunate little birds; a battery of jars was at length invented by Frank-

lin that gave shocks that reminded one of the terrible power of the thunder-bolt; and the whole scientific world felt that it stood on the brink of some unparalleled discovery.

The name of Franklin had now grown great in electricity.¹ His mind was of a peculiar cast that recalled the vigorous simplicity of the Greeks. He was a modern Solon, a speculative Thales. He had wandered away from Boston a printer's apprentice, and had found employment and success in Philadelphia. From his parents he had received no inheritance except the noblest—a spotless example, a healthful constitution, a sane mind; and after a vigorous struggle and several failures the philosophic printer had won the respect and the attention of his fellow-townsmen. He founded schools, libraries, and various useful institutions in his adopted home, and at forty-five had become one of its most useful citizens. Still Franklin lived obscure except to his narrow world, and his eminent powers had won him no general renown. He had, perhaps, pleased himself in his youth with the hope of excelling in letters; he had formed his style by a careful study of Addison; he wrote clear and sensible essays that showed the purity of his taste and the weakness of his fancy; and yet in literature he had been far excelled in notoriety, if not fame, by his unprincipled companion Ralph. Franklin's rare humor, the wit of a philosopher, shines out in his "Busy-Body," his "Almanac," his "Ephemera," or his famous "Whistle;" he uttered keen apothegms that live like those of Solon, and sharp satires that want the bitter hopelessness of Diogenes. But his literature scarcely possessed the shining marks of genius, and was plain, cold, and lifeless. He was an excellent writer, but he was never great.

His genius, like Bacon's, lay in his power of swift induction from moral or physical facts. In morals he was the wisest of his contemporaries. He taught young mechanics that "time is money," that "credit is money;" that purity, honesty, and self-respect were better than wealth, luxury, or any other success. His own labors were unceasing; he wrote, toiled, thought incessantly for his fellow-men; he was noted and observed for his modesty and discretion; his acute mind was ever seeking for useful novelty in science and in conduct; and hence, when Franklin came to stand before mankind, covered with his splendid scientific renown, and the representative of the new republic that seemed about to revive the classic refinement of a better age, he was received in the courts of Europe as a worthy successor of the philosophers of Athens and Ionia. As Washington appeared before the world clothed in the purity, the probity, the valor of a Fabricius or a Cato, so Franklin was universally compared with the acute sages and philosophers of Greece.

To Franklin electricity owed the most wonderful of all its achievements in the eighteenth

¹ Grey seems to have anticipated the experiment. *Priestley, Hist. Elect.*, i. p. 66. ² *Priestley, l. p. 153.*

³ *Academie Des Sciences, 1746, p. 7.*

¹ *Sparks, Life of Franklin, l. p. 152.*

century.¹ The obscure provincial was led by an accidental circumstance and his own eager fondness for knowledge to enter upon the study of the new science. Peter Collinson, a member of the Royal Society, sent over an electrical machine to Philadelphia, and Franklin at once commenced a series of experiments that led to remarkable results. Never, he wrote to Collinson in his first letter, March 28, 1747, had he been so engrossed by any pursuit.² All his leisure moments were given to his machine. His fellow-townsmen thronged his rooms to watch his novel researches. His labors were rewarded by constant discoveries, and his wonderful inductive powers soon led him to unfold, in his admirable style, the hidden principles of the science. In 1747 he commenced writing to Collinson, in a series of letters, an account of his researches in electricity. He gave clear directions for the performance of various beautiful or instructive experiments that were wholly new and surprising. He explained the phenomenon of the Leyden-jar; he showed how iron points attracted electricity; and at length he declared that the lightning and the thunder were produced by the same agent that was inclosed in the mysterious bottle, and he urged the English philosophers to draw down the electricity of the skies by placing iron points upon high towers or poles and thus test the accuracy of his theories. His suggestions, it is related, were received by the Royal Society with shouts of laughter. They refused to print Franklin's papers in their Transactions, and they seem to have looked upon his speculations and experiments as scarcely worthy of notice. They thought them the silly dreams of an ignorant provincial.³

Fortunately, however, for science and mankind, Collinson was more intelligent, and saw at once the value of Franklin's researches. He published the letters, and they drew the attention of Europe. Buffon read them in France, and persuaded his friend Dalibard to translate them into French; Franklin's rare and beautiful experiments were repeated in Paris; Louis XV. and all his court hastened to see them, and were charmed and amazed at Franklin's genius and the wonders of the new science; public lecture-rooms were opened for their performance, and all Paris thronged to the rare exhibition. The letters were translated into many languages, and suddenly the name of the obscure printer in Philadelphia became one of the most renowned in the annals of science. His theories were assailed by the Abbé Nollet and a party of the French philosophers, but they also found many defenders; and a large school of enthusiastic men of science, struck by the vigor of Franklin's genius and the novelty of his discoveries, assumed the name of Franklinists.

Still, however, Franklin's most daring speculation as to the unity of the electricity of the earth and the air, which had awakened the derision of the whole Royal Society, remained untested by experiment, and the philosopher prepared, with doubt and dismay, to attempt its verification. He felt that his fame must rest upon his success. If he could draw down the lightning from the skies by presenting his iron points to the thunder-cloud, he must attain a renown that would live forever. If he failed, by the incompleteness of his instruments or any unlooked for accident, he would seem to merit the scorn which European philosophers were prepared to pour upon the presuming provincial. Philadelphia, too, offered no convenient tower or steeple on which to fix his iron points; while the modest inquirer was probably anxious that his first experiment should be made with no one present to witness his possible failure. His inventive mind suggested a simple expedient.¹ He formed a common kite from a silk handkerchief stretched upon two crossed sticks; on the upper part was placed the iron point; the string was of hemp, terminating in a short silken cord, and at the end of the hempen string hung an iron key. Such was the simple apparatus with which the philosopher set forth from his home, on a cloudy day in June, 1752, to draw the lightning from the skies, to penetrate a mystery upon which ages had meditated in vain. He took his son with him as the only witness of his secret adventure. As the rain was falling he stood under a shed and raised his kite. It was no doubt a moment of strong and unprecedented excitement, and we can well imagine that Franklin watched his kite slowly ascending with a keener interest than Etruscan augur or Roman priest had ever felt as he awaited the omen of the gods. A cloud passed over; no trace of electricity appeared; the heart of the philosopher sunk with dismay. But suddenly the falling rain made the hempen string an excellent conductor, and Franklin saw that its fibres began to be stirred by some unusual impulse. He applied his hand to the key, and at once drew sparks from the skies. He felt that he had triumphed; but the first thought of his generous nature no doubt was, how to make his discovery useful to mankind; and one can scarcely avoid lamenting that no vision reached him in the moment of his victory of that wonderful instrument with which another American philosopher has nearly girdled the earth and made electricity the guardian of civilization.

Before his own success, Franklin's theory had already been tested and proved in Europe.² The French King, Louis XV., was a strong Franklinist, and urged Buffon and the other philosophers to try the experiment of the iron points, according to Franklin's directions. On the 10th of May, therefore, Dalibard erected a

¹ Euler, *Dis. de Causa Elect.*, 1756, p. 27. *Idem* asseruit Franklinus, futura experimenta animo sagaci quasi prænuncians. See p. 134.

² Sparks, v. p. 180.

³ *Id.*, v. p. 175.

¹ Sparks, v. p. 175.

² Gentleman's Mag., 1752, p. 220, describes the new wonder.

bar of iron 40 feet long, at Marly, and succeeded in drawing electricity from a thunder-cloud. It should be remembered, too, that the Abbé Nollet had suggested the connection between lightning and electricity before Franklin wrote; and that the idea had arisen in the minds of other philosophers. Yet Franklin could not have been acquainted with their theories, and no one before him had ever suggested any means of forming a connection with the thunder-cloud. His theory and his method were altogether original.

Again Europe was startled by a novel thrill of wonder and excitement.¹ The electrical sparks of the Abbé Nollet and the famous experiment of Leyden sank into insignificance before the sublimity of the new achievement. Franklin, the modest philosopher of half-savage America, snatching the thunder-bolt from the skies with his kite and key, was the wonder of the hour. Kings became his disciples; princes flew kites in summer showers and repeated his experiments; Europe was covered by a chain of iron points from Paris to St. Petersburg; and the study of the lightning became as universal as in the days of Etruscan superstition. Franklin was covered with honors. The Royal Society of London, eager to repair its former neglect, elected him a member and awarded him its highest prize. In France, Russia, Germany, he was still more highly honored; he was the most famous of philosophers. From this time, too, until near the close of the century, the science of atmospheric electricity was studied by eager observers. The thunder-cloud was the favorite subject of learned inquiry. Brilliant hopes of further discoveries were entertained that were never fulfilled; and one eminent philosopher fell a victim to the dangerous research. Professor Richman, of St. Petersburg, had erected an iron rod in his observatory for the purpose of repeating the American experiments, and ventured too near the instrument; a sudden flash descended the conductor, struck him upon the head, and passed through his body. He fell dead against the wall. He is remembered as the martyr of the science. Professor De la Garde, of Florence, was struck down by an unexpected shock, but recovered.² Yet danger seemed only to add new interest to the attractive study. Franklin invented his lightning-rod, which was at once employed to protect the homes and the public buildings of Europe and America; and his disciples were every where engaged with kites and points in an effort to disarm the thunder-bolt of its terrors.

The thunder-cloud was mapped out and described by countless observers. Its black mass, floating heavily over the land, was the favorite subject of speculation. Philosophers, from the sides of tall mountains, observed that long spiral pillars of vapor rose upward from its midst as

if to draw electricity from the upper sphere, and that while the lower surface of the cloud was often smooth and even, its upper side resembled the scenery of an Alpine landscape. Franklin had supposed that no single cloud ever gave forth lightning, but other observers asserted that small white clouds sometimes rose from the sea and shot forth at pleasure sharp flashes of fire and peals of thunder, prolonged like the roar of artillery. But the most singular electric clouds were those that issued from volcanoes. Pliny had noticed the fiery lightning that hovered over the eruption of Vesuvius, and modern observers saw with wonder that often the clouds of ashes and vapor that rose from the burning mountain would float far over sea and land, and sometimes kill men and animals by a discharge of the most destructive lightning. Sir William Hamilton relates that, in 1794, during the eruption of Vesuvius, the thunder roared around the mountain-top, the lightning flashed, and that clouds of light ashes were carried by the wind nearly three hundred miles, to Tarentum, where they destroyed a building by a violent discharge. The thunder-cloud, too, was sometimes seen to shoot its lightning upward. In Styria there was a church erected on the summit of a lofty peak called Mount Saint Ursula. Here, in 1700, a medical student who happened to be in the building saw below him a dense mass of black clouds that were evidently the seat of a violent thunder-storm. Above the student the heavens were clear, the sun shone brilliantly, and no one in the little church looked for danger in the dark mass of struggling vapors below. Yet suddenly a tongue of fire shot upward, struck the building, and killed seven persons at the side of the observer.

Lightning appears either in the form of sharp and vivid streaks of white, purple, or blue, called by Arago the *zigzag*; in sheets or floods of red, white, or violet light, the *sheet-lightning*; or in brilliant globes of fire called *ball-lightning*. The first kind shoots with incredible rapidity from the thunder-cloud to strike some object upon the earth; and sometimes the end of the fiery tongue is seen to divide into two or three forks before it reaches its aim. The terrible force of the electric discharge has been felt in every age. The sharp line of light, with almost instantaneous swiftness, destroys life, breaks rocks and walls of stone in pieces, fuses metals, penetrates the earth with deep cavities, and seems to yield to no human power except the scientific ingenuity of Franklin's rod. Sheet-lightning, on the contrary, is never dangerous, but plays in summer evenings over the banks of cloud, and sometimes covers the whole sky with intense radiance. Yet the most remarkable and least explicable of the three forms is the ball-lightning. It seems to spring like a globe of fire, sometimes several feet in diameter, from on high, and is often accompanied with a hissing noise and a thick sulphureous smoke. In one

¹ Acad. des Sciences, 1753, p. 9.

² Gentleman's Mag., 1753, p. 482.

instance a vast ball of lightning fell in the midst of a number of persons assembled in the porch of a church in Devonshire, England, and at the same time four smaller balls entered the church and burst, filling it with the fumes and odor of sulphur. The tower of the church was shattered. A ball of fire entered the vestry-room, surrounded by a thick black smoke, burst, and dangerously wounded one of the attending clergymen. In another example the electric globe descended a chimney, entered a room where several persons were collected, stood for a time immovable in the midst of the room, and then burst with a loud explosion. It has been supposed that the ball-lightning is a combination of the gaseous elements of the air by the electric discharge, of which nitre, sulphur, and carbon, the elements of gunpowder, may form an important part; and that these globes are masses of explosive matter formed in the upper atmosphere.¹ The air is converted into a solid substance.

Franklin and his innumerable disciples began now to extend their researches over the whole domain of nature, and were rewarded by an infinite number of novel discoveries. Every where electricity was found to be capable of explaining mysteries that had long seemed supernatural and almost divine, and of offering attractive theories that served to delight and inspire the fancy, even if they did not wholly satisfy the reason. The auroral lights that danced in lovely variety over the icy fields of the north were believed to be electrical;² Castor and Pollux, or the baleful Helen, that had wreathed their spectral forms around the masts of Roman ships, now ceased to be supernatural; the luminous rains, where every drop seemed a ball of fire, or the strange flames that sometimes hovered over armies as they went to battle, were found to be no more mysterious than the Leyden-jar; the fearful roar of the thunder was known to be only the echo of the first discharge among the piles of clouds; the electric fire was traced to the water-spout, the whirlwind, or the crater of the volcano; and the triumphant inquirers at length discovered that the round world itself was only a huge electrical machine, and that all its tenants were constantly influenced by the subtle changes of the electric atmosphere.

It was soon observed, too, that the human body was strongly influenced by the electric discharge: the blood ran quicker, the limbs were stirred, the spirits were excited, the intellect aroused;³ and enthusiastic physicians recorded wonderful cures performed by the aid of electricity. Had not a panacea been discovered? Was not this strange spiritual substance nearly allied to the source of life? The idea, in the last century, excited a new thrill of expectation and awe. Electricity was ap-

plied to various forms of disease, and was often found successful in effecting a cure. It augmented the circulation of the blood, increased the pulsations, and improved digestion. The paralytic were healed and made to walk again; the feeble and depressed seemed inspired with new hope. The dumb were made to speak, and the blind to see.¹ Bertholon, who wrote a treatise on medical electricity toward the close of the last century, relates numerous instances of cures performed by its aid, and the scientific world was full of hope in the efficacy of their new medicament. The electrical machine, for a time, seemed ready to alleviate the worst forms of human woe—so sanguine are men of coming good! so eager to escape from present pain! Yet the pleasing medical dream soon passed away, and it was found that even the Leyden-jar was incapable of repairing the ravages of disease, or of amending those evils which men, by their own excesses, so often bring upon themselves. The dissolute noble still fell down in a paralytic fit from which even the skillful electrician, Abbé Nollet, could never awaken him;² the uncleanly city was still full of pestilence; the poor hovel communicated its fevers to the palace.

One of the most astonishing of discoveries, to the intellect of this age, was the explanation now given of the wonderful properties of the torpedo and the electric eel. They were soon shown to be natural Leyden-jars. The torpedo had been noticed by Aristotle and Pliny, and had long been an object of wonder and superstitious dread to the fishermen of the Mediterranean. But its electric power was feeble compared to the startling shocks conveyed by the gymnotus of the lagoons of Cayenne and South America. Humboldt has given a striking description of the vigor of this most famous of the electric fish.³ He had been anxious to obtain living specimens of the gymnotus, and employed a number of the natives of the country to engage in the singular fishery. The gymnotus lives in the hot bayous of Cayenne, covered by the thick shade of tropical vegetation, and hidden in the muddy waters. It is often more than five feet in length, and its electric shocks are so powerful that no living thing ventures to invade its retreat. Even the Indians are afraid to strike it with harpoons or to catch it with a line, since its powerful discharges benumb their arms and drive them away in terror, while the serpent-like agility of the great eel enables it to elude or destroy their nets. Humboldt, together with a party of natives, approached a lagoon filled with the electric monsters. He could not conceive how the Indians could succeed in taking their prey alive; they told him, to his great surprise, that they were about to fish for them

¹ Lardner, ii. p. 148.

² De la Rive, *Treat. Elect.*, iii. p. 169.

³ Bertholon, *De l'Electricité du Corps Humain*, etc., l. p. 94 et seq.

¹ Several cases of dumb persons being cured are related in the papers of the time. See *Gentleman's Mag.*, 1752-53.

² Bertholon, l. p. 440. Nollet was the first to electrify the paralytic.

³ *Travels*, ii. p. 113, 114.

with horses. A number of mules and horses were collected on the banks of the lagoon, and the Indians drove them, with blows and loud outcries, into the dangerous waters. A strange battle at once began. The electric eels, roused from their torpor, attacked the unfortunate invaders, fastening upon the lower parts of their bodies, and giving them a succession of almost fatal shocks. Benumbed, terrified, fainting, they strove to fly from the dangerous pool, but the Indians drove them back again with wild cries and sharp blows, and the combat was renewed. The huge eels were seen rushing to assail their foes with fresh vigor; the savages, clinging to the overhanging trees and bushes, forced the horses into the midst of the water; and at length, in a few minutes, the battle was decided, and several of the horses sank and were drowned. The contest, says Humboldt, between animals so different in organization, in so strange a place, presented a most picturesque spectacle; it must certainly have been a most painful one. And now the victorious eels, having exhausted all their electricity, crept languidly toward the shore, where they were taken with small harpoons fastened to dry lines. So completely was their power lost that the Indians did not perceive a shock. Humboldt obtained several eels, but little injured, more than five feet long, and he was told that they were often much larger. It is a peculiar trait of the electric animals that they are produced in water, an excellent conductor, and that by some natural provision they can discharge or retain their electricity at pleasure. Philosophers now began to examine them with attention, and to form theories as to the source of their action. But the production of animal electricity seems capable of being explained only by those later discoveries which were soon to enlarge and adorn the science.

Thus the eighteenth century had elevated electricity into one of the most important and attractive branches of knowledge; it was reserved for the nineteenth to apply it practically to the benefit of mankind. In all his brilliant and thoughtful experiments Franklin had often sighed over their apparent uselessness: he would have been amply satisfied could he have foreseen how powerful an agent his favorite science was destined to become in advancing manufactures and the arts, and in binding nations together by an almost instantaneous exchange of thought. Galvanism, the next great step in electrical progress, was discovered by Galvani, Professor of Anatomy at Bologna, about the year 1790.¹ A circumstance so accidental as the slight illness of Madame Galvani gave rise to this important event. Her physician had recommended to her a diet of frogs' broth, and several of the animals, prepared for the cook, chanced to lie on a table near an electrical ma-

chine. One of Galvani's assistants drew sparks from the conductor, and Madame Galvani was surprised to observe that when he did so the muscles of the frogs were distorted and assumed the appearance of life. She called Galvani to notice the strange circumstance. The experiment was repeated with success, and the philosopher, who knew little of electricity, but was a careful anatomist, believed he was on the brink of discovering the principle of life. He entered with strange ardor upon the new research. He experimented incessantly upon muscles and nerves. At length he found that muscles and nerves were thrown into the singular convulsion by the mere presence of two different metals, and had discovered by accident the principle of galvanism—the source of the magnetic telegraph or the calcium light.

Still, however, Galvani persisted in his scientific delusion that he had unfolded the origin of being. He insisted that the muscles and the nerves created the electrical action. He overlooked the effect of the two metals. His disciples were soon numerous, and all Europe was again roused into excitement by the unparalleled disclosures that philosophy seemed about to make. Electricity had but lately been drawn down from the clouds; the whole earth was shown to be electric; with one stride more the daring science might unfold the whole mystery of being. But, fortunately for its success, galvanism was taken from the control of its speculative discoverer and fell into more practical hands. Volta, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Como, an excellent electrician, assailed the theory of his fellow-Italian, and showed that the galvanic action came from the two metals, and not from the nerves. A violent controversy raged between the Bolognese school of Galvani and the followers of Volta, and the important question of the origin of life was discussed by the philosophers and the people while Napoleon was preparing to cover Europe with carnage, and while the horrors of the Parisian massacres were yet fresh in every mind. The Reign of Terror which had been commenced in France was about to extend over all European civilization when the two Italian philosophers were marshaling their disciples in a vigorous intellectual combat. Volta was victorious, and his peaceful triumph will outweigh a thousandfold, in its beneficial consequences, the disastrous successes of Napoleon.

In the year 1800, a memorable epoch in the history of electricity, Volta announced to the world, in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, his invention of a wonderful machine. It was composed of alternate sheets or layers of zinc and copper, separated from each other by discs of wet cloth. Two streams of electricity, one negative, the other positive, were found to flow from either pole of the instrument, and its intensity could be increased apparently without limit by enlarging the number of the layers. He had invented the voltaic pile. Its form was afterward changed by substituting cups of

¹ Becquerel, l. p. 83. See *Rapport Historique sur les Progrès des Sciences Mathématiques*, Paris, 1810, p. 224.

zinc instead of layers, and Volta formed a beautiful apparatus called *La Couronne de Tasses*, the model of all those powerful instruments by which the electric current is dispatched on its useful mission from New York to San Francisco, or taught to fathom the once impassable Atlantic. The wonderful vigor of the new agent became at once apparent. The sharp sparks of Franklin's electrical machine, and even the condensed shock of the Leyden-jar, so long the terror of philosophers, were found to be faint and inefficient compared with the mighty electric current that flowed with silent strength from one wire to the other of the voltaic pile. Its effect on the human frame revived Galvani's notion of the principle of life. When the hands of the operator were applied to the opposite poles, instead of a sudden shock he found himself held in the grasp of an invisible power. A series of strong convulsions ran through his arms and shoulders. Scarcely could he withdraw his hands and free himself from his captor. If the instrument was applied to the forehead, a brilliant light flashed over the sight, even though the eyes were closed. The glow-worm, touched by the current, shone with increased splendor; the grasshopper chirped as if excited by a stimulant. But when the pile was applied to the trunk of a decapitated body a most horrible and unheard of phenomenon occurred. Never had such a spectacle been witnessed before since the age of miracles. The dead body rose from its recumbent position; its arms moved as if to strike in its rage objects in its vicinity; its breast heaved; its legs recovered their strength; and life was imitated or renewed in its fearful actions. Such were some of the tales told over Europe of the powers of the voltaic pile.

It was an age of excitement. Napoleon, the young conqueror of Austria and Italy, now ruled as First Consul at Paris. The revolution had died to give place to a reign of war and violent convulsion; and Napoleon, the centre and source of the impending disturbance, yet always eager for scientific novelty, invited Volta to Paris to explain his new instrument. In 1801, crowned with his peaceful victory, the Italian philosopher visited the republican court. At three meetings of the Academy of Sciences, in the presence of Napoleon and the most famous philosophers of France, Volta lectured upon his incomparable discovery. He was crowned with the highest honors of the Institute; Napoleon loaded him with gifts and attentions; selected galvanism as his favorite branch of science; and offered a reward of sixty thousand francs to him who should produce in electricity or magnetism an impulse equal to that which had followed the invention of the voltaic pile, or the startling experiment of Franklin. Of all the excitements of the age none stirred the intellect more strongly than Volta's theories. The voltaic pile was believed to be the frame-work of the living organization. Napoleon and his philosophers were struck and

impressed by the wonderful idea. "It is the image of life!" said the imperious young conqueror, as he once watched some remarkable experiments.¹ The brain was supposed to be an electric pile, the nerves and muscles conductors of opposing currents, and the slow beating of the heart the effect of their united action. In moments of fierce excitement positive electricity flashed from the eyes and stirred the nerves; in periods of repose the negative controlled the system. Rage, valor, achievement were positive; submission and cowardice the current from the opposite pole. On the battlefield the fierce conqueror, a terrible voltaic battery, flashed forth his electric currents in fatal profusion; his opponent yielded because his galvanic vigor had declined. The world dreamed wildly over the new machine, and men with their usual vainglorious presumption believed themselves gods.

These dreams were swiftly dispelled; but a series of valuable discoveries followed rapidly the invention of the voltaic pile. The first twenty years of the present century were made illustrious by the achievements of the new machine. A splendid throng of eminent chemists and electricians sprang up under its influence, and pursued with intense labor and wonderful discoveries the path pointed out by Volta and Galvani. France, England, Germany, Europe, and America united in advancing the science; and the names of Oersted and Ampère, Davy and Wollaston, Berzelius and a great company of men of genius, scarcely inferior to their leaders, won a renown in their peaceful pursuit that shines with a softened glory amidst the fierce military excitements of that troubled age. Of these men Humphrey Davy was perhaps the most conspicuous. Poet, thinker, philosopher, Davy finally concentrated all the great powers of his intellect upon the study of the voltaic pile. He used it to unfold the deepest mysteries of nature. He discovered its wonderful strength, and developed all its resources. Suddenly the most solid and the least fusible substances in nature were found to melt away into gases before the steady flow of the galvanic current. Water resolved itself into its gaseous elements. The alkalis liquefied and left behind them their metallic bases. New metals were discovered whose existence had never been suspected. A tremendous heat was produced that burned gold and silver as easily as paper, and that even fused the firm platinum.² A magnificent light was produced by burning potash such as man had never created before. The diamond was melted; the various earths dissolved; the composition of the air investigated; and it was believed that all the geologic changes of the surface of the globe were to be attributed to galvanic action. In fact, chemistry became almost a new science under the reforming influence of the voltaic pile; and the brilliant researches of Sir Humphrey Davy and his associates astonished their

¹ Lardner, l. p. 118.

² Id., l. p. 188.

age by their singular novelty and their rare value to the artist and the mechanic.

Thus the dawn of the nineteenth century might seem to have been almost consecrated to the study of the electric forces. Yet it was also a period of unusual intellectual excitement, and while Davy, Oersted, Ampère, and their associates were startling the world by a succession of wonderful discoveries, the literary atmosphere resounded with the strains of a new school of poetry. Byron and Moore, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, poured forth the language of passion or of reflection to countless readers, and literature united with science in aiding the progress of thought. At length, in 1820, Oersted, by a remarkable experiment, formed the indissoluble union between magnetism and electricity. The magnet as well as the electron had long been one of the chief mysteries of nature. Thales had observed its attractive properties, and had supposed that it was endowed with a soul. The Chinese and the Arabs knew that the magnetized needle invariably pointed to the north, and had employed it to guide their journeys by land or sea. Its variations were observed by Columbus, and studied with attention by the early Dutch and English navigators; its connection with electricity had for some time been suspected, and Franklin magnetized a needle by an electrical discharge. But it is to Oersted that we owe the grand experiment by which it was shown that the motion of the magnet depended upon galvanic currents. He showed that a magnetized needle was deflected or controlled by the passage of the electric fluid along a wire. The discovery produced a new ardor in every scientific mind; Ampère, Arago, Davy, Faraday, Henry, enlarged upon the thought; powerful magnets were formed by passing the voltaic fluid through a wire bound in spiral folds around an iron bar; and the principle was at length discovered upon which rests the crowning achievement of electricity—the Magnetic Telegraph!

Without denying the just merits of various ingenious inventors who labored earnestly, though unsuccessfully, to convey thought from land to land by electric currents, we may safely claim that an accomplished American was the first to combine the various discoveries of the science in a practical system and to produce the desired result.¹ Professor Morse conceived the design of his telegraph as early as the year 1832. But to perfect so complicated an invention required long years of patient toil. He was to prepare and insulate his wires; to test the power of his voltaic battery; to adjust and invent his method of writing; to provide a telegraphic alphabet; to unite in one simple machine the countless improvements of the science; and to encounter a thousand difficulties that might well have appalled a less resolute and vigorous mind.

None know the solitary trials and discouragements of each inventor but himself; no one can estimate too highly the mental heroism of these benefactors of their race. It was not, therefore, until 1837 that Professor Morse had even devised a tolerable plan, and had entered his claim as the inventor of the "American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph." His invention was received with wonder, doubt, or ridicule. The notion of conveying thought by lightning seemed the scheme of an idle dreamer, and many who saw the imperfect instrument in the rooms of the inventor in its modest beginning had little hope that it would ever prove practically useful. But the telegraph was slowly and patiently amended. Each new discovery of the science was seized upon by the acute inventor to make it more valuable. Congress was at length induced to aid him with \$30,000 in laying a telegraph between Baltimore and Washington, and in 1843 ten miles of the first American telegraphic wires were laid.

The experiment was unsuccessful. The wire had been passed through leaden tubes underground, and the electric current was dissipated in its passage.¹ The inventor, not discouraged, at once raised his wires upon poles, and in 1844 the first line of electric telegraph was completed from Washington to Baltimore. Early in 1846 it was extended to New York. In the same year a line was opened from New York to Boston, and in 1847 one was completed from Buffalo to New York.² And from that moment the iron avenues of thought were swiftly extended until they reached from ocean to ocean, and have bound the nation together almost as a single mind. Yet various difficulties, in the commencement of telegraphy, beset the adventurous inventor. Often thunder-storms interrupted the circuit and disturbed the whole process of communication. Sometimes trees, torn down by the wind, fell upon the wires, or the auroral electricity checked the free passage of the voltaic current. It was some time after the line was opened to Washington before any reliance could be placed on its communications, and often the messages would come in so unintelligible a form as to puzzle the most experienced operators. The art had yet to be learned, and it was only by long and constant use that it approached perfection.

One of the chief difficulties of the early telegrapher was how to pass rivers. The Hudson was then a barrier almost as insuperable as the Atlantic. It is true that, in 1842, Morse, with his usual foresight and inventive skill, had thrown an insulated wire under the water from the Battery to Governor's Island, and had even suggested an ocean telegraph; but the experiment was not renewed; and for some time after the opening of the first line it was usual for messengers to stand upon the shores of the Hudson and convey the news by waving flags. In 1848 a curious error was committed. The Conven-

¹ De la Rive, *lil.* p. 348, notices the previous inventions. See Vail, *Am. Elect. Mag. Telegraph*, p. 43-50. Turnbull, *Elec. Mag. Tel.*, p. 61.

² Jones, *Electric Telegraph*, p. 65. ³ *Id.*, p. 77.

tion at Philadelphia was in session to nominate a Presidential candidate; there was no line across the Hudson, and it was arranged that a white flag should be raised at Jersey City if General Taylor was nominated.¹ It happened that a company of stock-brokers had formed a private system of telegraphing by means of flags, from Philadelphia, the price of stocks; and just at this eventful moment their agent raised a white flag on the Jersey shore. It was supposed to indicate the nomination of Taylor. The news was flashed over the wires from New York to the East; a wild excitement spread from town to town; one hundred guns were fired in Portland in honor of the candidate. The telegraphic wires were soon after broken, and the error could not be corrected; but, fortunately, General Taylor was really nominated the next day, and it was never necessary to explain the prophetic power of the telegraph. An ingenious American at length devised the plan of covering the wire with gutta-percha, and thus prepared the system of ocean telegraphs. Like a huge gymnotus, the electric current was soon to penetrate the deepest seas.

The invention of Professor Morse once more recalled the attention of mankind to the wonderful properties of electricity. His name was associated with those of Franklin and Volta. Wheatstone in England, and Steinheil in Germany, contested with him the honor of the invention; but their instruments were complicated and their principle imperfect compared with the simplicity and accuracy of the American telegraph. Both the European inventors had at first employed a current of electricity to deflect the needle; while Morse pointed out and made use of the more certain method of electro-magnetism. Wheatstone did not patent his magnetic telegraph until 1840; Morse exhibited his at the Earl of Lincoln's house, in England,² March 19, 1839. The idea of an electric telegraph had no doubt been long familiar to electricians, to have made the conception of practical value is one of the lasting triumphs of American genius. "It is the most admirable discovery of modern times," says Baron Gros.³ To the ancients, he thinks, it would have seemed a miracle from on high; and, after half a century of familiarity with the wonderful wires, we can even now scarcely avoid investing them with a mysterious attribute, and watch them with something of awe as they murmur over our heads, bearing from land to land their tidings of joy or sorrow; summoning friends to festive meetings or to the final separation; or watching, like guardian spirits, over the welfare of those long separated from us. In fact, one of the first feats of the early telegraph was to bring the glad news of the safety of one of its members to a family that were mourning over his loss;⁴ and the electric

wires have often served to bind together hearts that might otherwise have been forever parted. They have sometimes realized the pleasant fancy of Strada, who paints two lovers conversing with each other, when separated, by a mysterious chain of communication; they promote the intercourse of nations, and carry into the wilderness the earliest footprints of civilized life.

The ocean telegraph forms the last important triumph of electrical science. In 1842 Morse suggested that seas and rivers might be crossed by insulating electrical wires; but the earliest ocean telegraph was that laid by the Messrs. Brett, of England, across the British Channel.¹ These gentlemen obtained a charter for a general ocean telegraph in 1845, and applied for aid to the British Government. Their application was refused by the dull officials, and the Bretts now turned to France, where they met with encouragement from Louis Philippe, and finally an effective support from his successor, Napoleon. In August, 1850, they laid a single copper wire, covered with gutta-percha, from Dover to the coast of France; a message was transmitted; and the *London Times* exclaimed, "The jest of yesterday thus became the fact of to-day." The undertaking which had met only ridicule and a feeble support in England succeeded; but the single wire was soon broken by the waves, and a new one was invented composed of four strands, insulated and tightly bound with iron cords, which was successfully laid in 1851. Messages passed with ease and rapidity, and the Dover telegraph was soon imitated in the narrow and comparatively shallow seas of Europe. But to cross the Atlantic with a telegraphic wire was looked upon twenty years ago as an impossible exploit, and few in that early era of telegraphy could believe that its mighty waves and its fathomless depths could ever be constrained to admit the passage of electric thought.

The Atlantic had always been supposed unfathomable. No line had ever been able to penetrate its mysterious depths, and its hidden currents had invariably swept away the heaviest weights long before they reached its shifting bed. What mountains, plains, or valleys made up the floor of the great ocean; what caverns and ravines drew in the treasures of sunken armadas; what swift tides and rivers rolled over the submarine world, was scarcely better known to modern navigators than to the gifted Arab Edrisi or the scientific Ptolemy. But about twenty years ago American genius and industry gave birth to a new science, called by Humboldt the Geography of the Sea. Franklin, indeed, in the close of the last century, with his usual inventive foresight, had described or discovered the Gulf-stream,² and had directed the attention of scientific explorers to the study of the seas. He suggested the science that was to lend effectual aid to the electric telegraph.

¹ Jones, p. 134.

² Vail, *Telegraph*, p. 96.

³ Lettre sur la Télégraphie, 1856, Paris. See *Annales Télégraphiques*, I., 1856, p. 192.

⁴ Vail, p. 100.

¹ De la Rive, III. p. 424.

² *Thermometrical Navigation*, 1790.

But it was not until about the year 1853 that Lieutenant Berryman—an accomplished Southerner, who nobly remained true to the Union in the late rebellion—examined and sounded the bed of the ocean between Newfoundland and the coast of Ireland. His labors were rewarded by a wonderful discovery. He found that, instead of being fathomless, the Atlantic presented to the explorer a vast plain, not more than two miles in depth, reaching from one continent to the other. He had discovered a new world hidden beneath the waters. It was about four hundred miles in width and sixteen hundred long; no currents disturbed the dense mass of shells that covered its oozy bottom; it seemed prepared by the hand of nature for the electric wires, and was named at once the Telegraphic Plateau.¹ At either extremity of the great pathway huge mountains, four or seven thousand feet high, bounded the plain, and formed precipices as tall as Mont Blanc, down which the electric wire was to hang in the bed of the sea. Below or above the plateau the Atlantic reaches its greatest depth. The Azores and Bermuda are mountains higher than the Himalayas, and rise precipitously from an unknown base. The Gulf-stream, a hot river of water, swifter and larger than the Amazon or the Mississippi, rolls its blue tide along the coast of America, and, reaching the Banks of Newfoundland and the Telegraphic Plain, melts the icebergs that come in its path, and deposits their shells and sand in the bottom of the sea. But its hot currents disperse themselves far above the electric wires, softening the temperature of the European coast, and leaving undisturbed the bed of the ocean below. No sooner was this wonderful submarine pathway discovered than every difficulty in the way of an Atlantic telegraph seemed removed, and its eager advocates began to press on the accomplishment of a work destined, they believed, to bring peace and good-will on earth.

In 1854 a company was chartered in Newfoundland to lay the Atlantic cable; it was afterward enlarged and made general, embracing the most eminent friends of the enterprise in England and America. New York gave her Morse, Field, Cooper; England her Wheatstone, Canning, and the Bretts; and a small band of hopeful men, in the face of general doubt and derision, urged on the wonderful enterprise. Of these the most active was Mr. Cyrus W. Field. He was the Fulton of the Atlantic Telegraph; the Franklin of ocean electricity.² But for his ardor, vigor, and inventive genius the world might have remained passive, and no animated electron have spanned the bed of the Telegraphic Plain. But in November, 1856, Mr. Field had succeeded in forming the Atlantic Telegraph Company; the whole capital, amounting to £350,000, was at once subscribed; the

governments of England and the United States promised a subsidy to the stockholders; the cable was prepared in England; the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon*, with a number of smaller vessels, were assigned to the enterprise by the friendly nations; and on the evening of the 7th August, 1857, the *Niagara* left the coast of Ireland, slowly dropping her end of the cable into the sea. The wire cord ran out with ease and precision; the comparatively shallow water along the shore offered no difficulty; and even when the cable dropped suddenly down the precipice, as steep and lofty as Mont Blanc, the electricity still flowed; the problem was solved. But soon after the cable broke, through the unskillfulness of an assistant, and the hopeful electricians, undisheartened, resolved to renew the attempt the next year.

The next year came, memorable for triumph and disappointment, and again, in June, 1858, the *Agamemnon* and the *Niagara*, groaning under the weight of their precious cargo, and manned by the chiefs of ocean telegraphy, set sail from Valentia Bay. It was designed that they should meet in mid-ocean, unite the ends of the cable, and, separating, sail slowly to the opposite shores. But scarcely had the fleet set out when disaster and ruin seemed to hover over it. A violent storm separated the vessels. The huge and overloaded *Agamemnon*, straining and cracking in the gale, heeled over, and threatened every moment to sink in the trough of the sea. Her great beams snapped in two; her cargo of coal rolled over her decks; and at length, on the 10th June, three or four gigantic waves swept over her and threw her nearly on her beam ends. Her brave captain and her gallant crew now believed that death was near, and thought to sink with their cable on the Telegraphic Plain. A wave still more tremendous rolled toward them; the men fell on the deck in heaps, saved only by clinging to the ropes; the captain strove to wear his ship, and, at the risk of immediate death, contrived to place the *Agamemnon* before the storm. She escaped, and finally rode safely to the rendezvous in the midst of the Atlantic.

The ocean was now as still as an inland lake. The two great ships and their attendants met on the 26th of June, and commenced unrolling their iron web. It parted again. They returned to Ireland for new supplies of cable; and on the 29th of July the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon* met once more to renew their labors in the midst of the Atlantic. Nor can one read without sympathy and admiration the story of the heroic perseverance of Field, Bright, Canning, and their faithful associates, who, while Europe and America were deriding them on the safe shore for their Quixotic folly, persisted in heaping benefits upon mankind. No failures discouraged them; they were ever certain of success. At last, on the 29th of July, a day of rare loveliness, the great ships sailed away from each other, the *Niagara* for America, the *Agamemnon* for Valentia Bay.

¹ Maury, *Geography of the Seas*.

² *Hist. Atlantic Telegraph*, H. M. Field, 1866. *Story of the Telegraph*, Briggs and Maverick. Prescott, Tel.

But they were never separated. The busy cable still bound them together. Storms came; the ships rolled upon immense waves; a thousand dangers seemed to surround the solitary wire; yet it never parted. The deep sea was passed; it slowly climbed the immense heights on either shore; no flaw appeared in the two thousand miles of scientific workmanship; the ships drew near to land; and at length, on the 5th of August, 1858, a thrill of wonder shot through the two continents when it was told that they were bound together by electric thought.

America and Europe rejoiced; it was a moment of universal hope and exultation, and the first important message that came over the cable gave glory to the Most High, and promised peace and good-will to men.¹ The Queen, ever in advance of her people, saluted the New World with a humane congratulation; the President returned her kindly sentiment. From Canada to the Gulf America resounded with salutes of cannon and the pealing of bells. Cities were illuminated, and public and private thanksgiving flowed from every heart. The press, ever in the front of progress, celebrated the victory of science; and the name of Field, with that of Franklin and Fulton, was placed high among the benefactors of his race. It is not our purpose to relate the circumstances of the gradual destruction of these generous hopes, and the slow death of the electric cable. The event came upon the public like the loss of a powerful friend. The utterances of the wires grew indistinct day by day; some flaw had occurred in the chain of intelligence, and by the 4th of September the communication ceased. Gloom and doubt settled upon the great enterprise, and, with the usual reaction that often attends a sudden disappointment, men even believed that the story of the momentary union of the two worlds was all delusion or fraud.

Eight years followed, during which the silent cable slept almost forgotten on the Telegraphic Plateau. They were years full of political convulsions and fatal disorder. The reign of peace on earth and good-will to men, which had been so fondly promised by the first message over the Atlantic, seemed to have faded forever; for the Union was threatened with destruction, and the hopes of the people of every land in the final triumph of universal liberty were bound up in the fate of our civil war. A bitter alienation grew up between the government of England and the people of the Union; a profound gulf opened between Europe and America deeper and more impassable than the Atlantic itself. In the turmoil of the great rebellion the telegraph and its projectors sank into neglect; and when at length the war ended few believed that the proposed plan would ever be successful, or that the project would even be renewed. Intelligent electricians openly denied that any message had ever crossed the ocean. It was

urged that the electric current could not be made to pass through so long a route; that its force must be dissipated long before it reached its distant aim.¹ New plans, therefore, were suggested and advocated with vigor, and new companies were formed to carry telegraphic wires across Bering Strait, or to lay a shorter cable from New York to the Azores, and from the islands to the continent of Europe. The public had lost its interest in the Atlantic Telegraph, and looked with coldness and neglect upon a project that had once aroused its highest enthusiasm.

Amidst such discouragements Mr. Field and his courageous associates in 1865 had once more revived their telegraphic company, provided a new cable, and gallantly prepared to brave the dangers of the sea. Every thing that science could do to insure success had been contributed by the highest intellects of the age. The new cable was more perfect than any former one. Instruments of unrivaled excellence had been provided, and a single vessel, the *Great Eastern*, had been happily created by the genius of Brunel, capable of carrying a whole Atlantic cable within its bosom. While men doubted and derided, Science seemed to watch tenderly the great enterprise, and descended from the skies, a new Minerva, to cover it with her shield. In July, 1865, the great steamer set sail from the coast of Ireland, dropping her cable into a tranquil sea. She was manned in part by the same ardent navigators who seven years before had heard the glad voice of congratulation from Europe and America as they joined the rival shores. Field, Canning, and their associates, were once more united in a voyage more adventurous than that of Jason, more doubtful in its end than that of Columbus. But they were, as ever, full of hope. The voyage passed prosperously; the sea was not unfriendly; and night and day, as the vessel glided slowly on, the voyagers were cheered by the musical flow of the cable as it dropped peacefully into the waves. So long as they could hear that sound they were satisfied that all was well. Every eye in the great ship was watching the turning of a single wheel; every ear seemed to listen only for a single sound. And we can well conceive with what rapt attention sailors and men of science, captain and chief, hung upon the strange note of the flowing cable that seemed to assure them of success. They had now reached the deepest part of the ocean without any important danger. Their labor was nearly ended. But on the 2d of August a flaw occurred, and the cable was drawn up for repairs. Mr. Field was watching on the tank. The sound of the wheel suddenly stopped; the cable broke, and was lost in the deepest part of the ocean.² "It was enough to move one to tears," says Mr. Russell; and when a man came aft with the broken wires, and the ship's company gazed upon the torn

¹ Prescott, p. 206.

¹ Van Choate, *Ocean Tel.*, 1865.

² London Illustrated News, 1865, p. 182.

strand and lacerated core, they mourned as if they saw the mortal agony of a friend. The still, shining Atlantic had swallowed up the expiring cable, and the *Great Eastern* returned unsuccessful to her port.

She sailed again in July, 1866, her tanks filled with a new cable, and the ardent Field once more on her deck. It was the last and successful voyage.¹ All went well. The cable sank patiently and almost noiselessly down upon the ocean plain; and on the 26th of July the *Great Eastern* sailed triumphantly into Trinity Bay. The connection was made at Heart's Content, a little Newfoundland fishing village, and its pleasant sounding name represented well the inmost emotion of the projectors of the Atlantic Telegraph. Not long after the lost cable of 1865 was raised and completed. The success of the great enterprise was doubly assured, and Europe and America were bound together by a chain of thought that must lead every where to the progress of freedom and the elevation of the people.

In fact, the moral and mental influence of the telegraph will far excel even its commercial value. Like printing, it opens a new epoch in the progress of thought. Its effect is instantaneous. The generous and progressive impulses of the New World are conveyed in a moment to the Old. The noble struggle of the Latin races in Italy, France, or Spain, to throw off the barbarous traditions of the feudal ages, and to become freemen, is sustained by the sympathy and applause that flows under the ocean from America. An eloquent Castellar speaks to New York as well as to Madrid. The republican orators of Paris know that they have an innumerable audience beyond the seas. Industry, temperance, probity, once more rise to command in nations where for ages they have been derided; and men of intellect govern where they have long been slaves. It is quite probable that as the whole civilized world is bound more closely together by new avenues of thought, and men are linked in unity as if by a single mind, we may reach that basis of common-sense which Aristotle and Cicero discovered, and which Christianity approves, and that the era of peace on earth will be nearer than it has ever been before.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the triumphs of electricity. It is the most poetical of the sciences as well as the most practical. Its future is full of promise, and no one can safely affirm that it may not yet achieve discoveries more wonderful than any in the past, and produce a still more beneficial effect upon the progress of man. Yet its earlier cultivators can never be forgotten, and the gratitude of their race must always attend those laborious intellects whose endless toil snatched the thunder-bolt from the skies and made it the useful servant of modern civilization.

LEANDER DOOLITTLE.

"THERE comes Leander again!"

"No! Leander Doolittle! coming here?"
"Yes, Leander, as sure as you live; and coming here, as I judge; for he rides slow and looks sheepishly down."

"Why, he only went away from us yesterday!"

"You're wrong there—it's nearly a week since he went away."

"Well, I don't care; I don't want to see him, and I've a good mind to tell him so. Just think! he was here a month."

"Wrong again—a little over a fortnight, that's all; and as for telling him you don't want to see him, you will not do any thing of the sort. See, now; there's the gate-latch!"

"Well, I'll show it plain enough, at any rate."

"That may be; and yet I think you'll be sorry when you come to see him face to face. Poor Leander! there he goes past the window, and never once looking this way."

He had turned his face away, and was leaning down almost to his horse's mane, as if adjusting spur or stirrup, as he rode by. It was a little past the dinner hour, and we knew well enough that he was tired and hungry, having probably ridden from the adjoining county, where he lived, since daybreak; but we did not send for him to come in. In fact, we ignored all knowledge of his whereabouts, and did not so much as mention his name again all day.

At supper-time he did not present himself, as we had expected, and we exchanged glances in some discomfort, but still forebore to speak of him.

It was early autumn, and the winds among the dry sycamore branches that hung over the well-curb took a sort of reproachful tone after sunset, more especially when we heard coming through them the monotonous drip-drop of the slow, chilly rain. Barnabas kindled a fire directly, and as Rose sat in the warm glow she said, suddenly, dropping the knitting in her lap:

"I wonder where the fellow is! Somehow there always has to be something to take the comfort out of the comfort!"

"Perhaps we take it out with our own hands oftener than we imagine," I said; for I understood very well why the rain seemed to penetrate to my marrow that night.

"I'm tired of sermons," she answered. "Why is it that I have no right to myself, nor to any thing that apparently belongs to me? That's what I want to know."

She spoke in an irritated rather than a penitent tone, and I remained silent. At every little outside noise we listened, and I think began to hope that Leander was making his way toward the house; but nine o'clock came, and no sign of Leander. The drip-drop had changed to a dull, soaking, steady rain, and the wind to a downright wail.

The coals glowed red as roses under the fore-stick. "I can't stand this!" says Rose; "they

¹ Hist. Telegraph, Field, p. 360.

seem to be all on my head—those coals;" and, moving out of the glow, she called, half impatiently, toward the kitchen, "Barnabas, are you there?"

"Yes'm; what's to pay?"

"Have you seen—seen—Mr. Doolittle any where about the place this afternoon?"

"Yes'm, but I didn't much like to speak onto the subject."

He had said more than he meant to say, and blushing, sidled away.

"Where is he now? do you know?"

"Into the barn, m'm, a-lyin' onto the straw-heap."

Then Barnabas was directed to fetch the young man in; but he came back presently with this report: "The gentleman says he druther not—he's comfortable in every respect, he's obleeged to ye."

"Go back and say he *must* come; we can't be put off with such stories!"

Barnabas went the second time as directed, and the second time returned alone.

"He ain't into the straw-heap," he says—"the young man ain't; I think he heard me drawin' the pin, an' surmose what I was after, and clum onto the scaff. He didn't want no supper any how; he tole me that afore; he had some apples into his hat!"

I suspect we did not sleep so well that night as we would have done if we had hailed Leander as he rode past the window, ashamed and sorrowful, and entertained him with decent hospitality.

The morning came up bright and clear, and we could see from the windows all the orchard grounds shining with the fallen apples; and busiest among those who gathered was Leander. It was a pitiful sight to see with what alacrity he heaped the great baskets, and hoisting them to his shoulder, bore them off, one after another. He was prepaying for a welcome, or striving to that end.

At dinner-time he came in among the rest, braving it in a hesitant, vacillating way, now talking in a loud, blustering tone, and now lagging back, and picking at his sleeve-buttons. Beside the well-curb he stopped outright, perhaps to gather courage, perhaps to project a sense of his approach in among us, and to make the dreadful entrance a little easier. A tin basin was always kept standing on a wooden bench beneath the sycamore for the convenience of the hands, and into this he plunged with much flourish of dash and plash. "There's the towel!" says Barnabas, presenting one.

"No, thank you," replied Leander, his face already buried deep in the folds of the colored silk handkerchief which he had taken from his hat. "Want to hire a good field-hand?" he said, abruptly, entering the house by way of the kitchen. "One willing to work for nothing and find himself—except his board—a good home rather than wages being the object!"

This speech was premeditated, doubtless, and painfully delivered, as was evinced by the sud-

den red dashed up into his face by a rebellious heart. His pale blue eyes, too, seemed to have had some of the color frightened out of them, for they looked paler than common. Rose made some playful reply calculated to put him at ease, but it was not in the nature of things that he should be put at ease all at once; his tongue played him false when he attempted to speak without notes, and he said precisely the thing which he meant to avoid. His very chair, as he attempted to seat himself at table, turned a somersault out of his hand, and lodged quite across the room.

"*My fate!*" says he—his flaxen hair fairly running before him after the lost chair; and this was always Leander's refuge in all adverse fortune—it was all his fate—the stars were against him.

His manner with us was usually sly and uneasy, like that of some wild creature brought by an unfortunate turn of circumstances into domestic relations, but upon this occasion he was less at home with us and himself than common. He partook of nothing before him with the relish of unrestraint, notwithstanding his long fast, except the water. He had eaten so many apples, he said, he had no appetite left. Whatever was choice he utterly refused, sometimes making a half motion as if he would accept, but in the end declining. There was really nothing to intervene between him and open discomfiture but the affectation of complete obliviousness. His very clothes hung on him loosely, as hangs the harness of a horse that is pulling hard up hill. Poor Leander! It was uphill work; there is no doubt about that.

"I have had worse luck than common since I was here," he stammered out, when he had got his eyes shaded with his hat, preparatory to going back into the field.

"Is it possible! What now, Leander?"

"Well, I suppose I might as well tell you first as last: Fate has done her worst with me now—that's one comfort any how!"

"But what is it? House burned? Child dead? What?"

"No, my house is not burned; and if it was, I don't own it. I've got one of my children—that is, my father's got it—and *she* took the other: one was my first wife's child, you know—if I may call her wife that was no wife!"

"You can't mean to say that you have separated from your present wife?"

"Why can't I?"

"Because it's too dreadful to believe."

"Well, I don't know—she didn't understand me."

"Are you sure you understood yourself, Leander?"

"No; if I understood that I should be the wisest of mortals. It's all a mystery, first and last."

"But what was the trouble?"

"I summed it all when I said she didn't understand me. As a jewel of gold in a swine's

snout, so is a fair woman who is without discretion. She's run away, bag and baggage—child and every thing. When I got home from your house the other day, by George! I found she'd gone and stripped every thing clean as a whistle. Yes, Lucinda has gone home to her father, faithless to her vows, to her honor, and to me! My heart is once more thrown back upon itself. Why I should have been singled and marked for such a destiny I don't pretend to understand."

I remained silent: I knew not what to say. And trying to rally, he made a sorry jest or two. This among others:

"Like old Mother Hubbard,
I went to the cupboard
To get my little dog a bone;
And when I got there
I found none to spare,
And so I came hurrying—back here!"

I still made no answer; it seemed to me that I could not, rather than would not speak; and he went on with trembling lip:

"I hoped to find some sympathy, but I see that you, like all the rest, have turned against me. Well, I must bear it. What is one feeble hand opposed to the awful machinery of the universe?"

"Oh, Leander," I said at last, "Heaven knows I am sorry for you, but I can not think you altogether blameless! In the first place, I suppose you left the cupboard bare, and a helpless young wife and child, alone in the house, to stay there and starve, or go away, while you came off visiting, remaining longer at least—"

"Longer than I was wanted!" he interposed. "But for that matter I might as well be in one place as another. I ain't wanted any where."

We were standing under the sycamore-tree at the well-side, and as the leaves dropped between us he clutched at them, tore some with his teeth, and fanned his hot cheeks with others. At length he said, making the dry leaves rattle between us, "You always had a kind word for me before."

"And I have a kind word still, Leander—none the less kind for being plain and blunt. I have bound your self-inflicted wounds again and again. Now I must try the probe."

"Self-inflicted! That's your kindness, is it? Well, my malignant stars have conspired this time. And yet I knew how it would be; I came here because it was my fate to come; do you suppose it was my free choice? Lord bless you, I would sooner have walked into the river! But I don't blame you—I don't blame *her*, even; she was forced along—her destiny was bound up with the Pleiades. I could not help marrying her, nor could she help deserting me. If the atom is chance, then the star may be chance, and where are you? Why, you have chaos! No, no; I must be used in the place designed for me, and fitted into my niche in the great edifice, no matter at what pain or inconvenience to myself. Is it for me to dictate? I am not so presumptuous!"

The pale eyes were watery by this time, and the dry leaves fluttered so that I could not have had the heart to say more just then, if we had not been interrupted, as we were, by the approach of Kathleen, the kitchen-maid, who came to fill her tea-kettle at the well-bucket. She had seen the watery eyes, and the fountain of her sympathy leaped toward the young man with all the wild impetuosity of her untrained nature.

"The poor darling!" she exclaimed, following him with a tender glance as he walked slowly away. "They till that his ould wife has rin away from the natest an' bist provided o' homes, whin she'd a right to stay in it an' look after him, the poor dear, an' he so swate-complected an' ivery way so illegant. Why, the nick of him sthans onto his shouldbers straight and firm as a marble columne onto its *pedestal*, the laste bate aslant!"

Leander turned and came a step toward us—for he had heard it all—his weak face refused to the very roots of his flaxen hair with a grateful flush; and yet there was, or I fancied there was, something in the expression tenderer than gratitude.

The next thing I saw was Kathleen going across the meadow toward the orchard, one bare arm swinging resolutely to help her forward the faster, and the other embracing an empty basket which she held against her hip. She looked wonderfully smart—her apron just from the ironing-board, her red hair tied up with a green ribbon, and her bare ankles crossed and recrossed with tape of the same color, which was made to serve for ornament as well as fasten her slippers.

She came back with her basket of apples barely in time to prepare the supper, and in a state of almost foolish exhilaration. "I took lave to shay," she said, "whin I was in't, long enuff to hilp the min a bate. An' that handsthorne frind that's wid ye 'll have his complexion destroyed intirely! Ah, bit his ould wife had a right to behave bether, divil take the likes of her, an' he wid his silken hair a-gedderin' the apples!"

"But suppose the poor woman had no bread to eat, Kathleen, would you have her stay and starve?"

"Starve!" and Kathleen tossed her green ribbons. "It was good enuff for her, to be sure; but it niver happened, and she spakes false if she says it. I wouldn't shid a tear for her if I was the fine gintleman that she's lift. Ah, an' to see the purty white hands of him a-gedderin' the apples! But I'll make haste and give him a sup o' tae, innys how, the poor darlin'!"

And while the maid is thus hospitably intent let me go back a little, and gather up some earlier memories of my cousin Leander, for he was my cousin in a sort, and after the flesh—memories that will assist the reader to a more appreciate estimate of his character.

I happened one day to be at my uncle Doo-

little's at that delightful time of life when the world, both with Leander and myself, was nearly all before us, and while his mind yet vacillated between the giddy heights of ambition and the dark dead level of fatality. The children had just been started to school that morning, Leander among the rest; and Aunt Patty—bless her great simple heart!—was in a state of happy excitement with the brilliant hopes she entertained concerning him.

"I do really think, now," she says to my less visionary uncle, as, taking *Zion's Sentinel* in his hand, he seated himself on the porch-side for a little religious recreation before dinner—"I really do think the boy is going to do us some credit, after all!"

"We shall see," says my uncle, with an impatient shake of the *Sentinel* he was unfolding.

"Yes, we shall see, as you say," says Aunt Patty, trying her best to construe the dubious words favorably; "and things look promising, certainly; he is delighted with his new books, and had them strapped across his shoulder, and was up the hill and out of sight before the other children had left the door-yard."

She lingered at the door by which she was standing with a wistful eye toward my uncle, and he said, directly, without lifting his eyes from the paper, "He was delighted with the new books and the strap, I have no doubt; but the strap will have to be laid on his shoulder in a different way, I am afraid, before he takes a turn for the better."

"That's your notion; but maybe"—she stopped, partly hurt and partly vexed.

"Yes, it's my notion; and maybe it will come to be yours yet; at any rate, I want to see some sign of fruit before I attribute much virtue to the tree."

"Don't be too hard. I am sure it would do no harm to notice his good behavior a little; and I can't help thinking it would encourage him."

"I shall be ready enough, Patty, when I have once seen the good behavior. I have seen promises before."

"Don't be impatient; wait a little while."

"Wait a little! I've been waiting this fifteen year, and that boy never did an earnest, honest, straightforward stroke of work in all his life! Why, didn't I buy him ten dollars' worth of tools last year, so that he could make a sled? He was going to be a great mechanical genius then, so you all thought, and what did he do but hack a drawing-knife, break a saw in the middle, cut his shin, and go limping round here for six months? Then I bought him a colt, if you mind—he displayed such aptitude for training horses—and what did he do but let the creature run away and shiver the wagon to pieces? And here, last planting time, he must have a gun to keep the crows off the corn-fields. And what did that amount to? Why, he came a good deal nearer shooting some of his brothers, through his carelessness, than he ever came to shooting a crow; and the end is, the thing is

stuck up in the smoke-house, with a broken ramrod and a rusty lock! Now he's turned student, and half against my will I've paid out money enough to buy a plow, just for new books, when there is more in the old ones than he'll ever get into his head!"

"He was never strong and healthy, like the other children," began Aunt Patty, apologetically; "and I only wish you could make a little allowance for the poor unfortunate child."

"He hasn't lacked his mother's allowance," says my uncle, fencing himself behind the *Sentinel* against all her tender attacks.

It will be perceived by this that my uncle's house was darkened by one shadow at least, and I need only say further just now that the mother's misguided fondness had tended to make the shadow deeper and darker than it would otherwise have been.

Aunt Patty could never refrain from interposing the shield that provoked the very arrow she most dreaded, and the brief dialogue I have given is but representative of hundreds that will not be reproduced.

The hour for dining was one o'clock, and while we were partaking of the apple-pie a little click of the gate-latch announced that some one was coming, and the next moment the watch-dog, that had leaped up with a joyous bark, came crouching and whining to the door, as if he had bad news to communicate. Aunt Patty moved uneasily, even before the slight shadow came over the threshold and dodged away.

"It's Leander come home, as sure as you live!" says my uncle, for he too had seen the shadow.

"Oh, I guess not," says my aunt, rising and going to the door; and she added, as she came back, "I don't see any thing of him."

It appeared to me, however, that the tone lacked confidence; in fact, I felt sure she had seen him, and fairly trembled when my uncle rose from the table, leaving the apple-pie, of which he was very fond, saying, "Maybe I can see him, if you can't."

No more pie was eaten at the table by any of us; and, indeed, there was not much time, for my uncle returned almost immediately, leading Leander by one ear.

"Here's the fulfillment of the grand promise," he says, pushing him forward before the face of his mother. "What excuse now, boy? What brought you home this time o' day?"

Leander hung his head, but, having the question urged upon him with some considerable zeal, managed to stammer out the old excuse—he was sick, could not eat a mouthful of luncheon, and, in fact, the master had said he had better come home.

"A good riddance, he thought," says my uncle; "though I doubt he never sent you home, nor were you half so sick as I am sick of you."

"Tell us how you like the new master?" interposed my aunt, in a lively, cheery tone,

doubtless with intent of creating a diversion and mending matters.

Then it came out that Leander didn't like the new master at all—he couldn't teach him any thing! In short, he was an old fool—this disparaging conclusion being based chiefly on the fact that the master's nose was somewhat too large to harmonize with Leander's idea of artistic proportions.

"So you didn't like the master and ran away! that's the truth of it," says my uncle, in a rage. He took Leander by the shoulders, turned his face toward the door, and went on: "Go straight back without your dinner, and I guess you'll have an appetite for your luncheon by the time you get it; not a word out of your head; step along, Sir!"

"Do allow him to eat this little piece of pie," says my aunt, following with a plate; "the boy is sick, I am sure; he doesn't look well." The tears were in her eyes: they had conquered many a time, and did now, for my uncle said, when he saw them:

"I dare say you know best, Patty, but my patience is clean gone." And so he went away, less angry now than sore and sorrowful, and, as we say, *downhearted*.

Leander ate the pie with a very good relish, as it seemed to me, for a sick boy, and his dinner into the bargain. Then my aunt tried to coax him to go back to school: "You know your father will be so angry," she says. And finally, after much ado, he started at a snail's pace; but midway of the door-yard he fell down, bellowing like a bull-calf. He was dreadfully sick all at once, and his mother must needs help him back into the house and revive him with a glass of cherry bounce.

His recovery was wonderfully rapid, in view of the frightful paroxysm from which it dated, and in the course of half an hour he was able to put the dog in harness, attach him to the wheel-barrow, and drive for his diversion about the garden and orchard. The remaining hours of the afternoon he disposed of in some other equally elegant employments; but the lengthening shadows toward sunset warned him into the house. He had still a little wholesome fear of his father, and just in the nick of time experienced a paroxysm somewhat slighter than the former, but nevertheless sufficient to enforce a horizontal position and bring camphor and blankets into requisition.

"Poor boy!" says my aunt, when my uncle had come in from the field, and was slanting one blue eye from under the towel toward the heap of blankets in the corner—"poor boy! he tried to get up and go to school, but had a bad spell, and actually fell down between here and the gate."

"It's easy enough to fall down, if one tries," says my uncle, and he sought his accustomed consolation in the newspaper.

In the course of a week Leander was sufficiently recovered to resume his studies, but after a day or two he discovered that confine-

ment within the school-house was undermining his already delicate constitution, and proposed to his mother to study at home during the day, and go to the master only to make recitations.

"Then he can help me a good deal, too, about the house," says Aunt Patty, enforcing the proposition.

"The plan won't work," replied my uncle; but somehow his judgment was overruled, and Leander brought home his books, and converted the parlor into a study; but the recitations, uncertain from the first, soon fell off altogether.

"I can hear him recite his lessons just as well as the master," says Aunt Patty, "and, at any rate, save the shoe-leather."

"It won't take much of your time," says my uncle; but he said no more, and mother and son had things their own way.

It required as little time to commit the lessons as to recite them, in fact; for when Leander had once arranged—that is to say, disarranged—every thing in the carefully-kept parlor, he appropriated his leisure chiefly to a survey of himself in the narrow, gilt-framed looking-glass that hung between the front windows. A position on the floor did not afford him a full-length view, and to facilitate matters he one day climbed upon a rickety chair, and in this position, and while engaged in rigid scrutiny of his upper lip, the pedestal gave way, and, being precipitated suddenly forward, he found himself with his face quite inside the gilt frame, and shaved with cut glass instead of a razor. He now made the discovery that the parlor was not adapted to the requirements of a student, and, after turning over several projects in his mind, resolved on the construction of a rustic bower. The site he selected was the southerly corner of the garden, between the cucumber and onion beds. A spot neighbored by humanity, yet secluded—quiet, yet enlivened by the sputter of the porridge-pot in the kitchen, and the thin blue wreaths curling about the dingy shingles of the smoke-house. Empty flour-barrels would serve as corner-stones upon which to rest the cross-beams, and an elevated position would be thus secured, from which our artist, when he should have attained a trifle more facility in drawing, might advantageously sketch his brothers as they hoed in the distant potato-fields.

A day would be sufficient for the execution of the plan. A few boards, some boughs from the woods, a little ingenious management of saw and hammer, and there you are! It would cost nothing but work, and that would agreeably alternate with study. Leander was fond of work when he had an idea to work out!

"Certainly, my child; nothing can be finer; but hadn't you better speak to your father about it?"

But Leander said, "No; father don't understand me; and what's the use, any how?"

"It will only take a day," says Aunt Patty, when she had broached the subject; "and if he fails, he will go back to his books all the

freshers for it. I for my part feel like encouraging him."

The little design, so fancifully elaborated in the brain of the young man, required more than a day for its execution, and when it happened that my uncle went to town and was out of the way, a carpenter was surreptitiously hired to complete the rural edifice, Leander meantime having driven the hammer upon one of his fingers instead of the nail-head! How much it cost in the end never transpired—my aunt Patty holding that secret among other little reservations of a like nature, the which sometimes divided the mother from the wife. She also, when no eye was upon her, removed with her own weary hands to the new quarters not only the books, but also a variety of worthless *traps* with which the domicile had been hitherto encumbered.

For a few days, while the leaves remained fresh on the boughs with which the bower was walled in and roofed, it served admirably, so far as coolness, seclusion, and shelter were concerned. But as during this period the student devoted himself chiefly to the scouring and re-pairing of the rusty gun-lock, and vacated the premises because of a storm before he had really got at his books, it will probably now never be ascertained how the bower would really have answered the purpose of its construction.

The curtaining leaves withered in the first place, as might have been foreseen, and left our student exposed to the rays of a fierce summer sun; and in the next, a sudden storm of wind and rain came on, carrying off branches, leaves, and all, as well as drenching and ruining the entire collection of maps, books, inks, etc.

Moreover, the injured finger began about this time to enter its protest against the hammer, and after all domestic resources had been exhausted the doctor must needs be called; and the result of all was that Leander went for three months with his arm in a sling, and with his studies at the end of that time still indefinitely suspended.

And all this while my aunt Patty remained firm in the conviction that Leander was rapidly growing away from his boyish shortcomings; that he was in reality thoroughly grounded in principle, and would one of these days surprise the world with some achievement commensurate with his genius.

My uncle did not share her convictions and hopes, all the good woman's efforts failing to make him see the splendid promise with her eyes. "If he doesn't disgrace himself yet, and all the rest of us, we shall have good reason to thank the Lord"—so he used often to say at our house when he talked of Leander, for he had got in the way latterly of coming to us for the relief of his mind. Perhaps this was not wise; I think it questionable, indeed, whether it is ever wise to go away from one's hearth-stone for the relief of one's mind.

I especially remember two or three occasions

when he came to us under heavy and peculiar pressure of trouble. The first I will record occurred in the subjoined aggravating circumstances, and when Leander was about seventeen:

My uncle had hired the shoemaker's daughter, a strapping girl of fourteen, to assist in the shelling of some dry beans; and Leander in such company soon found duty a pleasure, and for the first time in his life wrought with alacrity. "They will get along without my help, they are doing so well," says my uncle; and his affairs calling him in another direction, he left the boy and girl together in the open woodshed, where they were making the bean-pods fly at a lively rate.

It happened that the shoemaker had brought his daughter at an early hour of the morning, in a small wagon which he generally used to convey leather from the neighboring town; and, with the horse unharnessed and tethered to the tail-board, had left both in plain view of our young bean-shellers, proposing to return for the daughter at sunset, or thereabouts. This he did; but no daughter was to be found, and no wagon, and no horse, and lastly, no Leander! Nothing but a little heap of shelled beans, and another of bean-pods. Fluttering among the latter was part of the blue ribbon which the girl had worn on her bare neck, and this was frayed and torn, as if it had not been removed by her own will and with her own hand.

"If the young gentleman has stole the ribbon an' the locker which it was onto it," says the enraged shoemaker, "I'll have the law of him; an' if the ole man gets off for less than a cool thousan' I'll make his brogans for nothing all the balance of his life. He's rich, any how—ole Doolittle is!"

And he set off following the wagon-track, inspired, as it were, by a vision of the new show-window that should make his shop outshine all the shops of the village.

It did not turn out quite as hope had painted. Leander had not stolen the *locker*, though it was found in his possession—the girl herself admitting that, after some coquettishly playful resistance, she had of her own free-will given it peaceably into his hand; the damage sustained by the blue ribbon being simply incidental to the coquettish demur. But though hope was unequal to her promise, she did not altogether fail, and her vision was not built upon so baseless a fabric as visions sometimes are.

This advantage had really befallen, for the poor shoemaker regarded any discomfiture to a richer man as an advantage to himself.

Our Leander, instigated by the possession of the *locker*, and doubtless exhilarated by the whirl and rustle of the bean-pods in the lap of Delilah, had proposed an innocent excursion along the romantic and sequestered valley of Coom's Creek; the proximity of the shoemaker's wagon, together with the young horse tethered to the tail-board, serving to put reason and common-sense quite out of sight.

The proposal was accepted, and, in the language of the shoemaker, "the two crazy-brains sot out on a pleasure trip *unbeknown*, and two hours afore regular time for knockin' off work!" Once in the sequestered valley the divertisement was prolonged in excess of prudence; and before they were aware of the sunset the runaways were startled back to a sense of propriety by the looking down upon them through the boughs of the pale, reproachful moon.

"My father—my mother—the apprentice—what will they say?" cries Delilah. "Home, home, with the speed of the wind!"

This she reported in her evidence as having been her entreaty.

"How can you expect me to obey you?" replies Leander. "These muddy waters of the Coom's Creek, mingling with the solemn serenade of the owl, the bats flapping overhead, and the devil's-darning-needles, and the gnats, and the mosquitoes adding their melodious hum—all nature conspiring to the soft enchantment. No, no; do not urge the poor common plea of duty!"

"If we but had a peck of oats for the horse!" says Delilah; "but as it is, it must not, can not be! My father—the apprentice!"

"Oh, Fate, thou art indeed inexorable!" cries Leander; "and yet but for the cruel mention of that detested apprentice I would defy thee! As it is, I yield me now; but when the fitting occasion offers, when I am unrestrained by the presence of woman, my manhood shall assert itself, and my outraged feelings be avenged! Get up, old sorrel, get up!"

This elegant passage was also given in the course of the testimony.

The creek was not fordable at all points; but against the timid protestations of the young lady the gallant Leander dashed in with the admonitory exclamation, "Trust all to me!"

"One trembling arm she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover!"

And in they dashed, as before said; but to dash out was another matter. Up came the water—up and up till it lifted the horse off his feet and bore him away; and while it lifted the horse, it at the same time loosened the coupling-bolt, and lifted the wagon-bed from the wheels and frame-work of the wagon.

So there were the pleasure-seekers floating off in one direction, the young horse, with the wheel-works attached, and encumbered by harness, swimming for dear life in another. Coming to shore, the spirited horse freed himself at all hazards, climbed the steep, and snorting and wide-eyed, galloped for home, leaving the broken and battered wheels behind him to sink or swim. How the young people got ashore does not matter; suffice to say they came home bedraggled and dripping somewhere toward midnight, looking sheepish enough.

The shoemaker brought suit for damages, and after zealous prosecution my uncle was

finally mulcted in the sum of ninety dollars. The affair cost him the bean crop, I remember, and a cow or two in the bargain.

It was about this time that Leander's hitherto fluctuating convictions began to settle into fatalism. "It was all foreordained," he says, "and I could no more help driving into the creek with the shoemaker's girl than I could help being born. If the beans had never been planted, then this misfortune never would have chanced; but it wasn't chance—the beans had to be put in the ground when the time came, just as much as the stars must be planted in the sky when their time came. Don't blame me; I am only a blind instrument."

So he would sit idly day after day, his lank hair all tumbled about his hollow eyes, and his narrow brow drawn into ridges, rather than wrinkles, as he argued with any vagabond that would listen upon questions of *Fate*, free-will, foreknowledge absolute, etc.

It was my aunt's project, I think, to put him through college. "He is disheartened," she says, "by all this trouble that the shoemaker's girl got him into; none of us like to be ridiculed; and new scenes and new occupations will banish it from his mind. Besides, I believe Leander has never yet had an incentive equal to his genius."

"I always thought genius made its own chance," replied my uncle.

"And so it does; but even genius must have tools and appliances."

Then she told how Leander had set up a smelting-pot in the smoke-house, converting the tar-bucket into the same, and having put into it a mixture of tar, rosin, gunpowder, and catnip leaves, together with the steel buckles of his suspenders, had kindled a fire beneath, in the belief that said buckles could be thus converted into gold. To be sure, the bucket was of wood, and fire will burn wood, as is known by the simplest child. "But the bucket was smeared over with tar and looked as black as iron," says my aunt; "and somehow Leander forgot, or was carried away by enthusiasm." The result, as may have been anticipated, was disastrous, a conflagration ensuing that singed the yellow locks about the ears of our experimenter, and involved the loss of a dozen pounds of bacon, not to mention other damages. The buckles were tarnished, but in other respects uninjured; and on the whole my aunt estimated the failure as a success, and made a point of it from which to push forward the collegiate project.

"There is a place and work for every one," she argued, "and there must be both for Leander, if we could but find them." In her secret heart she had hopes upon one of the learned professions.

"I have generally found," says my uncle, "that when the man can't find his place and his work for himself, it is quite useless to find them for him." As to Leander, he was altogether passive. "What is to be will be," he

said; and with his singed hair bristled up, and the ridges in his brow, he sat and waited.

It caused many a hard pinch in the household to fit him out for college, but it was done; for what will not the devoted mother manage to do for her boy? It was done; and when the poor tired hand that had stitched all his linen, hemmed all his handkerchiefs, and knitted all his socks reached tremblingly out to take farewell, Leander touched it carelessly and let it go without one word of tenderness or gratitude. "Don't fret your gizzard about me," he said, when he saw the tears in the wistful eyes, that were hoping against hope; "I can take care of myself, I reckon; except," he added, "as I am shoved into the tram-way of fate—the car must move when the full head of steam is on."

The mother turned away, and for a dreary hour that day, and for many dreary hours of days thereafter, sat with her elbow on her knee and her head in her hand, thinking and thinking. "Maybe some time when I am dead and gone he will learn to know what hardships and sorrow I have borne for his sake." This, I am afraid, had come to be the best solace she could draw out of all the thinking.

At first there came good news of him—he was delighted with the college fellows, the professors, with the air, the scenery, every thing. He had found some friends worthy to be called friends, and one at least by whom he was *understood*! "My stars," he said in his letter, "seem to have withdrawn their malignant influences, and I am left to that delightful delusion—a sense of free-will."

"I don't feel quite easy about this friend that understands him," says my uncle, when he brought us the letter to read. "I'm afraid it's another shoemaker's girl; though Patty thinks it is undoubtedly one of the college professors."

Then fell a silence that lasted a month or six weeks—not a word from Leander.

"No news is good news," says my aunt; but my uncle grew dreadfully uneasy, especially with reference to the friend by whom he was at last understood.

"I can't share Patty's confidence," says he, "and never hear the gate-latch without an expectant shudder."

Still the evil news did not come, and the days ran into weeks, and the weeks into months, and six were gone, when my uncle appeared one wild winter morning, his waistcoat flying wide and his hat off, with the exclamation, "What do you think? Leander's come back!"

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, and what do you think more?"

"I don't know what to think."

"No, nor you won't when I tell you!"

He gave the innocent cat a toss with his foot that sent her half across the room as he said: "Well, he's come home, and brought a wife!"

"Brought a wife?"

"Yes, Sir, a woman that he calls his wife!"

He was talking with Rose, and said *Sir* simply by way of emphasis, I suppose.

"Where did he get her? and what is she like?"

"Heaven only knows *where* he got her, but *what* he got is an old woman with her front teeth gone, and the top of her head as bald as a gourd; and *what's* more, she has a lame, freckle-faced boy, ten or a dozen year old! Leander says it's all *fate*!" he went on, as he sunk into a seat and burst into a fit of half-insane laughter.

He had not exaggerated the case in the least, as was demonstrated to our sorrow before long. Two less efficient and less attractive persons could hardly have been found in the whole country-side than the bald-headed woman and the freckled, lame boy whom Leander had brought home to his father's house.

My uncle was at first nearly broken-hearted, but my aunt taught the strange woman how to dress her little wisp of hair to the best advantage, made the freckle-faced boy as presentable as possible, by means of a high-heeled shoe, and some of the cast-off clothing of one of her own boys, and said, or tried to say, that no doubt it would all turn out for the best. Maybe Leander would set to work in earnest now, if they could only manage to give him a little land of his own. Perhaps his true vocation was farming, after all. "The wife seems really good-hearted," says my aunt, "and with a little instruction could make cheese and butter, I dare say; and her lame boy could do many a chore on a farm."

"Yes," says my uncle, "he might plow the side-hills to advantage!" And he laughed loud at his sorry witticism, but not heartily.

Leander did not show any disposition to take hold, as things were. "The old farm was worn out," he said, "and it was no use for a man to kill himself to keep himself; he, for his part, could earn more breaking stones than in cultivating such miserable worn-out land." But as it happened, he didn't fall to breaking stones—not he; he sat astride the fence instead, and bemoaned the inexorable hardness of fate.

"I had *her* against my will," he used to say, in allusion to his wife. "Do you suppose I wanted to marry her? I tell you I didn't. She made me believe she *understood* me—that is the secret; but she is wholly incapable of appreciating my least thought! She set a trap, and I was obliged to go in; she dragged me just as the spider does the fly. She was ordained to do it. I don't blame her; in fact I pity her. She is as much out of her element as the fish is when he is out of water. What help, what sympathy can she give me in my higher moods? What's the use to talk? Things are curiously ordered—that's all I've got to say!"

The honey-moon was hardly over when he began to indulge in this sort of complaint; and before three months were gone he had nearly driven his mother to distraction by the declaration, often repeated, that if it wasn't for his

family he would pack his trunk and go to parts unknown!—the threat being always accompanied by a significant motion of the barn-door pin, or some other equally dull wooden instrument, across his throat.

The following spring the dear old homestead with all its belongings was sold, the plan being to purchase a larger tract of land, and portion off a freehold for Leander, so that he might set up for himself, toothless wife, lame boy, and all.

My aunt, in the apportionment of household goods, dealt generously with her daughter-in-law, and gave her one of the best feather-beds, and not the second-best, although she had Shakspeare and the famous allotment to Ann Hathaway for a precedent. In all respects she was equally generous; and the married pair went into their own house, upon their own ground, as well-to-do as need be.

My aunt did not like the new place so well as the old, and after a year of painful languishment died, and was borne to the old hills she had loved so much, and left there to her long sleep. And well for her that the sleep was deep, for her last poor hope would never have been realized.

Leander never awoke to a consciousness of her worth, or experienced any pang of conscience as to his own bad behavior toward her.

He was irritated, angry because of his loss; he had drawn his very life-blood from her, and where now should the vampire feed itself? He railed against fate, ill-treated his wife, and indulged in atheistic speculations. He added the morose to the morbid—that was all; he did not mourn.

The lame boy now proved useful in a way that had not been anticipated; he was employed most of the time in conveying provisions by the bucket and basketful from the house of the father to that of the son.

Zion's Sentinel, as it seemed to my uncle, grew very secular about these days, and failed to impart the consolation and hope that it used to do, now that the pleasant little nothings which for so long a time had accompanied the readings were fallen into silence. The great sheet was hardly unfolded when it came, and the great Bible took its place. Hours and hours together the bereaved man would sit in the shadow of some tree, or by the hearthstone, his eager eyes fast on the page, searching and searching for some certain news of the better country. Perhaps it was in this book that he learned to forgive, not only seven times, but seventy times seven. At any rate his heart softened toward Leander; and when the bald-headed wife put on spectacles to look at the baby that lay in her lean bosom, he gathered them up, with their household goods, cradle and all, and brought them home together.

Leander took no notice of the child nor of the mother; she didn't understand him, he asserted, and the less said between them the better; she mumbled so he could not receive her

meaning, and as to the hairs of her head, he found no difficulty in believing that they were all numbered.

The rumor began to be whispered about before long that Leander's wife had become a little queer, somehow—not crazy, but unsettled, and with strange ways. "She had always strange ways," said my uncle, and he thought nothing serious about it one way or the other. This was what really set him thinking: Early one winter morning, when the snow-flakes were flying and the winds beating about, he was startled, as he sat by the jamb reading the Bible, by a dull, dumping sound against the door. "Come in!" he said, when it had been repeated two or three times; but no one came, and rising with the open page across his arm, he threw wide the door. The two men who had been hired to chop had come back from the woods bearing Leander's wife on a rude trestle between them, and it was her feet that had made the dull thump upon the door.

"The body was swinging in the wind from the bough of the very tree we were sent to fell," said one of the men, covering the face from the frightened eyes of the child, sitting upright in the cradle.

"Fate," says Leander; "it was fate that led you there."

Within the year the widower found consolation, and this time the wife was young and pretty—that is to say, she was generally so esteemed, being white, plump, hard, and crisp as a turnip just pulled from the ground. She was selfish, indolent, pettish, with small intelligence and no reason—a white, blind force. To be married was to be married; that was all she knew, except that it involved new dresses, a white veil, and some flowers. After that she entertained some vague notion that generous living and all sorts of holiday delights flowed perpetually in of themselves, and that she, at any rate, had only to stand and wait. Her ideas of marital felicity underwent, in company with her fatalistic yoke-fellow, a singularly sudden transformation, and she went blindly bumping about her house like a bat when the sunshine is all at once let in upon it. "Leander, I want this;" and, "Leander, why don't you get me that? Mrs. So-and-so has it, and I want it and will have it!" These and such like were her staple of conversation. Before long came threats. "I'll go back to my father; see if I don't! You might get me things like other folks! I always had sweet-cake at home! If you haven't got money, tell *them* to give you some! I'll have a blue satin dress and pearl ear-rings, or I'll go home to my father!" And her round white face would flounder among her pillows as she thus teased for half the night.

And, sure enough, the threat got itself executed at last; and with a little white head, much like her own, rolling about on her shoulder, and a little bundle of blankets crushed in her arm, she one day took up line of march,

leaving the cupboard bare, as Leander reported in the opening of our story. And now we may return to the point from which we digressed so long ago.

Kathleen not only prepared the sup of tae for the swate-complected gentleman, but also made herself useful and interesting in a variety of ways. On the instant she was ready with the tumbler, the towel, the chair, whatever was wanted; she broke out in snatches of sentimental song in his hearing, and lost no opportunity of expressing her mind so as to be overheard with regard to the duties of all honest wives an' mithers. At one time, when Leander was leading his horse to the watering-trough, it happened that the halter broke, and stripping the green ribbon from her hair, she said, as she proffered it, "If the gentleman'll do me the honor to accept!" Leander took the ribbon, and the hand with it; and when the mending was accomplished I think it would be safe to say that the courtship had really begun. Another favoring accident occurred the same afternoon. A stray pig broke into the garden, and Kathleen, armed with the broomstick, sought in vain to rid the premises of the intruder. "Misther Leander!" she called at last, having chased up and down and across twenty times, flourishing the broomstick this way and that, the pig, with his back bristled up, galloping and snorting before her—"Misther Leander! would ye plase stip in it a minute jist, an' sthan' at the gap by way o' temptin' the cratur out?"

This finished the business, or at least put it in so prosperous a way that by the time the pig was ejected and the gap closed the two hearts were beating as one.

About the midnight of that same day I was awakened by a light touch on the arm, accompanied by the question, "Don't you hear something stirring?" I listened, and did hear a sound as of footsteps moving cautiously along the entry. Then came the jar of a door, and then voices were heard in smothered altercation. Something unusual was going forward, evidently. We stole to the window, lifted it softly, and looked out; and there, with a prodigious sack across the saddle, as of bundled clothing, stood Leander's horse; and there beside him stood Leander himself, his eyes cast upward to the porch roof that slanted toward him. "Come to my arms, dearest Kathleen!" he entreated.

And there, sure enough, was Kathleen on the roof, all tricked out in her best.

"But, swate-heart," she says, "you're too warrum altogedder; I might wrinch me nick in the jump; an' why shouldn't I go down the stairs an' mate ye like a dacent woman?"

"Because I tell you to come this way. Come!"

"Jist because ye till me? An' is that all? Thin I'll sthaye where I am!"

"But, Kathleen, fate has ordained our flight to be on this wise."

"Thin we'll jist thry which is the sthronger. I'll go down the udder way to yez."

"An' didn't I till ye?" she says, appearing before him in triumph.

He took her by the shoulders and gave her much such a caress as the mastiff sometimes gives the kitten.

"Ouch! An' till me, did ye mane that, or was it chance?"

"Chance! Fool, there is no chance. Fate fixes every thing; fate selected you to be my wife before the foundation of the world."

And this was enforced with a caress like unto the first.

"But I ain't in it yit," says Kathleen, "an' if fate has selicted me we'll thry our sthrength a second time. You're not the gentleman I took ye for at all, but jist an ould fool, that's had bether nor your desarvins, an' bad luck to ye!"

She had dragged the sack from the saddle by this time, and making her way back into the house, closed the door behind her with a jam, leaving Leander outside to ponder upon fate and free-will at his leisure.

Leander lingered about for two or three days after this, and did his best to make up with Kathleen; but she had become indoctrinated into his own faith, and was of opinion that fate had niver intinded him to pull through the world shouldther to shouldther.

At length he said to Barnabas one day, "What would you do, young man, if you were me—would you go, or stay? I ask because I want to know how my behavior strikes the ordinary mind; and we must, after all, shape our actions with reference to that as far as we can."

"Bein' as you ask me," says Barnabas, "I would go! an' I wouldn't go home to my father, nuther! Go to Boone County, Indiana, where I was raised—there's as good land there as ever laid outdoors—pre-empt a quarter section right in the timber, ask your neighbors to help knock up a house some day when you've cleared a garden-spot, an' afore long take a smart, likely woman to keep your house, an' be somebody!"

Our hero acted upon this advice, and the next thing we heard of him he was married again and living in a cabin in the woods beside some swampy water, well adapted to the breeding of chills and geese. Whether or not the last mate understood him we failed to learn at the time, and probably now the opportunity is lost; but we did learn that he had taken passionately to music, taught singing-school once a week, and spent most of his time sitting in the door of his cabin with an old violin hugg'd to his shoulder.

I know nothing further about his life or death, unless, indeed, the subjoined epitaph may be supposed to refer to him, as some allusions seem to intimate. It was brought to us by Barnabas when he came home from visiting his friends in Boone County about a year subsequent to the coming and going of Leander, which has been already set forth.

"I found it in the old grave-yard," says he,

"an' writ it out word for word, an' brung it all the way into my hat-crown, thinkin' maybe you'd like to see it, jest as a kind of curiosity."

Here it is, and for the rest the reader can judge of the probabilities as well as the writer. The doubt hinges chiefly upon the signature—Joe Miller; and this may possibly be attributed to a hitherto dormant facetiousness existing in the mind of the poet—I would not pretend to settle it:

Here lieth one who bore three yokes,
Much given to meander
Among the girls and women-folks,
By name that was Leander.

The last illegally he took,
Not meaning to deceive her,
And then about six months he shook
With ague chills and fever;
And now she lives by hook and crook,
For he did go and leave her.

An epitaph all writ sedate
He left beneath his pillar,
Going to show that things is fate,
Which signed it was—Joe Miller.

He held his land upon a lease—
He did not own an acre.
His relict, at his sad decease—
A wife he could not make her—
Sold his old fiddle and six geese
To pay the undertaker.

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LILLA GONE.

I HAVE never greatly troubled myself to study human character. I have especially rather avoided studying my own. I do not know much about the springs of human action. I am neither a moral philosopher nor a psychologist, therefore I can not pretend to explain the manner in which the separation I have described in the last chapter affected my character and my ways. But I know how it did actually affect me, and I record the fact. With the parting from Lilla Lyndon there fell away from me all inclination for the kind of indolent distraction in which last year I had been seeking consolation only too often. I despised and detested it all; I shook it completely off me in a moment. I knew myself redeemed from it, and I knew that the whole change was made in me, a man of maturing years, by the sad smile of a girl.

I knew a man once who told me, in one of those rare bursts of confidence in which generous and reserved men sometimes indulge, how he had lived for ten long years of the most trying part of existence, defiant of temptation, on the memory of a kiss. He was not a sentimental or a weakly man; he did not pretend to be what pious people call a good man. I never knew whether he believed in any particular theological dogmas. He was a man of strong, passionate emotions; a man to go widely astray under certain circumstances; a man who had gone astray. A good, pure woman loved him and trusted him; he had no money, and he went away to the United States to look for some, that they might be married. When he was going, she herself, spontaneously and for the first time, put her arms round his neck and kissed him. He did not make any formal resolve that his lips, like those of Coriolanus, should virgin it till he should return and give back that kiss again, for he was not one of your deliberately good and Spartan men at all. But he told me that he never knew temptation in the mean time which could for a moment efface the memory of that kiss. He lived on the mem-

ory, pure as a King Arthur, for ten years; and then he came back, and they were married.

Perhaps such things are not so uncommon as we think; only that few men will venture to confess purity. At all events, I believe it to have been true in this case. I could understand it the better, knowing what impression the parting from Lilla Lyndon made on me. I think I could have carried a kiss from her unstained into the darkness of the grave.

I avoided Christina, and indeed every body, as much as I could. I observed that Mr. Lyndon was growing more and more attentive to her; and this fact alone, were there no other reason, would have kept me from her.

Her husband suddenly reappeared in town. During his stay of last season he and I had taken a strong liking for each other; and now that he returned he came to see me at once. I happened to be out when he called; and as his card bore no address, I resolved to go to Jermyn Street, see Christina, if she should happen to be alone, and learn where he was to be found. When I got to her house, however, I heard that she had visitors; and knowing who one of them was, for I saw his carriage at the door, I would not be of the number. So I turned away.

This was only three or four days after the meeting and parting described in the last chapter. I left the door of Christina's lodgings to avoid one Lyndon, in order to meet another. It was with a sense of detestation that I suddenly found myself confronted on the Jermyn Street pavement by my odious Stephen Lyndon. What on earth—what out of the lower world—brought him there? As I turned my eyes away from Christina's house I nearly ran against him or over him.

"I have been signaling you," he said, "from across the street; but either you couldn't or wouldn't see. Only a word or two now. I sha'n't detain you. Our society now isn't pleasant to each other. But I want to know whether you have reconsidered what we spoke of the other day in Kensington Gardens?"

"No, I haven't. There's nothing to reconsider—let me pass!"

"Isn't there? Perhaps! I have news for you. Goodboy is on the scent; and he has ordered her off."

"What do you mean?"

"Thought I could arouse your attention! He has taken her or sent her away out of London. Carried her away from me as well as from you! I didn't count on that. 'Twas I gave him the hint—I told you I would; but I never expected that he would do what he has done—absolutely prohibit the poor little thing from holding any communication with me—with me, her uncle, who loves her! Yes, by Jupiter Ammon, I do love her! Forty thousand Goodboys could not, with all their quantity of love, make up my sum! It's all your fault, with your confounded scruples and nonsense. If you had listened to reason, you and I could have managed this splendidly. Now she is gone from both of us."

"How do you know?" I inquired, ashamed of myself for asking the question.

"She wrote me a line, poor little innocent—the last, she says; and inclosed me a trifle. It's the spirit of the gift one values, Temple, not the paltry amount; and she hopes all may yet be reconciled; and she will never fail to work for that sacred end—and that kind of thing, you know. By Jove, Temple, what a little angel in petticoats she is! I have no doubt she'll be a ministering angel, old boy, when you and I lie howling; though I, God knows, was made for goodness and religion, and am a man more sinned against than sinning."

"Well, what do you want of me?"

"Simply to ask, are you going to stand this?"

"Stand what?"

"That fellow packing away that sweet, loving girl to some abominable hole in the country."

"I suppose Mr. Lyndon has a right to the care of his daughter. Some fathers do care for their children. I have no claim on Miss Lyndon."

"Then I'll tell you what, if you're going to stand it, I'm not. I'll spoil them all; and that's why I'm here. Temple, I wish you no harm—I don't indeed: in fact, I rather respect you; and I think in my anger yesterday I did you injury to no purpose, and myself too. On the whole, I like your chivalric nonsense; there is a far-off flavor of youth and poetry, and that sort of rot about it, which refreshes me like a scent of the distant sea. If I had a son, Temple, I think I shouldn't be very sorry if he acted as you did; for, by the good God, that girl would run away with you to-morrow if you asked her! Well, then, I don't want to injure you; but I'll crush them."

"Whom do you mean?"

"My hated Eteocles Lyndon, or Polynices Lyndon, whichever you please; and the woman he is following, and my old friend and colleague, the Carbonaro yonder. I'm on the track of something, Temple; and trust me, I'll run it down. They are making use of Goodboy: he

fancies he is making use of them. I know what it's all about. *Vive la République sociale et démocratique. Viva Mazzini! Piff, paff!*"

He nodded his head, jerked, and gesticulated vehemently, like a Neapolitan going mad.

"I don't understand you at all."

"Dare say you don't! Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck; keep yourself out of their schemes, Temple, and then I sha'n't have to harm you. I am in the swim already, I promise you. Good-by. You don't understand how Goodboy came to be an Italian conspirator, then, don't you? Hum, ha! Did you ever read Churchill?—

'By my life,
This Davies hath a mighty pretty wife!'"

He winked his beady old eyes, then again indulged in a variety of gesticulations admirably imitated from the Italian, made a pantomimic gesture expressive of the rapid and frequent use of the stiletto, exploded into his old familiar rolling chuckle, raised his hat to me, and turned away.

Looking back a moment after I saw him standing on the steps of Cox's hotel engaged in conversation with a waiter, and smoking a cigar with as lordly an air as if the whole house and the street too belonged to him.

I thought little of his hints and threats: he was always vowing and menacing, and nothing ever came of it; an unconquerable levity and fickleness always seemed to interpose happily between him and any serious deed of harm to others; nor did I see what possible danger could come on Christina and her husband through his influence. So little belief had I in any thing he said that I did not even place unreserved faith in his story about Lilla Lyndon, although that, Heaven knows, looked likely enough; at least, I earnestly hoped it might not prove true. If I had been the means of creating a discord between that girl and her father I had surely reason to blame and hate myself. I will find out if it be true, and if it be I will at least do practical penance in this way: I will go to Mr. Lyndon, and humble myself before him—him whom I detest—and speak to him as one man of honor speaks to another, and pledge him my earnest, solemn word that I will never see his daughter again; and tell him that I am resolved on leaving this country, not to return. This must satisfy him: he shall be satisfied, if any pledge, if any humiliation of mine can do it. I will not be the cause of estrangement between him and his daughter; I will not have that great sin upon my soul. If I have done wrong, I can at least endeavor to undo it, and to do penance for it.

I will do it this moment.

I hailed a hansom, and drove to Connaught Place.

"Is Miss Lilla Lyndon in town?" I asked of the footman who opened the door.

"Miss Lilla have left town," was the answer.

"To-day?"

"To-day, Sir."

The man's expression was, I thought, conclusive.

"Is Mr. Lyndon at home?"

"Mr. Lyndon is at home, Sir; but he have give instructions he is engaged particular."

"Will you give him that card, and say I have the strongest reasons for wishing to speak to him for five minutes? Say I would not disturb him, but that I have the strongest reasons."

The man asked me to step into the hall while he took the card to his master. As the reader will remember, I had been in this house once before, and I knew that Mr. Lyndon's study was only divided by the wall from where I stood.

In a moment I heard Mr. Lyndon say, in a loud, strident tone, as of one who determines that his words shall be heard by those whom they concern:

"I decline to see Mr. Temple!"

The man came out and gave me the message, looking rather reluctant and abashed, I am bound to say in justice to him.

Still I was resolved that no mere humiliation should deter me from acting as I felt myself bound in honor and conscience to do. I clenched my fingers, bit my lips, crushed down my emotions, and made a new attempt.

"Will you be good enough to say to Mr. Lyndon that a very grave misunderstanding may be wholly avoided if he will see me for five minutes?"

The man went in, and I heard again, in the same tone, the same words:

"I decline to see Mr. Temple!"

"I told you," said the servant when he came out—and he spoke in a half-remonstrating, half-deprecating kind of way—"I told you he was particularly engaged. He always is particularly engaged, and can't see no one at this hour, just before he goes to the 'Ouse."

The man made this observation in the purest good-nature. He wished to soften the snub to me, and to put it on the mere ground of his master's intense occupation. I caught at the suggestion, however. I took out my purse and slipped a sovereign into his hand, rather glad of any way to testify my appreciation of his good-nature while buying one more service of him.

"I am sorry to have disturbed Mr. Lyndon," I said; "and I ought to have known that he is busy just now. Will you, however, kindly go back again, and say that if he will name any time and place—the House, or Brooks's" (of which I knew he was a member), "or anywhere, I shall be only too glad to wait on him, and say half a dozen words which it is very important he should hear."

I don't know whether the man could have delivered this long message; but I think he was saved the trouble. The moment he opened Mr. Lyndon's door I heard the words:

"I decline to see Mr. Temple now or at any other time, any where. I decline to hold any kind of communication with him. I am busy;

do not disturb me any more. Give that message distinctly, and say there is none other."

And this was the end of my resolve to humble myself, and try to do good! I came away with a burning face and a raging heart. All that anger and hate and sense of wounded pride could stir up to embitter human nature was working within me just then. No wonder men sold their souls in the old days, when there were powerful bidders for them from the infernal world—no wonder they sold their souls for revenge on some enemy.

I crossed into the Park, and was walking slowly under the trees. Presently I heard a quick step following mine, and the rustle of a dress came near me, and an emphatic little cough appealed to my attention. I might not have heeded, but a woman's voice at last said, and apparently very much out of breath too:

"Oh, if you please, Mr. Temple, Sir!"

I turned round, and saw a pretty, flushed little face near me—the face of a well-dressed young woman, who had lady's-maid printed in every lineament of her countenance and motion of her limbs. I did not recognize her at first.

"Don't you remember me, Sir? I am Miss Lilla's maid. Which master was very angry, Sir; and Miss Lilla took on a great deal; and she has gone with Miss Lyndon (our eldest daughter, Sir) to the country for a while; and master's going down soon. Miss Lilla cried a deal, Sir; and master was very cross; and I came in for my share of it too. I saw you in the hall, Sir, and thought I'd just chance it, and run across to tell you; for I'm not allowed to go with her, Sir. I wouldn't stand being talked to by Miss Dora Jane, and I've give warning; and I've brought you her address, Sir, written on paper, which I thought you'd like to 'ave."

She put a paper into my hand, and nodded knowingly and hurried away. I was taking out my purse to offer her something, but she would not wait. I do believe she had run her risk out of the uttermost good-nature and pure sympathy with what she regarded as a touching love-affair broken in upon by a cruel parent.

I carried the piece of paper mechanically in my hand a long way—until I had, in fact, got into Kensington Gardens, and reached the margin of the pond. I did not open and look at it then. What right had I to know any thing of the movements of Mr. Lyndon's daughter? I was not even her lover, as the good-natured girl who had left me evidently imagined. Why should I expose myself to the temptation of renewing an acquaintance which, for her sake and for the sake of honor and honesty, ought never to be reopened? The very bitterness of the anger and resentment I felt toward her father gave but another reason why I should not trust myself with any chance of revenging my own wounded pride by meanly tampering with his daughter's love.

"No," I said to myself, firmly, "I will not run this risk; I will not thus tempt myself and peril her happiness. I have resolved to save

her from the futile vexation my acquaintance might bring on her; and I will not allow myself even the chance of breaking my resolve. In God's name, then—"

Without reading what was written on the paper, without even looking at the handwriting—I did not dare to trust myself—I tore the thing into a hundred minute fragments, and flung them on the face of the pool. The little waves tossed them, the little breezes played with them, some greedy wild-fowl gobbled up a few of them. I left the scraps that still floated to sink or decompose; no eye could read their secret.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CONSPIRATOR.

SALARIS and I gradually became close friends. Habitually we were both silent men, and there is no sociability like the free companionship of silent men. We often sat for hours together in my lodgings or in his, and smoked our cigars, and hardly exchanged, perhaps, in the course of the evening, a dozen sentences. Neither felt any need to talk unless when he had something to say; and therefore we much enjoyed each other's society. Ned Lambert was sometimes with us, and when with us, did not add much to our loquacity; for he had grown silent and moody enough, poor fellow, of late, his soul brooding over one purpose and one love.

Thus, therefore, we sometimes sat of an idle evening: three men smoking, and mostly silent; the Italian brooding over his new political schemes; Edward Lambert brooding over his love-affair, which was so tormenting in its incomplete, not hopeful, yet not quite hopeless, condition; I looking on at both, and liking both, and pitying them, and wishing I could help them, and in my heart acting as their confidant, but not speaking much aloud of the secrets of either. Ned Lambert and I had hardly ever spoken of his love-affair since his Lilla's departure. The promise she had exacted from me not to speak to him of her father made me anxious to avoid approaching the subject at all; and my own disastrous failure in attempting to set things to rights made me feel ashamed of the topic. Moreover, I had a clear conviction that the thing must come right in the end, and I looked on the separation of Ned and his love only as a mere probation, during which he must practice self-restraint and save money. So, if I sometimes pitied him, I often envied him as well.

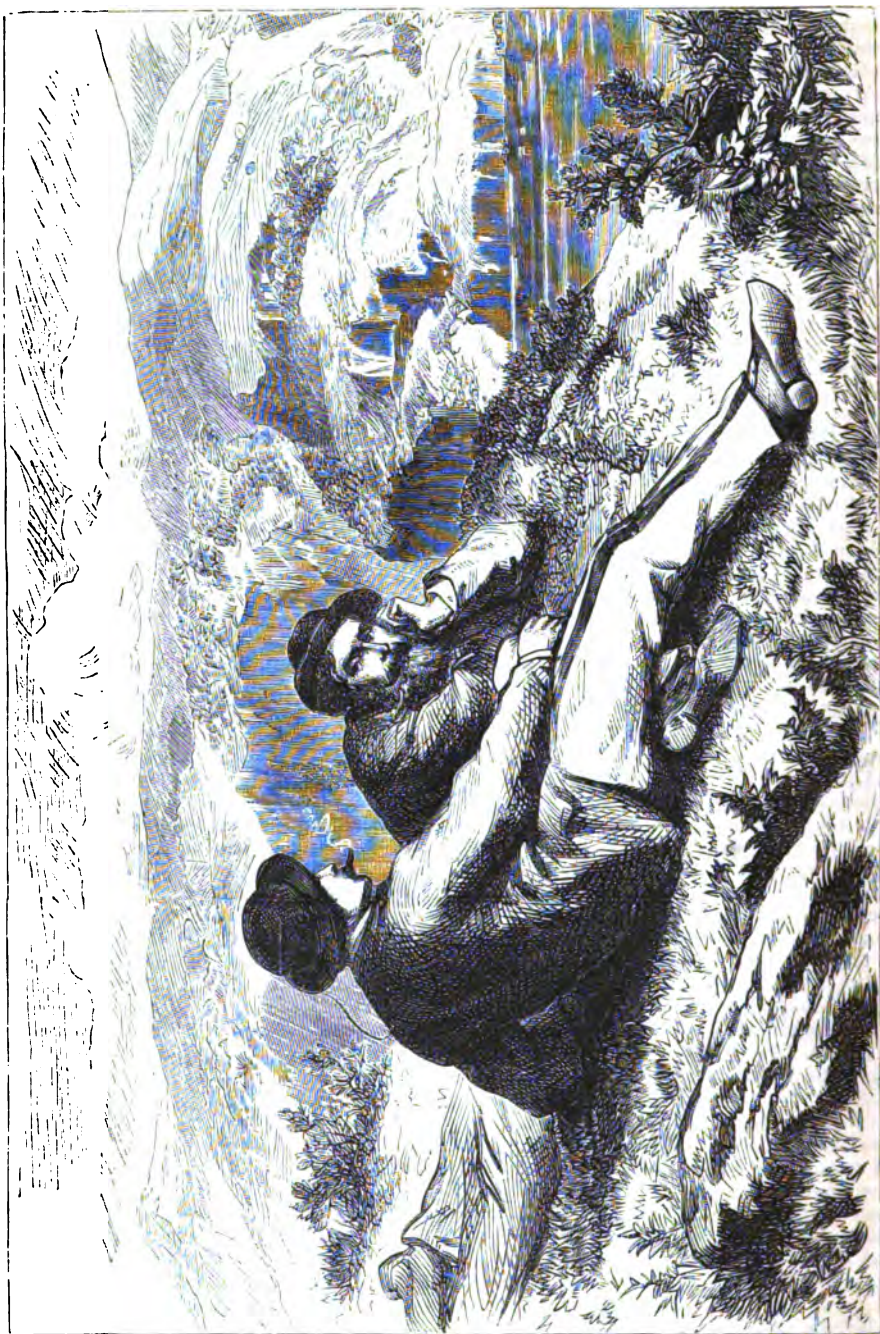
But the case of Salaris was quite different. He was a man given up—so at least I thought—to a hopeless object. I looked on him as one destined to drag out a lingering life, hoping against hope, feeding upon air, wasting so much that might be noble and useful upon the emptiest of all chimeras. His face was seamed with the deep lines of failure; you saw the ruin of

plans and plots written on it as clearly as men crossing the desert can see the bones of dead camels in the sand. His life, past and present, seemed to lie before me openly as a panorama; the conspiracies discovered before they had been half matured, the sworn confederates who dispatched their daily reports to the police, the insane and empty projects, the hopeful and despairing journeys to and from London and Paris, with the eye of the Government quietly fixed upon the supposed *incognito* all the while; the tacit encouragement and half-spoken promises of diplomatists, which would turn out to be reeds to lean on, or spears to pierce, when the moment came; the over-impetuous friends, the cold friends, the false friends; the courage and self-devotion and soldierly manly qualities all flung away, the ruined life, the hollow cheeks, the prematurely gray hair, the broken heart.

Sometimes I thought, this man possesses all that I should once have asked to make me tranquil and happy. Had I been Christina's husband, I think I could have lived for her, and with her. He loves her only too deeply, he trusts in her wholly; why can he not be happy with her, and leave his feverish and idle schemes? Is it wholly because he has a lofty, absorbing sense of duty? or is it not, in part at least, because she does not love him, and he knows it, and can only make life endurable by the presence of continual excitement? I think so. I think he thirsts for a love she can not give, and he drinks political excitement as the thirsty seaman on the raft, when he can get no pure water, drinks from the salt waves, well knowing what must come of it—and goes mad.

I think Christina's ambition has gone far to destroy—at all events, to mar—three lives: her own, her husband's, and mine. Some day I will surely tell her so. Now I systematically avoided her, and she avoided me. The more I saw of her husband, the less I saw of her. It so happened that even on the stage just now we did not so often meet, for I had had the evil fortune about this time to contract a pretty severe cold and hoarseness, and my medical man bade me take rest and change of air. He recommended me to go to the south—Hastings or Brighton, or some such place. I detested these places; and it so happened that my Italian friend one night expressed a strong desire to see the English Lake country. I too had never seen it, and we agreed to go together. My physician had told me some southern place was the only spot I could go to under the circumstances; I knew, however, that all my voice and I wanted was rest, and rest was to be found deliciously in the shadow of the mountains. So we left town at a moment's notice, and traveled to Bowness, Salaris and I; and we had some quiet days on the Lakes.

One glorious day we were at Grasmere. We had been paddled across the lake to the mountain, Loughrigg I think, on the shore opposite the road from Ambleside. We had scrambled our way to a path called the Terrace Walk,



BALANIS AND L.

which runs winding like an order-ribbon around the broad chest of the mountain. We flung ourselves on the ground, and looked silently at the scene below. The lake lay quite at our feet, a sapphire bedded in the emerald of the hills. The sun was already sinking, and his beams shot across our path. It was a glowing day: heat lay upon every thing. The water slept in the sun, and scarcely stirred a ripple; the grasses under our feet were motionless in the light. Tiny insects, which even in June were generally to be found nestling away from

the cold air, crept out of their lurking-places to-day, and basked in the sunbeams. Two or three girls were sitting far below us, with their white feet plashing in the stream which ran into the lake. A boat, with a solitary oarsman, moved slowly across the surface of the pool, the rower merely keeping on his motion by a stroke of his paddles at intervals. Distant peaks and ranges of hills revealed themselves for the first time in the lucent sky; far-off waters gleamed among the mountains like sword-blades shining in the sun; the white pebbles on the strand seemed to suck in with delight the ripples which softly plashed upon them. A white cottage, with the sunlight on it, blazed like a pale meteor across the valley. Except the occasional voice of distant sheep, or the faint lapping of the water on the beach, or the twitter of the birds, or the laughter of the girls below, no sound disturbed the quiet of the scene.

We had been some moments without speaking. A bird suddenly rose above our heads with a shrill cry, and sailed away over Helm Crag. The sharp cry broke the spell of silence which had held us.

"This reminds me of Northern Italy," said Salaris, in his low, musical voice, with something always of a thrill in it. "I have been thinking of it this some time. The skies are as clear as over Como or Garda: it makes me melancholy. Nature is always melancholy, I think."

"I suppose it is; except to a painter, whose study it is, or to somebody who never thinks about it at all. I think sunlight is, on the whole, rather a sad thing to look at."

"So it is. So is music, to hear; so is any music at least that is worth hearing."

"Music is a passion of yours, Salaris, is it not?"

"It is not; it used to be. It only betrayed me, and I have cast it off."

"Betrayed you?"

"Disappointed me—deceived me. It is all illusion; you can not reach it. It is to the soul, in life, what the mirage is to the unfortunate wretch in the desert. I wish I had never known one note of music from another."

"And you an Italian!"

"The more reason. The arts have been the Circes of Italy. There is no music where there is political freedom, and where manly energy finds room. What music has England? what music has America? No; it is Italy, Germany—these are the places where people lie down and make songs. Italy is a slave tinkling her guitar to make merry her master's friends. No; I love not music any more; it has betrayed me—as well as my country."

There was a profound bitterness, as well as pathos, in the tones of his voice as he spoke thus. No one follows a mere abstraction, an impersonal idea, with such emphasis. I glanced at Salaris, and I thought I could read his heart.

I was anxious to lead him away to other thoughts; so I said:

"But you have still hopes for Italy's independence?"

"Hopes? have I hopes of another world? I believe in the future of Italy just as I believe in God: when I despair of the one I shall disbelieve in the other."

"Well, I don't pretend to understand the question as an Italian might, or to look at it from an Italian point of view; but the prospect does not seem to me a hopeful one. Your Italians are not agreed upon any thing among themselves; they don't know what they would have; they have made up their minds to nothing."

"My good friend, when did a people on the eve of revolution know what they would have? Did all your English people know what they would have when they rose against Charles I.? Did the Americans all agree beforehand upon the object of their revolt against England? Did the Dutch make up their minds about what was to come before they attempted to expel the Spaniards? It is only the very few who lead the rest by whom any plan of action can be arranged; and even they, if they are wise, do not always try to know much beforehand. You are never master of the situation and the circumstances if you have planned all rigidly in advance. Revolutions are not to be set out beforehand, like pieces at the theatre. Let the thing once be set going, and leave the issue to Providence."

"Providence, they say, always sides with the strong."

"And we are strong, if we only would use our strength. Italians are kept down in great part by what you in England call a sham. Just now she has indeed one solid obstacle in her path; but that once removed her course ought to be clear."

"Well, I wish you every success, and I only wish I could bear a hand in your struggle. I might well do so; I have nothing to lose."

He looked at me intently.

"Nothing to lose in life?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Not hope—not success—not love?"

"I have no hope; and—and I have got into a wrong groove."

"No way out of it?"

"No way—except over the precipice and down."

"I should like to enlist you in our cause, and I should have no scruple; but I have promised not to bring you with me in this."

"Promised whom?"

He set his teeth hard upon his cigar, and sent out two or three puffs so fierce and sharp that the smoke went straight from his lips horizontal as the path of a bullet, until the little breeze got power and dispersed it.

"I have promised my wife," he said.

He fell into a moment's silence. Then I resumed:

"You have some allies in England, though?"

The reader will remember that this was a

year or two before Solferino, and when Italy had as yet few earnest British believers. To most of us honest Englishmen, despite Venice and Manin, Rome and Garibaldi, "Italian" still meant cowardly, treacherous, dagger-using, lazy, dirty, fawning, begging, lying, vacillating, popish, and slavish.

"Yes, we have some friends; not many."

"Mr. Lyndon is one?"

My companion smiled.

"Yes, he is one; and a generous friend."

"Does *he* know of any of your plans?"

"Some, if not all. There is something now in prospect of which he does not know."

"One question more let me ask you. Do you know his brother?"

"I know the man you mean, and I know now that he is Lyndon's brother. I only knew it lately; but the man himself is well known to me. We were friends long ago, and served each other."

"You don't trust *him*?"

"Why not?"

"Because he is a treacherous, selfish scoundrel."

"What words of energy! No; I don't think he is. He is unfortunate and heedless, and has had a stormy youth; but treacherous I do not think he is."

"But you do not meet him; you have not trusted him with any thing—lately, I mean?"

"I have lately employed his services a little; but you may rely that in no case should he have much of my confidence. He can be made useful, but he has not a head to be trusted. He can talk to Frenchmen like a Frenchman; to Italians, like an Italian; to Englishmen, like an Englishman. He can be made useful in a way, and in that way I use him, not farther. He is now in Paris. He came to me a few days ago, and showed me that he knew something—not much—of some projects. He offered his services, and told me he was poor. I once did like the man; and I have some old memories that are strong, that are superstitions with me. I accepted his services."

"Salaris, beware of that man! He will betray you."

"The Englishman suspects," said my companion, faintly smiling, "and the Italian does not! What a reverse of conditions! But have no fear; we trust our agents with knowledge only in their capacity of keeping it. He can do nothing. If I were to intrust you, I should put something in your power."

"Then do so. Let me be in the business, whatever it is. I have good nerves, and a pretty strong frame. I can use either rifle or sword. I can speak Italian; and I think I know, without teaching, how to die."

He shook his head.

"It would not do—yet. There are things only an Italian may do, even for Italy—things an Englishman must not share or even know of. I told you there is an obstacle to be removed first; that out of the way, the drama

will begin. Then, if you *will* play a part, I grasp your hand. After all, you are at least Italy's foster-son. You are an artist and singer. You have sucked at Italy's bosom. You should give out a little blood in return for so much milk."

"Only try me, when the time comes. But the obstacle you spoke of—is it one that can be removed?"

"Ay, it can be, and it shall be."

"Before long?"

"Before many days, perhaps; before many weeks, so surely as I fling this stone into the lake below."

He flung a shining pebble far from the hillside. No breath of air stirred as I looked somewhat languidly to see the stone shoot into the lake. But the brightness of the atmosphere had deceived him, and he thought the task easier than it was. The stone fell far short, and rattled into a cleft of the hill. Some wild birds rose screaming from their nests, and swept across the sky.

Salaris looked surprised, and even disconcerted, at the issue of the test he had offered.

"Come," I said, "were I a believer in auguries, I should endeavor to persuade you not to go on with your present undertaking, whatever it may be. The Powers are clearly against you. The stone did not reach the lake. Did you observe at which side the birds rose?"

"*Abstine omen!*" replied my companion, with restored cheerfulness, and his usual smile of mingled melancholy and sweetness.

We sat still longer on the grass, thinking and smoking. My friend seldom indeed ceased to smoke under any circumstances; and the cigar had long been my nepenthe, my balm of hurt mind, my sovereign grace: Disappointments, vexations, humiliations, reverses, seemed to float away for the moment on the vapor: to go up like the prayers of the pious on the steam of the sacrifice.

The sun meanwhile was near, very near his setting; the place seemed more lovely than ever. More lonely and more lovely; the solitary boat had long since been moored under the shadow of Helm Crag; and the girls had plashed in the water until they were tired, and then dried their feet and put on their stockings and shoes, and went their merry way, wholly unconscious that far above their heads two pair of eyes watched, or might have watched, their doings. They too had gone away long since, and left my friend and myself apparently quite alone. Salaris lay flat on the turf, after a while, and seemed to have fallen asleep.

The skies were already purpling; and shadows were falling over the lake. It seemed to me vaguely as if the sound of the distant waterfalls grew louder and deeper in the evening air. In the growing twilight the scene began to lose its realities in my eyes, and to become transfigured into something more familiar, long unseen. I seemed to see again beneath me the bright bay of my childhood, with the headlands

clasping like arms around it, and the gentle hills on whose sides I so often lay of evenings like this, and looked idly, as now, on the noble waters beneath. It was easy enough and pleasant enough to fancy, with half-shut eyes, that the scene I looked on was still the same. Yonder was the wood sloping down to the sea—the paths of it, as I well knew, thick with fallen leaves at all seasons, thick at some seasons with pine-cones and chestnuts; and there is the church-yard where my mother lies; and there is the path where Christina and I used to walk together. The sun goes down: he is gone; and the sunset-gun will be fired from the frigate in the bay.

And just at that moment a sharp, thrilling, peculiar whistle, seeming at first like the long scream of some mountain bird, rang through the evening air, and broke up my reverie.

My companion started to his feet, wide awake, and looked wildly around him. Far off, on the side of another hill, we saw the figure of a man. He was coming toward us, and he whistled again as before.

Salaris put one finger between his lips, and sent back a whistle so like that we had heard, that, but for its nearness and loudness, it might have seemed an echo.

"It is some one you know?" I asked, not a little bewildered.

"Yes," he replied, "some one I know; but I had not expected him now and here."

He hurried to meet the figure, which was now in the hollow just beneath. I followed at some little distance, allowing my friend to come well up with his visitor, and exchange words with him unheard. The man, as well as I could see him in the growing twilight, was an Italian, but of a different mould from Salaris. He was low, stout, with a thick black beard cut close round his face, so that his chin and jaws looked as if they were set in it; and he had a roving, restless, hungry, red-black eye, which rested suspiciously on me while I approached, like the eye of a fierce dog when, as he is devouring his food, he sees a stranger coming, and is not quite easy as to the stranger's intentions.

He had given Salaris a letter: and the latter, having read it carefully, spoke a little in a low tone with the messenger. Then Salaris called to me in a loud and cheerful voice:

"Our friend has had a rare search for me," he said. "He left London this morning, and is here now! He brings me some news which obliges me to return at once to town. There is no train to-night, unluckily, from here; but, by traveling on in a carriage all to-night, we shall get to Lancaster in time for the first train in the morning. I am sorry to break up our charming little sojourn; but there is reason."

"No unpleasant news, I hope?"

"Unpleasant?" He paused a moment, and seemed to weigh the word, and sighed. "No, not unpleasant; untimely, perhaps."

"Nothing rash; no madness, Salaris! Don't risk your life in idle attempts."

"My life has no value to me except for these things; and an Italian exile's life is always a conspiracy. But don't be alarmed; caution shall be used in every thing: we have to economize life, I can tell you."

"Can I lend a hand?"

"No, no; it is not time," he said, with a smile, "to fight for Italy in the open field just yet. When it is, we enroll you. One thing you can do for me. I can only rush through London." Here he put his arm in mine, and drew me a little away, out of hearing of his companion. "When you return to town, see my wife alone, and tell her I have had to leave England hurriedly, and that she will not have tidings of me for some days. You need not cut short your stay here: she will not expect to hear from me for the time we were to be here. Needless to say, I never write to her through the post. Do you not write, but see her—see her alone."

He pressed my hand.

His companion had a carriage waiting on the road at the nearest point of access to the mountain. Salaris got in, and lit a fresh cigar. I did not accompany them; their way was not mine, and my companionship would doubtless have been embarrassing. I intruded no more inquiries or advice; indeed, I had no basis on which to rest inquiry or advice. I knew that Italian plots of various kinds had been going on for years; that emissaries were constantly traveling backward and forward between London and the Continent, with, so far as public observation was concerned, no apparent result whatever. I was therefore not much alarmed for Salaris. I felt rather, indeed, an unspeakable sense of pity for the enthusiast who was leaving me, and whom, as I did not then know, I was never to see again. He looked calm enough now, and cheerful; not at all like a conspirator, at least of the theatrical kind, with whom I was most familiar.

"Adieu," I called. "Beware of bringing on your head the anathema of Pio Nono."

He smiled cheerily, waved me a friendly farewell, and the carriage bore him away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"AH, BEAR IN MIND THAT GARDEN WAS ENCHANTED."

DESPITE Salaris's hint that I need not cut short my stay among the Lakes, I determined to return to town at once. Somehow I felt that I could not remain mooning among these mountains to no purpose and alone. Of course I pretended to myself to be very sorry to have to leave Nature so soon, and insisted that an immediate return to town was simply a hard necessity not to be avoided; but in my soul I was glad to escape from a *tête-à-tête* with Nature. I dreaded her twilights and her long lonely shadows, as children dread the hour of dusk, when ghosts are supposed to lurk in all

dim closets and dark corners. To some of us, too, Nature is not a quick consoler. She wants sympathy terribly. She is so beautiful and calm and good that we poor sinners can not hope to touch her heart at all. The exquisite beauty of the scenes around me just now, the purple shadows, the pure outlines, all seemed to form a sort of angelic society into which I had no business to enter—where, at all events, I had no right to remain. So, instead of lounging late among the mountains, I resolved to go straightway back to Bowness and the hotel, and to leave for London in the morning.

This was apparently a new instinct, an unreasoning, foolish, utterly unpoetic impulse; yet I have good cause to be thankful for my prosaic and timorous desertion of Nature; for the whole current of my life from that day might have been changed, an existence the most blank and hopeless might have been allotted to me, but for the sudden impulse which bade me leave the mountains and the tarns at once.

I turned, then, and set out to walk home. I even endeavored not to look much or often at the beauty of the scenes which surrounded me and which I was leaving. Sometimes, indeed, at a bend or sudden elevation of the path I was following, the resistless glory of lake and wood and mountain, steeped all in the rising purple of evening, would arrest my attention for a moment, like a sudden burst of light flashing on the eyes of one who has been groping and plodding a steady way in the darkness. But I was out of sympathy somehow with the scene. It was not like the sight of my rough and passionate old play-fellow the Sea, which, even in its softest, calmest moods, has nothing of the angelic and the heavenly about it, but is tossed, and fitful, and reckless, and ready for rude evil work, like any of ourselves, and never abashes or rebukes us by a cold, pure, changeless beauty. See, after all our raptures about her, how few of us can long endure the society of Nature! When any thing has gone wrong with us we are ready enough to run back to her; very much indeed as a young debauchee of prematurely broken health is seized with a longing to be once more nursed and watched by the tenderness of the mother whom he has left behind so long, and hardly thought of in the midnight hour of his revelry. Yes, when one is sick at heart; when his splendid soap-bubble has burst; when he has been rejected by the girl he would marry; when his play has been damned, his great part been hissed by the audience, and gibed at by the critics; when he believes he has ruined his constitution, and thinks himself under sentence of death—then he begins to find out that Nature never did betray the heart that loved her, and he crawls to her knees perhaps, and fancies himself becoming very pure and devoted in her refined companionship, and he admires himself and her with a mournful complacency. But he soon grows tired of her silent beauty and her unemonstrative sympathy; her face of loveliness

and her heart of stone. He wearies very soon in any case, and goes away; while, only let the world, the flesh, or the devil, or all three combined, give him another chance, and then see what follows!—open to him any new and promising project in place of that which has collapsed; give him reason to believe that in his case, too, the nineteen nay-says of the maiden make one grant; let him feel returning strength and energy once again; tempt him with an opening for a new play or a new part—and observe how soon he renounces the charms of Nature, and rushes to the vehement interests and excitements of life once more. Delicious was the retreat which Gil Blas made for himself at Lirias, and calmly philosophical was the farewell to *Spes et Fortuna* which he inscribed over its portals. But the story does not end there. Yet another chapter, and we learn how promptly he quitted it for the treacherous court, and ran into the embraces of *Spes et Fortuna* once more.

Indeed, after a thorough drenching in the life of cities people do not seem to me fit for Nature's placid and pure companionship. We ought to be like the animal of which people say that once its fur has been soiled by contact with common clay, it goes back to its home no more. Nature avenges herself somehow, and will no longer put up with us. We have grown so that we can not do without the city life; we miss its very discomforts, as Albrecht Dürer, in the pathetic German story, missed even the ill-humors of his wife, and was glad to get home to her again.

So I resolved to quit Nature, and get back to Art.

It is but a short walk from Grasmere to Ambleside, and thence I meant to go in one of the steamers to Bowness, where our headquarters were at one of the two or three big hotels which then looked out upon Windermere. I walked rather fast, and got over a good deal of the ground without stopping even to look round. As I drew near to Ambleside the road became studded with handsome villas and charming cottages. The gates of one villa stood invitingly open; the back of the house, which was seated in the midst of a considerable patch of lawn and shrubbery, was turned to me, its front looked on the lake. I could not see the water as I glanced in, but only the hills which I knew were lying on the other side. The hills were now of a deep dark purple, their outlines cut out sharp as steel against the violet of the sky, and over the shoulder of one of them rose in soft and melancholy beauty the silver disc of the Shepherd's Star.

I stopped before the gate and looked in, struck beyond resistance by the quiet witchery of the evening and the scene; and seized with a curious longing to get a glimpse of the lake, which if brought to view would complete the charm of the whole picture. So, as the gate stood hospitably open, and I knew that people are not very rigid toward strangers in the Lake-

land, I ventured in a few paces, and took the path which led to the left of the house, assuming that that would in a moment bring me to see the water. All at once I was aware of a figure a few yards in front of me.

It was that of a slender young woman, who stood with her back to me, leaning one arm on the bough of a little tree, and holding a straw hat in her hand. From the position of her head I saw that she was looking at the sky; and the evening light, the scene, the grace of her figure, the sort of pensiveness expressed in her attitude, threw a poetic and melancholy charm around her. I felt as if I could almost see

"The looks commercing with the skies,
The rapt soul sitting in the eyes."

I could not help gazing for a moment; but I would have gone back, if possible, unobserved, as I had entered, only that, just at that instant, somebody came out of the house—somebody whom I could not see—and I heard a woman's voice call,

"Miss Lilla!"

I started at the name.

The girl who stood before me neither looked round nor answered; but a quiver of impatience went through her figure, and her shoulders moved with a slight shrug of vexation. Looking now more closely at her, I could not doubt her identity. Chance, or fate, or providence, or what you will, had brought me, utterly ignorant and blind as I was, to the very spot where Lilla Lyndon stood, and which I had deliberately refused to know of, when the chance was placed within my power.

Even then I would have gone away unseen if I could, if I had had time. But the voice again called—this time in a sort of supplicating tone, such as one employs toward a wayward child,

"Miss Lilla."

This time Lilla looked round; she did not see me at the first glance. The light, such as it was, just between the death of day and the birth of night, fell on her face. With its pale light against the growing shadow, that face looked like the evening-star itself, which shone above it; the face was now more than ever that of a young Madonna. Delicately formed, with clear outlines, a smooth, straight, white forehead, small straight nose, cheeks that now looked quite uncolored, dark eyebrows, and beneath them sad, clear, violet eyes. Lilla Lyndon's face was turned to me; and I could not move, even if I would.

Still she had not seen me; and she turned to where the person who called her must have been standing, and whom she evidently could see, although I could not; and I heard her say,

"I am here, Anne! What is it?"

"Miss Dora Jane, Miss Lilla, hopes you will come in now. It gets cold, she says; and she hopes you have your hat on."

"I am coming, Anne, in a few minutes; and

it is not cold. I am coming, quite soon, tell Miss Dora Jane."

Miss Dora Jane's messenger vanished, I suppose; and then Lilla turning round, as if to resume her old position, looked directly where I was standing, and saw me.

First she seemed only startled and surprised, and she made a step forward as if to see who was the intruder. Then a sudden change came over her face and lighted in her eyes; and she put one hand to her breast, and held the other toward me; and then I sprang forward, only just in time to catch her as she was falling—for she fainted—and I caught her in my arms.

She was a light burden, although rather a tall girl. I could have carried her, if need were, like a child; but I only held her in my arms, and drew her to a garden seat which stood near, and placed her there reclining; and was bewildered, not knowing whether to go to the house and ask for help, or carry her there in my arms, or stay with her and let no one know.

Lilla remained only a moment unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked at me, first with an expression of wonder and alarm, and then with a glowing smile of childlike confidence and gladness. She passed her hand across her forehead and said:

"Oh, Mr. Temple, how much ashamed of myself I feel! Does any one know?"

"No one."

"Thank Heaven for that! I should hear such remonstrances and advice. I do not know why I became so weak in a moment. Was I long so?"

"Only an instant."

"Ah! What can have made me so? I think you frightened me. First I did not know who it was; then, I think, for a moment I thought it must be a ghost—this is a land of ghosts, you know. Why did you not speak? Why did you come in so strange a way? You quite alarmed me."

"You are better now, Miss Lyndon, are you not? You look quite pale still."

"Oh, I am quite well now—quite well. See, I can walk quite strongly. That was only the nonsense of a moment."

She stood up, and walked a few paces firmly enough, although she still was evidently a good deal agitated.

"Shall I go to the house and send some one?" I asked.

"Oh, please no; I don't want any one; they would only bore me. But now tell me, why did you come in that strange way, and alarm me?"

"I came in only by chance, Miss Lyndon; I did not even know that you were here. I walked in a few paces—I don't know why—and then I saw you, and had not time to go away."

"You did not come here, then, to see me?"

"No, Miss Lyndon; I did not even know that you were in this part of the country."

"I was here, and you did not know it; and your coming to this part of the country, and

into this very place, was the effect of chance—pure chance?”

“Chance—pure chance.”

“How strange!” she said, meditatively. “Such things would seem impossible. And yet—I must believe you.”

“You may believe me.”

“If I had gone into the house five minutes before, you would not have seen me?”

“No, Lilla.”

“I have never heard of any thing so strange as that,” she said again, rather as if speaking to herself than to me; “they would never believe it—never.”

“They—who?”

“My step-sister and the rest. They never will believe it; but I can not help them, and I don't care. Let them say what they will.”

“There is nothing to say, Lilla. I have seen you merely by chance, and for a moment. I am going away again. I leave this place by the first train to-morrow.”

“That, too, they will not believe. I do not like unbelieving people; they suspect deceit, and so they create it every where. Deceit becomes encouraged where nothing else would be regarded as possible. This chance meeting, Mr. Temple, will be a reproach and a suspicion for long enough.”

“I am very, very sorry, Miss Lyndon, and I wish I had not come.”

“So do I. But it is done. Will you go now?”

“Yes, Lilla.”

She gave me her hand; it trembled in mine; and I thought there were tears in her eyes. In answer to a sort of plaintive inquiry which spoke in them, I said,

“You wish me to go, Lilla—do you not?”

“I do—oh yes. I must wish you to go; but not in a cold and angry way; not as if you were offended with me. Not as if you thought that I, of my own accord, wanted you to go away.”

“Oh no, Miss Lyndon.”

“Why do you sometimes call me Lilla, and sometimes Miss Lyndon?”

“I don't know. I will call you Lilla always, if you wish.”

“I do wish it. I wish that we should be friends, and speak to each other so.”

“I never thought, Lilla, that you wished me away; I know you are always too kind and friendly. But I know too—I should have known even if you had not told me—that this chance meeting might expose you to reproaches which you don't deserve, nor I; and so I understand that you wish me away for that reason, and that you are in the right.”

“Tell me, Mr. Temple, frankly—and forgive me beforehand for any pain it may cause, but tell me truly, and all, whether it causes pain or not to you or to me—why does papa not like you?”

“Indeed, Lilla, I can not tell you; I do not know.”

“But you must have some kind of idea; you must guess.”

“I think it is because he knows that only the other day I was poor and humble. Not romantically poor, Lilla, but downright and wretchedly poor. Now he knows that I come from the poor, that all my friends were poor; I myself am not a man he cares to know; and I am by far the richest and the grandest personage of my whole race. I think he disliked me always for that reason. Is that frank?”

“It is. But I must go in. Now pray forgive me, and don't, oh don't, speak as if you were speaking to one who had herself any such ignoble feelings. You have told me that Madame Reichstein too was once poor, that her family and her people were poor?”

“Yes. Poor and humble—as my own. No words could be stronger.”

“Yet papa always admires her, and delights in her company?”

“She is a woman; and beautiful and attractive; and—I think—”

“Yes, yes. Now go on, pray; don't stop.”

“I think your father admires her.”

“And I too,” she said, looking at me with a flash of fire which I had not expected to see in her Madonna eyes; “I think so too, and Dora Jane is a fool not to see it. I know it. He admires her, he adores her; he would give her mamma's place if he could, and I must have no friend unless such as he pleases to give me! But I have a little of his own spirit, and I can not so be schooled any longer. I will not stay here any more. I hate the place—at least, not the place, but the way in which I am kept here. Mr. Temple, I am a prisoner here, and I can bear it no longer.”

“Lilla, your father means it all for your welfare; even I, whom he does not like, must admit that. He has a right to guard you. You are young, and—don't be angry with me—beautiful and sweet and trustful, and you have no mother.”

“Oh, I feel *that* bitterly, more and more every day. If I had a mother I could lay my head upon her breast and tell her all; and she would understand me, and forgive me when there was any thing to be forgiven, and not scold me in hard biting words. Mr. Temple, I have never until lately known what distrust was. I have believed every one. Lately I have been distrusted, and it has taught me to look at others with eyes of doubt: and I begin to find some of my idols are of clay. Look, they are broken, some of them! I understand now why girls in other countries go into convents, and live there and die there.”

“You will outlive all this, Lilla, and be happy, and wonder that you ever could have had these sad and gloomy thoughts.”

“Never, never! Nothing can give back the faith and confidence which are gone.”

“New faith and confidence will grow up, and other ties will draw around you. Listen, Lilla, dear Lilla! I am so much older than you that

I may talk to you as wisely and boldly as I think right. Do you trust me?"

"Indeed I do."

Her eyes looked a trustingness into mine which to win was worth having lived for.

"Then be advised by me. Be reconciled to your father. He may seem harsh now, and harshness is strange to you, and comes with the greater pain. But he thinks only of your good; it is his way of showing his love. Don't think of the fear you had—that about Madame Reichstein, I mean. Mr. Lyndon admires her—all lovers of music and genius do: but the rest is nothing; and what you feared is, I know, an impossibility. Be reconciled to your father; write to him frankly and lovingly, and tell him so. Tell him that you accept his conditions."

She hung her head a moment, and without looking up asked,

"Do you know the conditions?"

"I do; I think I do; at least, I guess them, dear. I may speak out openly to you, may I not, though you are only a girl, and I am a man not over-young? His conditions are, that you promise never to see me any more?"

In the faintest syllables she assented.

"Be advised by him, my dear. I would promise and pledge for you if I could."

"Do you advise me so?"

"I do, Lilla; I do indeed. For your own sake, my dear, I advise it. Do not become estranged from your father for my sake—I mean on my account; I am not worthy of such sacrifice; I am not worthy, Lilla dear, of you."

O God, if I were! If I could now but feel myself worthy of that child's pure and generous heart! If I could offer her a fresh, pure affection like her own! If I could but believe it in my power to make her happy! Never, never again will such a gift be within my reach! No man can hope for such a moment twice in his lifetime.

"You see I speak to you with a freedom and frankness which might offend you, if you were not so sweet and trusting and noble as you are. I will not affect to misunderstand you, Lilla; and you will understand me. I am not worthy of you, my dear; you would be thrown away on me and on my life."

"Your life has always seemed to me beautiful and poetical, and free from all the meanness and roughness of the common world."

"From the outside it seems so, Lilla. It is very hard and commonplace and mean and bitter within. I do not like it; and I am leaving it. I am leaving it to steep myself in the fresh life of the New World, and to lose myself there. You will become reconciled with your father, who loves you dearly, and you will forget all this, and be married some day, and be happy."

"Oh, how can you say such things! Oh, how can you! You are very, very cruel!"

She sat down on the gnarled oaken seat that stood near by, and covered her pale face with her white slender hands. Her whole figure

shook and heaved with emotion, and tears came trickling through her fingers.

Must I own that, up to this moment, I had always thought there was probably some truth in what Christina Reichstein had said, and that any feeling Lilla Lyndon might have had toward me was in part only a child's romantic sentiment toward a man who lived in a world strange to her, and which doubtless showed itself in her unskilled innocent eyes all poetry, wonder, and beauty? I was not prepared for the deep vehement burst of emotion and grief I now beheld. I was not even prepared to find that the sentiment, whatever it might be, had survived a short separation and silence. I was not prepared for love.

Could I doubt that I saw it now offered to me? Could I refuse it?—I who had wasted half a life in vain!

I could not; I would not. I sat by Lilla's side, and put my arm round her slender waist, and drew her to me. I would have done the same though her father stood by. She endeavored to draw herself away, but I held her while I spoke, and her hands yet covered her face.

"Since this is so, dearest Lilla, why should I try, even for your sake, to be wise and self-denying in vain? Since this is so, I do believe that Heaven has sent me here to see you, and to save you from a life which is too cold and hard for you. If I can make you happy I will, and I will at least give my life to the attempt. I accept humbly and thankfully what Heaven gives me. Will you love me, Lilla, and have me for your husband? I will love you always."

I heard no answer, and wanted to hear none. But she allowed me to draw her closely to me now, though her tears still fell as before. And then I raised her face from her hands and kissed her.

"Miss Lilla!"

The woman's voice again was heard at a little distance. She was evidently seeking for Lilla near where Lilla had been before. We had gradually straggled to a distance from that place, to quite a different part of the shrubbery.

"I must go," said Lilla; "they are looking for me again."

She now looked up for the first time for some moments, and her eyes met mine. They were full of tears, through which at last a smile struggled.

"You must go, dearest. Your eyes, I fear, are tell-tales."

"They will tell nothing more," she said, with a brighter gleam, "than they have often told lately."

"And I did not know of it!"

"Miss Lilla! Miss Lilla!"

"Good-by, dearest," I again said. "Secrecy for this once; only this once. We will act in the open face of day soon. I will write to your father to-morrow."

"To my father?"

She spoke tremulously, and looked affrighted almost.

"Yes, Lilla. To whom else?"

"But if—"

"We will talk of the 'ifs' hereafter. Just now, I think of no doubts. You shall hear from me, Lilla, soon, very soon. Good-by."

Again I kissed her. There was a flower in her bosom, and she took it silently out and gave it to me. Then she went quickly toward the house. She looked back a moment, and I saw her pale face once more—a star in the darkness. It set—she was gone.

I came into the road, and paced up and down there for a long time, trying to think, to arrange my ideas, to plan for our future. It looked difficult and complicated enough, but assuredly my heart did not misgive me; even on *her* account I could fear nothing. I could only think, "She loves me. I am sent to devote my life to her."

The flower she took from her bosom was a rose. Something like a shudder went through me as I looked upon it. An evil omen! When last a rose taken from a woman's breast was my possession, what was the story it predicted? Separation, disappointment, two, three lives thwarted and frustrated. And now again the symbol! Childish unmeaning folly to think of such things. But I could have wished that Lilla's flower were not a rose.

GOING OVER TO THE ENEMY.

GLANCING over the paper one morning while breakfasting at the Hoffman House, my eye fell upon the following:

"Died, in Florence, Italy, July 15, Mr. A. Wilkins, of consumption on the lungs."

I had known Mr. Wilkins but a short time previous to his sailing for Europe. But the little I had seen of him went a great way with me, for I felt drawn toward him, and hoped that we should be good friends, if the opportunity were afforded of our being much together. Unfortunately he was about going abroad, and it was very uncertain when we should meet again, if ever. For I knew that he had an affection of the lungs, and was recommended by a friend who spoke from experience to try the air of Capri, in the Bay of Naples. This announcement, therefore, of his death, in a foreign city, made me feel quite sad all that morning.

On my way down town I called in Tenth Street to see my friend Doctor Wallbridge Nutt. Nutt was an excellent fellow, and a good friend whom I had long known. Among strangers he passed for a rather eccentric old bachelor. At college the students used to call him Wal-nut. And very poor college jokes were not unfrequent on a real or fancied correspondence between his name and his character. As thus: in his Freshman term he was a green Walnut; in his Senior term, a tough or dry Walnut. "He's so queer a Nut one

would think sometimes he was *cracked*." "A rough fellow that Nutt in his outside shell, but he's got plenty of meat in him." "Will he ever be a kernel?" "He's no poet, though he is *shelly*." "He has more bark than bite." "Don't make him mad, or he may prove a jaw-breaker," etc., etc. Well, Nutt graduated and studied medicine, and still his companions joked about him—called him old Nux Vomica; and when he delivered a thesis on diseases of the chest, addressed him as Dr. Chest-nut. In fine, the fanciful reader can imagine what "nuts" his name was to the incorrigible punsters of the school, and how it was forever running the gauntlet up and down the ranks of the medical students.

All this is a digression. But the fact is, I can't help lingering over those old college days when Wallbridge Nutt and I were young fellows. Not that we were exactly old fellows at this time, though both were charged with being old bachelors. But, as the French say, there are bachelors and bachelors. Now Nutt I *knew* to be an incorrigible old *garçon*, who had the reputation of having dropped all his married friends. For myself—well—I didn't think I was exactly incorrigible. I always thought myself an admirer of the fairer sex, and was at least a susceptible member of the fraternity aforesaid. I ask pardon for still digressing.

I called on Dr. Nutt, and found him at home. One of the first words he said was, "Well, I have lost my friend Wilkins."

"So I see; but I didn't know you knew him."

"Oh yes; he was one of my old friends, though I haven't seen much of him lately, as he has been living in Boston. Well, he's gone from me. It's always the way. Can't keep any of my bachelor friends long. But I expected it would take place, sooner or later. I suppose you will be taking the leap one of these days."

It struck me as a hard sort of style to speak of the death of an old friend in. But then, I thought, Nutt is a doctor, and eccentric.

"A fatal disease that," I said, "of poor Wilkins's."

"Well," said he, "you may call it a disease. But there should be nothing singular or unexpected about it. It's common to most men."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "You think so? I hope not. You don't think I am inclined that way, Doctor?"

"Can't say; you are getting on in years, and seem pretty well fixed in your habits. But nobody can tell. You may go over and join the enemy too, for all I know. But I hope not. You are almost the only bachelor friend I have left, of the old ones."

What a peculiar way, I thought, of speaking of death! "The enemy?" I said aloud. "You call this change 'going over to the enemy'? To some—perhaps for poor Wilkins—may it not be a change for the better?"

"Ah, you are infected," said Nutt. "I fear I sha'n't keep you long."

"Infected!" I exclaimed. "God forbid! I feel myself perfectly well. Do you see any thing the matter with me?"

I rose and looked at myself in the glass.

The Doctor laughed. "Yes," he said, "Tom, you may look at yourself, for you are a good-looking fellow still; and—susceptible—there's your danger!"

"Bless me, Nutt, your remarks are a riddle to me. What a queer fellow you are! Do explain yourself."

But the Doctor was looking out of the window into the street. He evidently saw some one he knew and was interested in, for he jammed his rather large nose close up to the pane, as if he were following with his eyes some person, who finally disappeared round the corner.

"Who's that?" I asked, when he turned around.

"The very man we were talking about," said Nutt—"Wilkins."

"Wilkins! What do you mean? Doctor, you are not in the habit of seeing ghosts, particularly in broad daylight?"

"Explain yourself, if you please. How ghosts? I say it was Wilkins—Wilkins and his wife."

"Doctor, you are carrying on a very grim joke. You really mean that you saw Wilkins pass by?"

"Certainly; nothing strange about that."

"Stop," I said; "Mr. A. Wilkins?"

"Mr. A. Wilkins."

"Why, we've just been talking over his death. It was in the papers this morning. I read it with my own eyes. You know it too—you alluded to it before I did."

Nutt looked at me so queerly that my first thought was, after all poor Wilkins is alive, and has returned safe and well and—married. But a doubt came over me.

"What Mr. A. Wilkins is it you know?" I asked, eagerly.

"Mr. Abijah Wilkins," said Nutt.

My hope died away. My acquaintance's name was Abel.

"So," I said, "we have been talking about two different persons—probably not even related. But what did you mean by mystifying me so? Why did you speak of your friend as dead?"

"Beg your pardon—didn't do any such thing!" A puzzled pause on my part, and a puzzled look into his eyes.

"Oh, I see how it is," said Nutt—"I see. Well, it's a way I have, you know, of considering all my married friends as dead—dead to me. But I didn't say Wilkins was dead; I said I had lost him—that he'd gone over to the enemy. The enemy—you know what I mean—the women. Abijah Wilkins is just married. Bless you! when your friend is married it's all labor lost to try to keep up your friendship with him. I tell you, I tried long ago to do it; but the thing can't be done. When a man's mar-

ried, don't he belong to his wife? If they are in love, and the love lasts, how do you expect your friend to be the same thing he was to you? Don't you believe it! He's a changed man. He's got his wife to see after, and himself to be seen after by his wife. And if she's a bit 'strong minded' she may see after him rather sharper than he likes. Then his children—then his housekeeping—then his regular hours, his proprieties, and all that. Oh, you can't blind me at my time of life! When I was younger I tried it. Nobody ever tried harder than I did to keep up my old friendships with Ross and Brown—two excellent fellows as ever were. It wouldn't do. A year or two it went on with a certain deceitful smoothness; but it couldn't last. Pretty soon it was *Mrs.* Ross and *Mrs.* Brown who regulated every thing. Then there was Muller, the painter, who went to Europe and married an English woman—never even called to see me when he was here last on a visit, though we used to correspond for years. All his wife's doing. I tell you, Tom, it's 'no go.' As the French translate it, '*Cela ne va pas.*'"

"But, Wallbridge, old fellow, I'm very sure of one exception to your rule. I'm sure no change in *my* life would ever make the slightest difference in my affection for you."

"So they all say," said the Doctor. "All I have to say is—don't try it; don't you do it. To tell you the truth, Arnold, I'm a little afraid of you."

"Never you fear," I answered. "If I am susceptible, I overshoot my mark always. I love them all, the sweet creatures. That's the reason, I suppose, I'm never in love with one. But I must be off. The young man at my office won't know what has become of me."

I was and am an architect by profession. My office was in the lower part of Broadway, and there I spent the greater part of the day at work which I loved, and which was sufficiently well paid to support a bachelor of regular habits comfortably.

About ten months after the conversation above recorded I was sitting at work one morning planning a picturesque little stone church for the town of East Elderville. A knock at my door, and enter a cheerful-looking old gentleman, who gave his name as Mr. Holden, accompanied by a blooming young lady dressed in half-mourning, whom he introduced as his daughter, Mrs. Pyne. Their business was professional. Mr. Holden wished me to draw plans and make estimates for a country house of modest dimensions and style for his daughter. The talk was chiefly between Mr. Holden and myself. But occasionally the young lady, in the sweetest imaginable voice, made a remark, or suggested some ideas as to what she required in her house. All that she said showed such great good sense and cultivation that on the whole I was struck with her qualities of mind and disposition, no less than with her beauty, for

she certainly was very lovely. After giving a general idea of what they wished in regard to the projected house, they took their leave, saying they should call again in a week or two.

I went to work upon my plans for the country house, and looked forward with pleasure to the time when my visitors should come in again. Meanwhile I found out by inquiry something about these strangers. Mr. Holden was a moderately wealthy merchant retired from business, and Mrs. Pyne was his only daughter. She had been married rather unhappily to a young Southerner, who, on the breaking out of the war, joined the rebel service, and had been killed in battle. She, however, and her father were intensely loyal Northerners. She had left the South soon after the war began, and lived with her father. Their new home was to be on the banks of the Hudson. At this time they were boarding in the country not far from the spot on which the new house was to be built.

I saw them several times at my office, and also (as the business required) at their hotel in the country, from which we often walked to the place where their future home was to be. So it was very natural that I should improve my opportunities of acquaintance.

Oh, what pleasant walks they were! And how beautiful was the summer on the banks of our magnificent river! And how beautiful *she* was, and how sweetly she sang, and how her conversation charmed me, and what a laugh she had!

Ah, but there were others besides me who thought her beautiful. There were two or three good-looking fellows—younger than I—for whom she would sit at the piano and sing, and with whom she would flirt sometimes. One of them was a tall young lieutenant in the army, who had met her down South. And they went walking alone together now and then. He was a sort of distant cousin—dangerous fellows these cousins. He had large dark eyes, and a bold, rather overbearing manner. I didn't like him, and I thought he didn't like me. There was very little in common between us. I fancied he exerted a kind of magnetism over her. She talked with him a great deal more than I liked. I was beginning to dislike him very much, and to think that if I was really getting in love I had better nip it in the bud, and keep to the city and my office, and—try to forget her. For I was held near her more and more by a sort of spell.

One day in the city, sitting with Wallbridge in quite free and friendly talk, I quite unintentionally let the cat out of the bag. The Doctor got sight of it and seized it, looking as if he had a surgical instrument in his hand, with a view to vivisection.

"Arnold," he said, solemnly, "you are running your head into a pretty noose. Let me advise you to 'right about face' and march back to head-quarters. You'll be disappointed. The widow won't have you. Better let her be. Even

she should say yes, and you should be mar-

ried, you should think somewhat of your old friend. What should I do? for are you not the 'dimidium animi mei?' Tom, I can't spare you. Think better of it. Let her be."

"Oh—well—but you see I can't now very well avoid seeing her. For we are to hold an architectural council next week—she and Mr. Holden and I; and, you see, I can't very well back out, and leave the cottage to build itself."

"I don't suppose you can."

"And then that young officer, her cousin. There wouldn't be any thing at all surprising to hear that they were engaged, any day."

"Well, Tom, all I have to say is, look out—don't be headstrong."

On my next visit to Mr. Holden and his daughter I found that the young officer had suddenly left and gone to the West. She said little about him, but I was led to hope, from her tone, that she was not in love with him. Yet I knew nothing about her relations to him, or any other of her gentleman acquaintances.

After our architectural meeting adjourned we walked over to look at the embryo cottage, which was not yet roofed in. In a little while Mr. Holden pleaded an engagement, and left us. We walked back to the hotel in the loveliest of summer afternoons, across fields and through beautiful avenues of elms and horse-chestnuts. We had a long and more intimate talk than ever before, and often stopped to rest on some cedar-crowned knoll overlooking the river, with the sunset sky mirrored in its rippling surface.

Well, the result was that I concluded that Heaven does wonderful things sometimes for mortals. I found that she (Alice, for I couldn't call her any more by her widow's name) had liked me from the first, and something more, perhaps; that she wasn't a bit in love with her cousin; and so—

Well, we have been married about four years, and I may well say, when I look back on my forlorn bachelor life, that happiness only first began when I knew Alice.

But I didn't mean to tell all this except to a few old cronies. What I meant to say was about Dr. Wallbridge Nutt.

I told the Doctor one day all about my engagement. He didn't say a word, but stretched himself out in his arm-chair, contemplating his boots with vacant eyes, and moodily puffing his meerschaum.

I had told him all, as gushingly as though I were a youth of nineteen. I waited to hear what he would say. It was five minutes ere he opened his mouth, except to puff smoke rings mechanically in the air. At last he said, mournfully:

"I have expected it—long ago. And I always knew, if you ever did marry, it would be a widow."

"Why so, Wallbridge?"

"Well, I believe some men are born to marry widows—and some women are born to marry widowers. Can't escape fate. The tendency

is constitutional—perhaps hereditary. Your respected mother, I think, was a widow when she married your father."

"I confess," I said, "that married ladies and widows have always attracted me more than unmarried ones. And I never could account for it."

"It must be hereditary," said the Doctor. "So it's all settled, is it? Well, good-by, Arnold."

"Going away, Wallbridge?"

"No; it's you who are going away from me. I have been making up my mind to it. I hope you won't regret it. We've been friends a long time, but—"

"Good Heavens, Wallbridge! Don't talk in that absurd way. Do you think I'm going to have any estrangement or separation between us? Don't say a word. I know who you are thinking of. Hang Ross and Brown and Muller! Do you think my wife is going to shut out any of my friends? You don't know her. But you will very soon. I tell you she knows all about you already—and, old fellow, we are going to hang on to you with such a clutch that you'll have enough of us. Your best sticking-plaster won't compare with our adhesiveness. Confound it—if you are going to look so doleful, and talk so, as if I were a convict about to be transported, I shall cut your acquaintance in sober earnest!"

"Ah, well—let's hope for the best," sighed the Doctor.

So, in the month of November I went over to the enemy—bless her sweet face!

"So Arnold has married a fortune," says A.; "lucky fellow!"—"He's an Arnold still, though no longer a Benedict," says B.—"I suppose he'll give up business now," says C., "and retire with the pretty widow to her new house on the Hudson."—"Capital thing for a poor builder," says D.; "he has feathered his nest easily. His fortune didn't need any great architectural labor."

So they talked—I knew by their looks and manner. The truth was, that I did not marry a fortune, except in *future*, on the death of her father—who was a hale old gentleman of sixty-five, with every prospect of enjoying many years of health—and that all Alice had was an annual gift of \$3000. Nor had I the slightest idea of retiring from a profession I loved, and which was amply remunerative.

We took the lease of a house in the upper part of the city, and my father-in-law, whom I came to love as well as respect, passed most of his time with us.

Dr. Wallbridge Nutt had called upon us, and dined several times with us. He seemed to like my wife pretty well, though in a very shy and reserved way; while she, though repelled at first by his brusque manner, came gradually to see in him those qualities which had attached me to him long ago, and which it required some acquaintance to detect in their completeness.

You might at first have thought him a selfish man (though I suppose all old bachelors have more or less that reputation). But he was known to be devoted to his friends (at least to his bachelor friends; for in his imagination a friend's wife was a sort of female *concierge* or sentinel, who stood at her husband's door and permitted few or none of his old associates to enter). He was a friend to the poor, whom he often assisted, not only by gratuitous professional services, but by solid gifts, and a helping hand toward doing for themselves. He was known to have helped again and again a poor relative, who never seemed to have had the faculty of getting along in the world. But he hid an affectionate and benevolent disposition under a brusque manner; and a good deal of sterling principle, as well as tenderness of sentiment, and even poetic fancy, were obscured by his somewhat hard, cynical, often Mephistophelian style of talk. So on the whole he hardly did justice to himself. There was truth in what his fellow-students said of him long ago—"That Nutt has a rough outer shell, but there's a good kernel inside of him."

It was a great satisfaction to me to see that Alice was beginning to appreciate my friend's character. He would have silent fits at first, as if he thought it was useless to be familiar with me while she was by. But gradually a better understanding, and then a friendship, grew between them. The Doctor became a more frequent visitor to our house; often took a hand at whist with us during the long winter evenings; listened to my wife's singing; sometimes sang with her, or sat at the piano himself, after a deal of persuasion, trolling snatches of old ballads and German student songs he had heard in Europe. And when our little boy was born, and engrossed so much of our care and time, the Doctor, though rather thoughtful and sober at first, still came to see us, and didn't show any unreasonable jealousy of the pulpy little new-comer who monopolized all the choicest affection of the family, though the Doctor used to look upon children as absolute non-conductors or absorbents of all the spare fluids of friendship. "What can you do," he used to say, "with an infatuated young papa with a baby on his knee; and what can he say to you? I tell you it's a selfish absorption of the best part of a man into the life of a little *homunculus* that don't appreciate even his baby talk, and can't make him any return, except to squall o' nights and keep his papa awake. Why, Ross used to walk up and down every night for hours with his baby. I should have given it paregoric, and have done with it."

But the Doctor was beginning to modify his theories; and before baby was two years old I don't think my old friend was happy without a daily romp with this young incarnate sunbeam of the house. The truth is, philoprogenitiveness was strongly marked on Nutt's cranium, though circumstances had kept it latent.

Here were several steps gained. Dr. Nutt's

outworks were strongly besieged. Trenches were dug all about him. Day by day we were undermining some old bachelor theory, or laughing away some old social saw. What man could have resisted Alice's sound practical sense, her artless, delicate attention to his little wants, her toleration of his moods and eccentricities, and the womanly tact by which she made him feel her insight into his real character? Who better than she knew how to make our little house the only spot he looked upon as a home? I'm not so sure that he didn't begin to envy me my domestic happiness. But the moment he thought we detected in his look and manner and talk the slightest symptom of yielding to a vague desire of a change of life on his part, he would suddenly fortify himself more stubbornly than ever, and sound his one-keyed single-blessedness trumpet on his ramparts most defiantly. Catch Dr. Wallbridge Nutt giving way to any sentimental weakness in that line!

But the truth is, we did see that some of his fortifications were giving way. We determined to find how far we could carry the war. We even began to entertain the chimerical idea that in spite of appearances even a confirmed *celibataire* like Dr. W. Nutt might, if not by open warfare, at least by secret strategy, one day lower his defiant flag, and bow his head and heart to the conquering fates.

One evening when Alice and I were alone we planned it all. A bold and cunning attack—a campaign if necessary—was decided upon. But whether we succeeded or not the sequel of this history will show.

Clara Marston, a cousin and intimate friend of Alice, was left an orphan, at the age of twenty-five, by the death of a beloved father. Her mother had died several years before. Her only brother was off somewhere in the West, seeking his fortune. Her father could only leave her about five hundred dollars income. What was more valuable to her, however, was that he left her with a good solid education, good health and constitution, and a buoyant, hopeful disposition. She was now nearly thirty, but nobody would ever have applied to her the uncomplimentary term "old maid." She would not perhaps have been called handsome by a crowd, if a vote, ay or no, was taken. But she had that mobile beauty of expression which shames all mere beauty of features.

Soon after her father's death a situation as governess was offered her and accepted in a family well known to her, and where she was treated always as a friend and not a dependent.

My wife had long been wishing to have her cousin make us a visit; and so, as she was now about having a summer vacation, she invited her to spend it with us. In a week or two we were going to shut up our house in the city, and spend the remainder of the summer in the country. It was planned that Miss Marston should accompany us. So she came, and was

soon one of the family. Wallbridge, however, knew nothing of the invitation or the arrival, and happening in one evening, was introduced, and very soon Miss Marston and he were conversing in a most animated way upon topics quite different from the ordinary subjects that engross the fashionable young ladies of New York. I don't believe the Doctor had talked so much with any lady, or in any but a professional way, for years. When he rose to go, and looked at his watch, he was astonished to find it point to half past eleven.

We carefully avoided asking the Doctor to come again soon. So fearful we were lest he should suspect us of such a base design as trying to "make a match." Had he known what was in our thoughts he would immediately have packed his trunk and gone off to unknown parts. We simply said, in reply to his questions, that she was a cousin of my wife's who was going to pass a few weeks with us in the country. We did not urge the Doctor to come up the river to see us, for we were careful to seem quite indifferent whether he liked Miss Marston or not.

But Wallbridge was intimate at our house, and needed no urgent invitation to come in again. He would pretend to be engrossed about little Tommy's health, though the little fellow was vociferously well; and would play with him, and stoop to his little vocabulary, and kiss him when he went to bed in a way that seemed quite charming to us all. Then long talks with Miss Clara, or music, and again surprise at having staid so late. I thought, too, I could see that Clara was interested in him. At any rate they had commenced an acquaintance that was promising.

We shut up house—the weather was getting decidedly summerish—and steamed off to our pleasant cottage on the Hudson.

We were settled down in our little Arcady nearly two weeks, and saw and heard nothing from our bachelor friend. At last one day I received a letter from him saying that he was preparing a work on the medical properties of certain American plants, and that he had heard of some good specimens of these in the county where I was passing the summer. He intended going up and staying at a hotel a short distance from me, and might some day drop in. I wrote him to come and stay with us, and that I should not take any refusal. I took care not to say a word about Miss Clara Marston.

So one evening he landed from the steamer, carpet-bag in hand, and I met him and drove him up in the rose and amber twilight, through the spicy, dusky avenues of shadowy trees, and by the fields scented with the new-mown hay, to our country house.

Nothing could be lovelier than this perfect June weather, with its golden sunset, its no less golden, almost warm moonlight, its pure air, its odors from the roses and honey-suckles climbing over the balustrades of the veranda on which we sat. Then gay talk and anecdote,

with an occasional dip into scientific facts and politics; and to crown all, music—Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin—then song and ballad. Then walks up and down the long moonlit veranda. Then more music. Then inquiries after Master Tommy's health, and regrets on the Doctor's part that the youngster had gone to bed, and that he should not have a romp with him till next morning.

"Ah," said Wallbridge (an "ah" of deep, intense satisfaction), "this is better than the city, with its dust, and gutters, and rowdy boys, and gas-lamps, and omnibuses. Why you can really enjoy and understand Chopin here. But, bless me, the idea of it in — Street, with a rattling accompaniment of cars and cart-wheels! or worse still, at a crowded party, with an infernal clack of tongues about you—nobody listening, and every body talking, of course—the louder the more exquisite and tender the music is!"

"Then you really enjoy Chopin," said Clara. "This is delightful. I find very few who wouldn't rather hear '*Suoni la tromba*,' or some of the noisy operatic pieces."

"Chopin," said Wallbridge, "is to me like the essence of all that is dreamily beautiful with a soul of passion breathed into it. How well his music accords with this moonlight, and the fragrance of these roses! But I don't care about hearing this dreamer always. He cloy me sometimes. One can't feed on odors and moonlight. Won't you *sing* something—something of Schubert, say?"

Clara Marston sang with a delicate sympathetic voice, and great expression. Wallbridge had not heard her except in duets. He was rapt. Spite of an assumed air of cool criticism, we fancied we could see the impression made upon him as Clara sat at the piano and sang the exquisite "*Serenade*" of Schubert.

My own opinion is that Wallbridge Nutt sat up very late that night, looking out into the garden and the moonlight, and on the moon-silvered river—apropos to nothing in particular, of course: certainly not botany.

My wife and I talked hopefully about the Doctor and the fair governess. We thought we were beginning to scale the ramparts. Who knows?

Next day no more music. Business, professional work, science, was the order of the day on the Doctor's books.

Here, too, the enemy was prepared for him.

"I hear that you are studying the flora of this region," said Clara.—The Doctor thought she would make a very good Flora in the poor dry herbarium of his life.

"I came up here for that purpose," said Wallbridge. He was about to add, "That is the sole purpose of my visit," but his conscience, or something else, caused the sentence to die on his lips. He added, "Do you like botany?"

"Yes, somewhat, where it carries me among flowers."

"Do you know much about the wild flowers in this vicinity?" asked Wallbridge.

"Not to any extent. My little scraps of knowledge wouldn't content a man of science and a physician."

"Still, you might help me—if it's agreeable to you." Then suddenly, thinking of *Materia Medica*, he was going to say, "Every little helps," but thought better of it.

"I should be very glad to learn something more about wild flowers," she said. "There is a sort of unconscious, pathetic sentiment about them that garden flowers are without."

"I don't know much about that," said the Doctor. "You young ladies find sentiment in every thing. But I should like to see what you have to show in the way of botanical specimens. What say you to a ramble in the woods now, before the heat of the day commences? You know the way here better than I do, and can—" ("save me a good deal of time," he might have added, had she been any other than Clara Marston.) The truth is, he hadn't the slightest objection to a very long ramble with her. So he added, "You can point out some of the best spots for getting what I want."

"I haven't explored the country very far," said Clara; "but I think I can show you a few places where you can gather some plants and flowers that are new to me at least. But I really can't tell whether they will pay you for your trouble."

Dr. Nutt was tempted to say, "A walk with you, Miss Marston, will repay me for any trouble, no matter whether I find my botanical specimens or not." But he was not ordinarily a gallant man, and only said, "Oh, I dare say we shall find something worth going for."

They started on their walk, and were soon lost sight of in the woods. But a little bird that followed them told us afterward something, but not much, about them. For some time they were both silent—she somewhat restrained by the novelty of this *tête-à-tête* under the arching boughs of the forest; he divided in his mind between his old bachelor whims and theories on the one hand, and on the other a profound study of his mental *diagnosis*—an inquiry of himself to himself, as cool and collected as was possible under the circumstances, as to whether he was tending. Somehow, however he argued the matter in his own mind, he felt himself drifting, drifting toward some vague uncertain Elysian land, where the flowers were something more than botanical specimens.

So on they wandered through the leafy woods, sometimes stopping to rest in the shade—but not all this time silent, for the consciousness in the minds of both of several topics where they thought and felt alike gave them soon very eloquent tongues. "In the woods," says Emerson, "there is perpetual youth." Dr. Wallbridge Nutt felt as if he certainly had shaken off several years from his shoulders since he started on this walk. As for his companion (as I have never

young lady myself), I am utterly at a loss to say what she thought or felt. But she looked very pretty and very cheerful, and I presume enjoyed the fine morning and the ramble very much.

They gathered a good many wild flowers. Some of these required climbing and descending rocks and steep places, and crossing little bubbling brooks on uncertain stepping-stones, and of course Dr. Nutt had to help Miss Marston by giving her his hand, and may have proffered his assistance in this way more frequently than was absolutely necessary. Then they were forced to rest sometimes on a rock or some old fallen tree-trunk, and at such times it was quite natural that the Doctor should deliver a short lecture on some flower she held in her hand, discoursing of pistils, stamens, corolla, calyx, stem, leaf, *habitat*, etc., with occasional unscientific digressions upon topics not rigorously connected with botanic knowledge. And so they strolled on and on, he trusting to her as a guide, till it got to be near dinner-time.

Don't let any young readers think I am going to lead these enthusiastic votaries of floral science into any sensational adventures such as story-tellers are fond of getting up at such a point as this—as, for instance, "Miss Clara Marston describes a rare flower of gorgeous beauty blooming upon the brink of a dangerous precipice overhanging a foaming torrent. With all the buoyancy of youthful spirits she reaches to cull it, misses her footing, and dashes into the roaring gulf. Wallbridge, with an exclamation of horror, rushes wildly to the brink, and in a moment plunges after her," etc., etc.

I assure my young readers that nothing of the kind occurred; for Miss Marston was a cautious and discreet young lady, who had been accustomed to the care of young ladies younger than herself, and Dr. Wallbridge Nutt was not an expert in acrobatic exercises, or making dangerous leaps down precipices, and, besides, kept so close to Miss Marston that there was no opportunity for her to make any such romantic scene. Neither was there much romance or sentiment in their talk. It was rather in a vein which some young ladies might call "strong-minded," but which the best educated people would say was sensible, rational conversation. But the sober fact was, that in spite of their strong-mindedness—neither of them knowing very clearly where they were going—they got lost in the woods; at least so they said.

Dinner waited, and they didn't come. Dinner was saved for them, still they didn't appear. Alice and I laughed a little about it, and yet wondered. Then we grew a little anxious. They might easily have lost their way. But there were still two hours before sunset, and there would be a long twilight. But just as we were debating whether to send out John, the stable-boy, on horseback after them they appeared, looking tired, but with a peculiar conscious expression on their faces. Clara only greeted us, saying she was sorry they had kept

dinner waiting, but they missed their way, and had to return by a very circuitous road. Then saying something about her dress, she ran up stairs to her room, where she and Alice bolted themselves in for half an hour.

Meanwhile Wallbridge walked up and down the veranda excitedly, and with such a peculiar expression that I (innocently?) asked him whether they had met with any adventures.

"Adventures? Oh—no—yes. Well, you see we didn't know the road, and— Confound it all, Arnold! The fact is, I believe I've gone over to the enemy after all! I really don't know what to think of it. I'm in a sort of dream. My dear fellow, I believe I am the happiest man alive! But who would have thought it? Confound it! now you will laugh at me! And to think of its being all my own doing, and you and your wife having nothing to do with it! A deliberate leap! In for it, past all recovery! All the drugs I know any thing about will never, never avail me now. It's fate, fate! But, by George, old fellow, give me your blessing! I've come over to your school. I'm in the hands of a power I can't resist. Spite of all my philosophy, I do think there never was a happier man than I am. Why, I tell you she's an angel—and mine, mine forever!"

"My dear Wallbridge, I give you joy! Do you know I've been hoping it ever so long? So has Alice. And do you know—I needn't ask your forgiveness now—that *Alice and I* planned it all? We set our hearts upon it long ago."

"You rascal! Well, God bless you, Tom! I've no fault to find with you. But really I didn't suspect you. Oh, you're a deep fellow! and your wife too, looking so innocent all the while. Well, all right; I've joined your ranks. But I think I was more than half converted long ago."

When Clara and Alice came down there was plenty of shaking of hands all round. And poor Clara blushed like the June roses themselves; and Wallbridge disappeared, and came down in a clean suit of white linen; and we all sat down to dinner and tea in one; and it did seem as if all was as good as the ending of a novel, and as if our little cottage held in it that night the very aroma and quintessence of romance; and the honey-suckles and roses wafted in their odorous blessings, and the perfect summer moon paved the veranda with gold; and next morning the birds sang for the happy lovers as they sang in early youth.

"Tom," said Wallbridge, that morning, "what nonsense I used to talk about 'going over to the enemy!' I tell you *we* in those old bachelor days were the enemies not only of these blessed creatures, but of ourselves. I was a miserable rebel, Tom. I have joined the great union of loving souls and hearts. It seems I am about to be reconstructed in a way I hardly ever dreamed of. And I owe it all—to you and Alice."

THE PURITAN CAPTAIN.

THE pallid light of a New England winter day was fading from land and sea, when, with hurried yet painful steps, a woman climbed the hill behind the village, or rather the encampment, of her friends and fellow-pilgrims, and arriving at its summit seated herself upon a low rock, drew her cloak of fine duffie closely about her, and sat looking over the scene outspread before her with a mingled expression of pain and longing, piteous to behold upon a face so young and fair; a sweet English face with lovely rose tints in cheek and lip, mild blue eyes, and wealth of golden rippling hair; the face of a girl scarce past her twentieth birthday, tenderly nurtured, and shielded from even the knowledge of wrong or care, and yet educated in the principles of high honor, courage, and endurance, which in those days were thought the necessity of gentle blood and elevated station.

Nor had this training failed of its result, for among the stalwart men and resolute women who had with her embarked upon an expedition whose terrible uncertainties and desperate chances we, knowing the result, can hardly set before our minds in the vague and gloomy twilight through which they loomed to those who still dared accept them—among them all none bore himself with more steadfast courage or heroic cheerfulness than this frail girl, Rose Standish, the wife of the Puritan Captain of Plymouth Colony. Through the long and tedious voyage, among privations, annoyances, the necessity of almost menial service to those suffering about her, in the racking uncertainty as to their destination or whereabouts, the dread of abandonment by the churlish ship-master, the possible attack of savages as they lay at anchor close to the inhospitable shore, the separation from her husband, who twice led a band of explorers into the ambushes and fastnesses of this wooded wilderness, through the debarkation and consequent confusion, exposure, and toil, before even the rudest shelter could be secured—through all Rose Standish had proved herself the worthy daughter of a noble English house, the worthy wife and companion of him who, turning his back upon noble family, lofty station, rightful fortune, and the almost certain military advancement which in that stormy time awaited trained and valiant soldiers, had chosen rather to put himself in the van-guard of that obscure and impoverished band of pilgrims, who offered him the command indeed of their army of twelve men including himself, this and their confidence, respect, and gratitude, but who had naught else to give.

So far she had bravely and nobly borne herself, this sweet Rose; but now the end had come; and sitting there upon the hill, with the winter sky darkening above her, and the winter wind moaning through the low pine-trees at her back, she looked far over the sea, whose leaden waves, each tipped with an angry line of foam,

came hissing sharply in upon the sandy shore below, and thought of the fair and bounteous home which she should see no more forever. The deep lanes white and odorless with hawthorn bloom, the sunny nooks filled with violets and daisies, the meadows gay with cowslips and blue with harebells, the trees green with spring and filled with those blithe home birds whose very songs must be gay and more heart-free than these of the new strange world about her; all these she saw and heard, sitting so motionless there in the pallid twilight and gazing across the bitter sea to the horizon line of palest blue, which, like a wall of ice, shut her away from all these tender memories. Then her eyes wandered slowly back to the encampment at her feet, the huts of hastily-felled timber, some few complete, others in every stage of progress, and already arranged in the steep and formal street by which the pilgrim of to-day climbs from the shore to the level of the town. At their head stood the temporary common-house erected upon the first landing, and still occupied by most of the company; and at her back lay the beams and timber about to be fashioned into a fort or citadel, defended by the howitzer already standing mounted upon the proposed site, and carefully covered from the weather by the Captain's own hands.

In the offing lay the *Mayflower*, weather-beaten, insufficient, unreliable, and yet the one only link between home and the hundred brave or failing hearts who had abandoned home and all its joys, all its security, devoting life and fortune, nay, planting their very bodies as seed in this barren soil, whence yet should spring a mighty nation.

"Never, never, never again!" whispered Rose Standish, drawing the warm cloak about her, and yet shivering through its ample folds. "Never shall I see home flowers bloom again, or hear the song of home birds, or kiss my little sister's lips; and I would that yon vessel were away, for its gray sails beckon me like hands, and tempt me to wish that my lord should carry me to lie among my kin, and beneath the old yew-trees where we cut our names—"

"What, dame, is't thou?" exclaimed a voice somewhat gruff and hoarse perchance, but powerful and frank, as befitted the captain of the colony's army, and the protector of its hundred lives. Most vigilant, too, was he in its defense, and had mounted the hill in the winter twilight to make sure that all was safe and well about the embryo fortress, whose chief architect and deviser he was. And here among the timbers, and the tools, and the black frost, and the glooming night he had come suddenly upon his tender Rose, sitting so fair and spirit-like, as if she were the guardian angel of the little pilgrim camp below.

"What, sweet-heart!" repeated the Captain, his hand upon her shoulder, "How come you here, and all alone?"

"I was so tired, Miles, of the noise and heat in the common-room, and my head ached so

sadly, that I thought perhaps the cold fresh air would help it."

"Thy head, child? Yes, and those blue eyes are over-bright, and thy little hands are scorching hot even in this nipping cold. Rose, darling little one, you are ill at last, and who can wonder?"

He threw his arm around her as he spoke, and raising her to her feet, pushed back the hood from her face and perused it anxiously. The sweet face smiled upon him bravely and tenderly, yet could not hide the terrible story written so legibly upon it. Full five minutes they stood thus, while the hissing waves swept nearer and nearer, and the moaning wind sobbed among the pine-trees in awful sympathy. Then with a sudden movement the soldier, the man who knew no fear in face of foe or sternest privation, clasped his wife close to his heart, and bending his head upon hers, sobbed aloud, in sudden terror:

"Rose, my Rose! What were I without thee!"

"Dearest, our God is good. I will not die if He will let me stay," whispered the girl, and clinging to her husband's breast she shivered heavily, like one who feels the cold blast from an open door strike through his blood. Yes, and the door was opened wide, the door that never opens in vain, nor closes until one has passed through to return no more forever.

Miles Standish bore his wife down from the hill that night in his arms, her head lying heavily upon his shoulder, and her quick breath scorching his cheek. Ten days later he took her in his arms again, while the fair head drooped yet more heavily upon his shoulder, and the dim eyes vainly strove to speak the love that pain nor death could chill, and the cold, faint breath fluttered across the pale lips, and died upon those that bent to meet them.

"Good-by, dear love"—those were the words; but whether they were spoken by the dying lips of flesh, or the deathless spirit already exhaled from its fair tenement, Miles Standish could not say.

One of the matrons standing weeping there took the precious burden from his arms, softly saying:

"Alack, dear heart, she is gone at last, and now is free of all her pain and weariness. Thank God for that, at least, good man!"

"Hold thy prating tongue, dame, nor bid me thank God for taking away more than mine own life," exclaimed the Captain, sternly; and so strode from the room, from the house, and away into the wilderness, leaving all who heard him aghast at such impious rebellion.

When he returned, hours later, mild Elder Brewster sought and labored with him, long and zealously, yet at the close went away sadly, shaking his hoary head.

"It is a strong and stubborn heart; yea, and a proud unyielding neck," murmured he. "God must deal with him in His own way, for I am not strong enough."

They dug a grave for Rose Standish upon the hill-side—the first grave opened in the virgin soil of that stern new home; but before spring there were so many that the pilgrims leveled and planted them with wheat, lest the savages who always lurked about the settlement should perceive their ever-increasing number, and so take courage to fall upon and exterminate the feeble remnant that remained alive.

And ever as the pestilence spread, and one after another was stricken down, so that the living scarce could bury the dead or attend upon the dying, Miles Standish held the foremost place, whether as laborer, as nurse, as counselor—providing food for those who could eat, forcing the churlish ship-master to supply such things as were needed from his stores, ministering to the sick, burying the dead; ever strong and resolute as men should be, gentle and patient as women are; never shrinking, as his noble fellow-laborer, Bradford, has recorded, "from the meanest or most loathly services;" never yielding to fatigue, or infection, or despair; so that the elder himself confessed at last:

"Though he may not be godly, he is of a verity goodly; and though holy words are full seldom in his mouth, holy works are ever in his hands."

So passed the winter and the spring, until the day when the *Mayflower* set sail again for England, hearing among her other dispatches a letter from Captain Miles to the relatives of his late wife, recounting her death and the manner of it, and ending thus:

"But this heavy sorrow and loss makes no change in the purpose I expressed when last we met, with regard to relieving you of the charge of maintaining my late wife's little sister Barbara, and she may be forwarded to me by the first ship sailing hither. It was very near to my wife's heart that the child should come to us, and now that she is gone, I do but desire the more to fulfill her wishes, and in this case still the more that it has been told me the child was neither welcome nor happy under your roof, and although God knows it is little enough I have to offer here, such as it is heartily at the service of Rose Standish's sister, or, for that matter, at the service of any of her kin who choose to come hither.

"Lest there should be talk of unfitness in placing a little maid in the care of a gruff, middle-aged soldier, I will say in this place that I have thought of marrying again with a very modest, as well as comely, young woman of this place, whom the sickness of the last winter has bereft, even like myself, of all that belonged to her. And this I do, not through forgetfulness or carelessness of Rose, my wife, who has her own place in my heart, wherein no other can ever enter, but because in this new country it is well for every man to be the head of a household, and to rear up children to become fighting men for the defense of the colony, and sturdy mothers to increase it. In such a handful of struggling souls as this every man is bound to act, not for himself, but as part of the whole, and has no more right to indulge a selfish and churlish grief than to burn up his own house because it no longer pleases him, and in so doing set the whole village in a low.

"All this I say, not that I see need of putting up a defense against your judgment, but that you may know under mine own hand the deliberate reasons for the course I propose, and which may very likely

be hardly judged by those of you at home who sought, and vainly, to divide Rose from me before that we were wed.

"And so, with a father's greeting to the little maid, and such as are fitting to you and the rest, I remain,
"MILES STANDISH,
"Captain of the Plymouth Colony."

So wrote the Puritan Captain, and grimly smiled as he laid the letters with those John Alden, his room-mate and friend, had prepared to send by the *Mayflower*.

"There they have the bitter and the sweet," muttered he. "They are rid of poor little Bab, and they hear that I am about to marry again, and that none of their blood shall sit in Duxbury Hall as heir to Miles Standish, should he ever come to his rights."

But before the gray sails of the *Mayflower* had sunk behind the Gurnet upon her homeward voyage Miles Standish had committed the fatal error of sending John Alden to do his wooing, instead of venturing himself, and Priscilla Mullins had murmured that naïve sentence which comes down through the centuries as fresh and bright and girlish as any utterance of to-day:

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

We all know how that ended, and how the Captain, hardly pausing to hurl an angry and contemptuous reproach at his unfortunate and yet too fortunate envoy, rushed away to fight the savage Watawamat and his band, who had hurled defiance at the little colony in the form of an imperious summons to depart as they had come, leaving the land already occupied and owned by the red men. This message was accompanied, so says the old chronicle, by the skin of a rattlesnake filled with arrows—a symbol of deadly warfare; but when this was laid upon the council table by the envoy of the Indians, Standish seized it, threw the arrows contemptuously upon the floor, and filled the snake-skin with bullets; then he thrust it with a few stern words into the hands of the messenger, and pointed toward the door.

So there was war to the knife between the colonists and the Indians; and in the early gray of the next morning the Captain led forth his little band to fight—to die, if so God's will should be; and in the leader's breast lay rankling the bitter thought that if it should indeed be death, he left no one behind to shed so much as a single tear upon his bloody grave.

Have you read the quaint old story? Do you know how the stern little band of Christians put to shame a whole tribe of savages, and slew their leader in their very midst, and hewed off his head to bring back as a trophy and set upon the roof of their citadel as a warning to his fellows? If you have not, get the old record and see for yourself how the men of those days bore themselves, and with what sublime arrogance they punished and dispossessed these savage interlopers in "the land which the Lord had given them."

But killing savages, and leading night-marches, and wearying himself with all sorts of toil, proved but a slow cure to the great hurt which

the Captain's honest heart had got; and it was about this time that he withdrew himself a little from the centre of the community, and built for himself a house upon a sea-washed eminence, still known as Captain's Hill, and named the region about it Duxbury, in memory of the rich old manor where his fathers dwelt, and where he should of right have dwelt himself. Here with his scant household he settled himself, something like a year after Priscilla Mullins had refused him for John Alden's sake, and here he lived in grimmest seclusion, broken only by his military duty, when the *Anne* arrived in port, bringing, among her other passengers, Barbara, the "little sister" of Rose Standish, whose lips she had so longed to kiss once more before she died, and could not.

Miles Standish, stern and silent as was his wont, stood with the rest upon the beach, and watched the ship's boat as it left her side and rapidly drew near with its first load of passengers.

"There is—one for whom I looked," exclaimed William Bradford, breaking his sentence in the midst, and glancing with austere confusion into the face of his friend and comrade but not confidant, the silent Captain. And then, as Mistress Southworth rose in the boat, and gave her little hand to the sailor who lifted her on shore, the Governor went down, hat in hand, to meet and greet her; and Miles Standish stood alone, fiercely tugging at his yellow beard, and looking beyond the boat to the gloomy offing and the ship already riding at anchor within the curving beach.

So he stood when Governor Bradford returned toward him, Mistress Southworth upon his arm, and two pretty boys behind, with whom walked a fair and stately maiden, with bright northern eyes and golden hair, and a head regal as that of Editha, last of the Saxon queens. Standish made some slight obeisance, and would have moved aside, but Bradford, his noble face lighted with some sudden secret joy, and his bearing full of a tender exultation, detained him.

"Ho, there, thou valiant man of war! Wouldst play the dastard for the first time, and run from these fair ones who have braved the peril of the seas and of the wilderness to visit us? Here then, let me present the valiant Captain of the Plymouth Colony to Mistress Southworth, of whom he may have heard me speak. And here, friend Miles, here is another, a maiden who asked for thee or ever she had stepped from the great rock to the sands. This is thy late wife's sister, Mistress Barbara, who has journeyed thither under the protection of Mistress Southworth, who in very sooth looks to need protection herself."

"Is this Barbara?" exclaimed the Captain, staring into the bright, proud face so nearly upon a level with his own; for the maiden was tall and stately beyond the wont of women, and the gallant soldier was low of stature.

"This Barbara!" repeated he. "Why, I thought she was a child."

"I was twenty years old Sunday was a se'night, brother Miles," replied Barbara, in a clear, sonorous voice, and meeting his scrutiny with fearless eyes.

"You do not look like Rose. She was little, and—"

The Captain did not finish his sentence, but gravely taking the two hands of his sister-in-law in his, kissed her upon both cheeks; then following the Governor, who already was climbing the hill with Alice Southworth by his side, he led her toward the irregular row of houses already named Leyden Street, and said, somewhat confusedly:

"You are welcome, Barbara; as welcome as though it had been the child I imagined. But a fair maiden like you will hardly brook the solitude and dullness of the lonely hut where I abide. You will fret for your gay home and young companions, I fear me."

"Do you not live in the village, then, brother?" asked the girl, climbing the hill with firm, elastic tread, and examining every thing with her bright blue eyes.

"No; it is over there; do you see?" And pausing upon the brow of the hill, close to the edge of the wheat-field beneath whose waving green lay the dust of Rose his wife, Captain Miles pointed across the head of the bay to a promontory crowned by a stockade, with some roofs showing above it.

"There is my home," said he, briefly. "I call it Duxbury, after the place owned by my people in Kent. I reach it by water, and there you see my boat buoyed close beside the rock. Sometimes, indeed, I walk; but that would be a rough journey for you, and when you will we can take to the boat and go home."

"I will, by your leave, speak to my friend Mistress Southworth first," said Barbara, gravely. "For she did charge me to make no disposition of myself until she saw whether we might not abide together, at least until her marriage."

"Aha! she will marry Bradford then!" exclaimed Captain Miles, with some show of interest.

"Surely. It was for that she came," replied Barbara, simply, and with no girlish flutter or giggle. Her kinsman looked at her attentively, and somewhat disapprovingly. In truth, he did not quite admire this frank and fearless bearing, this want of shyness and weakness, this self-reliance, which, as he thought, would have better befitted Rose Standish's brother than her sister. And, in sooth, it was the contrast between the two which displeased him most of all; and still standing there upon the brow of the hill, with the wheat-field at his feet, and the tall, stately maiden at his side, he said again:

"You are very unlike Rose, and yet your features have a trick of hers. She was a marvel of sweet humility and patience, and yet

brave and untiring withal as any among us; a rare and admirable creature, a model among women, was Rose Standish."

And with eyes downcast and absent the soldier strode on toward the houses; while Barbara, keeping at his side with her quick, light steps, said, somewhat bitterly:

"And I know naught of sweet humility or patience; and though I may be brave and tireless, I am not gentle or admirable, and no man will ever call me a model among women. You see I take your meaning, brother."

"Be not over-quick at snatching the gage before it is flung down to you, sister," replied the Captain, dryly. "To praise the dead is not to dispraise the living; and there are men enow in this colony who, wooing you, will swear that you are the model of all that is loveliest in woman."

"I came not hither to be wooed, or to woo," began Barbara, hotly; but with an imperious gesture the Captain silenced her, and led the way into one of the rough yet comfortable cabins, which already had gathered about them the air of occupation and home-comfort not to be obtained in the first months of residence either in cabin or palace.

"Here is the house where Mistress Southworth will abide, as I am told," said Standish, gravely; and, in fact, it was Governor Bradford himself who opened the door of the inner room and met them upon the threshold.

"Your friend is asking for you, fair Mistress Barbara," said he, pleasantly; and the Captain, pushing his charge gently forward, said:

"Go you in and find her then, and I will see you presently. Master Bradford, a word or two with you."

And the military leader of the colony walked away beside its civil guardian, leaving his kinswoman standing upon the threshold and looking after them.

"I do not wonder my sister died of disgust at finding herself chained to such a boor for life," said she aloud, and then went in to find Alice Southworth, who greeted her eagerly.

"You are to bide here with me, Barbara," said she. "Master Bradford tells me that your father—nay, your brother; but indeed he looks more like your father—has naught but men in his household, and that he dwells in a savage and even dangerous spot, far away from the town!—(alack, that this should be called a town!)—so even he saw how unfitting it were for a young maid to take up her dwelling there at present; and of course we must all heed what Master Bradford says, for is not he the Governor? And, Barbara, what think you of his looks?"

Barbara stooped and kissed the laughing, blushing face of her friend, and answered, gayly:

"Methinks he looks wondrous happy; and, for that matter, so do you, Alice!"

"I? Truly I am right happy in setting my feet on shore once more, and off that filthy, crowded ship. Think, girl, of finding water

plenty enough to bathe in, and to be able to wash and dry one's linen without submitting each piece to the scrutiny of a crew of bold, staring fellows, who seemed to me always at hand when they should have been away, and away when they might have been useful! And how like you the Captain?"

"He may be a very good captain, but hardly much as a gentleman," replied Barbara, with a little acrimony; and Alice Southworth laughed gayly.

"Ah, he has begun to chasten that haughty spirit and teach the beauty of obedience, has he not?" asked she. "You will be none the worse for a little training to prepare you for a husband's yoke, Mistress Bab."

"I will never marry if I must bend my neck to the yoke in doing so, and Captain Miles Standish will never teach me obedience, brother-in-law though he may be," said Barbara, proudly; and Alice Southworth, fluttering and joyous in her own great happiness, kissed her friend once more, and laughed, and ran away to look for her little boys, she said, but in truth to see if William Bradford were returning.

So Captain Standish went home alone to his fortress upon the hill, and smoking his pipe beside the roaring open fire, grinningly smiled in remembering his mistake:

"I thought to bring home a child to sit upon my knee and play with her rag-puppets, and here instead is a strapping wench as tall as I am, and three good inches taller than any woman has a right to be, and with a will and a pride as overgrown as her stature. Mistress Priscilla Alden may be thankful that she is not Mistress Standish, with the charge of such an Amazon upon her hands. Glad enow am I that Mistress Southworth found it unseemly to let me fetch her home here, and I will see that it becomes no easier. I must find some stout fellow to take her off my hands, some man of courage and spirit, and not easily cowed, or, my faith, it will be the worse for him. To think of her being sister to Rose, my wife!"

And as that name and that memory rose freshly in the soldier's mind he leaned back in his chair, his eyes fixed upon the fire, his face softening from the stern and somewhat sneering expression it had worn but now, and one idle hand beating a tattoo upon the arm of his wooden chair, while the other held the forgotten pipe. And while the fire-light played upon his grizzled hair, and bronzed face, and high, proud features, a strange dimness crept into the Captain's keen blue eyes, and something dropped and shone upon his thick-set beard.

"There was never woman like her, there never will be, and she has spoiled me for the rest," muttered he at last, and with a long sigh roused himself, relighted the great pipe, and called upon his henchman, Gregory Priest, to come in and give him an account of his day's work among the corn.

Three weeks later Alice Southworth was married to Governor Bradford, and Barbara re-

moved with her to her new home, partly as guest, partly as assistant in the household labor; for in those early days there were no servants among the colonists, but each man and woman did with all his might whatever his hands found to do, and he was the most considered who proved himself of most value to the whole.

Affairs of state, military necessities, and a mutual friendship, drew the Captain and the Governor constantly together, generally either at the Council Chamber of the fortress upon the hill or at the house of the latter, where Standish was often hospitably entreated to dine, sup, or take lodging for the night. He had thus, without effort or indeed thought of his own, ample opportunity to cultivate the acquaintance of his young sister-in-law, who, on her part, rather sought than shunned opportunities of meeting him, for the very purpose, as Dame Bradford declared, of angering and shocking him. For instance, one day when the talk at the dinner-table was of Indians reported prowling about the settlement, Barbara gravely turned to Bradford and asked if she might borrow his musket that afternoon for a little while.

The Governor, smiling, gave assent, adding, however, "But I will draw the charge, fair mistress, lest thou do thyself an injury."

"Nay, that will not answer my turn," replied Barbara, willfully. "I must have it loaded, and that carefully."

"And what then? What will you do with a loaded musket when you have it in your foolish hands?" sternly inquired Miles Standish, turning sharply toward her.

"What will I do with it! Marry, the same that you would, brother-in-law. I am going to walk in the woods, and if I find an Indian I will shoot him and bring in his scalp, or, at the very least, his scalp-lock."

She spoke with a perfectly serious face, and the Captain, after looking at her a moment in deep displeasure, replied:

"Verily, I think no less than the scalp would serve your turn. It is a pity you came hither, mistress, for we had men enow already, and needed some women."

"When the men are so stunted the women have to learn manly arts," replied Barbara, quickly. And the Captain:

"It would be well, minion, if you might learn the manly art of holding your tongue."

"I can hold my tongue when it pleases me, and I can speak out when it pleases me, as Priscilla Mullins did, when she told John Alden she had rather marry him than you."

But at this taunt the choleric Captain lost patience altogether, and pushing back his chair from the table, left the room and the house, his face black with anger, and his step hasty and disordered.

"Now see there, thou naughty child!" exclaimed Mistress Bradford, half vexed and half amused; "thou hast angered our good Captain so that I doubt he will never forgive thee.

Why needest thou have thrown Priscilla in his face?"

"She likes it, you know, for she threw herself at John Alden's head; and I must say I wonder at her taste, for even my brother-in-law is better than that," replied Barbara, leaving the room almost as hastily as Standish had done. The master of the house looked after her and shook his head.

"The maiden is too froward, Alice," said he. "She needs a master, and a sharp one."

"Spoken like a man," replied the wife, smiling subtly. "No master but Love will quell our Barbara's spirit, and he has not come yet."

"William Allerton was speaking to me this morning on her account," replied Bradford, hesitatingly. "It is a secret, dame, but I trust it with you."

"Have you told her?" asked Alice, quickly.

"I said something of it," admitted the husband.

"Before telling me, William! Well, how did Barbara receive it?"

"But coldly. She said she had no mind to wed at all, but when I urged her to consider the matter farther, she took until to-morrow morning to think of it."

"Perhaps it is that makes her so waspish with her brother-in-law," suggested Alice, smiling. "It is irritating to weak nerves to be in doubt and quandary."

"I had not thought of Barbara's being weak nerves," returned Bradford, smiling, and stooping to kiss his wife before leaving the house.

Miles Standish meantime was striding along through the town and into the woods at a prodigious rate, his face flushed, his brows knitted, and his blue eyes bright with anger.

"I would she were a lad, and under my command for but a month," muttered he. "Be-shrew me but I'd tame that spirit of hers. And she the sister of Rose, my wife!"

A little way from the town the Captain stopped at the smithy to see if the iron braces he had that morning bespoken for his boat were finished; but honest Diggorie Billington was only just beginning them, and in reply to the Captain's impatient queries, replied that his wife lay ill in bed, and he had been nursing her all the morning, but if the Captain would wait but a couple of hours—

"Not a couple of minutes, variet," roared the Captain, forgetting a little the social equality and brotherly love of the New World. "Do you think I have no other errand but cooling my heels in a smithy? Get the boat done as fast as may be, and to-night Gregory Priest shall come and fetch it."

So saying he strode away along the narrow foot-path bordering the head of the bay, leaving the stalwart smith amazed and somewhat displeased.

"What ails the Captain now?" muttered he, throwing one arm above his eyes to shelter them from the sun, and watching the wiry, active fig-

ure of the soldier as it passed into the shadow of the pines, and so out of sight.

"Has he been a-wooing again, or have the Council refused to let him pursue the savages to their haunts, as men were saying he was fain to do?"

And shaking his head in solemn protest against such hastiness of speech, or temper, the smith went back to his work, humming a holy hymn between his teeth, and timing the cadences with blows of his heavy hammer upon the white-hot iron he was fashioning.

Two good miles of sand and scrub and forest had Miles Standish put between himself and town when, on the crest of a little rocky hill, he threw himself down to rest for a moment; and taking off his steeple-crowned hat with its waving plume of cock-feathers, worn partly as symbol of his calling, partly in honor of his ancestral crest, the Captain wiped his brow, and suffering his eyes to rest upon the lovely view of headland, bay, bright waters, and brighter sunshine spread before them, felt the anger of his mood dying within him, and a feeling of amusement mingling with his annoyance.

"It is ill-befitting a man's dignity to quarrel with a saucy girl," muttered he, and presently laughed outright.

"I would that I might see her try to fire the musket that she begged! Ten pounds to one that it would kick her over."

The smile was still upon his face, and the merry fancy in his brain, when up from the woodland at his feet, the woodland through which he but now had passed, rang a wild, despairing shriek—the cry of a woman in deadliest terror or pain.

"What now! Is it a tiger-cat again?" exclaimed Standish, starting to his feet, and hastily resuming the musket and equipments he had thrown aside on lying down, and without which no man traveled in those days. Before he had them adjusted the cry was repeated, this time a little nearer. The soldier replied to it with a stirring halloo, and darted down the hill in the direction whence it sounded.

"Help! help! Oh, quick, for the Lord's sake!" shrieked a voice that he knew; and striking off from the path into the low growth of the pine-wood, he caught presently the glimpse of distant figures, then the rustle of displaced branches, then the flutter of a woman's clothes, and springing forward with a wild, angry cry he cut off the retreat of his flying foe, and stood face to face with a stalwart painted savage, who dropped his prey when thus fairly overtaken, and, dodging behind a tree, threw his tomahawk full at the head of his assailant, who caught it upon the barrel of his piece, and at the same moment fired at the outline of the Indian's figure left exposed by the insufficient tree-trunk. A derisive whoop spoke the ill-success of the shot, and the next instant the twang of a bow-string sent an arrow into the Captain's shoulder.

With a shout of defiance he sprang forward,

grasping at the dusky arm of the savage and drawing his knife, but with another mocking laugh the Indian slipped from his grasp, and would have escaped, when the tomahawk he had thrown was thrust into the Captain's hand, with the hurried injunction:

"Hurl it at his head!"

And hurl it Miles Standish did, so strongly and so well that it bit deep into the brain of the flying savage, and laid him convulsed, dying, dead at the foot of the great pine whose shelter he was seeking.

Then the Captain turned to his ally, who stood pale and trembling, now that all was over, her hands clasped, and her lips quivering with agitation and alarm.

Miles Standish looked at her for a moment with a grim smile upon his lips, then extending the knife he still held toward her, he said:

"Now, mistress, go and take the scalp, if you will." But instead of blazing out in anger, as he had expected, Barbara only flushed crimson, raised her eyes appealingly to his, and softly said:

"Oh, Miles! That is not kind of you."

"Not kind? Well—" and the Captain walked away to the side of his fallen foe, looked at him for a moment, then returned. "The savage is dead," said he, quietly, "and you had best come home with me for to-night. It is the shorter half of the way, and Gregory Priest's wife can come up and stay with you."

"Thank you, Miles," said the girl, now so pale again that her brother-in-law put his arm about her, asking anxiously:

"Art going to swoon, child?"

"No—there, I am better now—let me but rest a moment, not here, though—let us get from the sight of that horrid creature—"

"But you came out of purpose to find and slay him," insisted Standish, mockingly.

"Nay, Miles, I had not thought you could be so cruel." And the proud, bright head suddenly bent itself upon his shoulder, and Barbara sobbed, as she did all else, with her whole strength.

"Now then, now, what is this? What! crying, girl, for a cross word or two, and that from me, whom you hate of all men!" exclaimed the Captain, putting his hand beneath the square white chin and raising the quivering lips to meet his own. "Why, there, then, let us kiss and be friends, as the children say. I meant not to hurt thee, lass."

"But you did hurt me, and you are ever hurting me, with chiding and sneering at me and all my ways; and when you say I hate you, you mean that it is you hate me, and let slip no occasion of showing it, and I wish—I wish—I had never come out of England to be your mock and scorn."

And down went the head again, while the tears so long gathering gushed out like a summer tempest. The gallant Captain, the man who knew no fear, stood for a moment appalled at this most unexpected attack, then seizing

both the strong white hands with which the girl sought to hide her face, he held them in his own, saying, eagerly:

"Here is some strange to-do. Tell me, Barbara, didst really think I hated thee, and mocked at thee?"

"I did not think it, I knew it," said Barbara, softly.

"See there, now. While I was thinking that it was you who could not abide the sight of me, you were thinking that I hated thee, and so we went on plugging each other, and turning the worst side instead of the best. Dost know, Barbara, I like thee all the better that thou wast so afraid but now?"

"I was horribly afraid, in good sooth," murmured Barbara, clinging to his arm.

"Then thou didst not come out to seek the savage?" asked the Captain, smiling with grim playfulness.

"I forgot all about the savage when I came."

"Ay? And for what didst thou come, then?"

"I was trying to overtake thee, Miles."

"What! Why was that, child? What was thine errand?"

"I—I wanted to tell thee that I was sorry for the gibes and insults I so saucily put upon thee to-day. I did not mean all I said, Miles, and I take shame for my frowardness."

Miles Standish looked long and keenly at the fair and noble face, dyed in blushes, and drooping before his gaze with a proud shame he had never seen upon it before. Long he looked, and earnestly, and then he said:

"Why, Barbara, thou art a very woman after all; a woman sweet, and tender, and modest as the most timid of thy sisters; yes, as womanly as Rose my wife, and worthy to be her sister. Barbara, seeing thee thus, I am filled with sudden wonder that I have not rightly seen and known thee before. Girl, take care, or instead of hating I shall come to loving thee outright. I, the gray, grim old soldier, with his stunted form, as thou didst say to-day, and his—"

"And his great heart and noble spirit, such as bigger men never yet dreamed of possessing!" broke in the girl, her eyes rising brightly upon his, then falling in a sudden terror at their own temerity.

"Barbara! Can it be, Barbara, that I might win thee to love me, and to look upon me always with those sweet and gentle eyes, instead of the scornful regard with which thou hast met me hitherto? Can it be, Barbara?"

"Thou shouldst have seen what a poor pretense the scorning was, Miles."

"Then, maiden, thus I make thee mine."

And the Puritan Captain, taking his betrothed in his arms, pressed his stern and bearded lips upon her pure and fresh ones, then led her tenderly on toward the place so soon to be her home.

For they were married within the month, and they lived at Duxbury, upon Captain's Hill, where you may trace the foundations and stand

upon the hearth-stone of their house to-day, and in the Pilgrim Hall of Plymouth you may see the Captain's mighty sword, some household relics of his home, and a sampler wrought by one of his daughters, and bearing a legend commencing with the words,

"Lora Standish is my name," etc.

Not only daughters, but sons, brave as their father, tall and comely as their mother, sprang from this union, and the eldest of them, Alexander by name, wooed, won, and wedded Sarah, eldest daughter of John and Priscilla Alden, thus uniting the two families in one common bond at last. Truly what we call poetic justice is not altogether a matter of poesy, for never rarer instance of it was found than here in the stern and practical lives of our Pilgrim ancestors. But when Miles Standish came to die, tradition says that the last murmur upon his lips was, "Bury me beside Rose, my wife." Let us hope they did; but whether ay or no, no research of to-day can prove.

THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Part Tenth.

I.

HOPPLETON hears a faint rumor one morning, and smiles at the same as a pleasant absurdity. Hoppleton hears next day a repeated rumor to the same effect, and pshaw it as a good enough joke at first, but worn out. The day after, Hoppleton hears the same nonsense in stronger tones than ever before. Hoppleton now learns, on the best authority, that the thing is perfectly certain, and instantly asserts that it always knew it was to be.

"It's just like her," says the feminine part of the town.—"But how in the mischief did Mr. Burleson senior and Mr. Burleson junior come to permit it?" asks the masculine part of Hoppleton.—"You'd better ask how *Mrs.* Burleson could come to say Yes!" says the feminine part again. "But, as to Anna Burleson, it's just like her—we are not astonished in the least!" although they all were—the ladies, at least—exceedingly so. After the first blow, however, they were not astonished either. They knew the mystic machinery going on under their own necklaces well enough, at least, to know that no one should reasonably be astonished at any thing their sex may do. Two parties formed among the ladies of Hoppleton on the spot. The age of about twenty was the dividing line of the parties.

"Anna Burleson is raving crazy!" said all the sex under twenty and unmarried.

"Better than be an old maid," replies all the sex over twenty and married.

"But the man is so *poor*!" rejoins the first party.

"Better *him* than live an old maid," answers the second party.

"But the man has got eight or ten children!"

"Better them than none at all. And it ain't ten; it's only six or seven. If it was fifty, better that than be an old maid!"

"And cross! Gracious! And lean, and dry, and sour!—as lief marry a crab-tree!"

"No, ye wouldn't. Better him, if he was a vinegar cruet on legs, than no man at all."

"Do you think *we* would be such fools as Anna Burleson?"

"In her case, yes."

"Do we understand you to say we—would—under—any—set—of circumstances—marry—such—a—man—as that?" demand those of the other faction who are nearest twenty—say twenty-five—weighing out the words one by one in the scales of indignation.

"There's no danger of *your* being placed in such a situation," says the wiser party, with a smile of propitiation. "But if you were—yes! If you were Anna Burleson, in Anna Burleson's situation, you would act, of course, exactly as Anna Burleson is acting. We tell you what, girls," continue the more experienced ladies, "it's very easy to say *I* wouldn't do so and so—I wouldn't! Mighty easy to talk. But the fact is, almost *any* husband is better than no husband."

"You forget Laura Wall!" exclaim the defeated side, rallying an instant.

"Yes, if you had Laura Wall's piety and sweetness it would be different. But Laura is one in ten thousand. None of you girls are as good as she is, and you know it."

"My wonder," says one of the younger misses, after a while, "is that Ed Burleson didn't pull his nose, if he is a minister, when he first proposed such a thing!"

"Don't you believe it!" says the older of the sex, with aspect of profound experience.

"By-the-by, who is that Ed Burleson going to marry?" inquire three misses in a breath.

"You silly creatures!" six others of their own age make answer. "Loo Mills, of course. Isn't he with her all the time?"

"You are wrong, girls," says the older party, strong from recent victory. "Ed Burleson is not going to marry Loo Mills."

"Who is he going to marry, then?" exclaim the others, somewhat relieved.

"If we tell you, mind, you must not tell a soul," reply the other side, sinking its voice.

"We have it as a *secret*. He is going to marry John—that sweet little John Easton that used to live at Mr. Wall's."

"How do you know?" is the prompt question, after the "Law me's!" are over, and the uplifted hands dropped.

"He addressed her before she left, if you must know," says the wisdom in the circle.

"He went out to a country neighborhood once—some miserable little place she was visiting—and drove her home in his buggy. Besides, Bug knows. She managed to go with him once—got into his trunk or something. We coaxed

it all out of her one day. And he's been there dozens of times since."

"Been where?"

"Oh, that neighborhood, whatever they call it, where John is teaching. You mustn't repeat it, girls. She'll soon be Mrs. Burleson the younger, living in Hoppleton, driving in a handsome carriage, wearing finer dresses than any of us. But it does look artful in her. It was a great temptation though—he so rich, she so poor."

"Oh no, you mustn't say that of John. There never was such an artless, quiet little thing!" exclaim the other side; but they believe the worst of her too.

"Just to think!" they afterward remark quite frequently to themselves, and to their parents, and every body.

"Who is it was saying he was getting so dissipated?" inquire the older ladies. "Somebody ought to tell John."

"He's such a provoking creature I can't endure him; teases one so," says the young lady present whom Burleson has visited least of any there.

"Handsome, talented fellow; pity he should dissipate!" says the wisdom again, with sincere regret.

"Handsome!" say the other party, with a little scream; "and talented! We never knew it before!" His being engaged to John has suddenly sunk Burleson in their esteem very low indeed.

"Ah, well, any of you girls would be glad to marry him!" is the candid reply—which is rejected, however, with the scorn it deserves.

"And you are so wise," say the junior ladies at last, "perhaps you can tell us who Loo Mills is going to marry?"

"Certainly, I can," says the oldest and wisest of the other side.

"You certainly don't believe that story of her being engaged to that nephew of Mr. Wall's?" scream all the rest in chorus. The assaulted lady nods her head with the gravity of certain assurance, and bears unshaken the denials and exclamations poured upon her.

"But how do you know?" is at last the indignant question.

"Mrs. Wall as good as told me so," is the reply. "They don't object, bless you—not they! No wonder!"

"Law me! I asked Laura Wall once," volunteers one of the other ladies, "and she only said, 'Do you think they would be congenial spirits, Mrs. Brown?' That's all I could get out of Laura."

"But do, somebody, tell me," breaks in another lady, small of size and therefore specially inquisitive, "how in this world did all this about Mr. Merkes and Anna Burleson come about. I thought Josiah Evers was the happy man."

"Law me! didn't you ever hear what passed between Ed Burleson and him?" asks Mrs. Brown. "Ed went out of his way to insult Jo-

siah Evers one day. Josiah he drew himself up and said, 'You had better wait until I ask an alliance in your family, Sir, before you become so offended at me.' There were a good many standing around, and it cut young Burleson to the bone. Sharp as a needle; bless you, Yankes always are. Burleson only cursed and walked off. Depend on it, he didn't oppose her having Mr. Merkes. But, still, I wonder how it *did* come about at last!"

But nobody knew. And nobody ever will know either. The father of the daughter did not know, as he drummed upon his desk with his ruler and meditated. Mrs. Burleson did not, treating the whole matter with lofty disdain. The daughter herself could not tell exactly where, or when, or how it began. In all Hoppleton no one was more astonished than Mr. Merkes himself! When he became fully aware of the fact that he was indeed to marry again, and Miss Anna Burleson at that, he grew alarmed, suspicious, nervous to the last degree. Something wrong somewhere! A conspiracy, on the part of somebody, under it all! He never could eat much; he now ceased to eat altogether. As to a good night's sleep, that was out of the question. He would have been deeply wounded had she not agreed to marry him. It was little better now that she had agreed to. He ground the whole matter over and over and over again in his mind with a hand never off the crank of the mill, by day nor by night. There is the bearing of the father, of the mother, especially of the handsome, haughty, reckless brother—he plainly does not like it at all! Bug, too—she is extremely disagreeable to him. Even Anna herself—she seemed a noble prize when apparently out of his reach; now that he had won her he was by no means so certain; for it is a singular feature in Mr. Merkes's character that whenever an object actually came into his hands it instantly lost all of its glitter and desirableness. He has a very poor opinion thus of his children. The fact is, he has a miserable opinion of himself, though he resents bitterly the faintest hint of the same opinion in regard to him on the part of any body else.

For Mr. Merkes teaches school in Hoppleton these days. His house is next that of poor Issells, the melancholy tailor; the front and largest room in the building being used as the school-room; and a cheerless home Mr. Merkes has of it with Samuel, Mary, Alexander, and poor little Lucy in the remaining rooms. It is dispiriting even to Mr. Mack, the jovial cabinet-maker, opposite that sepulchral home. He objects loudly to the amount of whipping necessary to the right training of the children thereat; of late has bits of cotton ostentatiously at hand on a shelf, as he informs his visitors, ready to stop up both ears at the first sound of the rod over the way. Even Issells comes over to tell him—Mr. Mack.

"It is horrible the way that scoundrel beats those poor children—he a preacher too: all preachers about alike, if the fact was known!"

Anna Burleson, now she has promised to marry him, how Mr. Merkes grinds her in that remorseless, incessant mill within! Is she at all as good-looking as his departed wife when he was first engaged to her? No, no, no, goes the mill. How old is she? Thirty, perhaps thirty-five; forty, perhaps forty-five; fifty, perhaps—but she can't be older than her father—one comfort. Her teeth too, grinds the mill, are they not false—are they not?—are they not? And her hair—her hair? Her complexion too, false or real?—false or real? Her health too—may she not have some dreadful internal disease—may she not?—may she not? And her temper too? Here he grinds with fresh energy. Yes, he has heard this of it! yes, he has heard that of it! And won't people say I married her for her money? That is a solid something, indeed, for his mental mill, and he grinds away at it for miserable hours. Hah! and he sits bolt upright in bed when the thought drops, at midnight, into the hopper of his mill. Perhaps the bank is secretly broken; perhaps not a cent is left for the family to live upon; perhaps *that* is the reason she consented to marry me—to have me help support the family! and at this suggestion he works steadily, tossing and turning in bed for the rest of the night. And so all day too—there must be *some* hidden reason, *some* concealed motive for their consenting to the match!

It is a dreadful trouble to Mr. Merkes. He can not begin to indulge in the least pleasurable view of the matter but the thought suddenly seizes him by the collar: May she not be ruinously extravagant? And he has hardly shaken that off before another idea has him more firmly by the throat: Look here, don't you *know* she and the children will live in perpetual strife? It is intolerable. He is unusually cross in school; he boxes the ears of the four at home. He even argues painfully with himself the propriety of flying the town. He looks forward with anxiety to the appointed day. He never was more miserable in his life. He wishes he had never come to Hoppleton!

II.

But the attention of Hoppleton is diverted from Mr. Merkes's approaching marriage this cold December day with a vengeance. From before day Issells has knocked at people's doors and raved about the town like one distracted. Quite a crowd, before breakfast, are gathered in the bar-room of Moody's Hotel, listening to the tailor as, half clothed and wholly unwashed and uncombed, he unfolds his almost frenzied story.

"You see, my wife is sick, has been for years, so that it's little sleep I get at night. I have troubles too, plenty of them, besides that, to keep me lying wide awake. I tell you, gentlemen, I've heard it five hundred times before, have mentioned it to Mack, there, he can tell you I did. Ah, here comes Mr. Ramsey! You say he is a good man; he can tell you I told

him fifty times in passing that man would kill one of them poor things—"

"Stop, Mr. Issells!" It is Mr. Ramsey that speaks, and all the group, eager listeners added to it every moment, turn to his lifted hand and well-known voice.

"You did tell me two or three times that you believed Mr. Merkes was cross and cruel to the children. You never gave me any proof of it. We all know how bitter you are against religion, especially ministers, so I paid the less attention to what you said. Little Lucy is dead, gentlemen," adds good Mr. Ramsey, very gravely; "I've been there ever since three o'clock this morning—"

"You see, he acknowledges *that*," breaks in Mr. Issells. "Yes, and as sure as you live that old scoundrel struck her the blow that killed her. I have heard him—they live next my house, you know—at least a thousand times. You see, they would occasionally wake, one or the other of them, and cry during the night; as sure as they did so he'd box their ears—the cross-est old rascal, preacher as he is! Here's Mr. Mack will tell you that he had to keep things by him to stuff in his ears, he flogged those school-children so. Not half as much as he did his own. He was afraid of their fathers and brothers. *They* were at his mercy, those pitiful little ones of his own. Cross!" and Issells, being excessively so himself, has no language to express the extent of Mr. Merkes's sin in that direction.

"Did you hear Lucy cry last night? Did you hear Mr. Merkes strike her? Be careful what you say, Mr. Issells. This matter may be in court." It is Mr. Ramsey who says it, very pale and anxious.

"When I hear him raving and raging and slapping away at his children *every* night, how can I be certain of last night exactly which child he struck?" says Issells, a little more guardedly. "I wasn't in the man's room. But I've no doubt that the old hypocrite killed that poor child."

And this is the burden of Issells's story, which he repeats round and round town all day long.

Mr. Merkes is already very generally disliked. Issells's story, increasing in terror and volume as it spreads from lip to lip, is creating a dangerous storm of feeling against him. All agree that Mr. Merkes is just the man to do it—not intentionally, but in a rage, not knowing how hard he strikes. If it was one of his own scholars only it would be bad enough, but one of his own children, no mother, even, to defend them, and a poor miserable little girl too!

The feeling against Mr. Merkes is growing more dangerous to him every moment. A large crowd is collected in front of the house. But Mr. Ramsey comes over to get the cabinet-maker to make the little coffin, and Mr. Mack goes over with his tape into Mr. Merkes's house, and comes out with it festooned in his hand, and so goes to work in earnest, very sober indeed.

Hardly a lady in Hoppleton but is in and out of Mr. Merkes's all day. From dawn one lady,

however, has held undisputed sway there. This was Anna Burleson. From the instant black Sally, sent by her mammy for the purpose, rushed into her bedroom and wakened her out of a sound sleep with the news, she has been another woman for life. Not waiting to consult father or mother she has hurried over to Mr. Merkes's, and no one does other than aid her in reference to the poor little body being prepared for the grave. Only this she has whispered to the wretched father, white, hollow-eyed, shriveled with an ague, as it were, by the school-room stove, in which some one has made a hasty fire—only this:

"Be a man, Mr. Merkes. Of course it's false. Be true to yourself, and I will be true to you!" and so passes into the back-rooms and assumes command. She works with energy and decision, has new color in her face and new light in her eyes. All her soul has needed heretofore was an object in life. She has one now.

Even in his anguish Mr. Merkes has time to ask himself, as her hand is lifted from his shoulder, Surely there must be some object, some scheme? But Mr. Wall the elder comes in at this juncture and sits beside him, and takes his hand kindly in his, and whispers long and low.

"No! As God sees me, no!" Mr. Merkes answers the whisper in a voice which startles every one. At least Laura Wall, who has come in with her father, and who has shrunk from the miserable man with horror in her eyes, seems satisfied, and passes on into the chamber and throws her arms around Anna Burleson busy therein, and whispers to her, and bursts into loud weeping.

"I didn't think you were foolish enough, Laura, to listen to such stuff," is all that Anna has to say, putting her coolly off and going on with her work, singularly like her stately mother all at once in her manner, as all there, comparing notes in a whisper, are agreed.

Only once does she break down. Laura Wall has turned from her to the bed upon which little Lucy lies, after a rapid, curious glance at the cold, pitiful face, and falls on her knees beside it, and kisses the little brow, and weeps—all the ladies crowding the room breaking afresh into tears at the sight. Anna Burleson has sunk on the floor by her side for a moment, weeping silently, and parting the flaxen hair from the forehead of the dead child with lingering fingers, as if it were her own. She is soon on her feet again, seeing to it that all things needed are being attended to.

And so the ladies come and go all day, with perpetual whisperings, going out and coming hastily back for something they have forgotten, or to receive fresh instructions from Anna, whose position in that household all acknowledge henceforth and forever.

Mrs. Burleson never shows her face in the house—not even at the funeral next day. Mr. Burleson comes in only with the coroner's jury,

which takes possession immediately after dinner, Edward with him.

Only a few of the multitude can get in. Clemm the blacksmith is coroner; Moody, Joe Hopple, M'Clarke, Mr. Ramsey, and others, on the jury. Anna Burleson and other ladies testify that there were no marks of violence on the body. They also testify that little Lucy has always been a frail little thing, not expected to live. From her birth, they have heard, though *that* is ruled out as being hearsay. Then Mack the cabinet-maker is examined, but knows nothing. Issells is brought in; beyond what he has told at Moody's Hotel that morning he knows nothing. Nothing whatever can be learned from Samuel or Alexander, shrinking from sight behind their father. Mary, sitting in Anna Burleson's lap, closes any possibility of evidence on her part by quietly sinking back in a faint at the first question. The doctor testifies that the child had been an invalid from his first knowledge of her; seemed lacking in vital force; judged its mother must have been in feeble health at and for some time before its birth. And then the doctor clothes the immediate causes of its death in such learned terms as to cause a jurymen to ejaculate "No wonder it died, poor thing!"

At the close of this testimony, to the surprise of all, Edward Burleson steps quietly forward and begs to be put on oath. He says that, from his own personal observation for years, the course of life of students in the seminary at which Mr. Merkes took his diploma is such as in a large number of cases seriously to impair the health of the student. The young lawyer proceeds to depict the career of Mr. Merkes, and all like him, enfeebled in health from the beginning, after full entrance upon his profession. The peculiar strain of the duties thereof upon heart, mind, body; the mortifications and humiliations; the insufficient pay; the reasons why only in rare and desperate instances the minister can lay aside his profession, although it is wearing him rapidly to death. "Among all your acquaintance with ministers, gentlemen," he asks, "are not the majority of them invalids? As long-lived as other men, perhaps—insurance tables show that—but invalids the most of them?" he asks. And, having never thought of it, all of them, before, the jury murmur, after a little reflection, "That's the fact, sure enough!" He then applied all this as ample explanation of Mr. Merkes's alleged and exaggerated peevishness. If Mr. Merkes had struck his own helpless infant, which he utterly disbelieved, it was in a moment of insanity, the direct and natural result of the causes detailed. He appealed to every Christian present if one whom they had long known and respected as beyond doubt a sincerely pious minister could by any possibility have intentionally injured his own motherless child, unless thus deranged.

It was something, at least, new to the jury, and they listened. But the speaker was a law-

yer, and who shall decide how much of his statement was legal evidence, was truth and right, and how much mere quibble and casuistry?

The jury, a good deal bewildered, could only bring in verdict according to the evidence rendered, and so separate to allay the excitement brewing without. Who can tell all that takes place between Anna Burleson and Mr. Merkes after the funeral is over, and all the excitement attendant thereon subsided? The wedding is postponed for many weeks, during which the feelings of Hoppleton in reference to Anna Burleson are largely perplexed; on the whole, a kind of wondering admiration for her too.

But the day comes at last. Hoppleton looks forward to it. Hoppleton holds its breath, on the arrival of the day, until the ceremony is over, and then lets its breath loose again with a "Well!"

The ceremony takes place, of course, in Mr. Burleson's parlor. Mr. Wall performs it. Laura is there. At Anna's nervously reiterated request she spent the previous night with her, and began "fixing her up" about day-break. Hoppleton has serious doubts as to whether or not Edward Burleson was present. But there is no one to get information from upon the subject.

"But, Pa, are you not afraid they'll be dreadfully unhappy? Their dispositions—all of those children?" asks Laura of her father, the day after the ceremony, in the privacy of his study.

"My dear Laura," says her father, "I have long since given up even attempting to understand human nature. When you most certainly expect it to be happy it is not happy. When you are perfectly certain it must be miserable, it is the exact reverse. I can't say I would like to have seen you marry Mr. Merkes. But," he continues, with a smile, "if you had set your heart upon it, I would have said, very well."

"You dearest father!" she says, putting her arms around his neck. "I am often tempted to fear you think I am a burden. But nobody has come along whom I *could* marry, so far. Don't blame me, Pa. I've dressed the best, looked the best I could, been just as agreeable to every body as I knew how. You know I can't help myself."

There is a smile on her lips, but a suspicion of tears, too, in her eyes.

"Be sensible, Laura," says her father, gravely. "You know we would regard your getting married, except so far as your own happiness is concerned, as the greatest loss that could fall upon us, especially since that willful, determined John has gone." He draws his daughter nearer to him and kisses her, the most affectionate father in the world; but, say what you will, it is not to her the arm or the kiss of a husband. Her hands linger continually about her mother's and her father's neck, the tendrils of an ivy which has no oak of its own around which to wind. But she does not, can not receive from

these the affection she yearns for. They have for her the perfect love of a mother, a father for an only daughter. Vaguely, hungrily she obeys the promptings of nature and seeks of them more than this; seeks, to be vaguely, continually disappointed.

But, just here, she and Anna Burleson had parted company—Anna falling back upon herself into a wretchedness which takes even Mr. Merkes as a lesser evil. Very different Laura Wall, true type of a class of women often the loveliest, certainly, of all beings alive, the most purely unselfish and abundant in good works.

III.

Some three months have passed since General Likens's death. Spring has robbed all the woods in green, stooping to touch the General's grave, too, with verdure as it passed by. But it is not memories of the General which bows the head of the young minister so, as he rides slowly past the grave this afternoon. The bridle hangs loosely in his hand, and Mike adopts his own gait, pretty much his own road. He is thinking.

He looks up as he passes a turn in the road, and sees John walking along home from school before him. She by no means brightens, only darkens instead, his train of thought: darkens it as a star does the cloud through which it breaks.

"And here you are, too," he says to himself, just above his breath, "young and slight; no father, mother, brother, sister—any other relation I have ever heard of in the world; no land, no house, very little money of your own; more like a bird of the forest than any thing else I know; plumage, food for the day, a nest for the night, all you have or care to have. And yet as self-reliant, as self-possessioned, as composed, as perfectly confident and happy, too, dear me, as—Like nothing else in all the world! Oh, you darling!"

"And, oh, you fool!" exclaims something else within him—common-sense, conscience, something or other. "You ought to have thought of all this before. What is the use of indulging in such notions now? Besides, it is sinful."

By this time John, in advance, has heard hoofs behind. Seeing who it is she throws her sun-bonnet off her brow upon her shoulders, and stands, all glewing, looking back and waiting for him. It is, to him, like leaping into an abyss; but there is no disposition to do any thing else. So he dismounts, leads his horse by the bridle to where she stands, gives Mike a cut with his whip which sends him flying homeward, neighing to himself as he goes, "Better that than the buggy," and thus Mr. Wall accompanies the young schoolmistress with slow, grave step.

"Yes, delightful evening!" he says aloud. And, "Oh, how charming you are!" he says too, but not aloud, and with a keen sense, in the same instant, of pleasure and of pain.

"Take care! take care!" cries the other voice within him.

She is charming, she is lovely. That calm, happy light of intelligence and feeling which shines from within! That transparent frankness and sincerity! "If I was standing beside Burleson on the edge of a precipice," he says to himself, "I would get away as fast as I could, lest I should be tempted to push him over. Out of all the universe she is exactly the one woman for me, in every respect and exactly. And *he* must interfere. There's that *other*, why can he not love *her*!"

"I am glad to see you," begins John, in an earnest way.

"I am happy to hear it!" he says on the spot.

He knows his full error in the very moment he commits it, but eyes, tones, and all go recklessly into his expression. She looks inquiringly up at his face for a moment, and then the color suffuses cheek, temple, neck. But she rallies again after a while.

"I am glad to see you, because I wished to speak with you about Mrs. General Likens," says John.

"You do not think her really ill?" asks her companion, a little alarmed at the path he had been upon the verge of entering. "Engaged to Louisiana! Engaged to Louisiana!" has been ringing in his ears.

"I am puzzled to know what is the matter with her," says John.

"I know that she is changed since the General's death," says her companion. "Grown suddenly old—growing older every day rapidly. It has surprised me. Something of the kind is natural—her loss, you know. But she has such a strong character, I supposed she would bear his death with more fortitude."

"That was my hope," adds John. "She had so much the stronger, at least the more active mind of the two. I can understand how the General would have missed her exceedingly every hour of the day, if she had been taken away first. But her affliction at his death is so different from what I had supposed it would be."

"I notice every day she seems to take less and less interest in the house and the farm," remarks the young minister. "The house, too, seems to be in more confusion—you have to be so much at that school, you know."

There is the faintest tone of dislike to the school in his words, and she takes it up on the spot.

"Teaching is my regular business in life, Mr. Wall," she says. "I am sure all my income is from it. I am very glad indeed it is such a pleasant school."

"I beg your pardon," he says, disliking the school a great deal more than ever. "If you were not so—so happily constituted as you are your school would have worn you out long ago. Teach? I would rather dig ditches."

"But we are talking about Mrs. General Likens," says John, pleasantly.

"Yes, I rarely hear her scolding the servants now. She used to be always going round and round the house and yard, like a great bee."

"But she does so still," adds John.

"More than ever, if possible," continues the young minister; "but it is as if only from the force of habit. She never is still a moment; but she does not seem to be interested in any thing."

"You can not tell how it pains me," adds John. "She will spin almost violently for a while. Then go to work at the loom on some special web or other. Then give it all up for her reel or her knitting. And preserving, too; last year, before this time, she had put away a large quantity of early fruit. In fact, it was a positive anxiety with her to have all her old supply eaten up out of the way, so that she might make more. A few weeks ago she had all the fruit gathered, all the sugar got out, all the brass kettles scoured and ready. But it was only from the impulse of habit. I do not believe she actually did any thing at last."

"Do you ever try to console her for her loss?"

"No, not of late. She always said, 'Never mind me, child. Don't fear for me. I'll bear up under it. I was expectin' it.' And that is what she always says whenever any of the neighbors attempt consolation."

"It is a little singular," says the young minister, "her not wishing me to read the Bible at family worship. 'Pray with us, Mr. Wall; you remember she said; 'but don't read—at least, not just yet.' You recollect, whoever led in prayer at family worship, the General always read himself. He seemed to regard it as a part of his peculiar duty as head of the family."

"And her attempting to lead in the Sunday afternoon instruction of the negroes," adds John. "When she found, after two or three Sundays, that she could not do it, her having you preach to them in the old barn every Sunday night instead."

"His old arm-chair, too," said her companion, with a smile. "You haven't forgot. In a forgetful moment I sat down in it once—only once, you remember!"

"You could make every allowance for her," says John, smiling through her tears. "The Family Bible, too, she wrapped it up in one of his large, red silk handkerchiefs. It is stowed away under her pillow, I believe."

"And she has become so silent, comparatively," continues Mr. Wall. "She talks on sometimes as if from force of habit—talks just to be talking, as she used to. It sounds painfully hollow and heartless to me. Does she ever write any poetry now?"

"You know it has been her ruling passion," says John, throwing her deep bonnet more off her fair face and looking at her companion, balanced between a smile and tears. "She has a whole trunkful in a closet under the stairs. I do believe she has read nearly the whole of it to me—some of it over and over again. And I tell you there is real poetry among it, too; a

little too rough, too straightforward; but some really vigorous lines. If she only had been thoroughly educated! And she used to write almost every night at the little desk in the corner by the bed. Her having me to read it to seemed to be a fresh stimulus to her after I came. And this is what I wished to speak to you about. In the last few weeks she has attempted often to write. I notice her after I go to bed. I never saw a line of it, but I know what it is. She was attempting to write some lines upon the General, or upon his death. But she always gives it up—leans her head on the desk and weeps instead. She thinks I am asleep. I do believe she has abandoned the effort now altogether. I was very unfortunate a few days ago. I said to her, 'Suppose you let me copy out some of your best pieces in a blank book?' I thought it might amuse her. But she refused. 'Pshaw! nonsense, child!' she said, as if perfectly indifferent. Last night, after I was asleep, I was awakened by a sudden blaze of light in the room. There was Mrs. General Likens seated on the floor by the hearth. She had dragged out the trunk from the closet, and was slowly burning up every thing in it, one sheet at a time, in the fireplace. I was on the point of trying to persuade her not, yet thought it better to leave her uninterrupted. But to see her there at midnight, at such a work, her pale old face lighted up by the glare! I am afraid my offer before only reminded her to do it."

"And there was nothing in the world she seemed to prize more than her poetry," said Mr. Wall.

"Nothing," exclaimed John; "and that made it seem worse. It may be foolish in me, but it looked as if she were burning asunder the last tie that held her to earth."

"In other words," said the young minister, after a while, "she really and sincerely loved her husband—*loved* him!"

It was singular with what pleasure Mr. Wall dwelt upon that word "loved."

"And they had lived together so long," said John, softly, and coloring in echo to her companion's tones. "More than thirty years. So used to each other."

It was dangerous. Such a soft evening; so quiet and balmy the air; so still and silent the woods through which would their path. Only the weight of a leaf to break the balance of his purpose is needed. The young minister is alarmed for himself. "Engaged! engaged!" cries the ghost in the cellar; so loud, too, he is almost afraid his fair companion will hear it also.

Perhaps she has, for she has quickened her gait decidedly.

IV.

"Be strictly honorable, Wall, my fine fellow!" Burleson had once said. It was the last time that young lawyer's pressing "business" had called him, incidentally, into the Likens neigh-

borhood. He said it as he parted from Mr. Wall at the General's front gate, after a somewhat protracted visit.

"I live in Hoppleton," he had argued with his old college friend, "and you live here. Unfortunately for me, Miss John too lives here. Unfortunately—I hope you regard it so—for you, Miss Mills lives in Hoppleton. Now don't get things mixed up, Wall. Before you got to be so bearded and stont and ruddy you used to be absent-minded—in the Seminary, you remember. Don't be that in this matter. Don't mistake one of these young ladies for the other, whatever you do. They are not in the least alike, and you know it."

"I don't understand you—" Mr. Wall had begun to say. But that was false; he did, perfectly; so he said nothing at all, was only very dignified—quite like Mr. Merkes.

"Of course you don't understand me," said the other gentleman, on his seat in his buggy and gathering up the reins. "Not at all. Only remember a friend of yours admires and loves, above all things in the world, a certain lady of your acquaintance, unfortunately. And you are actually—ahem!—engaged to somebody in Hoppleton. An admirable match, my dear fellow! Blooming Miss Loo! Admirable! You couldn't do better! Now don't you interrupt my little plans, and I won't interrupt yours. And I will add this, Wall," he continues, taking his whip in his left hand with the reins, to lay the right hand gravely on his friend's shoulder: "you know I don't profess to have any purpose in life—perfectly devil-may-care; and I don't have any except—John Easton. Headlong I go to the—Adversary you preach about if I fail to win her. My soul's at stake—look out! You know all. Honor and fair play, *Carolus meus*!"

And with a nod of his handsome head and a shake of the reins on black Bob, he is gone. Gone, leaving his friend very indignant, if only there were not a vague, creeping sense of almost guilt which rises up against it. "And yet what have I done, or said?" he asks himself.

It all comes back to mind as he walks beside the fair temptress this lovely evening. "And perhaps they actually are engaged," he thinks to himself. "But even supposing they are not engaged, what good will that do me? I am engaged." And off he goes in unpleasant meditations. He is enumerating to himself, by way of offset against John, all Miss Louisiana Mills's excellences. She is so beautiful, and—and—Try it again. She has such beautiful teeth, and silken hair, and exquisite complexion, and—and—Stop! She laughs so much, and with such a silvery peal, and—She wears such beautiful dresses, and—Yes, her fingers on the keys of the piano are so very white! For his life he can not recall, nor even plausibly invent, another excellence, trait even, for Miss Loo. "And I am actually engaged—"

"Do you really think they *are* actually engaged?" says his companion, looking into his face with a smile.

"What? I beg your pardon," he says, with quite a start.

"I am afraid you are getting as absent-minded as you used to be," says John, coloring violently at his tones and manner. "It was about Miss Araminta I was speaking. You did not hear me." By his exclamation she understood the whole of his reverie perfectly. She was heartily sorry—alarmed—she had asked the question. He seizes upon it gladly, however.

"Ah! oh yes!" he says. "Miss Allen and Mr. Long! I don't wonder you are curious. It is no secret. Astonishing, is it not?"

He is delighted with the new topic, and proceeds to tell her all about it. He had learned it on the last of his many visits to Mr. Long's cabin in the woods. Generally he had found that gentleman busily engaged washing out his rifle, mending his shot-pouches, casting bullets, cutting wood for his fire, doing something or other to the skin of some animal recently slain, and like employments. Now he found him sitting idly on the sill of his cabin door, not even his knife in his hand, only biting at the ends of his disordered beard, and looking into the forest glowing with the lights and shades of the setting sun. He received his visitor cordially, but, that visitor could not help noticing, in an abstracted manner. Mr. Long's mind was occupied—was perplexed. Whatever the subject before him, Greek or Hebrew or Doc Meggar, he had evidently been studying it over for hours, and had not finished that process either by a good deal. There was painful uncertainty in Mr. Long's eye, in Mr. Long's manner. His welcome to his visitor was almost mechanical. The manner in which he sliced the venison, too, from the haunch suspended in the chimney corner, and proceeded to broil it, indicated a preoccupied and troubled mind. His heart was evidently not in the dough, even while he made it up and proceeded to bake it in the old one-legged skillet. Any one could see by the way he ground the coffee in the mill nailed to the wall that he was reckless of the results of his grinding. But when he asked blessing himself over the meal, instead of inviting his pastor to do so, as usual on such a visit, that pastor became uneasy. "Can I have offended him in any way?" he asked himself once or twice. He knew he had not. It was an idea that savored of Mr. Merkes, and he cast it out. But when, after supper, Mr. Long laid the usual books on the table, and his heart evidently not at all in doing so, then his visitor became really alarmed.

"My dear Mr. Long," he said, frankly, "what is the matter with you?"

"I kind o' thought all along it was to be *you*," answered that gentleman from the other side of the rough table, his right arm rested upon the Hebrew Bible open before him, his left hand busy curling the corner of his beard into little strands, and inserting the ends thereof into his mouth. "Somebody told me, I'm sure; I disremember who. It was *somebody*,

I know." There was the accent of complaint in Mr. Long's remark.

"Told you what?" inquired his visitor.

"It may hev been the General before he died, or it may hev been his wife. Doc Meggar? No, it couldn't hev been Doc; he couldn't 'a knowed. It was *somebody*, I know!" Mr. Long would seem to be indignant, if it were not that he is so evidently troubled in mind.

"But told you *what*?" demanded his visitor, coloring. Is it possible, he thinks, that any reports injurious to my character can be in circulation?

"Told me *you* was to be the man! Told me she was goin' to marry *you*!" replied his host, looking at him anxiously.

"But who are you speaking of?" demands the young minister, and with an almost guilty feeling in regard to Miss Louisiana. It is surprising how his face burns!

"There's just this one thing I want to say to you, Mr. Wall," says Mr. Long, with more of the troubled expression than before; "that is, it ain't too late for you yet. We are by ourselves here in these woods. Nobody need never know nothin' about it. If you only say so, I'm willin'. Don't you think I'm *not* willin'; I *am* willin'! I hev lived so long here by-myself in this old cabin I don't keer as much about such things as perhaps you do. I ain't ready like for a notion of that sort. It is so sudden too."

"I declare—" began the young minister.

"Don't you fear about hurtin' my feelin's," interrupted his friend, with alacrity. "You're more than welcome to count me out. Only you go ahead; I won't interrupt. An' don't think a minute you disappoint me. You *don't* disappoint me!" said Mr. Long, with amazing energy. "You don't disappoint me! Not a bit. In fact, I'd take it as a partic'lar favor if you would just go ahead."

"Mr. Long," said his guest, amazedly, "I have not the faintest idea of what you are talking about."

"Didn't you ever expect—didn't you ever intend to marry her?" asked Mr. Long, boldly too.

"Marry whom?" asks his guest, with considerable emphasis on the last word.

"Why, *her*, of course—Miss Araminta Allen;" eyes never fixed more eagerly upon deer or wild-cat than now upon those of his visitor.

"Never!" replied his guest, with unbounded energy. "What on earth put such an idea in your head?" Mr. Wall is a little indignant as well as amazed.

"You didn't?" said Mr. Long, after a gloomy pause. "Well, somebody told me so. Perhaps I dreamed it. A drownin' man, you know—a straw." There was deep disappointment in Mr. Long's tones, and he pulled more slowly at the ends of his beard, more thoughtful, more troubled than before.

"But why should that trouble you?" asks his visitor, innocently.

"Miss Allen is a nice lady. I never said she wasn't," remarks the hunter, meditatively. "She's got powerful energy. She ain't exactly pretty—not at all like that Miss John, for instance—but then she ain't what a man would call ugly. No. I reckon not. But it isn't that. You see, I ain't used to bein' married. Besides, I ain't prepared for it. Likewise, I ain't ready a bit. Hev I got any fixins for it? I want to know! Besides, farming? What do I know about farming? Now if it was hunting! An' them niggers of hers. 'They need lambasting, ev'ry one of them,' she says to me; 'they're dyin' for it, Mr. Long,' says she. 'I can't do nothin' with them, now General Likens is dead; they run over me,' says she. 'Well, I ain't the hand to look after black ones. It's a thing I ha'n't no experience in. What would you do about it, Mr. Wall?' And Mr. Long regards his pastor anxiously.

"It would seem as if you are actually engaged to the lady. Why did you not think of all that before?" asks Mr. Wall, his disposition to merriment over the rueful reasoning of his friend considerably checked by his own use of the word "engaged." It is, of all the dictionary, the unpleasantest word to him.

"But, you see, I didn't know I was goin' to be engaged till I act'ly *was* engaged," says Mr. Long, very promptly, in vindication.

"But, then, how did you become engaged?" asks the other. "I confess I don't exactly understand."

"You understand it just as much as I do," retorted Mr. Long. "Two minutes before it happened I tell you I'd no more a notion such a thing was goin' to happen—" Mr. Long speaks with the most earnest truthfulness.

"Yes, but—" begins Mr. Wall. Very faintly, however; he has had his own experiences.

"You see," continued the hunter, with energy, "she asked me if I couldn't bring her some venison some time. I remember, it was that day we buried General Likens she first asked me. But I didn't. I was shy like. 'You haven't brought me that venison, Mr. Long,' she says to me next time she sees me at church, smilin' too. 'Haven't been able to shoot any, perhaps,' she says. I couldn't say yes to that. I had killed plenty after seein' her. 'If you *should* manage to kill any deer meat,' she says to me, smilin', 'I'll be glad to buy it. You needn't be afraid I won't pay you,' says she. An' so it went on. Yes, I took her some. Oh yes, I took her some," continued Mr. Long, biting reflectively at his beard. "And then I had to take her some again. Then she had set her heart on a pet bear cub, an' I had *that* to get. Then she couldn't live another day without a little wild honey—did I know of any bee tree? Yes, I did know of a bee tree—fifty. What's the use?" says Mr. Long, summing up abruptly and rising from the table. "However it's come about, one thing's certain: we two are engaged to get married, an' mighty soon at that!" And the

hunter took up his rifle instinctively from the corner of the room, weighed it in both hands held palm upward, glancing his eyes lingeringly along it, put it down again discontentedly. "An' about this here Hebrew," he continued, pausing by the table as he walked restlessly to and fro, turning over the exceedingly soiled leaves of the open book with loving finger—"what about it, I'd like to know? Occupy my mind an' my time! Somethin' to keep me hard at it away from all sorts of devilment? Hah, yes! I'll have *that* enough now, let alone Greek an' Hebrew!" and he continued his restless walk about the cabin. "You won't mention it, of course," he said at last, pausing a moment to make the solemn announcement, "but I've weighed the two, the one against the other, an' of the two I prefer the Hebrew. Yes," added Mr. Long, after standing a moment in further reflection, "it's the Hebrew here I pre-fer! Tough? Yes; who said it was not tough? But it's the easiest handled. Ah, yes, never mind!" adds Mr. Long, pursuing his walk and his meditations. "But what's the use? It's all settled. *She* settled it! Never was so as-tonished in all my life as I was there that day!" he adds, to himself rather than to his guest, as he walks up and down.

"I am to perform the ceremony, I suppose," said his friend at length, to manifest his sympathy in some way.

"Strange, she wouldn't hear to it at first," said Mr. Long, pausing a moment. "'Any body rather than *him*!' she says, mad like. Hah!" exclaimed Mr. Long, as the idea struck him, "that must 'a been the way I come to think there'd been somethin' between her an' you, Mr. Wall, onst. 'Any body rather than *him*!' she says, says she. Hah, yes! She was so set like, the notion flashed on me sudden, Here's your way to get out of it, Bob! So I said, slow an' solemn, 'Very well, Miss Allen; it's him or nobody!' You see, I was frightened at the idea of gettin' married to any body—a'n't over it yet. I expected she would blaze out—have her own way; mules, you know, an' women will. But no. She looked up at me, surprised like, an' said, as gentle! 'Very well, Mr. Long, if you think best.' 'An' Doc Meggar is to wait on me,' I said. Doc Meggar! Knowin', too, how onst she'd as lief a rattle-snake 'd come into her house. It looks bad in me, Mr. Wall, I know," continued Mr. Long, apologetically, "but I was real skeared at the idea of gettin' married—not over it yet. 'As you please, Robert,' says she, right off. It was mean in me, real mean," continued Mr. Long, walking the floor of the cabin slowly and thoughtfully. "Ah, well!"—he stopped to say it—"if I *hev* got to be married I'd just as lief it was to her as to any body else."

"It's my opinion you should feel highly flattered by her preference," said his companion, gravely.

"That's just one thing more I'd like to know the best in the world," said Mr. Long, facing

full around on his guest. "What in the world did she see in me to take a fancy to me, I want to know? It's that puzzles me worst of all." And he stroked his beard and waited with honest, handsome face a solution of his difficulty.

Perhaps Miss Anna Burleson could have told him. And it was with a laughing sketch of this visit to Mr. Long's cabin that the young minister entertained his companion. At least, he gave her the substance of it. No sooner do

they come in distant sight of Mrs. General Likens's, however, than they are interrupted. It is Moll, the house-girl, who has been waiting to catch Miss John on the way home, in a corner of the fence where the lane begins.

"Oh, Miss John!" she begins, "I wish you wouldn't leave ole missis. She won't say so, but she's sick, heart-sick. Wus to-day than ever. Please hurry home. Oh, Mass Wall! pray de Lord for ole missis. She need it."

Editor's Easy Chair.

AMHERST Commencement falls at midsummer, and whoever goes to the College at that time from Northampton passes through romantic and famous Hadley, and over the noble Connecticut meadows beneath Mount Holyoke. The College is seated upon a lovely hill looking out upon a prospect of gentle beauty; and it is no wonder that its children so gladly return every year to renew their youth and to honor their cherishing mother.

This year Amherst, like the other colleges, was very chary of her Doctor's degree. Whether the colleges have at length heard the tone of derision with which the public has latterly received their profuse honors of this kind; whether they have learned that the solemn conferring of the double Doctorate has come to be considered a mere "calling of names;" whether they agree at last with Landor, who wrote to Southey that "the University of Oxford ought to purchase an estate for you in the country, as a reward for becoming one of its Doctors;" or whether the increase of the population is not rapid enough to supply candidates, it is observable that the crop of Doctors is this year very small. On the other hand, the hay and apple crops are very large, and a philosophical country will undoubtedly endeavor to set the gain against the loss. Indeed, the most philosophic of citizens might, perhaps, seriously hesitate between an offer of a barrel of Baldwins or greenings and the Doctorate of laws. Or possibly, again, the greater the philosophy the smaller the hesitation.

Whether such gibes, which are now painfully frequent, spring oftener from the proud possession or from the hopeless desire of the academic distinction, the Easy Chair forbears to decide. One of the most uncomfortable incidents of being a double Doctor, however, it has sometimes remarked to be the ignorance of other people of that distinction. To wrap your honorary degree like a talent in a napkin, and bury it in the earth, defeats its very purpose; and yet who can wear it upon his sleeve? Some have entertained angels unawares; and there are worthy people whom we daily meet in "the mart" and other public places who are really Doctors of Laws, if only somebody knew it. The Doctors themselves are certainly willing it should be known; but how? How would it do for them to wear scarlet gowns? Alas! what a distinction the black coat would instantly become!

The most common device to publish the fact of the Doctorate is apparently the issuing of a book. In this case the important fact appears,

as it were, merely incidentally and by chance. Yet it is really the point of the book. At least, if the intelligent reader will turn over the series of works by Ever So Many People, LL.D., it will be difficult for him to determine why they were published, except to communicate to the public, what would not otherwise be so modestly advertised, that Ever So Many People are LL.D. But this method does not wholly avoid the dilemma; because how are the public to be compelled not only to read a book but to remark the details of the title-page? Not every body gets the title correctly; and how many can be expected to make the proper distinctions, for instance, between S.T.D. and LL.D. and Ph.D. at the end of a man's name, when even his friends blunder about the letters in the name itself? If, for instance, your name is David Daniel Douglas, how many of your correspondents will not persistently write D. D. Douglass, Esquire, although at least once a month you sign it in full with one s. An ingenious friend of the Easy Chair, who is often troubled in this way, has his tranquil revenge by always doubling the final letters of both the offender's names; so that if Henry Higgins directs to him as D. D. Douglass, his reply is addressed, Henry Higgins, Esquire. This, he remarks, often brings them to reason.

But since the public can not be compelled to read, could not its attention be attracted by classifying such books as the works of the LL.D.? Might there not be the Poetical, Philosophical, Theological, and Scientific LL.D. series? Yes, remarks a cynic at the Chair's elbow, and so set off the books that no gentleman's library should be without by those that none would contain; and, alas! how the market for trunk linings would be glutted!

Such innocent jests, mere moths, not wasps, beguile the pleasant way across the broad river meadows as the pilgrim passes to the Amherst Commencement. There is an old church, a meeting-house, in which the orations are delivered; and it is Senator Patterson, of New Hampshire, who addresses the Literary Societies upon "Education in its relations to the Republic." The orator said one thing which, as reported, has a challenging sound. "The American press, both secular and religious, sometimes purposely, sometimes unconsciously, by mendacity or effrontery, persistently misrepresents public affairs and public men." This was a gauntlet that could not be left lying upon the ground, and has been raised with a sneer. Now, surely, that is not the way in which it should be treated. The reader

has probably observed that if a member of Congress says something in censure of the press, the press instantly retorts, "Indeed! and who made you?" But is the press above criticism? Are the gentlemen of the press unaware that there is sometimes (very seldom, of course) a little occasion (the very least, of course) for the remote insinuation that the most perfect candor does not always distinguish every word of every newspaper? And what kind of answer for an honorable opponent to make is the *tu quoque*?

Senator Patterson made his remark. As reported, it is certainly too sweeping. It is an unconditional assertion that the press misrepresents public affairs. • But is this true? For instance, is not the condition of the *Alabama* question fairly represented in the newspapers? To one who reads the papers is not the argument in every aspect amply stated? Every editor, indeed, warmly asserts and defends his own views, like every advocate in a court, or every Senator in Congress. There are, moreover, editors who seek to inflame ill-feeling, and who misrepresent to that end. But are such purposes and methods wholly unknown in Congress? Yet would it be fair for a newspaper to declare that the American Congress, sometimes purposely, sometimes unconsciously, by mendacity or effrontery, persistently misrepresents public affairs and public men?

There are mendacity and effrontery in Congress, and they are not wholly unknown in newspapers; and in a country governed by public opinion, and in which a newspaper is consequently a tremendous power, it is, as Senator Patterson very truly says, of the utmost importance that the power be controlled by intelligent and truthful men, and in a spirit which will decline the "you're another" style of controversy. One of the chief newspapers quoted the remark of the Senator, and added, "We presume that Senator Patterson did not mean to include that portion of the press which helped to make him a Senator." Probably not, so far as what they truthfully said of him is concerned. But certainly the Senator might justly reply that he did not mean to allege that every word published in every paper upon every topic and about every public man was misrepresentation; but that there was a general tendency to misrepresentation, partly due to party spirit, partly to the want of proper responsibility, arising from imperfect knowledge or positive ignorance upon the part of many writers for the press. Is not the very manner in which the remark is snatched up and derided somewhat illustrative of its truth?

The journal continues that these criticisms of the press by public men remind it of a little story. A customer made a suit of patent leather for Mr. Forrest's Richard the Third; but the tragedian sniffed at "patent leather." "Indeed," rejoined Mr. Costumer, "I should like to know what your Richard the Third would be without it." It is a good story; and it is true that if newspapers did not mention public men their fame and their influence would be necessarily very limited. Ought public men, therefore, never to criticise the press? That is the argument of the newspaper. Mr. Forrest's Richard the Third would be very ineffective without patent leather, therefore let him speak it fair. Senator Patterson's renown is increased by the newspapers, therefore let him not blame them.

The argument is bad; for a Senator is not the creation of a newspaper nor of the press, whatever the relation of patent leather to Mr. Forrest's fame may be; and even if he were made by the press it would be none the less his duty to criticise it. We gentlemen of the press—for the Easy Chair may claim, *ex officio*, to sit below the salt—certainly criticise each other as sharply as we can; and if one citizen may properly criticise his fellows in any department with his pen, why may not another with his tongue? If the papers do much to make public men famous, so public men furnish, in their official and representative action, the material for newspaper discussion. Honestly, also, there is a truth in the direction of Senator Patterson's remark which the press might very profitably consider. We gentlemen of the press may not be aware, but the readers of newspapers are fully aware, of the fact that a great many intelligent people require of a mere matter of news, to say nothing of opinion, some other proof than that it is in the newspaper.

Now it is no answer to such a remark to sneer, "And how would they know the news except for the paper?" 'Thou fool! because a man can only cross the ocean in a boat, may he not say that there are dreadfully leaky tubs classed as boats? If, indeed, he says—as you are going to remark that the Senator said—that boats are leaky tubs, why, the Easy Chair hath already granted that the remark was too unmeasured. But it asks again, is it any answer to retort, "Where would you have been except for the leaky tubs?" Is it not a rather manlier reply that the Senator states a truth extravagantly, and that there are altogether too many leaky tubs? For, brethren, that is the truth, and we need not dispute its declaration. In the very journal that sneers at the Senator there have been the most rancorous and—to choose words carefully—villainous misrepresentations of public men.

Upon the whole, when a man at the street corner asks, "Why is it that every body is out at elbows?" hadn't we all better see if our coat-sleeves want mending before darning him as a blackguard?

A MONTH or two since we were speaking of the pride which keeps American girls from domestic service, and of the injustice and severity of the parlor toward the kitchen. A kind correspondent writes that we left the discussion sadly unfinished, because, admitting the false pride, there is another obvious reason why American women recoil from such drudgery. It is that they are not strong enough for its duties. "Poor as well as rich," says Glen's Falls, "they have so degenerated in physical strength that they are wholly unequal to cope, in those spheres of labor where physical strength is the one thing needful, with Irish girls, who come here with muscles firm and strong, and with health that knows no pain, especially when, as you truly say, so much is demanded of the kitchen by the parlor that even this strength too soon yields to the pressure and is obliged to seek lighter employments." Glen's Falls is very sure that there is many a true-hearted American girl who would swallow her pride and cheerfully undertake domestic service, but she knows that "her poor strength is not equal to it; that the over-fatigue, day after day, would soon exhaust the over-

developed nervous system, and she would soon become a wreck to be given over to the tender mercies of other overworked relatives."

This is doubtless true. The explanation is not simple, for the motives are many and complex that produce the situation which was described at the meeting of women to which the Easy Chair alluded. But the condition of domestic service has become so intolerable that several intelligent housekeepers in Cambridge, near Boston, propose to try a remedy. A paper upon Co-operative Housekeeping, read by Mrs. Charles P. Peirce, of Cambridge, develops the plan with a force and luminousness that would become any statement made by the superior sex. Mrs. Peirce asserts that the cost of food has doubled in ten years, and is increasing; that servants do less work and demand more wages; that their work is worse, and their unwillingness to do it as the employer wishes greater. The time has therefore come to attempt some kind of reform; and the proposition is, to regard cooking and washing—the two vital and exhausting departments of domestic labor—as manufactures, and to apply to them the principles now universally applied to other industries—the combination of capital and the division and organization of labor.

The first point in the cooking department is, to buy at first cost and dispense with all the middlemen and their profits. To carry this the housekeepers must club their capital—that is, their monthly allowance for housekeeping expenses—and buy in the wholesale market. This would furnish the co-operative "store" of provisions. At this store every housekeeper who wishes to buy must pay the retail price in cash, having previously contributed toward the starting capital, and for the retail price she is to get her money's worth in good quality. She is to receive it also virtually at cost, because at the end of the quarter she is to have her share of the whole profit of the business, as well as the interest on her share of the stock. And this profit, if the store should do as well as similar stores, will be not less than twelve per cent.

Now, precisely this experiment has been tried, not by cultivated American housekeepers but by poor English day-laborers, and has succeeded. It was tried at Rochdale—John Bright's Rochdale, in England—and from this Society have grown others, extending to the Continent; and striking as Mrs. Peirce's statements are, they are wisely below the truth. Thus, in 1867 the whole number of co-operative store societies in England and Wales was 577, comprising 171,897 members, with an aggregate share capital of more than \$7,000,000, doing a business of more than \$80,000,000 annually, and realizing a net profit of nearly \$2,000,000. The figures of the operations of the Rochdale Pioneers, which Mrs. Peirce does not give, are remarkable and most encouraging. In 1844, the first year, with 28 members, there were no profits. In 1845, with 74 members, the profits were 22 pounds sterling. From that year to 1867, which are the last returns we have seen, the number of members and the profits have regularly increased. In that year there were 6823 members, and the profits were 41,619 pounds sterling, more than \$200,000. The original store was devoted to groceries and drapery. In 1847 linen and woolen drapery were

added. In 1850 a slaughter-house and butcher's shop. In 1852 shoe-making, clog-making, and tailoring; a little later coal dealing; and in 1867 a bakery.

The Rochdale Society has erected a spacious and handsome building for its operations, at an expense of \$60,000. It contains, besides the stores, an immense assembly-room; a directors'-room, which would satisfy the Bank of England; a news-room, with the English reviews and magazines and the chief newspapers; and a library, which is rapidly increasing. It has already 9000 volumes, and the appropriation of two and a half per cent. of the net profits of the Society for library purposes yields more than \$5000 a year. At the assemblies all subjects are discussed. Thus the Rochdale co-operatives buy the purest sugar and the best tea; they grind their own coffee and kill their own beef. Those who never had a sixpence of ready money now hear the grateful music of jingling coin in their pockets. The Society makes sober and intelligent men and cheerful women; and as it has made no debts it has had no losses; and during its existence of twenty-five years has never had a lawsuit. "No one," says Frederic Harrison, "who has seen Lancashire or Yorkshire workmen, with their wives and children, meet in their own hall, surrounded by their own property, to consider their own affairs—has heard them join in singing, sometimes a psalm, sometimes a chorus—has listened to the homely wit, the prudent advice, the stirring appeal, and felt the spirit of good-will, conviction, and resolution with which they celebrate their escape, as it were, from Egyptian bondage—can fail to perceive that the agency which brings them together, if not itself a moral and social movement, possesses many high moral and social tendencies."

Of course Mrs. Peirce's project contemplates merely the economical aspect of what is called co-operation, but which, as Mr. Thornton justly says, should really be called association. But if such economical results are achieved by this system by English working men and women, are they beyond "well-to-do" Yankee housekeepers? In Cambridge, where the price of provisions is enormous, Mrs. Peirce says that there ought to be very few families unwilling to join in an experiment at the rate of twenty-five dollars a share. And not only would she have a store, but a kitchen, a bakery, and a laundry. And why not? Palpably, machinery and associated effort do now wash and bake a hundred-fold better in every way than isolated labor in the city. Half of the families probably never bake any bread or cake. The details are perfectly practicable. It is the system of a huge hotel or city club applied by a society of families, who need have no other association, if they prefer. Mrs. Peirce enters into the details of the general incapacity and ignorance, and the consequent inconceivable waste of money and material, in our present kitchen system. But it is all done with the most intelligent coolness. There is no rhetoric whatever in her address.

It is practicable, she says, to save nearly a third of the cost of living daily. Yet she owns that the husbands concerned doubt whether there will be any saving of any kind; but even if it should be somewhat more expensive, the

convenience and relief will be so delightful that they are ready for the experiment. For the first year, Mrs. Peirce says, green hands can hardly hope for great profits. "But I leave it to common-sense to say whether, when we have got fairly organized, and are smoothly at work, we can help living cheaper than now, when we buy all our provisions at wholesale, burn only one-half of the fuel we do at present, and, by the aid of organization and of labor-saving machinery, employ only two or three to do the work that now requires more." Yet, if there be no actual saving of money, as the gentlemen suggest, the superior comfort, convenience, and perfection are gain enough. Proceeding to figures, she says that the subscription to the kitchen will probably be \$100, and to the bakery, separately, perhaps \$25. To begin properly \$8000 or \$9000 will be required. Thus one hundred subscribers to the "store" at \$25, fifty to the laundry at \$50, fifty to the bakery at \$24, and twenty-five daring spirits to the kitchen and bakery together at \$100 each, would make a capital of \$8700. Upon this there should be legal interest paid before any other profit. With diligence, and an interest in the subject that may fairly be expected, the operations might begin in November.

Every body must heartily trust that they may. The scheme is so practicable and so reasonably stated that, with one person so much and so intelligibly in earnest as Mrs. Peirce, it can hardly fail to be tried. It will require an experienced head in the store, of course, to know exactly when, where, and how to buy—and how to save friction. But Glen's Falls will see its immediate effect upon domestic service. An accomplished head of the kitchen will command the wages of skilled labor. It will be a post like that of chief engineer, or that of the *chef* of a great London club. And, as Mrs. Peirce does not fail to point out, what an immense benefit to the poorer housekeeper! What food, and cooked in what manner, do the poorer laborers eat! Good food, well cooked, is something unknown to them, but something that this system would make familiar. For the poor mother there would be the enormous gain of some time for her proper maternal cares—some relief from the grinding drudgery that wears her life away.

It is remarkable, too, that in the midst of the high, hot debate about "women's rights" this proposition should come from a woman, because it shows a spirit working in society that proves "the movement" to be a natural agitation from within, and not superinduced. It is a proposition of self-help. If the condition of domestic service really seemed to be beyond remedy, under its present condition of isolation, this is a dextrous avoidance of the difficulty. By aggregating it dignifies this labor, and "pride" must have a legitimate fall. If the promise be rosy, it is not necessarily illusive; and if it revive the dreams that were dreamed a generation ago in this, as they have been in all times and countries, it serves only to show that the dream is a prophecy, and that every generous hope of the human heart shall one day be fulfilled.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS Prince Champagne Charlie has an enormous fortune for an income; but Parliament is to be asked to pay some of his traveling expenses. He also married a lovely Danish

princess a few years ago, and all the poets sang in her honor like all the wedding chimes pealing together; but it is now whispered that "a lady of title, who recently disgraced her family, owes her ruin to her future king." That he is fond of cider-cellars, and the songs that are sung there, and the people that congregate there, is also subject of common rumor. That he is mentally a dull young man, of whom no generous word or action has ever been made public, is not denied. He seems to show all the qualities that are most to be deplored in the worst of his ancestors; and a more humiliating family for a royal family than the German kings of England it would be hard to find.

The Plantagenets and Tudors are redeemed by brilliant traits in some members of the house. The first Charles Stuart, at least, figures well in Vandyck's portraits; he had the aspect of a handsome cavalier if he had nothing else. William of Orange was not a proper English king; and from his death what a line of monarchs! Anne, the four Georges, and William the Fourth! For Victoria there can be nothing but a kind and even tender feeling. It is a feeling of which pity and sympathy are the largest elements. Her book is one of the most touching ever published. How unconsciously it dissipates the last lingering glamour of royalty! No divinity hedges a king longer; and when the divinity is gone the king should follow.

The Emperor of France, a person whom it is ludicrous to mention in speaking of royalty and loyalty, a reticent adventurer who broke an oath and took a crown, as the Ocean Bank robbers took their booty, is reported to have said to his Ministers recently: "Are you sure the country is with you? I am ready to sacrifice personal legislative power, but there is a question of dignity which will not yield to any pressure." He knows, and every body knows that he knows, that it depends entirely upon the amount of pressure. His predecessor was pressed out of the Tuileries because he discovered he could not command a sufficient counter-pressure. When the "line" and the National Guard began to fraternize, the pressure was all upon one side; and Louis Philippe knew that "the hour had sounded"—as Lamartine was so fond of saying—took his umbrella, and left France and royalty forever. Louis Napoleon's "dignity" is the number of regiments upon which he can count. The pressure is the actual force of revolution.

While it was yet possible for the King's Guard to rise as Marie Antoinette appeared, and, with clashing swords, to sing, "O Richard! O mon Roi!" with a fervor of devotion that gladly encountered death—while it was yet possible for Edmund Burke, contemplating her fate, to thrill the imagination of Europe with a sigh that the age of chivalry was gone—it was possible to speak of dignity and loyalty. The traditions of kings were not extinct, and his Majesty was more than a ceremony—he was a sentiment. But when a thoughtful writer incidentally speaks of Elizabeth Tudor's blameless successor as the "highest paid official in the realm," Carlyle may shriek at nearing Niagara, but over Niagara royalty must go.

Southey and Wordsworth and Tennyson have worn the English laurel in this generation, but the true laureate of the present English dynasty

was Edmund Burke. His service to England by investing the Brunswick line with the splendor of his imagination has never been estimated nor acknowledged. The British Constitution, the British monarchy, which the age of George the Third worshiped, were not wholly degraded by the policy of William Pitt because they were transfigured by the poetry of Burke. While George the Third at Windsor—the narrowest, the most unroyal of kings—was making the whole system absurd, and shrewd men winced to think that this was English royalty, the great voice of Burke came pealing in—"As long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers—as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land"—and in the magnificent image and the swelling emotion the pettiness of the actual king disappeared, and a vast impersonal monarchy, the sum and head of the glorious system, rose in the minds of Englishmen. And when some wretched Cornwallis was begging a bishopric of Pitt for the emoluments, and every honorable churchman hung his head, he too caught the inspiring strain of the lofty laureate, describing the Church as she that proudly "exalts her mitred front in Court and Parliament;" and "as long as the well-compacted structure of our Church and State, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Lion"—and he too felt that even the scarlet woman was never so imposing, never so proud and resplendent as his own ecclesiastical mother.

But of such a system who could imagine His Royal Highness Prince Champagne Charlie to be the head without laughing? There is no Burke to save him; and were there a Burke now living, nature is too wary of means to ends to dissipate his genius upon so fruitless an endeavor as the resuscitation of the old system in the national imagination. Shall Mr. Disraeli play the part of Burke? Shall the voice that told the "Wonderous Tale of Alroy" and celebrated the Asian mystery now revive poetic reverence for the British royal system in the imagination of England? Indeed, the difference between Mr. Disraeli and Edmund Burke is the measure of the impossibility of the task.

Is it not a beneficence, therefore, rather than an unkindness of nature, that when the reason of the system has gradually disappeared from the national consciousness its representative should justify that disappearance? If His Royal Highness were a youth of genius and of promise—if his heroic and manly traits had excited the hopes and kindled the enthusiasm of his country—could it be said of him, as it was of another youth, "He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty," then, indeed, the condition of his country might be more perplexing, because the virtues of the individual would plead for the system. But in the lover of cider-cellars, and the friend of rakes, and the hero of illicit amours, a system which has lost its reason in the public mind runs foolishly out.

"There are many private gentlemen who already avoid the Prince as much as they can. It is unpleasant to have to deal with a man who insists upon playing at cards for money, carefully takes all he wins, and never pays a shilling he loses." This is no meaner than his great-uncle Adonis, Prince Regent; but now all the glamour is gone. The wig is no longer a halo, but a wig. When you believe in a Pope it is very well to hear of the Holy Father that he commits crimes as a man, and not as the Pope. But when you believe in a Pope no longer, a cruel and treacherous pontiff is merely a bad man. Prince Champagne Charlie's grandfather, the dull old George, was as little royal perhaps as Charlie; but people believed in royalty then, and they do not believe in it now.

While the poverty and suffering of England increase so rapidly that they leave the strongest and most painful impression of all upon the minds of strangers; while the problem of crime becomes more pressing every day, and there is a general feeling that the country is moving before the breath of an undeclared revolution; while the House of Lords has but to take an attitude of opposition to the popular will to hear the universal growl of popular displeasure, and the frank declaration that it exists only by popular sufferance, it is not to be supposed that the follies of a Prince Champagne Charlie will be tolerated beyond a certain point. If the House of Lords, how much more does the throne, survive only by popular permission? And in England the question has very nearly become one of economy merely. Is a permanent executive preferable? Is the pageant of royalty desirable, or even longer practicable, for such an executive?

While H. R. H. kicks up his expensive heels, these are the questions asked by those who pay the bills. Does no question, no suspicion, no sense of shame ever enter his breast? Does Champagne Charlie never say to himself, "Hundreds of thousands of hard-working, honest men and women are to-day half starving upon poor wages in England, while I, who do nothing, never did any thing, and never shall do any thing, live in a palace, am surrounded with courtiers, squander thousands of pounds upon my whims, and ask for more. Why am I here? What return can I make for these enormous benefits? In what conceivable way have I deserved or do I deserve them?" Possibly Mr. Carlyle might tell him that God had appointed him to govern "thirty millions of people, mostly fools." But would Mr. Carlyle call Charlie's performances, or those of grand-uncle Adonis, or great-grandfather Georgius Tertius, governing? He has told us a great deal about shams—what does he think of such Heaven-appointed governors? Or what of the divine right in capacity and intelligence of his present Royal Highness?

Champagne Charlie had better be satisfied with a salary of seven or eight hundred thousand dollars a year for doing nothing in the most offensive manner. There were Englishmen living in America who asked, "Why should we be taxed without representation?" There are Englishmen living in England who ask, "What do we gain by paying such enormous sums to such a Champagne Prince Charlie?"

Editor's Book Table.

RELIGIOUS.

FOR many years Dr. ANDERSON, as Secretary of the American Board, has had a prominent part in directing the work of foreign missions. The results of his experience are embodied in *Foreign Missions; their Relations and Claims* (Charles Scribner and Co.). Originally delivered as a series of lectures in five theological seminaries, modified but not materially changed for their present publication, they are addressed chiefly to those who are already interested in missionary work. A history of missions would perhaps have made a more popular book; but to all those who are engaged in the work, directly or indirectly, this result of years of observation, study, and experience is invaluable, and is a fitting close to a life whose singleness of aim has rendered Dr. Anderson's name memorable in the annals of the Christian Church.

The Old Testament History, by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. (Harper and Brothers), is without a rival in its peculiar department. We have romances founded on the Bible, and commentaries on particular books, but nothing else that adequately represents the Old Testament as a history of God's development of the race. Milman's "History of the Jews," nearly forty years old, is out of date. Since it was written Biblical research has corrected much and added more. Stanley's "Jewish Church," originally delivered as a series of lectures, possesses the characteristics of an address, and is more valuable for its eloquence and its historic imagination than for its comprehensive view of history or its archaeological information. Dr. Smith's work, uniform with the "Student's Histories," traces the history of the Jews from the creation of the world to the Restoration. The editor confines himself strictly to the purpose indicated by its title. He essays no imaginary descriptions. He does not turn aside for moral or spiritual deductions. In appendices he furnishes brief but valuable information on various subjects incidentally touched upon in the course of the work, e. g., Scripture Chronology, The Tower of Babel, Isaac's Sacrifice, The Legislation of Moses. The question is often asked, by Sabbath-school teachers and others, What book will best serve us as a commentary on the Old Testament? No one volume supplies this want so well as Dr. Smith's.

Old disputes in the Church are dying out. They are not settled. They are simply forgotten. Methodist and Calvinist, Episcopalian and Puritan, fraternize in a way that would amaze their ancestors. New questions take the place of the old. The order of history is not the order of logic. We have discussed the subordinate questions of theology. This has been our preparation for a discussion of its fundamental problems. The religious question of the present and the coming age is this: Is Christianity a supernatural religion, or is it an earth-growth? Is the New Jerusalem descended out of heaven from God, or is it built by men? To this question Bishop CLARK, of Rhode Island, addresses himself in the *Primary Truths of Religion* (D. Appleton and Co.). His treatise is valuable because it presents those primary truths in their

simplest forms and in simple language, dissociated from all those disputed questions which ordinarily encumber the pages of theological treatises and essays on the evidences of Christianity.

The Bible Hand-Book, by JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D. (J. S. Claxton), is a condensed introduction to the Holy Scriptures. It contains chapters on the authority and authenticity of the Scriptures, rules for its interpretation, and introductions to its several books. Of course, in condensing into a single volume the contents of half a dozen shelves in the theological library, much is lost, and more is stated in forms so brief as to be unsatisfactory. This is, however, inevitable. For those who can not afford the money to purchase the more erudite treatises of Horne, De Wette, McDonald, Davidson, and the like, nor the time to study them, this volume will serve as a useful substitute.

The Life and Epistles of St. Paul, by CONYBEARE and HOWSON, of which we mentioned an edition prepared for English readers in our April Number, is republished in its original form, but in one rather bulky volume, by Charles Scribner and Co. Now, therefore, one may have either the later edition or the original one, with all the Greek and Latin notes and the maps and illustrations, for the same price, which competition has made ruinously low to the publisher, but profitably so to the reading public.

Views of Life, by Rev. W. T. MOORE (R. W. Carroll and Co.), consists of a series of addresses on the social and religious questions of the age, such as Woman's Sphere, Utilitarianism, Radicalism and Conservatism, and the like. They were mainly delivered before college graduating classes, and are about such views as are ordinarily held up on such occasions, when nothing very startling is expected, and people go more to hear their own sons and daughters than to be either electrified or instructed by others.

We find very little to commend in *The Gates Wide Open; or, Scenes in Another World*, by GEORGE WOOD (Lee and Shepard). The chief value of the "Gates Ajar" lies less in its portrayal of a world which God has purposely not only hid from our sight, but even veiled from our imagination, than in its powerful delineation of the actual experiences of a sorrow-stricken heart, and in the want, which it fully describes and perhaps partly supplies, of a large class of minds, who would rather take an imaginary inventory of the "inheritance of the saints" than trust it to the love of the Father, and leave its disclosures for the revelation of the future. Mr. Wood's book lacks even this doubtful merit; and in attempting to bring heaven within the comprehension of very prosaic natures draggles it wretchedly in the dirt. In fact, these scenes in "another world," what with concerts, dancing, superb meals (by-the-way, who does the cooking in heaven? is there no rest for the housekeepers? must Biddy spend her eternity in the kitchen?), are so like scenes in this that we are puzzled to see any advantage in the translation.

Perhaps no part of the Scripture is less read or less understood than the books of the prophets. Professor COWLES follows his volumes on

The Minor Prophets, Ezekiel and Daniel, and Isaiah, with a similar volume on *Jeremiah and his Lamentations* (D. Appleton and Co.). To those scholars who are familiar with the original Hebrew these notes will be scarcely adequate; but for laymen, Sabbath-school and Bible-class teachers, and other students of the Scripture, they afford perhaps the best concise, simple, and perspicuous interpreter of what is, next to the Revelation of St. John, the most difficult part of the Bible for the ordinary reader to understand.

TRAVELS.

THE Pacific Railroad has opened not only a new country to travelers, but a new vein of literature to readers. The first to mine in this vein was SAMUEL BOWLES, the accomplished editor of one of our best literary journals, the *Springfield Republican*. Twice he has made the tour across the continent—once in 1865, again in 1868. His "Across the Continent" and "The Switzerland of America" were so popular that he has followed them with a third—*Our New West* (Hartford Publishing Company). Mr. Bowles possesses the editorial faculty of seeing those things which are of public interest, and of narrating them and nothing else. His book is graphic. His descriptions are more pictorial than the wretched pictures which do not illustrate it. The fact that he traveled in company with Schuyler Colfax gave him peculiar facilities for becoming acquainted with Mormonism; and his description of the "peculiar institution," and his portrayal of the sentiments of its adherents, is the best which we have seen.—*The New West*, by CHARLES LORING BRACE (G. P. Putnam and Son), a somewhat different book, though with so similar a title, is a record of the author's tour in California in 1867-68. Those who have followed Mr. Brace in his rambles through Germany, Hungary, and Norway will be glad to welcome him as a traveling companion again. His estimate of California character is as appreciative as it is brief, and preserves the golden mean between that enthusiasm which scarcely stops short of deifying, and that missionary zeal which represents the Pacific coast as a kind of heathendom.—*The Mississippi Valley*, by J. W. FOSTER, LL.D. (S. C. Griggs and Co.), is in its information a more valuable book, in its form less popular, than either of the above. It is the result of many years devoted to explorations in different parts of the Mississippi Valley—and in the eye of science that valley includes all that lies between the Appalachian and the Rocky Mountain ranges. Dr. Foster's account of the topography, meteorology, and geology of this portion of our country is greatly aided by some valuable maps and sections. The statistical information must have cost no little labor; and the book is a valuable addition to our too scanty stock of truly scientific knowledge of our own land.

Our New Way Round the World (Fields, Osgood, and Co.) is the record of a recent trip by Mr. C. G. COFFIN—"Carleton"—well known to the newspaper reading public as one of the best "war correspondents" during the great rebellion. He left New York on the 25th of July, 1866, and after spending a year and a half in Europe, proceeded, via Marseilles and the Mediterranean, to Alexandria; thence, via Cairo, Suez, and the Red Sea, to India, of which he took a rapid survey;

thence through the Indian Ocean and the China Sea, touching at Singapore, and taking a superficial view of China and Japan; thence crossing the Pacific Ocean on the steamships of the Pacific Mail Company, taking time for a glance at the magnificent vegetation and yet more magnificent mountains of the Pacific coast, and coming home via Salt Lake City and the Mississippi Valley. Like Dilke's "Greater Britain," his book gives a bird's-eye view of the commercial world. Mr. Coffin is less philosophical than Dilke, but a no less accurate observer. The most valuable portion of his book, perhaps, is the supplement, in which he gives practical directions to those who are ambitious to take a similar tour.

Our readers will remember that shortly after the close of the rebellion the United States Government put the *Franklin* at the disposal of Admiral Farragut to go to Europe for rest and recreation. During 1867-68 he visited every country in Europe, besides touching at Asia and Africa. His tour was a series of ovations. Every where the flag was received with honor by the Governments and with enthusiasm by the people. The story of this journey has been recorded by Mr. J. E. MONTGOMERY, a member of his staff, in *The Cruise of Admiral Farragut* (G. P. Putnam and Son). The book is handsomely illustrated, is accompanied with a photograph of the Admiral, and in paper and printing is one of the handsomest specimens in book art of the year. But the author is not equal to his subject. A simple account of the Admiral's journey has not contented him. He exhausts his energies and the patience of his readers in labored attempts at fine writing. The *Franklin* is always "our immense vessel," or "our noble ship," or "our beautifully modeled ship." He takes nearly half a page to tell us when she left her anchorage. We commend to Mr. Montgomery Mr. Jeams Yellowplush's sentiment, that a hat's a hat, and it is no more poetical to call it a "silken gossamer."

It is not easy to write a new book on so old a subject as European sights and scenes. But Mr. EDWARD GOULD BUFFUM has done it in his *Sights and Sensations in France, Germany, and Switzerland* (Harper and Brothers). Mr. Buffum was for ten years at the head of a bureau of correspondence in Paris as agent for a New York paper. In this time he accumulated a stock of material in letters and sketches of foreign life and scenery from which his brother has collected the papers which make up this volume. There are no guide-book statistics as to the height of mountains, the population of towns, the measurements of public buildings, no repetitions of stale historical allusions, and no profound philosophical disquisitions on foreign character. But if one wants to visit the gambling hells of Europe, he can do so, without violating his conscience, by reading the lifelike chapter on *Trente et Quarante* at Hombourg. If he wishes to see the greatest specimen of modern engineering, he might not succeed in getting a pass himself to visit Mount Cenis Tunnel, but may go over two miles into the bowels of the earth, through the very heart of the Alps, under the wing of Mr. Buffum. We took up his volume as a critic reluctantly, expecting to read the old story of the European tourist translated into a slightly different phraseology. We lo

down with regret, finding in it views of European life which escape most sight-seers less favorably situated than himself.

Mr. WILLIAM J. FLAGG gives us the result of his European observations in a volume which we can not better describe than by quoting the title-page—*Three Seasons in European Vineyards: Treating of Vine Culture; Vine Disease and its Cure; Wine-making and wines Red and White; Wine-drinking as affecting Health and Morals.* (Harper and Brothers.) For ourselves we would give more for one good mountain spring on our summer place than for half an acre in vines, if we were only permitted to taste the fruit after it had passed through the wine-press. We like our grapes best with their skins on. If we must drink wine, it is doubtless better to "drink your own wine, and not another's." But if *this* be temperate drinking, what is intemperance? "Drink that wine—you and your wife and little ones: drink it for breakfast, drink it for dinner, drink it for supper; drink it, in short, whenever you are dry or wet, cold or tired." Nevertheless, on the whole, we are inclined to welcome Mr. Flagg's book. America is already a wine-growing country. If we are going to produce wines, let us make good wines. The banks of the Hudson will yet be vine-covered. The banks of the Ohio are so already in many places. California is second only to France and Germany in the excellence of her vintage. The grape redeemed Vineland from a desert, and converted it in less than half a score of years into a flourishing and populous town. Whatever may be the effect of this fact on intemperance, there can be no doubt of its effect on the purity of wines. Imported liquors are never pure. Domestic liquors are rarely adulterated. There is no city in the world where it is so hard to get good wine as Paris. The red wine of the country alone is reliable. It is too cheap to be doctored. If you want to drink real Rhine wine you must drink it on the banks of the Rhine. No Champagne sparkles like that of Rheims. Whisky is pure in Indiana and Illinois; but pure whisky is as rare in Paris as pure brandy is in New York. You may call for a bottle of Longworth in Cincinnati with moral certainty that you get what you call for. If the American world would consent to drink only water, we believe they would be wiser, better, happier. As a race we need not stimulants, but sedatives. But if we must have stimulants, wines are better than whisky, pure wines than adulterated ones, good wines than poor ones. And if Mr. Flagg's book will convert no American drinkers, it may help to regenerate American drinks.

We hardly know whether to class TAINÉ'S *Italy—Florence and Venice* (Leypoldt and Holt) among books of travel or not. In form it is so. In fact it is quite as much a treatise on Italian art. It is the third volume of a series of seven comprising the works of H. Taine, which are being issued from the press of Leypoldt and Holt. Monsieur Taine has been called the French Ruskin. The appellation is correct in this, that he is as near an approximation to Ruskin as the French mind can attain. He is the popular art critic of France. Ruskin is the popular art critic of England. But here the resemblance ends. Both are characteristically national, and as little alike as John Bull is like Johnny Crapeau.

Their most striking unlikeness is in their moral earnestness. It appears in their descriptions of pictures, in their attitude toward nature, in their feelings toward mankind, in all their speculations and passing criticisms, in the very fibre of their style. A man who knows nothing about pictures, who does not understand any thing about the technicalities or processes of art, can read Ruskin profitably for the pervading abundance of moral life and power in his works. He can read Taine also profitably, but because of the information he will incidentally gather. Ruskin's depth and intensity of religious feeling is such that it affects his whole mind. His style is the overflowing of the life within. He has a moral and a religious perception of truths. Taine has but an intellectual perception of *religious* truths, and that only where they are thrust upon him. Ruskin respects science, uses it, honors it, but he never would have said of the scientific development of the age, "Other developments of the mind—art, poetry, and religion—may fail, diverge, or languish, but this can not fail to endure." This single sentence marks a world-wide difference between the men. Taine's descriptions of pictures are enumerations of heads, trunks, figures, faces, costumes, jewels; his descriptions of buildings are details of arches, windows, columns, domes, façades. He is impressed by sublimity and beauty. But he rarely gives you that central, moral impression of the picture which gives significance to all the parts. A description of Ruskin is in effect a prayer, a poem, or a song; of Taine, a catalogue or a criticism. Taine may be really more exact, but he transfers none of the moral power of the picture; he never makes the eye moisten; he never stirs the heart; he never morally elevates the reader. He perceives that Christ is an object of adoration to many, and so points out as a fault that in a certain picture "the infant Christ had the big head, lank limbs, and protuberant belly of actual bantlings that do nothing else but suck and cry." Ruskin might have used similar language, but it would have been characterized by a different tone—the protest of a true reverence would have mingled with that of taste. Taine writes as a man of letters, a critic, a person of æsthetic culture, and of perhaps philosophic perception. Because a colder, he is in some respects a safer critic than Ruskin. But the latter does not look or criticise with the æsthetic faculties alone. The moral and spiritual nature is supreme. He looks on art as being consciously or unconsciously the growth or development, or at least the witness, of man's moral and spiritual nature; every fault and failure, as every success and glory, has a moral significance. In fine, Taine is too much of a critic to be an appreciative artist, in the highest sense. Ruskin is too much of a poet to be always a safe critic; Taine is too cold, Ruskin is sometimes over-earnest; Taine has keen perceptions, Ruskin moral intuitions; Taine analyzes, Ruskin feels. "*Italy*" is perhaps less characteristic of its author than "*The Ideal in Art*." Despite its too Gallic admiration of mere form and color, in pictures, jewels, fine dresses—despite the sense of hunger which it leaves, as though your noblest appetite were left unfed, it is a most charming picture of Italian scenery, life, and art.

Among the Highlands of the Hudson, looking

down upon its placid stream where its waters crowd between Storm King and Breakneck, on one of those summer days that forbid serious thought, and call one away, despite himself, to dream-land, we have read—if reading it can be called—Mr. J. D. WHITNEY'S *Yosemite Guide-Book*, with curiously commingled feelings of delight and dissatisfaction: delight in our dreamy visit under his guidance to the most marvelously sublime scenery in the world; dissatisfaction in the rude awaking to the fact that so many miles intervene between us and the reality. Nevertheless, we would gladly duplicate our dream of river, valley, mountain, cascade, and giant trees in our readers' experience if our pen could do it. But for that we must refer them to the conjuror who called up the vision for us. State geologists are not ordinarily conjurors; and Mr. Whitney is a State geologist. What conception of the Yosemite Valley does it give to me to be told that it is a chasm cut through the mountain, that it is from five to eight miles in length and one-half a mile in breadth, inclosed by granite mountains from one-half a mile to a mile in height? What more do I know when I am told that its Cathedral Peak is 2660 feet above the valley, the Three Brothers rise to 3830 feet, the Half Dome to 4737 feet? Emotions of grandeur will not come at the call of the yard-stick. It is a poetic, not a geological survey I want. But Mr. Whitney is a poet. He has seen the valley not merely with the eyes of a professional guide, nor with those of a savant. His book is delightfully disappointing. He does indeed tell us the different routes. He gives us scientific information as to the geology and botany of this wonderful region. But he sees more than science. His book is much more than a guide-book. Simple as is his style he transports us into the region which he portrays, and inspires us with his own deep emotion, enkindled by the grandeur amidst which he has been living. Mr. Whitney's opportunities have been rare for an examination of a scene which Mr. C. L. Brace declares unequaled in all its combinations with any thing in Switzerland, Tyrol, or Norway. In 1864 the United States granted both the Yosemite Valley and the Big Tree Grove to the State of California, on condition that it should be held exclusively for "public use, resort, and recreation." The trust was accepted. Committees were appointed to manage the property in the name of the State. Mr. Whitney, State geologist, was one of them. The summers of 1866-67 were spent in explorations. One of the results is the handsome volume before us. The illustrations are worthy of the book, and as nearly worthy of the subject as wood-cuts can be. Two admirable maps—one of the Sierra Nevada in the region of the Yosemite, the other of the Yosemite itself—accompany the volume. It is published by the State, but is for sale in the Atlantic States through B. Westerman and Co. Those who mean to visit the Yosemite can find no better guide-book. Those who can not will find it an admirable substitute for a journey thither.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of John James Audubon, the Naturalist, edited by his widow (G. P. Putnam and Son), is a rare biography. It is just the book to awaken in children a love for nature, and send

them from idle sports to the far more enjoyable as well as valuable employment of looking up birds and insects and flowers, if not for future cabinets, at least for present pleasure. Quite as valuable is it for children of a larger growth, by reason of its inculcation of the value of patience, perseverance, courage invincible and undaunted, and the value of a life concentrated upon a single purpose and actuated by a resistless enthusiasm. Above all is it significant as an illustration of the fruitfulness of a life that follows the promptings of nature, and the uselessness of attempting to disregard her dictates. Audubon was born near New Orleans, May 4, 1780, was sent by his father to France, where he received his imperfect education, pursuing the severer studies only under compulsion, but rejoicing in music and drawing, and hunting birds'-nests with the assiduity of a youthful enthusiasm which later years never cooled. Returning to America to take charge of his father's estate in Pennsylvania—Mill Grove—he became acquainted with Lucy Bakewell, who afterward became Mrs. Lucy Audubon, and to whom, scarcely less than to her husband, the world is indebted for his incomparable work. At Mill Grove his house was what his room had been in Paris—a perfect museum. "The walls were festooned with all sorts of birds' eggs, carefully blown out and hung on a thread. The chimney-piece was covered with stuffed squirrels, raccoons, and opossums; and the shelves around were likewise crowded with specimens, among which were fishes, frogs, snakes, lizards, and other reptiles. Besides these stuffed varieties many paintings were arranged upon the walls, chiefly of birds." This was all very well, but Mr. Bakewell did not see how birds' eggs and reptiles were going to provide his daughter and prospective son-in-law with a support. He very naturally and properly advised Audubon to obtain some knowledge of commercial pursuits before being married. Audubon went to New York for the purpose, lost some hundreds of pounds by a bad speculation, collected a number of specimens of natural history, and returned to Mill Grove so much the poorer and richer for his visit to the metropolis. The West was just opening. Audubon, as well as his friends, supposed that a change of place was all that was needed to give him success in business. (How many men imagine that a change of place is the prerequisite of success, which nothing can give but a change of nature!) So he took Lucy for a wife, Ferdinand Rosier for a partner, and the proceeds of Mill Grove, which he sold, for a capital, and started for Louisville. Now really his life commenced. How they went from place to place—how, wherever they settled, Audubon merely submitted to the store as an inexorable necessity, and spent his enthusiasm in all sorts of absurd adventures in the woods—how his partner fumed and fretted when they got caught on a sand-bar or were wedged in by the ice, and how Audubon rejoiced because it gave him an excuse for a new tramp in the woods or a visit to an Indian encampment—how gradually his capital evaporated and he became penniless—how then he began life anew, now for the first time a free man to pursue his seemingly impossible dream unhindered by business entanglements—how gradually the romance became one of real life—how he

floated down the Mississippi to New Orleans in search of lucrative employment, but still more in search of birds—how his wife, leaving him for months at a time, served as governess in a private family that she might aid him to acquire funds for the accomplishment of what had now become the great purpose of his life—how little sympathy he found in all his seemingly chimerical plans from any one but his wife, who never lost faith in him or his final success—how absolutely and hopelessly poor he was—how he traveled on foot for want of funds to sail or ride—how he made a journey to Niagara Falls without a cent of money in his pocket, depending on picking up employment as a portrait painter on the road, and arrived at last so poor that he could not even afford to pay the necessary toll to cross the bridge to Goat Island—how in all his roving he never lost sight of his darling birds, ready at any time for a tramp of miles to find a new specimen, and picking his way through the thickest cane-brakes and the most tangled forest that he might study them in their haunts and paint them as they are—how, returning to New Orleans, he at length accumulated, by keeping a dancing-school, funds enough, added to the accumulations of his wife, to start for Europe—how, going there, by the sheer audacity of his enthusiasm he compelled the respect and secured the attention of that most reserved and difficult to conquer of all “best society,” the English, and commenced without either money or credit, other than such as his own character gave him, the publication of the greatest literary enterprise ever undertaken by a single man—how, having traveled over America on foot to obtain his birds, he traveled through England to obtain his subscribers—how irksome the hunting for subscribers was, and how delightful the hunting for birds—how he maintained with a grand pride the native simplicity of his republican character in the courts of France and England, with lords, nobles, kings, and literary princes, the peer and equal of the best, yet, though courted, fêted, caressed, honored, still crying out, “I feel I am strange to all but the birds of America!” and hastening back to his native woods as soon as his work was well under way—how gradually the tortuous and rocky stream of his hard life widened out into a greater prosperity, and he saw his work achieved, and reaped, even while he lived, something of the fame it deserved so well: all this can never be told better than it has been in Audubon's own words, taken from his letters and journals, and edited and revised by his wife, who, in it all, was a help truly meet for such a man. It is a grand story of a grand life, more instructive than a sermon, more romantic than a romance.

It is rarely the case that an autobiography is justified. It is rarely undertaken except by one who is something of an egotist. Earnest men have something else to think about than themselves, something else to tell than the story of their lives. To write such a story and avoid the appearance of egotism is perhaps one of the most difficult of literary problems. Mr. JOHN NEAL, in his *Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life* (Roberts Brothers), has not solved the problem. His book is unmistakably egotistical, and somewhat garrulous. It is safe to presume that a very considerable proportion of our

readers do not know who John Neal is. It is quite as safe to conclude that most of them have no special interest in his life. His literary fame is almost wholly local. There is nothing in his compositions to give it a wider scope or more than a very transient character. There is nothing of adventure in his life to lift it above the common experiences of a very ordinary life. If one has leisure to sit down and hear an old man of seventy-three talk in a rambling way of his own literary successes and business mis-adventures, he may do so with Mr. John Neal's autobiography, and may while away his hour, if not very profitably, at least not without getting from it some entertainment. The chief charm of his pages—and they are not dull reading—lies in their gossip about friends and contemporaries—gossip that is sometimes scandal—and his sketches of American periodicals and periodical literature of the last half century, which needed some such memorial to keep them from falling wholly into oblivion.

An anecdote sometimes indicates more of the character of a great man than an event, a letter, or a journal. Even apocryphal stories illustrate. Gossip generally takes its complexion from the truth. Falsehood sometimes reveals as much of the salient points of a man's reputation, if not of his actual personality, as the truth. For over twelve years Mr. WAKELEY has been gathering the materials for his *Anecdotes of the Wesleys* (Carlton and Lanahan). He has gleaned in all fields—in their works, the *Armenian* and *Wesleyan Magazines*, the various biographies that have been written of this extraordinary family, and in the journals of John Wesley. Mr. Wakeley has been an industrious gleaner, and has gathered some royal sheaves.

Famous London Merchants, by H. R. Fox Bourne (Harper and Brothers), is a capital book for boys, and well worth reading by all young men who are entering upon a mercantile career, and do not think themselves too old to learn from the experience of their predecessors. It not only contains biographical sketches of thirteen leading merchants and bankers, including such men as Sir Richard Whittington, N. M. Rothschild, Samuel Gurney, and George Peabody, but incidentally traces in their lives the course of English trade from the fourteenth century to the present day. Here you may find, in the guilds into which all trade was divided under the reign of Edward III., the origin of our trades-unions; here, in the formation of the Levant or Turkey Company, in 1581, an illustration of one of the first of those commercial companies which have since become so great a power, especially in England. Here you will find the story of the organization of the East India Company, and the biography of its illustrious founder; here the story of the establishment of the Bank of England, and the obstacles which William Patterson, its projector, had to overcome before he could accomplish his purpose; and here the history of the first stock-jobbing, as it was prosecuted by that arch-speculator N. M. Rothschild in the days when carrier doves served the purpose of the modern telegraph. The book is thus a more valuable contribution to history than it at first appears to be—is worth more than its face. Merchants are among the chief founders of modern civilization. The his-

tory of those who have been most prominent in the organization of trade is the history of some of the world's greatest and truest benefactors. Nor is this all. To give wisely requires as much skill as to acquire; and the history of the true merchant illustrates the art of imparting as well as that of acquisition. Rothschild was, after all, only half a great man. He knew how to obtain wealth, but not how to employ it. The life of Sir Richard Whittington, the first to attempt any prison reform, or that of George Peabody, whose heart is as large as his purse, puts to

shame the seeming success but real failure of such a life as that of Rothschild, and shows, as no philosophy can, that the true merchant is double-handed, and, like Joseph in Egypt, stores only that he may distribute to the necessities of others in the famine which they were not wise enough to anticipate. Mr. Bourrie's book treats of secular saints and secular life, and is entirely innocent of the conventional tone which too often characterizes Sabbath-school literature. But it is an excellent book for Sabbath-school libraries as well as for the home.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of July. The main topic of political interest during the month is the election in Virginia, which took place on the 6th of July. The election appears to have been very quietly conducted. By the terms of the President's proclamation, ordering the election, as noted in our Record for July, all persons registered as electors on the day of election were entitled to vote. The total vote was about 220,000. The new Constitution was adopted almost unanimously; but the two sections submitted for a separate vote were rejected by a very large majority. The section disfranchising all persons who, as officers, had taken the oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and had subsequently aided the rebellion, was rejected by a majority of about 40,000. The section prescribing that all State officers should be required to swear that they had never voluntarily aided in the rebellion was rejected by a somewhat larger majority. The Constitution as adopted recognizes the equal civil rights of all persons, irrespective of race, color, or former condition.—For Governor there were two candidates, Mr. Wells and Mr. Walker. Both were classed as Republicans; the former being designated as "Radical," and the latter styled "Conservative." A considerable portion of the colored vote was cast for Mr. Wells; almost the whole of the white vote for Mr. Walker, whose majority was nearly 20,000. The Legislature, as chosen, is "Conservative" by a large majority. Out of about 150 members of the House of Delegates there are 15 persons of color.—The Governor-elect is a native of the State of New York, and has resided only a few years in Virginia.

Prompt measures have been taken by our Government to frustrate attempts to violate the Neutrality laws by expeditions sent to Cuba in aid of the revolutionists. On the 21st of June the members of the "Cuban Junta" in New York, and several persons supposed to be leaders in an expedition to Cuba, were arrested upon a charge of violating the Neutrality laws. All, with the exception of Colonel Ryan, were released upon giving bail not to violate the laws. Ryan was placed in the charge of an officer, but while on his way to prison he was permitted to visit some of his friends; these seized the officer, and held him until the prisoner effected his escape. In the mean time an expedition, more formidable in numbers and equipment than any which had

before been sent, was being fitted out in New York. The plan was that the men were to proceed, unarmed, on board several small vessels to a place of rendezvous near the extremity of Long Island, where they were to be joined by another steamer, on board of which were the arms and munitions, which was to convey them to Cuba. This expedition was to be really under command of Ryan, though his nominal superior is said to have been General Goicouria, who bore a prominent part in the Lopez expedition several years ago. The gathering together of large bodies of men could not be concealed; and they were instructed to say that they were collected for a mining expedition to Montana. All the plans of the expedition were made known to the officers of the Government, and measures were taken thoroughly to frustrate them.

The evening of June 26 was fixed upon for the departure of the expedition. Reports were put in circulation stating the number of men at from 800 to 2500. The actual number embarked was about 400. These went on board three small steamers, the *Cool*, *Maybe*, and *Chase*, and were to proceed to the place of rendezvous by way of Long Island Sound; while another steamer, the *Catharine Whiting*, was to go by the ocean, and taking on board arms and munitions, borne by sailing vessels, was to convey the men to Cuba. The *Whiting* was seized in the harbor of New York before she had put to sea. On board of her was General Goicouria, who was subsequently arraigned on a charge of violating the Neutrality laws; but as no positive proof of the offense could be produced he was discharged.

In the mean while the small steamers, with the men on board, proceeded up the Sound and neared the proposed place of rendezvous. It was supposed that the voyage would last only a few hours, and there was on board only a scanty supply of provisions. The adventurers suffered severely from hunger and thirst. A portion of the men, about 200 in all, among whom was Ryan, landed upon Gardiner's Island; and the steamers, with about 110 men remaining on board, prepared to return to New York. On their way they were overhauled by a United States revenue cutter and made prisoners. They were detained in custody a few days; but on the 3d of July were set at liberty upon their own recognizances, a few of the leaders being held to await further legal proceedings; these were subsequently released upon adequate bail.

The part of the expedition which had landed on Gardiner's Island remained undisturbed until the 16th of July. Gardiner's Island is a small islet about five miles from the extreme point of Long Island, and is occupied by a single family. The Cuban expeditionists held a sort of military control of the island during their stay. On the 16th a Government vessel appeared off the island; and the Cubans, with few exceptions, gave themselves up, and were conveyed to Fort Lafayette, in the harbor of New York. Here they were kept in close confinement until the 23d, when they were all discharged upon their written promise not to engage in any military expedition against any government with which the United States are at peace. Most of the men were wholly destitute of funds when discharged. Ryan and one or two of the other leaders had managed to escape from Gardiner's Island, and made their way to Canada. A body of Cubans, about fifty in number, who had gathered in New Jersey, a few miles from the city of New York, were subsequently arrested and released. The Cuban Junta in New York appear to have exhausted their funds in fitting out the expedition which has thus been frustrated, and it is not likely that any considerable expedition from this country will hereafter be attempted.

A new Atlantic cable has been successfully laid by a company chartered by the French Government. It starts from Brest, in France, crosses the Atlantic to St. Pierre, a small island off the coast of Newfoundland, one of the three little spots in North America which still remain in the possession of France. From St. Pierre the line is continued to Duxbury, in Massachusetts, which is its American terminus. The charter granted by the French Government gives to that Government great advantages, securing to it especially the right of priority for all its dispatches. Our Government was at first disposed to prohibit the extension of the cable upon our territory; but finally allowed it to be done, upon the assurance that we should have equal rights with the French in the use of the cable. The cable was laid with few of the accidents which have accompanied all previous attempts of a similar character. The completion of the work was celebrated at Duxbury, on the 27th of July, by appropriate ceremonies, congratulatory dispatches being interchanged between the Préfect of Paris and the Mayor of Boston.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

General Thomas Jordan, formerly a captain in the United States army, and subsequently Chief of Staff to General Johnston, of the Confederate army, has been placed in virtual command of the revolutionary force in Cuba. We have, as heretofore, abundant reports of engagements upon the island; but they are not of a character to warrant any opinion as to the present state of the conflict. Spanish accounts represent that Spain has, besides volunteers, about 30,000 troops on the island, while the insurgents have under arms hardly a quarter as many; and that the insurrection is nearly at its close. Cuban reports say that the movement was never in so promising a state, and that, apart from losses in action, the Spanish force is rapidly wasting away from sickness. All accounts agree that the war is now being waged by the Spaniards in the most

cruel manner; the rule being that all persons captured in arms are immediately shot.

In Paraguay the Allies, or rather the Brazilians, appear to have gained decided advantages. Lopez is apparently nearly helpless in the mountains, and a Provisional Government has been appointed for Paraguay.

It is utterly useless to undertake to give even a resumé of the troubles in the various South American republics. There is hardly one of them in which there appears to be any thing approaching a settled government.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The *Alabama* question has come up incidentally in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone said that, although the claims were hardly now under negotiation, he did not think that the American Government considered the question of a treaty as definitely dropped; the question had not been discussed in either House of Congress; and he thought it best that an interval should occur on account of the state of public feeling in America, as the British Government was anxious that nothing should happen to impede the resumption of negotiations. He wished that the debate should be postponed. The Opposition agreed to this rather reluctantly, Sir Henry Bulwer saying that if the relations between the two countries should long remain in their present state both would have reason to repent. The exaggerated claims put forth by Senator Sumner might be brought forward at a time when it would be dishonorable to grant and disastrous to refuse them.

The great question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church has been finally settled. After the second reading of the bill in the House of Peers several important amendments were made. The Ministry formally decided that no amendments should be acceded to which would impair the principle of total disendowment. This was sustained by the Commons, who rejected the chief amendments of the Peers by a very decided majority. The bill, on the 20th of July, went back to the House of Peers; and upon the test question as to whether the bill as presented by the Commons should pass, the vote was 173 nays to 95 ayes—a majority of 78 against the Government. Earl Granville, the Government leader, moved an adjournment, in order that he might consult with his colleagues. The general opinion was that the Ministry would be dissolved and Parliament prorogued. But during the next day the Peers opposed to the Government held a meeting, and determined to submit to a compromise, the terms of which were arranged between Earl Granville and Lord Cairns, who was deputed to act as the Opposition leader in place of the Marquis of Salisbury. The bill thus agreed upon was essentially as it came from the House of Commons, a few minor points being conceded to the Peers. The bill, as amended, appears to have passed both Houses without a formal division, although some voted for it under protest. Thus Lord Cairns said that he still had strong objections to the bill; but if it was to pass at all, it was not for the interest of the Church or the country to prolong the struggle on minor details. On the 26th of July the bill received the royal assent, and thus became a law of the land. We shall hereafter give the essential features of this bill, which marks a new era in British history.

SPAIN.

We give mere abstracts of the principal telegraphic dispatches, it being impossible to decide upon their entire accuracy:

June 19. The Cortes has passed a bill giving the acts of the Provisional Government the force of law.—The Republicans have brought before the Cortes a resolution expressive of disapproval of the presence of the Duke of Montpensier in Spain, and demanding that the Government order him to return to Portugal; this was rejected.—Marshal Serrano, as Regent of Spain, made a speech, in which he promised to respect the Constitution and liberties of the country.—Next day General Prim spoke to the same effect; he said, also, that the Government must be hard, inflexible, and even cruel in the repression of disorder.

June 26. Exciting debate in the Cortes on the policy of the Government toward the Republicans. One of the Ministers said that the Government was determined to punish all unconstitutional manifestations. The Republican members were warned that they would not be allowed to act as accomplices in a scheme for building up a republic.

June 28. Prince Henri de Bourbon has taken the oath to support the Constitution. A battalion of soldiers refused to take the oath.

July 3. Several Carlist risings have taken place in various places.—The Republican Junta of New Castile have put forth a manifesto against the reactionary policy of a portion of the Ministry; they recommend reorganization, and affirm the right of insurrection against the present Government.

July 3. The Ministers declare that the clergy and municipal authorities are ready to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution. Troops have been dispatched against the Carlists in Andalusia and Aragon.—A strong Republican manifesto is published in Seville. More rumors of political movements. Carlists arrested.

July 6. Republican displays in Catalonia. Fights in Seville between the troops and the Republicans. Herrera, Minister of Justice, resigns. Minister Figuerola introduces into the Cortes a bill confiscating the property of persons and corporations who refuse to swear fidelity to the Constitution. Some changes made in the Ministry.

July 9. The Governor of Catalonia dismissed for not preventing a Republican demonstration at Barcelona. Disorders anticipated, and troops kept ready to suppress any turbulence.

July 13. A new Ministry formed, the principal members being, as before, General Prim, Minister of War, and Admiral Topete, Minister of the Marine; the Minister of the Colonies, Becerra, is a new name.—The remains of a Spanish lady who died in the Protestant faith were interred in the general cemetery. This appears to be the first instance in Spain in which a person not a Catholic has received the ordinary rites of sepulture in the general burying-ground. The ceremony passed off without any disturbance.

July 14. It is said that the Island of Madeira has declared for a republic, and that troops have been sent thither from Cadiz.

July 15. General Prim introduced to the Cortes the new members of the Ministry. They were, he said, constituted from the majority; and though the men had been changed, the policy of the Government was unaltered. The Republicans replied by a sharp attack upon the policy of the Government.

July 17. The Governments of France and Prussia formally recognize the Spanish Regency of Serrano. There are rumors that Don Carlos is on the frontier; also reports of sundry Carlist enterprises. Next day it is announced that Don Carlos has disappeared from France, and is in Spain. The threatening aspect of the Carlist party causes much uneasiness.

July 21. Arrests at Madrid, Valladolid, Barcelona, and elsewhere of persons supposed to be engaged in revolutionary plots. Don Carlos known to be in Spain.

July 23. Officers arrested for fomenting insurrection have been exiled to the Canary Islands. There is much excitement created by Carlist arrests. The Government hesitates whether to confine itself to civil measures or to proclaim martial law. Next day the Government proclaimed martial law throughout Spain, reviving an old law bearing date of 1821.

July 24. An attempt by the Carlists to take the city of Pampeluna, in Navarre, was frustrated. Arrests of Carlists continue to be made.

July 27. A party of Carlists defeated at Tarascon. Offers of aid to put down the rebellion come from all quarters of Spain.

July 28. More reports of engagements between the Carlists and the Government. It is said that Don Carlos has ordered a cessation of the movement on his behalf.

The Don Carlos whose name often appears in the foregoing reports is the only son of the late Don Carlos, brother of Ferdinand VII., whose claim to the Spanish crown gave rise to the war of the Succession, lasting from 1833 to 1840. The present Don Carlos, whose full title is the Infante Juan Carlos, was born in 1822. He claims that he only is the legitimate king of Spain; for the law by which Isabella was recognized as queen was, as he and his adherents claim, in utter violation of the Salic law, by which females are excluded from the succession.

FRANCE.

The results of the recent elections have introduced an element of opposition which has heretofore been hardly known in the Empire. The "Third Party" in the Legislative Body went so far as to propose to introduce a motion declaring that it was necessary to satisfy public feeling by granting to the public a more intimate association in the direction of affairs. The Emperor, always astute in forecasting the signs of the times, appears to have been willing to abandon, to a great extent, the absolute power which he has wielded ever since the famous *coup d'état* by which he attained the Imperial throne. Indeed, a paragraph of a letter purporting to have been written by him has been made public through the press. He says: "On the 19th of January I committed a great fault by acting without previous concert with the majority. I caused it to regard with suspicion my sentiments toward it. All my efforts should tend to regain its confidence." The formation of a new Ministry was clearly essential to the execution of the new plans of the Emperor. On the 9th of July the Ministers handed in their resignations, but the question of acceptance was kept open for consideration. On the 12th the Emperor presented a message to the Legislative Body, in which he acceded to several of the measures proposed; but claimed that the rights which had been expressly confided to him by the people should be left intact. The reforms conceded amounted virtually to the constitution of a responsible Ministry, as an element of the executive government. Some stormy scenes ensued on the 13th, when it was announced that the Legislative Body was to be prorogued. The formation of a Ministry was clearly a work of difficulty, and for days reports were rife as to the persons who were to compose it. On the 18th the names of the new Ministers were formally announced.

<i>Interior</i>	De Forcade la Roquette.
<i>Justice</i>	Duvergier.
<i>Foreign Affairs</i>	Auvergne.
<i>Finance</i>	Pierre Magne.
<i>Commerce</i>	Alfred Leroux.
<i>Public Works</i>	Greasier.
<i>Marine</i>	Admiral Genouilly.
<i>War</i>	Marshal Niel.
<i>Public Instruction</i>	Bourbeau.
<i>President of Council</i>	Chasseloup.

With the exception of that of Marshal Niel, the foregoing names will be new to almost every person out of France. It is tacitly assumed on all hands that large concessions will be made by the Emperor in favor of a more liberal government in France.

Editor's Drawer.

IN a certain school district in Iowa reside a few ultra Democrats; likewise a colored man and wife who have several children. The young Democrats and the young Africans went to the same school, at the opening of which it appeared that the former reluctated at drinking from the same bucket with the latter. It so happened that on the following day the Constitutional Amendment was voted upon, and negroes were declared to be folks. Charged with the knowledge of this "boon," the young ebonies next day refused to bring water specially for themselves, but, when wishing to slake, went boldly to the white boys' pail. "Drink out of your own pail!" angrily exclaimed a young pale-face; to which a young Sambo replied, "Look-a-heah, boy, dar was 'lection in dis State yes'day, and I jes' tell you dat dat two-bucket business is played out!"

AMONG the cases tried before Recorder Hackett, at the June term, was that of a gentleman of color indicted for assault and battery with intent to kill. The facts were that several boys had been chaffing the dark man to such an extent as to excite his wrath; and he, having a loaded gun, fired it, as he averred, over their heads, to frighten them. The man brought testimonials from Mr. William Cullen Bryant and other prominent gentlemen as to his good character. District-Attorney Hutchings remarked to his Honor, *sotto voce*, that there was nothing in the case; and by consent of counsel it was submitted without argument to the jury, on the statement of the prisoner himself, who was thus interrogated:

RECORDER. "Why did you discharge your gun?"

PRISONER. "Jus' to clar away de boys; I didn't mean nothin'."

RECORDER. "Is it your habit to amuse yourself in this way?"

PRISONER. "No, Sah!"

RECORDER. "How far were you from the boys?"

PRISONER. "About thirty yards."

RECORDER. "What size shot did you use?"

PRISONER. "Number two."

RECORDER. "How many took effect?"

PRISONER. "Only one."

RECORDER. "Only one, and only thirty yards off! What a miserable shot! You're discharged. Go home and practice!"

Sensible admonition from a judge whose ordinary diversion is to bring down humming-birds at half a mile.

ALAS! for the credit of American morals that there should be so many among us who share the wish so frankly, but unorthographically, stated by a citizen of Michigan, whose wedded life seems to have been a failure. Thus writes he to his lawyer:

DER SIR—I wan to no ef thares any law that i can get Red of a onfaithful wife i Cant take any Comfort with and if so i will tend to it very soon my house is neglect my close share the same—in fat the hot thing goes rong.
rit soon truly

— Box —

AN old newspaper man who "did" California before the rail was laid, appends to his hotel

experiences thitherward the comments of a couple of Britons on the entire want of elegance that pervaded the inns of that region. One of them complained of a great grievance, to wit: "When I crossed the Plains," said he, "it was somewhat rough, and they did not heat my tin plate at the stations!" This, however, was not so affecting as the case of the Marquis of —, who at one of the stopping-places asked the "waiting-maid" to change his plate. With a shake of her impatient head she said, in the hearing of the company, "Well, if you have *nastied* your plate, I s'pose you can have another one!"

FROM the same source we have a little story of the late James T. Brady's interview with an Irishman who had lost his family. Pat walked into Mr. Brady's office, and being asked how he got along in Florida, said: "Well, Mr. Brady, I bought a farm, and was working away, contented and happy, until the Indians came; they surrounded me, scalped my wife, and murdered my children, and acted altogether in a most ridiculous manner!"

IT comes to the Drawer from a Puritan that the pastor of a small country church in Massachusetts urged the venerable ladies composing the sewing society of his parish to open their doors at the society meetings to the young people, and encourage them to come in and cultivate the social part of their nature. With some hesitation they complied, and the next meeting was certainly a lively one. Encountering one of the guardians of the society during the evening, the pastor said, "Well, isn't this a little livelier than heretofore?" "Yes," replied the austere female, "it is livelier; but, Mr. B——, do you think it's quite so solemn?"

ERIE County furnishes a form for the drawing of a legal document that may be of service to the bar of New York. In the United States District Court, not long since, a seizure was made of one barrel of whisky, two horses, and other property. The owner appeared and contested the seizure. A trial was had, and verdict rendered for the Government. The owner carried up the case on a writ of error, in which it became necessary to file what is termed an "Assignment of Errors." In that document it is stated:

"Afterwards, to wit, on the — day of —, in the same town, before one of the Justices of the — Court of the United States at —, comes the said one barrel of whisky, two horses, and other property, — claimant, and Plff. in Error, by —, his Attorney, and say," etc.

The document concludes:

"And the said one barrel of whisky, two horses, and other property, — claimant, prays that the judgment aforesaid may be reversed."

Notwithstanding the "personal" appearance of the horses and whisky in open court, and their prayer in writing, the court kept herself stern, and adjudicated for Uncle Sam.

THE Empress Eugénie, prompted quite likely by the wonderful exploit of young Mr. Bennett's twelve-day trip across the Atlantic in the yacht *Dawnless*, has sent two thousand francs to the

Yacht Club of France, to be distributed in prizes. Wonder if she ever heard the little carol commencing:

"Oh, weep ye British sailors true,
Above or under hatches,
Here's Yankee Doodle's been and come,
And beat your crackest yatches!
They started all to run a race,
And wor well timed with watches;
But oh! they never had no chance,
Had any British yatches!"

TRUE views of economy are quite compatible with religious duty in periods the most solemn. A case in point comes to us from Vernon, Indiana, where a man and woman somewhat advanced in life, belonging to different religious sects, united in marriage, one of the conditions of which was that each should have a separate purse, and whatever each then had or should acquire during coverture should remain separate and apart. During the last sickness of the husband he sent for the minister of his church to pray for him. At the commencement of the prayer the wife left the house and retired to the back-yard. Upon inquiry for the reason of her withdrawal, she replied, "I don't pay my husband's minister any thing, and I don't want to sponge!"

SINCE Keble there has been scarcely one whose poetry on sacred subjects has been worth the reading, much less the singing. England, however, has recently produced an author whose versification has so far attracted attention as to cause some of his effusions to be reproduced in a London journal, from which we clip the following, entitled

THE HEAVENLY BANKER.

I have a never-falling bank,
A more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich,
How can I then be poor?

Sometimes my banker smiling says,
"Why don't you oftener come?
And when you draw a little note,
Why not a larger sum?"

I know my bank will never break;
No, it can never fail;
The firm, three persons in one God,
Jehovah, Lord of all.

Should all the banks of Britain break,
The Bank of England smash,
Bring in your notes to Zion's Bank,
You'll surely have your cash.

Even those who are the firmest believers in the efficacy of revival songs may doubt the good taste of this; but the concluding stanzas are still worse:

The leper had a little note—
"Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou can."
The Banker cashed his little note,
And healed the sickly man.

But see the wretched dying thief
Hang by the Banker's side;
He cried, "Dear Lord, remember me!"
He got his cash and died.

Was there ever doggerel more atrocious?

A GENTLEMAN who follows the profession of school-teaching on the Western Reserve in Ohio, gave out one morning as a reading lesson to his first class that portion of "The Merchant of Venice" in which the "pound of flesh" scene

occurs. The reading finished, he asked the class what Shylock meant when he said, "My deeds upon my head."

"Well," said the tallest boy, "I don't know, unless it means *he carried his papers in his hat!*"

A new but obvious interpretation, which seems to have escaped the astute Mr. R. G. White and other eminent Shakspearians.

OUR anecdote in the June Drawer of the Cuban sojourning in Baltimore recalls to a New Orleans correspondent an incident that occurred in the Crescent City, some two years ago, which has not found its way into print:

A distinguished Confederate leader, who had passed some time in Mexico after the collapse of the "cause perdue," found his way hither right gladly, and put up at the St. Charles. The morning after his arrival he rang for John and sent him for a cock-tail, giving him a Maximilian dollar. John had been victimized before by designing strangers, and was carefully on his guard. Giving a glance at the shining piece of silver, he gave his head a shrewd shake, and laid the metal upon the table, remarking, with considerable dignity: "*They don't take medals for drinks at this yer bar!*"

WE are indebted to the President of one of our Life Insurance Companies for the following verbatim copy of a letter received by one of its Tennessee agents, in answer to a circular addressed to a Superintendent of Schools. The concluding lines are especially pointed and touching:

SIR,—Yours of the 13th instant is before me and I think quite light of it—unnecessary, uncalled for—and all this honestly: were you to ask for the names of teachers in my county, that you might Pray for them, or assist them in any way to do their duty to God or man, then I would cheerfully give them: But, yes, when you want their *money* for nothing, die as, or when they may, then, then if you get them, it must be through some other organ. Notwithstanding Old Br Ar. Alexander, Al. Barnes, Bishop Potter, R. & Storrs, Dr. Farr, Lord Brougham, or Gov. Any Body else, may say it is a Good & Great thing to have Life Assured or Insured, yet I feel convinced the great Object is to get money. Money, yes, The love of money is the root of all evil; & I feel certain that it—the Love of money is the Root of all such Institutions. No doubt it is my duty to pray, ask & entreat Him who made me, preserves me, in whom I live, move & have my being and in whose hand are the issues of Life & Death; yes, pray, ask and implore him to Bless our Life, to make us good & useful &c. But he tells us to come, to open our mouth wide & he will fill it all without money or price, but I guess, we might come, and keep a coming to you & your institution, but if we didn't bring the *Greenbacks*, or *Yellow Boys*, or the *Silver* itself, yes, I guess we might return as empty as we went, I consider all such games closely allied to gambling, yes, first Cozena, that is to cheat, Please bear with me & Let say to you Please engage in something bearing a better face, than to ask me, to send you \$148 16 to have my Life Assured or Insured 12 months, when you can't prolong it a day, or not a moment—Well but that ain't it, you say. O no. But if I die, then that precious \$1000 comes to my family!!! Well & 'spose it does, (which might be doubted) how do they get it? honestly? by rendering an equivalent? No. They get something for nothing. I don't want to leave any such example as that after me & to follow me to the Bar of Judgment. May the Good Lord prepare you and me for the strict account of *that Great Day!* But I am over 65, & there is nothing proposed to such as I have seen: Therefore I may,

Root little hog or die.

Farewell, &c. ———, Supt.

The foregoing reminds us of a little scene that occurred not long since in a life-insurance office,

whither a newly-made widow went to receive the amount of a policy on her husband's life. The president thought it proper to condole with her on her bereavement, to which the disconsolate mourner replied: "That's always the way with you men; you're always sorry when a poor woman gets a chance to make a little money!"

"A FIG for the Governor's opinion!" said Saxe, the tall poet of Albany, who is also something of a politician. "I don't think much of governors any way. When I lived in Vermont such were the political chances that in two different campaigns I came *within one* of being Governor myself!"

"What do you mean by one?" inquired his interlocutor.

"The candidate on the other side—confound him!"

A CLERGYMAN in one of the thriving cities of Wisconsin recently illustrated the difficulty experienced by eloquent writers in giving out extemporaneous notices when he solemnly and impressively announced from the chancel: "The child to be baptized will now be brought forth!"

A LEGAL gentleman of Lawrence, Kansas, sends us the following copy of a return made by a deputy-sheriff upon a *subpoena duces tecum*, issued from District Court, commanding one Thomas M'Collie, a Justice of the Peace, to be and appear before that Court with his docket:

Received this writ November 17, 1868, at 10 o'clock A.M., and served the same November 19, 1868, by reading this writ to the within-named Thomas M'Collie. Duces Tecum not found. I have searched all over this county for this man, but no one has ever heard of him except the clerk and attorney.

By ———, Sheriff.
By ———, Deputy.

In Kansas this is pronounced a substantial compliance with the law; but our correspondent is desirous of having the opinion of Judge Brady or Mr. Oakey Hall as to the rule that obtains in New York.

"NAMES are things," was not only a true saying of an eminent British publicist, but it finds fresh application in Norwalk, Ohio, where an urban gentleman, being in a refreshment saloon, where some young people were drinking soda-water, remarked to the dispenser that he would "like a jug of that ar stuff."

"What stuff?" inquired the clerk of the fountain.

"Why, some o' that sweetened wind."

How is this for a youngster of five, who was reading his lesson at school one day in that deliberate manner for which some urchins are remarkable? As he proceeded with the task he came upon the passage, "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from guile." Master Hopeful drawled out, "Keep—thy—tongue—from—evil—and—thy—lips—from—guile."

Down in Frederick, Maryland, a youngster of seven years, the son of an Irishman, was thus being trained by an Irish tutor to understand the difference between the past and present tense:

"Now, Tommy, what did you eat at breakfast this morning?"

"I eat eggs," answered Tommy.

"No, that is not correct; you should say, 'I ate eggs.' At breakfast you might say, 'I eat eggs;' but when you speak of what you did in the egg business some hours ago you should say, 'I ate eggs.' Now, Tommy, can you tell me the difference between eat and ate?"

"Yes," he quickly answered; "one is English and the other Irish."

Less philological, but more in consonance with the spirit of "the ever-glorious Fourth," is the following of a Georgetown lad, who became infected with the usual fire-cracker spirit of patriotism characteristic of the Federal youth. On the advent of "the nation's birthday" the young person's mother endeavored to impress upon his mind the impropriety of wasting money for fire-crackers while so many children were unable to obtain bread to satisfy hunger; and, by way of making her remonstrance more impressive, told him that God would not be pleased at such a foolish waste of money. Pondering a moment upon "the situation," the lad brightened up and replied:

"I think God would rather like to see the boys have a little fun!"

What could be said?

Not a little like the satire of "Poor Richard" in his famous almanac is the subjoined, which comes from—we know not where:

"Why is *thirty-nine* the number of lashes which the Christian selects as the maximum for Christian flogging?" asked the Brahmin Poo Poo of old Roger.

Old Roger thought a moment. The question was a keen one, and conveyed a severe reproof:

"I suppose," said he, "it is to keep within the limit of *forty-tude*."

The Brahmin stroked his long beard, and the tassel of his cap vibrated like the pendulum of a clock.

WHEN Guthrun the Dane, a pagan, and Alfred and his son Edward, of England, agreed, some nine hundred and fifty years ago, upon the tithing system that has since prevailed in Great Britain, little thought they that a prophet and ruler would arise in this hemisphere who would, as they say in the West, "beat them out of their boots" in the promptness and thoroughness with which that prophet would execute the same process here. Intellectually, Brigham probably carries more guns than did Guthrun, and the details of his system are more efficient, judging from an instance that recently occurred in Salt Lake. It seems that an old "apostate," who was disfellowshipped a few years ago for not paying tithes, was asked what he thought of that system. Elevating his eyebrows, and leaning his head thoughtfully to one side, he replied:

"You see I was always very particular about payin' up a long time arter I got there. Finally it came a fall when I had ten very fine hogs. Well, to do the square thing, I drove one of 'em up to the tithing-yard and butchered the rest, and set in to cuttin' 'em up. Well, Sir, about the time I got it done here comes one of Brig-

ham's clerks and took one-tenth of the hams, one-tenth of the shoulders, one-tenth of the lard, and so clear through. Soon after this here comes the Bishop, and insisted on a donation for such a purpose; and not long after somebody for something else; and, Sir, when I got through I found I had the meat of just one hog left. Well, I went up to see the President about it, and what do you think he said? 'Just go home and ask the Lord about it, and see if he don't tell you that Brother Brigham's mathematics are right; that you've only given the Lord his share.' Well, I went home and didn't say much, but I thought the Lord was very fond of pork."

DECIDEDLY one of the most entertaining and instructive books recently printed by the Harpers is Mr. William J. Flagg's "Three Seasons in European Vineyards." It combines valuable information on vine culture with neat anecdotes, for one or two of which we make room:

When in Languedoc, traveling by rail, one of his companions said: "The gentleman is from America."

"Ask him, then," said a woman, "if the men there can have as many wives as they like."

"Yes, Madam; some of us take one, two, or as many more as we can support; but *we do it to carry out our conscientious convictions*—just as your monks, from an equally high principle, refuse to have even one wife."

"Horrible!" she cried.

"Abominable!" said a priest, who had just then turned around to listen.

"Not a bit abominable," growled a gray old farmer from behind me. "Much better have too many wives than none at all."

In Burgundy Mr. Flagg witnessed the processes of resorting to artificial heat in aid of fermentation. In one way it is done by men. It takes four to do it well. They all strip naked—naked as Adam when he was good—and they go in, into the wine-vat, chin-deep they go in (it holds a thousand gallons); and there, with feet and hands, fingers and toes, turn over, stir about, and mix the liquid that was getting clear with the pomace that was depositing itself, and

"Make the gruel thick and alab,
And like a hell-broth boil and bubble."

The nice, sweet Bordelais man only puts his foot in it, but the Burgundian goes the whole figure. It is done to give the wine a full body. They call it fermenting on the skin. He who explained all this to my astonished mind avowed it with the simple frankness of a Feejee cannibal who admits his fondness for what he calls "long pork." But the Feejee people are only heathens. Lamartine, in his letter written to justify the Emperor's expedition to Mexico, to set up an empire to hold this country in check, rests his case on the sole ground that our manners are bad. Certainly we can not dance as well as Frenchmen; but oh, Lamartine! owner of many vineyards, can worse dancing be done than in a vat of wine? or worse manners possible be than afterward offering it to be drunk?

WHILE at Rheims Mr. Flagg was taken to an old building, which once had been a convent. In Charlemagne's time, it is said, some of the nuns had to be restrained from not very pretty

habits into which in that rude age they had fallen. He was a rough old fellow and bad, but, like other old bad fellows, had a fine sense of maidenly propriety. He said he would be — if his nuns should not be made to behave like decent women, and no longer stroll about the town and haunt taverns. But Mr. Flagg insists, as does the Drawer, that though the pure and sparkling wine, grown within their own domain, may sometimes have elevated their souls a little too near the skies, it could never have brought their bodies to the gutter.

As an argument against what is called the grape cure Mr. Flagg quotes the reply of Brillat Savarin to one who offered him grapes to eat. He declined, saying, "*Je ne prends pas mon vin en pillules*" (I don't take my wine in pills).

We live, says Mr. Flagg, in a dry climate, and under moral conditions exhausting to body, brain, and nerve. That climate and those conditions have already, in the absence of any proper corrective, created a national temperament that responds with excessive sensibility to every exciting cause. The pale, bony woman who paralyzes her insides with unstinted draughts of liquid ice, and the restless, nervous man who consumes with his draughts equally unstinted liquid fire, are types alike of our wretched condition as a people. Dilution will not save us. Says my scientific friend, Doctor —, "A low dew-point (dry air) and republican institutions are inconsistent with the long duration of our race!"

THE sermon on the "Harp of a thousand strings," reproduced in our August Number, reminds a Georgia correspondent of an incident that occurred in his neighborhood, where two Hard-Shell Baptist preachers on one occasion happened to be in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he chanced to say, "When Abraham built the ark—"

The one behind him strove to correct his blunder by saying out loud, "Abraham warn't thar."

But the speaker pushed on, heedless of the interruption, and took occasion shortly to repeat, still more decidedly, "I say, when Abraham built the ark—"

"And I say," cried out the other, "Abraham warn't thar."

The Hard-Shell was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed, with great indignation, "I say Abraham was thar, or tharabouts!"

To the same Southern correspondent we are indebted for another reading of a passage which has been variously construed; one preacher saying that he understood the passage as he *heard* it read, "Now these eight did Milcha bear," to mean "Now these eight did milk a bear." This brought to mind the story of a good old dame who was plying her distaff and listening devoutly to her daughter reading the Bible at her side. She was reading in the book of Genesis, and being not yet perfect in the art, she would now and then miscall a word. So it chanced that she read, stammeringly, these words: "Now these eight did Milcha bore—"

"What, what's that?" said the old lady; "read that again."

The good daughter complied, and, looking more carefully, read, "did Milcha bear."

"Ah! that will do," said the old mother; "they might milk a bear, but to milk a boar, my daughter, is impossible."

As a specimen of the true poetic afflatus the reader is desired to give his admiration to the following "inspiherd lynz:"

TO THE MUNE.

How bewtiful is this ere nite,
How brite the starz du shine,
All natur slepes in tranklinies,
But this loan hart of mine.

Our dorg has kwit a-barkin' now
Att fellers passin' bi,
Heze gasin' at the far of mune
With cam and plassid i.

Wen vuin the, thou pall face thing,
A hanging in the skize,
Upward on wild untramed wing
Mi thauts cuts dust and flize.

O kud I kwit this klod of kla,
And sore abuv the croud,
Ide bath mi sole in heggstary
In yonder fleazy cloud.

How kan the polts hiborn sole
Mix with erth's vulgar cru?
Wud it not ruther fl awa
And hide from mortle ru?

Ah yes! had I a pare of wings
To go to yonder mune,
I gess ide jest as soon eta thar
From now untill nex June.

And thar a-roving up and down
Thru purty flowrs ide go,
Or listen to the tinklin' rills
Wot from the mountings flo.

Or something to that effect.

PERHAPS the Executive Committee of the National Board of Fire Underwriters can give the readers of the *Drawer* some information as to what description of property is insured by the following written portion of a policy issued by the Schenectady Insurance Company, viz.: "\$1200, upon his Bildindings to wit on a clothing and dressing and marshenery and saw mill rear consisting of a wood shingle roof warter and Steen pawer Payable in case of loss if any to — as his interest may appear." Does this cover the "bildindings," or the "marshenery," or the "saw mill rear," or the "wood shingle roof warter"—or what?

Is the Pope of Rome responsible for the spirit that prompts advertisements in heretical journals like the following: "For sale, in — Church" (a very fashionable congregation), "a most desirable pew; one that was in great demand before Protestantism was declared a failure?"

CAN Mr. Delmonico inform us the name of that appreciative patron of his whose appetite, at an English dinner, had suddenly given way under the unaccustomed burden of turtle, and who was compelled to request the favor of a *cold chair* in order to do full justice to the ortokans?

A LICENSE being an indispensable ante-nuptial requirement in California, and Bob M— being desirous to "connuble," he applied to Judge R—, a Justice of the Peace, for an order on the County Clerk for the desiderated document,

which the Judge, being waggishly disposed, drew in words following, to wit: "State of California, County of Calaveras. In Justice's Court, 7th Township. Robert Maxwell vs. Marcellina Grehalbi. Personally appeared before me Robert Maxwell, who deposes that he is the plaintiff in the above entitled suit; and that the defendant, to wit, the said Marcellina Grehalbi, is 16 years of age; and for further cause of action alleges that he has the consent of her, the said defendant, and also of her the said defendant's only parent, to wit, her mother, to marry the said defendant. Whereupon said plaintiff prays this court for an order upon the County Clerk of said County for a writ of license in said case.—Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th of May, 1869. It appearing to me from the foregoing affidavit and statement of facts that plaintiff is entitled to the relief demanded, his prayer is granted, and you are hereby commanded to issue to him the said writ of license.

"R—, Justice of the Peace."

And "their nuptial rights were straightway solemnized."

THERE lives in the village of E—, in Indiana, a good Baptist clergyman, whose son, four years old, had never until a few Sundays since witnessed the rite of baptism. On that occasion his father was called upon to immerse a lady convert; and as his wife wished to be present, the children were allowed to go and sit upon the shady river brink and witness the ceremony. On returning home Freddy approached the paternal and inquired why he put the woman under the water. The father asked, "Did you understand what I said to the lady?" "Oh yes; you put your hand on the top of her head, and said, 'I baptize you in the name of the Father, and the Son, and here she goes!'"

That was *his* understanding of the ritual.

WE are indebted to a Chicago lady for the following unpublished anecdote of the late President Lincoln:

When Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas, in the summer of 1858, made their memorable canvass of Illinois for the United States Senatorship, they frequently met on the same hustings and addressed the same audience. On one of these occasions, after Judge Douglas had made one of his most eloquent speeches, it came Mr. Lincoln's turn. Throwing off his over-coat, he handed it to a young man near by, and said, in his droll way: "Here, you hold my clothes while I *stone Stephen!*"

Although Mr. Lincoln hurled his intellectual rocks with great power against the Judge, it did not prevent the return of the latter to the Senate; yet it sowed the seed which sprang up and bore Mr. Lincoln into the Presidency.

ON one occasion, during the period when battles were fought around Richmond, one of the Confederate batteries happened to pass an upset sutler's wagon. Two or three gunners, in rummaging through it, found a keg of lager beer, which they quickly hoisted up in front of the limber of one of the guns. The Captain, riding at the head of the battery, had not the heart to order it to be taken off, it being such a luxury in that dreadfully dry country; and so it pro-

ceeded safely along for a couple of miles, anxiously guarded by the thirsty captors. Suddenly the company was startled by a deep voice thundering out, "Captain G——, halt this battery!" which was done instantaneously for General Longstreet and staff were alongside. "What have you got on that piece, Sir?" demanded the General. "Lager beer, Sir," answered the astounded and convicted Captain. "What in —— do you mean, Sir," roared out the General, "loading up your gun on the march, in the face of the enemy, with a keg of lager beer?—and" (added he, subsiding a little, and feeling for his tin cup)—"and *without any spigot in it!*" A roar of laughter followed the terrible wrath of the General; a gimlet was quickly produced; in a minute he had drank off a foaming pint to the health of the gallant company, and was off like a streak, amidst the cheers of the men, his staff stringing after him like a comet's tail.

THE anecdote of the Baptist minister and the young Presbyterian in the June Drawer prompts an Ohio friend to send the following:

An editor and his friend, whose church preferences were Baptist-ward, had an appointment with a gentleman to meet them at Forest, Ohio, where the arrangements of the trains would permit of a ten minutes' talk at 2 A.M., and enable the editor and his companion to return home in time for a few hours' sleep. The pair arrived at midnight, and had two hours of a broken night before them. They walked over to a refreshment saloon, and made a tolerable supper on German sausage and crackers and a glass of cold punch. While thus engaged an insinuating individual drew near, called for similar refreshments, and having paid this delicate compliment to the taste of the two gentlemen, sought a conversation.

"Just come on the train from the east?"

"Yes," curtly replied Mr. Editor.

"Going north?"

"No."

"South?"

"No."

"Staying over here?"

"Seems like it."

"Going to stay here?"

"No."

"Going west, then?"

"No."

"See here," said the fellow, after a momentary pause; "can't we amuse ourselves?"

"Amuse ourselves! how?"

"Got any cards?"

"Cards! what cards? business cards?"

"No, no—cards to play with."

"How play? play what?"

"Why, cards—euchre, seven up, old sledge, you know."

"Why, you mean gambling, don't you?" exclaimed the man of the quill, feigning astonishment.

"Of course I do."

"Young man," replied he, drawing himself up and putting on much style, "I am a minister, and don't know one card from another."

"You a minister! What Church do you belong to?"

This was a poser. The editor realized instantly that, though dressed in black, he could

not pass for a Catholic priest or an Episcopalian, and that Presbyterians and Methodists rather eschewed such refreshments as cold punches; so he promptly, and with some asperity, as if utterly to extinguish the impertinent bore, responded, "A Baptist minister."

Quick as a flash came the reply: "You a Baptist minister and not know one card from another! a —— of a Baptist minister you are!" and walked off, with an expression of supreme contempt at ignorance so utterly disgusting.

A GENTLEMAN who was smitten with the Overland-Omaha-Pacific-Railroad-California fever is incited to describe in disgusting poesy his impressions of that objectionable region:

Hast ever been to Omaha,
Where rolls the dark Missouri down,
And four strong horses scarce can draw
An empty wagon through the town?

Where sand is blown from every mound,
To fill your eyes and ears and throat;
Where all the steamers are aground,
And all the shanties are afloat?

Where whisky-shops the livelong night
Are vending out their poison-juice;
Where men are often very tight,
And women deemed a trifle loose?

Where taverns have an anxious guest
For every corner, shelf, and crack;
With half the people going West,
And all the others going back?

Where theatres are all the run,
And bloody scalpers come to trade;
Where every thing is overdone
And every body underpaid?

If not, take heed to what I say;
You'll find it just as I have found it;
And if it lies upon your way,
For God's sake, reader, go around it!

In the way of epitaph the following from a gentleman who copied them from stones in the burial-ground at Hollis, New Hampshire:

Benjamin Parker near eighty-three
Respectable you once did see:
His grandson now lies over him
We all must feel the effect of sin.
1802.

ANOTHER:

In Memory of 2 Infants, daughters of ——.

The first still-born Aug. 19, 1786.	The second born July 18, 1786, and died in her 3d hour.
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Not so touching, however, as this tribute to a lovely flower:

OUR LITTLE JACOB
HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY FROM THIS EARTHLY GARDEN
To Bloom
In a Superior Flower-pot
Above.

A MR. M'DONALD was in the Legislature of Georgia some years ago, and amused every body by his ignorance and his high opinion of his own wisdom. It was quite customary there, when a "bill" was not very popular, to "log-roll" it—that is, find several members with bills in the same fix, and say, "I'll vote for yours, if you'll vote for mine," and to amend one bill by the substance of all the others. Mr. M'Donald sat one day at his desk in the House, and saw that a favorite county project of his was about to die from lack of votes. Securing a suspension

of the *yeas* and *nays* for a moment, he hurried around, asking, "Can't I amend it? can't somebody help me?" A grave gentleman looked up and said, "Yes, I will write one for you;" and writing a few lines gave it to him. M'Donald glanced at it, and seeing that it did not hurt his county, sent it to the desk as the amendment of the member from Hancock County. The clerk read as follows: "And be it further enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Assembly, that on account of the intense heat of the summers in Georgia, and for the greater convenience of the people of said State, that from and after the passage of this Act, the Fourth of July shall come upon the Twenty-second of February of each and every year, and shall be celebrated accordingly!"

A FRESH anecdote of an English bishop, who had spoken on the importance of diligent, painstaking preparation for the pulpit. A verbose young clergyman replied:

"Why, my lord, I often go to the vestry even without knowing what text I shall preach upon; yet I go up and preach an extempore sermon, and think nothing of it."

The bishop replied: "Ah, well, that agrees with what I hear from your people; for they hear the sermon, and *they also think nothing of it!*"

That is fair—for England; but this, by a poor Western circuit-preacher, is briefer if not better:

On being asked the cause of his poverty he replied, with a twinkle of the eye: "Principally because I have preached so much *without notes*."

THE amount of trouble the jocose Englishman will take for the sake of playing a dismal joke is certainly curious. Instance:

Traveling recently by the Southwestern Railway a passenger was surprised to find that he had been riding as a member of the feline tribe. Painted up overhead in the carriage he read "5 cats." Of course the reader understands that originally it stood "5 seats," but the elaborate joker, by scratching out the s, and transforming the e into a c, qualified himself, according to Dr. Johnson, to become a pickpocket. A similar bit of perversity, accomplished by the same means, appeared at one of the station platforms: "The public are requested not to alight until the rain sops the platform."

MR. W—— is an old hardware merchant of this city, very serious, very precise. His best friends would regard it as libelous to hear him charged with having uttered a joke. Yet such men sometimes get off the driest.

Mr. W—— was walking down John Street one day with his wife, when their progress was arrested by the sudden backing up on the sidewalk of a truck. The lady looked with dismay at being compelled to go more than half across the muddy and uneven street to get around the horses, when the driver, seeing their predicament, moved out three or four feet, and so allowed them to pass comfortably on the sidewalk. When the passage was safely made Mr. W—— left his wife, gravely and soberly marched up to the cartman, pulled out his memorandum-book and pencil, and thus addressed him:

"Sir, I demand your number."

CARTMAN, "My number! What do you want that for? I haven't done you or your lady any harm."

MR. W——. "I insist upon taking your number, Sir."

CARTMAN (*doggedly*). "Well, if you must have it, it is 2—6."

Mr. W—— gravely entered the number, put up his book and pencil, raised his finger, and said, threateningly: "Sir, I shall take the earliest opportunity to call upon Mayor Hall, enter my complaint, and, if it is a *possible thing*, have your license taken away from you. *A man who would deliberately move out his horses and truck to allow a lady and gentleman to pass on the sidewalk, is utterly unfit for the position of a New York cartman!*"

ONE of the "Constabulary" furnishes the following: Jack Johnson was a well-known character in certain London circles thirty years ago. He had been secretary to the Usher of the Black Rod in the House of Lords, but when Sir Thomas Tyrwhit died he lost his place. His friends, however, provided him with another situation in the Custom-house, the salary appertaining to which was about one-third of the secretaryship. At the end of three months Jack waited on the cashier for a check, which being handed to him, he exclaimed, indignantly, "What's this? £80 for three months' hard work! Four times eighty is three hundred and twenty; do you call that *salary*? why it's *wages*! How can I live on that?"

"Well, Mr. Johnson," said the cashier, "you have been put over the heads of many deserving men; if you don't like it, you have only to balance your books and send in your resignation."

"There's my resignation!" replied Johnson, scrawling it on the back of a card; "but as for balancing my books, if you want that done, you had better send for Ramoo Sammy" (a celebrated Indian conjuror); "he's a first-rate balancer; he can balance a donkey on a pole at the end of his chin. Good-morning!"

THE following incident is related by a Southern gentleman as a part of his own experience:

His second "court" after his admission to the bar was in Washington, Georgia. There were then no railroads or stages between those towns. He had no horse, and was too proud to try and borrow one where he lived. The whole distance was beyond his strength, should he undertake it on foot. He walked to his uncle's, which was about ten miles, or half the distance, and a little out of the way, carrying his saddle-bags with a change of clothes upon his shoulders. He walked at night to avoid the July sun, and rested on wayside stones. The uncle loaned him a horse, and he proceeded the next morning. The change of clothes consisted in part of a pair of thin, white cotton *pants*, of cheap material, suitable to the season, and starched into the appearance of linen. That he might enter the town and court-room as decent as possible he dismounted near the suburbs, and doffing the somewhat worn unmentionables with which he set out, put on the white ones in their stead, and so attended court in *white pants*. They were taken off with equal care when he again rode out of town.

Such were the early straits of the Confederate Vice-President—Stephens.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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A HEALTH TRIP TO BRAZIL.

II.—RIO AND ITS ENVIRONS.



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR.

THE early discoverers of the bay of Rio imagined it to be the outflow of a great river like the Orinoco or the San Francisco. They assumed, with the sanguine ardor of marines, that it rolled from far inland over sands of gold, and that dusky feather-clad tribes dwelt along its shores. So they christened it rather prematurely the River of January. The Indians, with juster knowledge of its extent and origin, called it Nictherohy, or the Hidden Water, and the name is still perpetuated in the designation of an adjacent suburb. No rivers of magnitude find their way to the sea through this channel. A score of mountain streams, some of them of considerable magnitude, rush precipitately through gorge and ravine, and pour from adjacent mountain ledges, to mingle their waters at length in the peaceful bay; but none of them are navigable. Whatever disappointment Alfonso da Sousa or Cabral may have felt at the

interruption of their progress inland, they may have deemed the bay, with its environing amphitheatre of mountains, its girdle of perpetual bloom and verdure, and its Armida islets, plus the palms and floating in an atmosphere of spice odors, a realization of the dreams of the old mariners, who saw ever in dim mirage their horizons enchanted valleys and islands, the blest, and other visionary and impracticable realms which they were not permitted to approach or inherit.

The gateway of the harbor is narrow as a water jar in Tupinamba brave might almost have one through arrow across it, as Hannibal hurled his be the badge over the walls of Rome. Its southern Articles of is the Sugar Loaf, a bold, irregular one of which we sandstone, which springs into the air as side-boards, of two thousand feet, and dominates upon a quar-offing and the harbor within. Obedient to their des-frowns the fort of Santa Cruz, with coffee-carriers,

of in a small rocky promontory and effectually commands the entrance to the bay. Within a few waters widen. They stretch away westward to the distant bases of the mountain, and within a number of beautiful bays in the immediate vicinity. Botafogo, with the perfect semilunar sweep of yellow beach, its fringe of foliage and single street bordered with bright attractive residences, first attracts the attention. The Major points out to me the *Hotel des Etrangeiros*, whither we have determined to go, and which stands at the edge of the suburb. From one point of view it looks vast and cool, and seems to be surrounded with shrubbery and gardens. Across the bay the glass reveals a succession of suburbs. The bay of Jurujuba, bordered with villas, Praia Grande Domingo and Nictherohy, the little peninsula and church of Boa Viagem, are pointed out to us. They are remote and dim, and we confuse their identities as the rustic virtuoso did those of Daniel and the lions. They are connected with the city by a line of ferry-boats, identical in structure with those which ply between New York and Brooklyn. It seems preposterous to see them cleaving these enchanted waters of azure and gold. They should, it would seem, be rippled only by caique, or trireme, or barge of beaten gold, like that of Cleopatra, the keel of which burned on the water, and from the silken hangings whereof a strange perfume hit the sense of the adjacent wharves. One would see with lamentation the fountain of Egeria profaned by a lap-streak wherry, or Alph, the sacred river, desecrated by a periagua. A similar regret is awakened by the intrusion here of the stupid, plodding craft. There are a few impudent little tugs likewise which puff about the harbor catching up big ships and leading them through heavy unwilling waltzes, finally depositing them at some remote wharf, and dashing back panting and out of breath for another partner. These familiar objects remind us of home, but seem somehow out of place, Joe a stock-broker in Paradise or an omnibus bit den.

App, thousand objects claim attention as we pull up the bay to our landing off the island of Sops bras. The flags of all nations stream

Mr. our thousand masts of the harbor; among this our northern ensign, "still full high ad friends," beats the languid tropic air with a charged and lordly sweep. 'Tis a banner of remembrance and we greet it with swelling hearts.

Mr. Wades of the city, her steeples and towers one day! her white suburbs winding away up arrested mountain ravine, occupy the middle walk of a but the great mountain hemicycle at being a very thing which it involves. The muddy of the Sierra des Orgaoes rise dim horses, white, and the fore-ground is studded with lowed them which rise like Teneriffe or Atlas, When the purely clothed with verdure to their left his wife, It is hardly wonderful that the cartman, ship the mountains which tower and pencil, aneys of their toil.

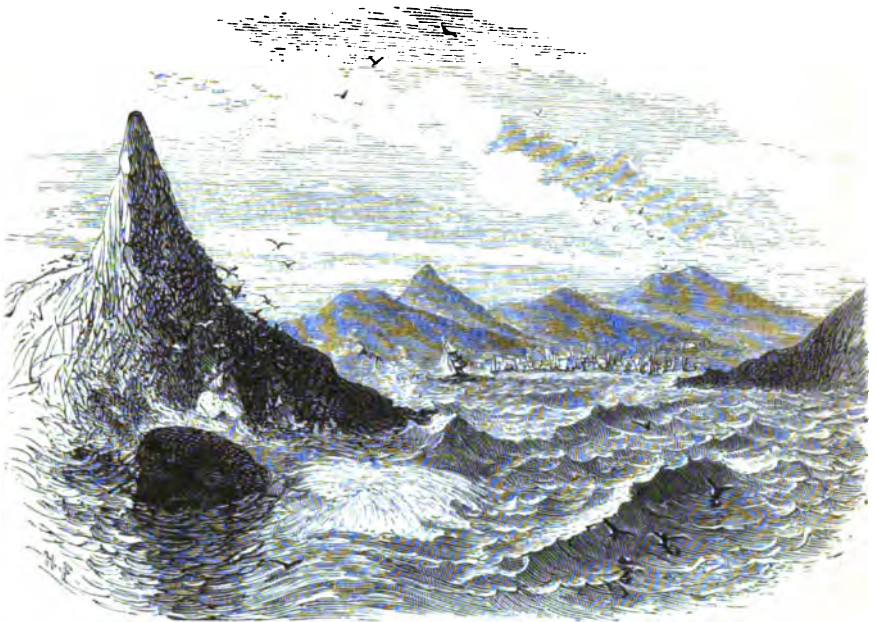
"Sir, I dem

"How reverend is the view of these hushed heads Looking tranquillity!"

The turmoil of the world murmurs at their bases, and the winds wander their slopes; but their summits are in mid-heaven—throned in silence—Silence, foster-sister of Chaos and mother of old Night, from whose mute domain all things emerge, and toward which they ever tend. Faint, vaporious veils of cloud are woven around them, and where they meet the sky the deep stillness of upper earth mingles with the deeper stillness of lower heaven. Shall not even the wild eagle be abashed whose wing invades the solitude of these stony spires, "pinnacled dim in the intense inane," and falter earthward again till his pinions beat the zone of sound? One can see, however, that their still domain is not always uninvaded. While all the rest of the landscape is flooded with light, around the brow of Tijuca the thunder growls and the jagged lightning quivers. An hour hence the same storm plume may drift from the Corcovado or any of the adjacent peaks, leaving Tijuca sunlit and serene. "Bo-reas and Cesis and Argestes loud" appear to be quite at home in these upper regions, and they sometimes raise a din as wild as that of "the Vulcanian three, who in sounding caverns under Mongibello wrought in fire."

When we had reached our landing-place and dropped anchor, old Puzzlewit, the marine, fired off his gun. I think he slept with that gun. He was always caressing it, and holding with it mysterious guttural discourse "when deemed he no strange ear was listening," and his emotions when, after long preparation, he let the thing off, must have been tremendous. Its echoes rolled and reverberated through the mountains, and were the signal for the assemblage round us of myriads of boats. They were laden with all sorts of tropical merchandise, parrots, monkeys, fruits, vegetables, and cigars; and their occupants besought our attention with cries and gesticulation. Presently came the boat of the consignee, the commodore's gig, the galley of the health officer, and, last of all, the custom-house barge, a long, black, official-looking craft, well manned with minions of his imperial majesty's revenue. They swarmed up the companion-ladder, took peaceful and civil possession of the ship, and summoned us to stand and surrender our passports.

The first view of the city is disappointing. Its front is broken by a number of hills which abut upon the water and intercept the view. Although there are more than half a million inhabitants in Rio, the stranger, contemplating it from the deck of his ship, would scarcely deem it large enough to house one-third of that number. It is, in fact, an assemblage of suburbs, separated from each other by intervening hills and mountain spurs. The suburb of Botafogo is at a distance of two or three miles from the centre of the city, and that of San Christovao nearly the same distance in the opposite direction. It is only from the heights in the rear



RIO JANEIRO, FROM THE SEA.

of the city that an adequate sense of its magnitude is attained. So seen, its proportions are metropolitan, and not without majesty and splendor. It is an old city—many of its structures appear as gray and venerable as if a thousand years had passed over them. They have indeed taken the sunshine and the rain since New York was a Dutch village and Boston a bleak hamlet scantily populated with theological bores. The towers of forty churches lift themselves against the sky; the arsenal, the great aqueduct, the palaces, urban and suburban, and numbers of extensive public edifices, give assurance of a city which, although not of first dimensions, is in architecture and embellishment entitled to a conspicuous place among the capitals of the world.

The initial impression of the judicious traveler who visits New York is apt to be one of consternation at the meanness and squalor of its wharves. For a city of such enormous pretension, and of such unequivocal commercial renown, its marine environment is certainly not such as to evoke the exultation of its residents or the admiration of those who visit it. My feelings as a New Yorker received a rude shock as I stepped ashore in Rio. Its piers were of hewn granite, built to endure for ages; and at intervals broad stone steps led down to the water's edge. These buttresses will lie here and the waves resound against them when the civilizations of the northern and southern continents shall have followed those of Egypt and Carthage into the cloud land of night and oblivion. Antiquarian inquirers in the ages hereafter will ponder these huge squares of

stone, and fall into deep pits of conjecture touching the people who hewed and the architect who laid them. We are accustomed to regard our Saxon civilization as the highest, and our material achievements as the most august of the Western world; but in the single particular of wharves, the Rioans take the conceit out of us most effectually.

The open space upon which we emerged was occupied as a sort of fruit and vegetable market, and hundreds of negroes, sellers and buyers, made the afternoon vocal with their bargaining. The vendors sat upon little benches beside their baskets and stands of merchandise, and each was the centre of a chaffering and chattering group. Moving to and fro were tall and comely Minas negresses with jars or baskets balanced upon their heads, and which seemed to give them no more anxiety than if they had been so many stove-pipe hats. The habit of bearing burdens upon the head appeared to have strengthened the muscles of the neck and shoulders, and imparted an erect grace and dignity to their attitude and movements. The water of Rio is not conducted into the houses as with us, but drawn from public fountains; consequently the spectacle of servants, male and female, bearing water jars in the manner described is a familiar one throughout the city. Burdens appear to be the badge of the black here as elsewhere. Articles of furniture, for the transportation of which we should summon a dray, as pianos, side-boards, and the like, are here mounted upon a quartette of black heads and conveyed to their destination. I saw a long train of coffee-carriers,



RIO.—THE LANDING-PLACE.

each bending beneath a huge sack of the fragrant berry which he was conveying from the wharves to the warehouses. Excepting a short pair of trowsers reaching from the loins to the knee, they were entirely unclad, and the muscles of their chests and shoulders stood out like those of the antique sculptures.

These tableaux of toil were agreeably interspersed with glimpses of laziness and ease. Groups of blacks squatted in each little haven of shade, some smoking cigars, some sucking bits of sugar-cane or "gobbling" bananas, but all exhibiting the liveliest approbation of their transient respite from labor. Now and then one lay sprawled upon the pavement fast asleep, the hot sun glaring upon him with such intensity that it would have been hardly surprising if he had melted and run away in black streaks like pitch. Flitting to and fro among the market

women were little black imps, perfectly naked, who seemed, for what reason I know not, to remind the Major of devils on a chafing-dish. They were mischievous as monkeys; and their depredations upon the tawny clusters of fruit, and their maternal chastisement therefor, were not infrequent.

Passing through the market space, where the odors of the fruit and the sellers thereof strangely intermingled, we came upon the old Palace Square, into which leads the Rue Direita, the Wall Street of Rio. Its aspect was not unlike that of a similar thoroughfare in a European or North American city. Throngs of men of grave business aspect moved to and fro, carrying umbrellas to shield them from the ardor of the sun; and they appeared to be preoccupied with the same commercial and fiscal anxieties as burden the souls of men in all the lands and



THE RUE DERRITA.

latitudes of trade. Many a swarthy visage expressed solicitude as to the price of coffee or the rate of exchange, many a white umbrella sheltered a head burdened with apprehensions of a crisis in lard or brown sugar. There was not much of that precipitate impetuosity of movement which might be witnessed among a similar throng of merchants on Change in New York or Paris, but rather a slow, Oriental deliberation of step and gesture, in which it was difficult to determine whether earnestness or languor predominated. Under the porch of the Exchange in the vicinity I heard the colloquies of traffic carried on in half a dozen different languages; but the sun subdues to languor and tranquillity the energetic Scot and the vivacious Gaul, the burly Briton and the impetuous Yankee, as well as the brown and meditative Portuguese or the sallow and deliberate Catalanian. It is not possible to import

into these tropic regions the alertness and energy which characterize the northern races. The first thing the traveler here has to learn is that it is useless to be in a hurry. The agent at the custom-house, the clerk at the post-office, the porter whom you summon from the street corner, even the tradesman whom you endow with your patronage, enforce this inculcation. It is somewhat irritating at first; but one soon learns to put up with it as an inevitable condition of residence here.

I wonder if that low, sobbing sound of the organ comes from the Church of our Lady of Mount Carmel, which fronts the square, or from some remoter chapel? It sounds a solemn under-tone to the hum of voices and the rain of feet and the rattle of vehicles. How strangely the voice of worship and invocation blends with the dissonance of traffic and the murmurs of the world! Hither comes through

the streets a procession of priests followed by acolytes bearing tapers and wands. All days are days of worship here. In some especial seasons the pious display and pageantry are more considerable than in others; but spectacles of the sort are scarcely ever wanting. The churches are always open, and their cool dim interiors are a perpetual invitation to the penitent and the superstitious to come and pray. Although pious Brazilians mourn the lapse of faith, and shake their heads at the godlessness of the younger generation, one may still see occasional tableaux of devotion of a touching and impressive sort. The ignorant and the infirm are those who appear to be most powerfully drawn to these places of prayer. The cultivated and polite, although generally formally observant of religious duties and obligations, do not trouble the wax Madonnas nor the wooden Christs, the bones of San Sebastian, or the toe-nail of Ambrose with their temporal afflictions. If they are sick, instead of invoking the intercession of our Lady of Pains they take physic. If in love, they content themselves with mundane instead of celestial intercession. If in debt, they no longer look for deliverance from the wax image of their patron saint. Not very long ago it was the custom among all classes to call upon the saints for every species of benefaction. If a citizen was afflicted with an unmanageable leg, he hung up an image of that defective member beside the altar of his guardian saint, and accompanied his prayers for restoration with a handsome gratuity to the shrine. The barren wife brought hither her gifts and prayers for offspring. All objects of spiritual or temporal desire were solicited at the hands of these sacred images, many of which yet wear the costly decorations with which pious superstition has endowed them. Whether experience has demonstrated the fruitlessness of such intercession, or from other cause, the custom has somewhat lapsed. The ex-voto traffic is smitten with blight like that of the silver-smiths of Ephesus, and priest and bishop mourn the indifference of a stiff-necked and rebellious generation.

The old Palace Square is one of the important points of arrival and departure of omnibuses, or, as they are here called, gondolas. They are like our own in structure, and traverse the city and suburbs in all directions. The origin of the name is curious. An extensive omnibus company held from the government a monopoly of this sort of conveyance, which the public found rather onerous and oppressive. The government could not break its faith by licensing another omnibus company; but there was nothing in the bond which forbade the running of any number of gondolas; and so gondolas in fleets and armadas drifted into the current of things. Monopoly and monopolists exploded in anarchic insolvencies, and Rioans ride the "knife-board" with economic exultation.

After the gondola the vehicle in most use in

Rio is the tilbury, a two-wheeled conveyance roofed in with a caleche, and impelled by a vicious and unregenerate mule. It bears a close resemblance to the gig in which the country doctor of my early remembrance used to make his rounds, and the appearance of which was an awful premonition of jalap. Driver and driven sit side by side, and this propinquity is so favorable to conversation that the former in time develops into the most portentous bore known to civilization. After getting through the ceremonies of arrival at the custom-house and the steamship office, I, with the lingual aid of a friend, engaged one of these charioteers to drive me to the Hotel des Etrangeiros. The circumstance that I understood no word of his discourse had not the slightest effect upon him. He instantly bowed into a lively monologue, emphasized with gesticulations of an alarming character, and I thought he would never stop. Like Tennyson's brook, men might come and men might go, but he went on forever. It became of first importance to silence him. I don't know whether the expedient I adopted was quite parliamentary, but it proved effectual. For some sin of my school-days I had been compelled to commit to memory the enormously long and inconceivably dull sermon of some forgotten New England divine, and this dismal homily had lain like lead upon my remembrance for two decades. Here was its use. I gave him enough of it. Before I had got through the long-winded exordium he was visibly subdued. The "firstly" and "secondly" found him mute, and his face began to pale with consternation. At "thirdly" the perspiration rained from him in cascades. At this crisis we luckily reached the hotel. The enemy was destroyed, and my ammunition was not half exhausted.

The Hotel des Etrangeiros is a large and handsome hostelry, situated upon the beach between the Catete and the suburb of Botafogo. From its windows a beautiful view is obtained of the bay, the Sugar Loaf, the fort of Santa Cruz, and the distant villages across the water. It is kept by an Englishman, and, as its name imports, is designed to accommodate strangers who visit Rio. It is a polyglot establishment. You can get from some servitor or habitué the sort of language to which you are accustomed, though you came from Ost Freisland or Wallachia. François will parley with you in French, Sigismund in the dialect of Bavaria, Nicolo in the dulcet speech of Italy, José in the tongue of the Peninsula. I think if Ptolemy Philadelphus were to drop in Mr. Mayall would fetch an Egyptian from the vaults to parley with him. The servitor assigned to us was a black man, big and bland, who had been reared in the United States, and who consequently spoke the best of plantation English. He was at once interpreter, valet de chambre, courier, guide, waiter, and general factotum, in all of which capacities he evinced talents which here,

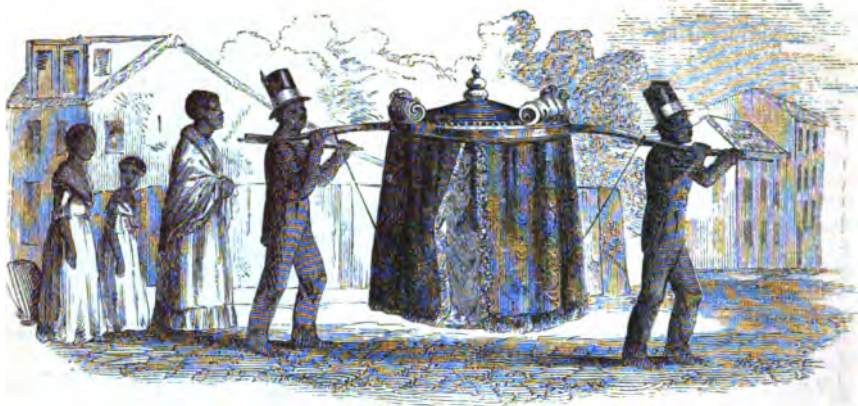
where color is no obstacle to preferment, ought to have made him a minister of state. In the morning he moved about my apartment with footsteps light as a cat; mixed the tamarind-water, which at the first symptom of waking he brought me to drink; prescribed and arranged my toilet. At breakfast and dinner he served with a noiseless celerity which added to the charm of the repast; and he sat upon the box during my drive about the city, dark, grave, and reticent, ready to speak on due occasion withal, and as well informed concerning the interesting features of the town as if he had been a professional dragoman or ciccone.

When the winter sets in with us of the northern world it is the beginning of summer with the Brazilian. November, which swept the hill-sides I had lately left with blasts from the cold northwest, poured its sweltering sunshine upon Rio in a torrid flood which made the eyes wink. Such a condition of temperature enforces early rising. I used to get up at dawn and occupy the morning hours in exploration. The variation of the thermometer between midnight and high noon is inconsiderable, but before the sun mounts the east and after it dips oceanward one can move about without discomfort or peril. One of my first visits was to Botafogo—a beautiful suburb adjacent to the hotel, built upon the curving shore of a bay of the same name which sweeps inward from the entrance of the harbor. The oddity of its name led me to inquire its origin. It is called after the Vampire bat, as the adjacent Catete is after the Paca, and the Praia de Flamengo after the bird of that name, which doubtless formerly abounded along its beach. The suburb of the bats is much more attractive than the winged and hairy phlebotomist from which it takes its name. It consists of a single row of houses embowered in gardens, which occupy the narrow, level space between the beach and the mountains. A broad, well-paved thoroughfare skirts the water, commanding a view of the Sugar Loaf, the bay, and the entrance to the harbor, while almost immediately above it hovers the lofty peak of the Corcovado or Hunchback. The houses are nearly all secluded and intra-mural, embowered in deep gardens with alleys of palm and flowering shrubs. Through the open gates one occasionally gets glimpses of garden paths, bordered with urns bearing tremulous plumes of bloom—the acacia and the mimosa intertwine their branches and mingle their odors, and humming-birds dart to and fro amidst the leafy coverts. The architecture expresses the love of the tropical races for fantastic forms and gaudy colors. The pillars which sustain the porches are sometimes painted a bright blue with gilt capitals, sometimes they are of soft pearly gray with crimson belts, and their surrounding cornices and girdling balustrades rival in chromatic splendor the gardens which surround them. Nature in the tropics sets the example of bright colors, and art is not slow to follow it. The architect never throws away an



HUMMING-BIRDS.

effulgent opportunity. Panels, pilasters, lintels, and all the bizarre and fantastic decoration of the houses constitute so many coigns of vantage upon which to repose bright and frequently tawdry and inharmonious contrasts of color. Some of the residences are surmounted by small pavilions, to which the families resort in the evening, and from which the panorama of the bay and harbor, the fleets of ships, the white-winged boats darting to and fro, the distant mountains with the sunset burning along their peaks, and their innumerable ravines flooded with pale purple mist, is one of bewildering magnificence and variety. They may hear the moan of the sun and the rustle of the palm, the soft whirr of the humming-bird, the chime of bells across the golden water, and from the neighboring balconies the evening melodies of the tambour or the guitar. Truly the Botafogoan is blessed in his visible environment; but perchance custom dulls the sense of beauty, and his spirit only languidly responds to its inspiration. That omnibuses should penetrate this enchanted region seems quite preposterous, but they do. Impelled each by a quartette of mouse-colored mules, laden within and without with factors, merchants, clerks, and so on, they trundle heavily along the esplanade, and the driver's thong crackles in the air like thorns under a pot. Occasionally, though of late years the spectacle is comparatively a rare one, I meet a sedan borne by lusty black fellows in livery, and this Oriental conveyance seems more in harmony with the landscape. Sometimes a



SEDAN.

pretty slipper peeps from beneath the drapery, and a pair of dark Lusitanian eyes are visible for an instant. In the early morning one meets numbers of fruit and vegetable vendors bearing their merchandise in shallow flat baskets upon their heads. Later, and indeed throughout the day, city and suburbs are populous with itinerant vendors of various wares. One is surrounded with a huge pyramid of tin-ware for the kitchen; another, less humble, carries toys and bric-à-brac ornaments for the parlor. This one plaintively intones the merits of the singing-birds whose cages surmount his head and depend from every eligible portion of his system; another has little pious images in wax or plaster—rosaries, crucifixes, and the like—to which, with pious voice and gesture, he invites the attention of purchasers. The seller of fabrics is, however, the most notable of these trafficking pilgrims. He is generally accompanied by a servant who bears the burden, while he limits his exertion to the selling of the merchandise. It is not the custom in Rio for ladies to go out shopping as with us. There are many reasons for this, apart from the lingering influence of the old Portuguese usage, which prescribed for women an almost entire seclusion. The Brazilian ladies have to a considerable extent established a more liberal social order, going and coming at will, paying and receiving visits, and so on; but they have not yet adopted the custom of going in droves to the Rue de Ouvidor or the Rue de Quitanda to purchase a head-dress or a ribbon, a pair of gloves or a scarf, as their northern sisters, in similar need, swarm and hum about the bazars of Broadway or Union Square. Yet their love of decoration, and their rapture at sight of a rare fringe of lace, a sumptuous shawl, or a rich and costly robe, are quite as great as if they lived in New York or Paris. Consequently the merchant who brings to their houses these dainty webs is a personage of consequence, and the flourish of his yard-stick as he precedes the minion who bears his wares appears to imply a sense of the advantages of his

calling. He looks down upon the rabble of commercial pilgrims as the prosperous and dignified grocer looks down upon the coster-monger with his donkey-cart and greens.

The suburb of the Laranjeiras winds up a ravine between the mountains, and a pretty brook comes dancing down the slope between the shaded villas on either hand. Its banks are walled with masonry, widened here and there into basins, so that it looks something like a succession of fountains. The suburb takes its name from the orange-groves which adorn it, and is a bright idyllic retreat, half rustic and half urban. The houses, in structure and decoration, are not unlike those of Botafogo. Each is the centre of a garden; some small and densely shaded, others large and magnificent, with fountains, statues, pavilions, and rustic arbors, the leafy walls and roofs of which are embroidered with trumpet-flowers and myrtle, and along the alleys of which gigantic palms tower into the air and spread their stately capitals against the sky. 'Tis a region of butterflies. They float and waver along the air as if they were blooms of wondrous lustre shaken from their stems and shivering down the wind. One gorgeous specimen, a king or cardinal among his fellows, to judge from his investiture, alighted upon my saddle-bow. I cruelly captured him, and his wings outspread in lustrous rest beam rebuke upon me from the walls of my northland study.

The suburb winds away into a mountain dell at the base of the lofty Corcovado. Villas perch here and there against the steep slopes, reached by winding foot or bridle paths. Through a cleft in the mountain range a portion of the city, spanned by the Carioco Aqueduct, surmounting its double tier of arches, is visible. Distance lends majesty and grace to this extensive and noble structure. It seems to span the city for the distance of a league. Its white pillars and arches, its graceful entablature and balustrade, seem as if magic instead of the mason's hand had reared them. Seen through



THE AQUEDUCT.

this enchanted rosy veil of morning, one could almost believe that, like the walls of Ilium, they

"Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed—
A cloud that gathered shape."

It was built in the old days. According to my recollection, tablets set in its wall indicate that it was begun in 1744 and completed in 1760. Since the latter date it has discharged into the various fountains of the city more than a quarter of a million gallons of water daily. It gathers a number of mountain rivulets which sparkle from the slopes of the Corcovado and its neighboring mountains, and conducts them down the declivity for a distance of seven or eight miles. The supply is nearly uniform, and scarcity of water is rarely known by the Fluminensians.

The Rioans regard with justifiable exultation their Passeio Publico, or public promenade. It was the gift of a worthy Portuguese merchant long resident in Rio, who thus signalized his affection for the people among whom he had built his prosperity. He hath long since mouldered to a handful of Lusitanian dust in the crypt of some Lisbon chapel, but his benefaction abides; and his good deed "floats indissoluble in the older and older memory of men." Many generations shall walk the terrace which his bounty reared by the shore of the beautiful bay, and his name should be held in pious remembrance as long as the stones of its foundations abide. It is an extensive and

beautiful garden, filled with trees and flowering shrubs and fountains, intersected by broad shaded walks: and though too far from the densely populated portion of the city to be a place of constant resort, it is still one of the brightest and most attractive promenades in South America. The view from its terrace is of singular extent and magnificence. The mountains hover above it dark and huge; the shining bay, studded with islands, dimly seen through forests of masts and waving flags, stretches away in long reaches of emerald and gold. Yonder is the city, with its red roofs and towers; and, on the other hand, suburb after suburb reach away through endless vistas of shade. Near by the Gloria Hill shoots up to a considerable height above the water, its precipitous slopes adorned with villas and gardens, and its brow decorated with the twin turrets of the Church of our Lady of Glory. A little farther off is the hill of Santa Teresa crowned with its nunnery. Mount Conception, upon which the Archbishop's palace is conspicuous; the Castello Hill, upon which the Church and Monastery of the Capuchins are situated; and the acclivity of St. Anthony, upon which is reared the shrine of that versatile intercessor, are all visible from the esplanade of the Passeio Publico; and on occasions of pious festivity the worshipers frequently conclude the ceremony by coming to the gardens and eating an ice or drinking a sherbet beneath its arbors.

In such streets as the Rue de Ouvidor, or the Rue de Rosario, one might, but for the preva-

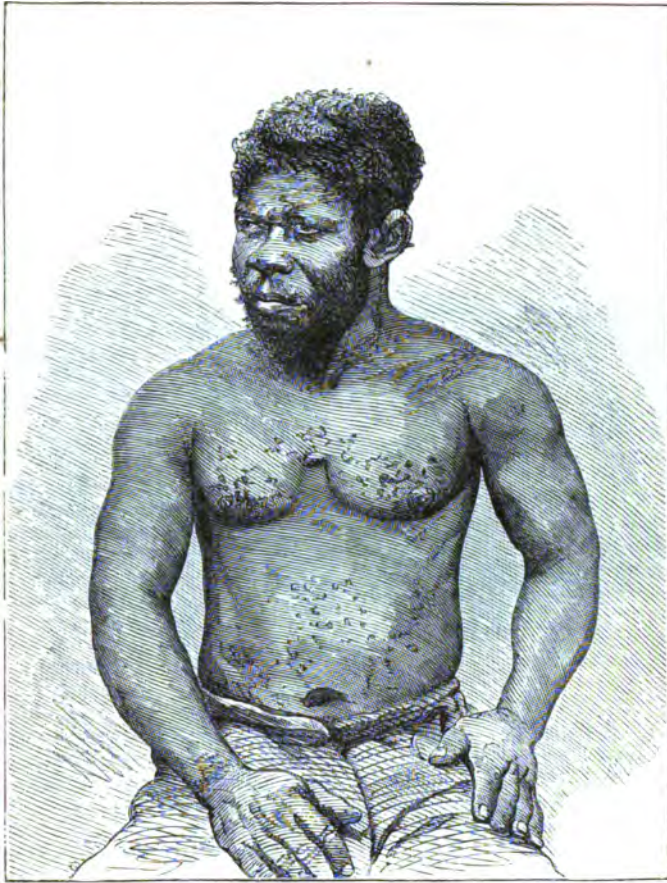
lence of Christian attire, fancy himself in one of the cities of the East. These thoroughfares are about four paces in width; mere ditches, in fact, in which the shade lies all day, and in which vehicles meeting would infallibly come to a dead-lock. This contingency is avoided by assigning one street to carriages moving in a given direction, and the parallel thoroughfare to those bound the other way. There are no sidewalks; the pavement extends to the walls on either hand, and slopes to the middle of the street, forming a gutter which serves to conduct away the water which during a portion of the season deluges Rio almost daily. On the occasion of these sudden showers innumerable cascades pour from water-spouts fixed at the cornices of the buildings into the middle of the street, to the entire discomfiture of pedestrians and the consternation of passing mules, which appear to resent such copious and frequent baptism. Neither umbrella nor Mackintosh is of avail in these emergencies. Refuge within a shop or doorway is the only protection. I one day sought shelter from the flood in a sort of cul de sac, and was successively joined in that retreat by three monks, a field-marshal (judging from his epaulets), a Sister of Mercy, a washer-woman, nine peddlers, and a bull-dog. The mingling of secular, ecclesiastic, and canine odors was neither Arabian nor agreeable; so I stalked forth into the rain and sought a less populous shelter. I frequently inquired of enlightened Brazilians why these inconvenient old-time usages were perpetuated—why the water was not conducted to the pavement in pipes, instead of being hurled from high altitudes in furious cascades upon the heads of pilgrims below. But I got no satisfactory reply. In the recently constructed portions of the town more civilized notions of convenience and utility prevail; but in the old quarter things are pretty much as they were twenty years ago, when Mr. Ewbank visited and so admirably described the city.

Ovidor Street is the Broadway of Rio. Here are its brightest bazars, its choicest repositories of rare and costly merchandise. Some of the shops are as sumptuous and attractive in appearance and in the quality of their contents as those of the Palais Royal or Regent Street. They have large plate-glass windows, which are protected from the collision of passing vehicles by heavy metal bars, and behind these their wares are displayed with much taste and elegance. Costly shawls and laces, rare embroidery, slippers of fairy dimensions, gloves of corresponding daintiness from the factories of France, jewelry of foreign and native fabrication, feather flowers of wonderful beauty, stuffed birds of gorgeous plumage, butterflies and bugs in shining mail, and a thousand other bright attractive articles of merchandise, invite the eye of the unwary and charm the shekels from his purse. It is a novel peculiarity of the Rio shop-keeper that he seems to care little whether you purchase or not. He seems to be

steeped in drowsy content, and to repose serenely above all commercial anxieties or agitations. Perhaps the heat takes the covetousness out of him. At any rate, his deliberate indifference to custom is nearly equal to that of the Turk, who preludes the most trivial barter with a pipe, a cup of coffee, and a nap.

Rosario is an old Moorish street full of balconies which project over the roadway, so that lovers living on opposite sides of the street could almost hand their amorous missives across to each other, or if very long-waisted steal a furtive and illicit kiss across the intervening space. The houses are generally of two stories, though some have a third, and others send their long, sloping, concave roofs almost to the ground. Scarcely any two are alike, though a similar character pervades all. All are roofed with the red tiles which seem to be exclusively employed for that purpose in Brazil, and the roofs usually project for some distance beyond the walls as an additional protection from the sun and rain. The material employed in these structures is generally granite, but the walls are covered with a kind of coarse plaster or stucco, and in many cases painted in variegated colors. The prevalence of bright tints imparts a cheerful aspect to the street, which otherwise, from its narrowness and the deep shade in which it is involved during the greater part of the day, would wear a gloomy and dismal appearance. In the evening these narrow causeways are lighted by lamps suspended from brackets which are fixed against the walls of the houses, and it is then that they take on their most attractive and animated aspect. They swarm with life, and the pavements murmur with innumerable feet. Troops of blacks, released from the toil of the day, gather about the shop doors, and the lamp-light burns upon their dusky faces and kindles in their melancholy lustrous eyes. They don their brightest attire for this harmless evening recreation, and some are as gorgeous as tiger-lilies. Turbans and ear-rings and strings of golden beads, armlets of curious form and device, decorate the women; while such of the men as have achieved a stove-pipe hat and a pair of shoes appear to have realized their ultimate ideal of personal splendor, and to feel that beyond these achievements there are no sartorial worlds to conquer. The shoe in Brazil is the symbol of freedom, as the bare foot is the sign-pedal of bondage. The social gulf which yawns between the shod and the unshod black is something Tartarean and unfathomable. The conquest of the shoe entitles its conqueror to wear a beard, and if nature indorses this arbitrary privilege he is certain of much consideration from his less fortunate fellows. They reverence the tuft of wool upon his chin as other races reverence the coronet, the mitre, or the ribbon of the garter.

From groups here and there we occasionally hear the notes of the marimba, an instrument which is to the southern black what the timbrel was to the Israelites in the days of their cap-

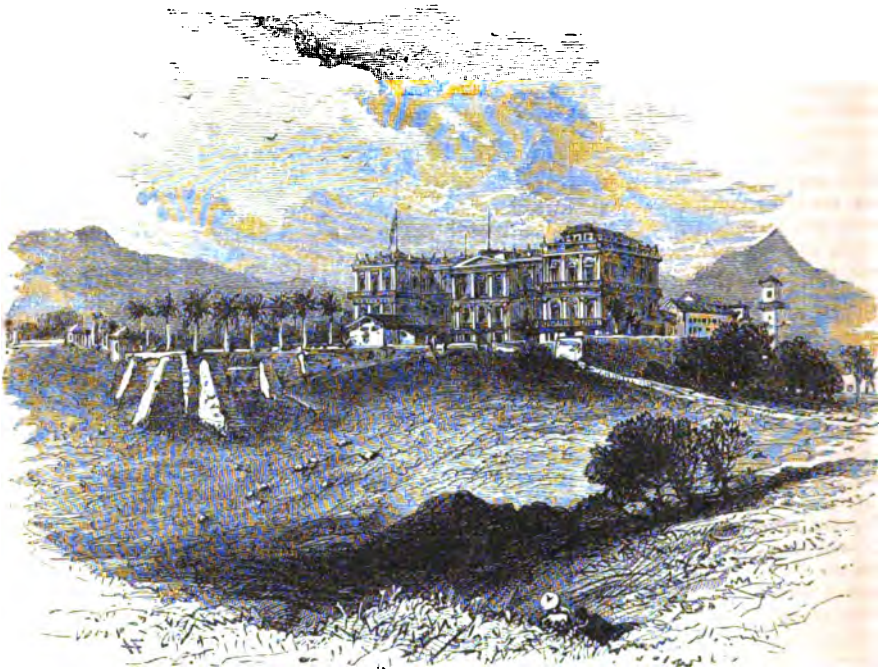


A NATIVE.

tivity. It gives forth a plaintive, melancholy sound—a kind of low strumming, in which the tones of the Æolian and the Jews-harp are somehow strangely blended. The instrument hath in bondage lost the fire wherewith of old it kindled along the vales of Angola or the Gaboon. It is the harp of bondage, and not the lyre of deliverance, and its burden is plaintive as that song of exile which breathed by the waters of Babylon and rehearsed the woes of Zion. I one day took one of these strange instruments from the hand of an aged negro who sat purblind and melancholy in the shade of the fountain and examined it. It consists of a series of keys arranged upon a thin board which is fitted into the shell of a dried calabash or some vehicle of equal resonance. The music is produced by pressing swiftly on the keys and letting them fly back again upon the thin board, when a soft humming sound is produced. The instrument is different among different tribes. An expert ear would doubtless detect the note of the Mozambique, the Minas, or the Ashantee, as the Highlander in the old warlike days would discern, far pealing through the mountain mist,

the pipes of the M'Gregor and the M'Donald, the slogan of the Campbell, and the pibroch of the Laird o' the Isles.

Many of the savage customs which they observed in Africa are perpetuated here. Their belief in witchcraft, the evil-eye, and their reverence for the Obi rites has, in some cases, suffered little diminution by their transfer across the ocean. They can not hang or burn the supposed witches according to the discreet and pious usage which prevailed among them at home, but they have various expedients for averting the inimical influence. Certain rites and ceremonials are believed to possess the power of antagonizing all sorts of threatened evil. The priests of these rites are usually very old negroes, male or female, and they manage to draw revenue from the superstitious terrors of their people. Nearly all the blacks carry a charm or figa of some kind—sometimes it is a bone, sometimes a bit of carved wood, a tooth, a tuft of hair, a dried monkey's foot, or any similar object. They attribute to these articles a power to avert harm and procure good, and they keep them always about their persons.



AN IMPERIAL PALACE.

Walking along the Catete in company with a Brazilian gentleman, with whom I had been speaking of this superstition, we came upon a negro woman rather more scantily attired than usual. It did not seem as if her investiture was sufficiently abundant to afford an eligible hiding-place for the figa; but after some solicitation, backed up by the promise of a pataca, she produced one—an unknown something about the size of a walnut braided around with twine and guarded with a long string which was probably tied about the waist or neck. The fruit-sellers carry them in their baskets, and those who keep little booths or stalls suspend them amidst their merchandise.

Many of the great fortunes acquired by Brazilians had their origin in the slave-trade. The palace of the Baron of Nova Friburgo, which stands upon the Catete, a structure beside which the most extensive and costly residence in New York would look mean and paltry, grew from this baleful and unblessed root. There is something kingly in its extent and splendor. Brazilians tell you, with bated breath, that it cost a million and a half of milreis. Probably a score of residences, notable from their extent and elegance, had a similar origin. The trade, however, is doomed. It no longer flourishes as it used to do, and Brazil seeks to recruit her industry by the more enlightened and human process of voluntary immigration.

I have before mentioned that color opposes no obstacle to social or educational progress in Brazil. Neither law nor prejudice stands in the

way of the negro who desires to become a doctor of laws, a chancellor, or even a minister of state. The public schools, high and low, are open to them, and they seem to mingle upon terms of familiarity and equality with their fellow-students. In the public libraries of Rio one may see a dozen black students for one who is white. One result of this liberality has been to diminish the hardship and hopelessness of captivity in Brazil. Many purchase their liberation, accumulate property, and educate their children. I have seen perfectly black men and women riding in sumptuous carriages, attended by grooms and servitors, and girt with all the paraphernalia of wealth and social station. Talents and abilities are frequently evinced by this class. They occupy bureaux in the public offices, conduct mercantile establishments, plantations, and other enterprises; and are, in all respects, an important and not unrespected part of the social economy here.

Unless I am mistaken in the character of the Brazilian people there is among them little of that hungry rage for amusement which characterizes the races of the north. A city of similar dimensions in England, France, or America would sustain numerous theatres, a maddening succession of music-halls, beer-gardens by the score, and a host of minor and subsidiary entertainments. Here the principal—almost the only liberally patronized theatre—is the Alcázar, a small establishment in which the audience smoke cigars at their ease, and adjacent to which are broad, cool corridors provided with

seats and tables, whereon are served fruits, cream, sherbet, and other beverages appropriate to the climate. In the amusements provided by the management there is rather a predominant element of leg. There is a little drama, more music, but a redundancy of ankles and busts. Nobody cares for the famished old soldier who totters shivering down the mountain-side, and sinks beneath the driving Alpine snow; but the fat nymphs in flesh-colored tights and tunics of blue gauze who swim down from the clouds, and, after the manner of their aerial sisterhood, proceed to balance themselves heavily and with visible pain upon the points of their great toes, awaken instant and loud applause. The average entertainments here are not such as to invite the attendance of ladies; but the theatre is frequently taken for a night by a citizen, who disposes of the tickets among his friends, and thus acquires the right to prescribe the entertainment. On such occasions the performance, vaudeville, operetta, or drama, is circumspect and void of offense; but ordinarily its character is determined by the taste of a less delicate class of frequenters. There is a grand opera-house which fronts the Campo de Santa Anna, and which receives a subsidy from the Government; but it is generally an abyss of silence, surrendered over to the dominion of bats and spiders, and only at infrequent intervals recovered from its unmelodious usurpers. The scarcity of secular entertainments, however, is amply compensated by the abundance of those of a religious character. The Church in Brazil, as in most Catholic countries, has ever sought to extend and perpetuate its influence by mingling with pious ceremonial and observance such pomp and pageantry as should captivate the eye and allure the imagination of worshippers. As John Wesley excused his application of secular melody to sacred hymns by the plea that the devil ought not to have all the good tunes, the priesthood here would doubtless claim that he ought not to enjoy a monopoly of all the attractive sights, sounds, and investitures. They certainly step in and dispute his claim thereto in a very effectual manner. The festivals of the churches are very numerous, and are gorgeously celebrated. Our Lady of Glory and our Lady of Grief, our Lady of the Conception and our Lady of the Assumption, and other ladies whose names would fill a calendar, have each their days of glorification, their celebration, their endowments, their devotees, and they stand in waxen stolidity upon their respective shrines and altars with the same simpering stare which characterizes the unblessed and uncanonized effigy which adorns a milliner's window. How many saints have also their days of formal celebration? Enough almost to constitute a celestial brigade or battalion. The attributes in which the devout are wont to clothe some of these worthies seem curious. St. Sebastian, for example, appears to be regarded as a general practitioner, adequate to the restoration of any ill from a

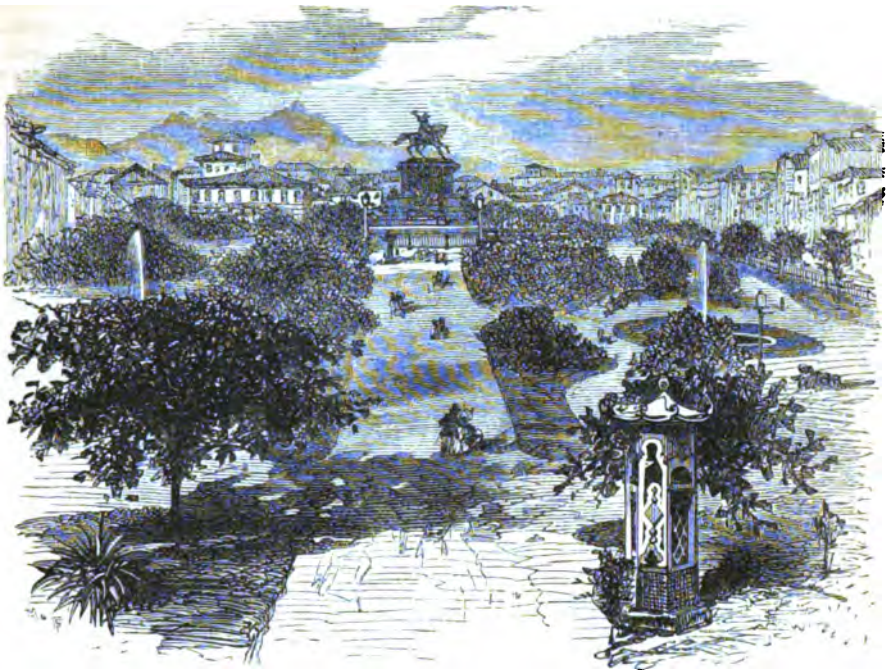
cut finger to angina pectoris—from the wart to the aneurism. St. Braz makes a speciality of throat disorders, restores cracked voices, extirpates quincy, baffles diphtheria, and defies laryngitis; St. Michael cures cancer; St. Lucia heals defective eyes and imparts sight to the blind. Her effigy holds in its hand a denuded eyeball which looks something like a plum; and is calculated to inspire the skeptical spectator with an apprehension that she is about to rebuke his infidelity by throwing it at him. Gonçalves marries people, and is hence the patron of maids and bachelors; Emygdio averts earthquakes, and Barbara turns aside the thunder-bolt. St. Goare is, I believe, the patron of pot-makers. I suppose pot-makers desire worldly blessing and ultimate salvation as ardently as other people; but what specific professional blessing they can desire of Heaven which entitles them to monopolize a saint passeth comprehension. Each of these canonized intercessors hath his day, and these superstitious observances formerly imposed a very heavy burden upon the time and purses of the faithful. But faith lapses. The holy procession still at intervals winds through the street bearing aloft the wooden Christ, the Madonna, the bones of saints and martyrs; before it walk the hooded priests and the white-robed acolytes; there is the drift of banners and the roll of music. In the churches the high altars blaze, and aisle and transept are girt with flame, and bells reverberate, and organs peal forth their solemn litanies; but the spirit which once informed these august ceremonials has departed. As in the later ages of Rome the pecking of the sacred chickens was contemplated with increasing irreverence, and the palpitating entrails, perused with outward piety but inward derision by the augurs, were regarded as eligible envelopes for the sausage of the period, so these pompous rituals and observances have to a great extent lost the hold upon the faith of men which formerly made the Church triumphant and invincible. It is probable that the known and intolerable immorality of the priesthood may have contributed much to this result, though it is sufficiently explained by the fact that the Brazilians are an enlightened people, who read newspapers and print books, establish and endow learned societies and libraries, and that they are ambitious to keep step with the world's moral and intellectual progress. It is hardly safe, in an age which has produced a Huxley, a Tyndall, a Herbert Spencer, and a Comte, to inform the searcher after spiritual truth that St. Ambrose, meeting an impenitent and irreverent Turk, who reviled him, caused both his eyeballs to fly out like peas out of a pod, and only replaced them and restored the sequestered vision of the astounded Mussulman after copious expressions of contrition and repentance. It is not worth while to tell the enlightened mariner that in order to assure a successful voyage he must drop a prayer and a shekel at the shrine of our Lady of Boa Viagem. He, instead, trusts

to his quadrant, and studies Piddington's Theory of Storms. Notwithstanding the clearest evidences of the abatement of that superstition which formerly gave the Church her bounteous revenues, the priests abate no jot of the pretensions which they set up for the bones, toe-nails, and effigies at the shrines at which they minister. Every now and then they get out a new saint, "of the large blue kind," as the Major phrases it, and seek thereby to rekindle and revivify the waning ardor of their flocks; but such expedients are unavailing. The pious offices of the Church are still invoked in marriage, burial, christening, and confession; the dying are still equipped for the long journey with the viaticum, the sacred wafer presses the moribund lips, and after the last scene, which ends each strange, eventful history, masses are said and sorrowing anthems sung; but the influence which in the days of Innocent and Urban, of Dominic and Francis, made her mighty and renowned, has here at least departed from her, and the ages shall not charm it back.

One of the most notable of the religious festivals is the *Intrudo*, which takes place in the latter part of February, and continues for three days. In the grotesqueness and extravagance of its details it is quite like the Carnival, though that demonstration takes place several weeks earlier, and appears to have a basis of reason, inasmuch as those who are taking a farewell of flesh, and entering on a protracted fast, are justified in having a valedictory carousal. The origin or import of the *Intrudo* I could not ascertain. It is, however, an ancient spree, and its recurrence is looked forward to by the Fluminense with much eagerness. I went early to the *Rue Dereita*, which being one of the broadest thoroughfares in the city is the chief arena of religious pomps, and secured a balcony which gave me a good view of the celebration. All the adjacent streets were garlanded and decorated. Groves of small trees in wooden vases were ranged along the *Rue de Quitanda*; in some instances flowering vines were festooned from wall to wall; windows and balconies were draped with bright muslins of white, red, blue, and purple. The citizens, black and white, were decked out in holiday garb; and every thing indicated the imminence of a pageant of unusual moment and splendor. Late in the afternoon the processions made their appearance in the *Rue Dereita*. First came men on horseback wearing masks and clad in fanciful dresses, boots of yellow leather, and doublets of slashed silk, plumed and gauntleted like so many knights of Provence. Then came a bright-looking rabble on foot, carrying long staves tipped with curious devices; then an endless file of carriages, the horses heavily caparisoned, and the occupants closely masked. Among the latter a general disposition appeared to prevail to emancipate themselves from the embarrassment of clothing. They wore gaiters and hair-powder, and nothing else, with the trivial exception of a thin film of silk, which

adjusted itself, like the natural epidermis which it resembled in hue, closely to all the curves and proportions of the body. Their narrow black visors, fringed with fluttering lace, imparted a dismal uniformity to their faces, but their legs and busts expressed unequivocal individuality. Some were of Amazonian proportions, sleek, portly, and sausage-like in contour; others light and graceful as Aphrodite; others sylph-like and unsubstantial, as if they had been of "the stuff which dreams are made of," and were likely to be caught up by the wind and whirled away. What were they? We had better not inquire. Perhaps they were mountain sylphs, dryads, and potamides, come down from their airy habitations to make "a Roman holiday." Cleaving the motley throng of pedestrians, among whom were grotesque costumes of every sort, dreams of baleful faces, Gog and Magog, and the giant whom Jack slew, and Cyclops with his hideous eye, legend and mythology ransacked in the eager search for ugliness, were a company of mounted men who carried upon the end of long wands little silken bags, which they passed to and fro among the crowd and to the spectators upon the neighboring balconies, soliciting contributions. I did not learn the destination of the sums so gathered, though they were probably for some pious or benevolent purpose. All through the afternoon, till darkness fell, the procession, with music and flags and merry mirth, trended through the streets, and was not entirely dispersed when we found it expedient to withdraw for dinner. The second and third days of the *Intrudo*, if possible, surpass the first in splendor and extravagance. It is mirth carried to fanaticism, hilarity run to seed; and a feeling of great relief is experienced when the town again takes on its everyday aspect.

It is not easy to embrace within the compass of a magazine article allusion to a tithe of the objects, entertainments, and institutions which invite and would well repay attention. I ought to take the reader to the National Museum upon the *Campo de Santa Anna* and show him the minerals, the coins, the curiosities, the specimens of stuffed birds and animals, the wondrous feather dresses from the Amazon, above all, the curious specimens of the art of the aboriginal inhabitants of Brazil. I ought to conduct him to the *Bibliotheca Nacional*, near the *Paseio Publico*, and summon his attention to its 100,000 volumes, which are freely open to the perusal of citizen and stranger. The *Lazaretto* he might be disinclined to visit, but the *Misericordia*, a grand hospital, founded in the seventeenth century by the Jesuit fathers, and since grown into the noblest proportions, ought assuredly to claim his attention. There is an Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, a Conservatory of Music, a Historical and Geographical Institute, which latter publishes its proceedings in a *Quarterly Review*, and there are the collections of pictures and curiosities in the several palaces of the Emperor, notably that at *San Christovao*; which

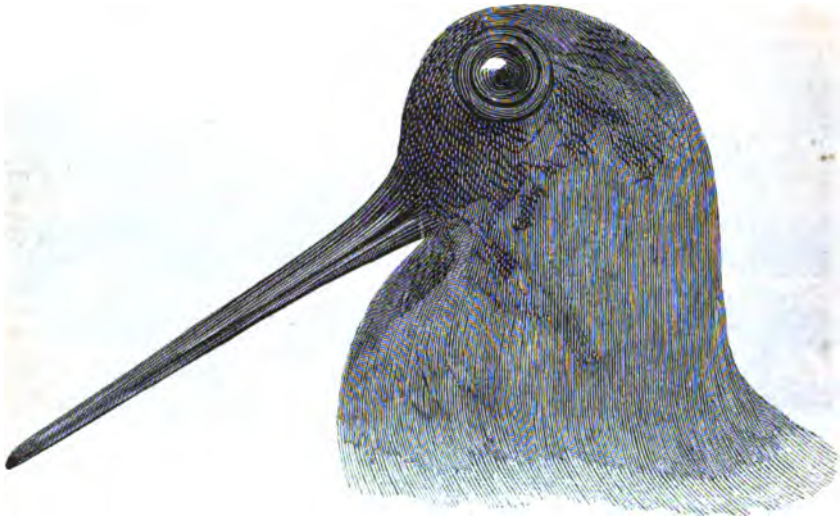


STATUE OF PEDRO I.

but it is not possible adequately to celebrate these evidences of a healthy, robust, and rapidly progressive civilization in a dozen pages.

The ascent of the Corcovado is a favorite expedition not only of visitors to the city but of residents, to whom the hovering Hunchback is a familiar sort of tutelary guardian which watches over the city and the dwellers therein with a protecting care. Its summit is twenty-three hundred feet above the water, and though these figures do not seem to represent a very high altitude, the effect produced upon the eye and the imagination, on reaching its crest, is that of immense and appalling elevation. One side of the mountain is a sheer precipice, and as one stands upon the narrow platform, scarcely larger than the floor of a moderate-sized apartment, the solid cone seems to reel and tremble, and to be about to precipitate one into the awful gulf beneath. A railing guards the outer rim of the platform, and as the visitor leans upon it and glances into the measureless deeps below him, earth and ocean recede, the city dwindles to the dimensions of a toy city, the ships seem no longer than the hand, and the myriad boats are mere dots upon the water. The bay is spread out like a map. Outside the harbor lies a cluster of islets, Raza Redonda, Pai, Mai, Menina, and others. Within the seventy islands which stud the bay are outlined, clear and sharp, the villas and houses nestling amidst the rich green of their foliage. The suburbs across the water, Praia Grande,

Nictherohy, Domingo, the bays of Jurnjuba and Botafogo, the Lagoa des Freitas, the picturesque suburbs of Engenho Velho and San Christovao, the palace at the latter place looking something like an alabaster paper-weight, the cemetery at Gamboa, the innumerable peaks of lesser stature which rise in the vicinity, the sapphire zone of the ocean beyond the outer line of mountains, with white sails gliding along its horizon, unite in a picture the equal of which I have never seen, and which I think is almost without a rival upon the globe. The ascent is usually made in the early morning, and if one is so fortunate as to reach the summit before sunrise he will be rewarded for his early ride. Any thing like that flaming sun-burst across the wide spaces of the landscape as the sun, sending its auroral foam before it, finally reels, blazing and huge, above the fiery rim of water, it is not for words of mine to describe. Sometimes, when the winds are laid, and the morning air is hushed, the sound of bells may be heard from the city—matin chimes struggling up, as Teufelsdröckh says of the lamp-light of Weissnichtwo, through smoke and thousandfold exhalation some fathoms into the ancient reign of day. And the guns from fort and shipping send their rude reverberations echoing up the gorges and thundering past the gray and ancient summits. But I have already considerably exceeded the space assigned to me, and must bring these aerial rhapsodies to a close.



HEAD OF WOODCOCK.

THE WOODCOCK.

THE woodcock in Europe and America is considered the choicest of all game birds, not because of its conduct before the sportsman, but because of its surpassing qualities as a delicious food, so richly is it endowed as a tender viand, so exquisite and inviting in flavor, and withal so easy of digestion. Of the birds fancifully classified as "velocipedes" the woodcock stands first in order. So esteemed has this bird ever been considered in England that it ranks with the "baron of beef" as a royal dish. It is held in the same high regard wherever human enlightenment has made the business of living an intellectual as well as a mere life-preserving necessity.

The American woodcock is plentifully distributed in favorable situations throughout Eastern North America. It prefers the temperate regions of the Atlantic slope and the lower portions of the great Valley of the Mississippi, avoiding as a rule the higher northern parallels. Throughout this great extent of country, in the spring, summer, and fall, it makes its home, maintaining every where the character of a timid, secluded bird.

The European specimen is somewhat larger than our own; but the two differ more in their colors and length of their largest wing feathers than in their size and general economy. In the interior of the Northern States of the Union the woodcock is more profusely distributed than any of the grallæ, the spotted sand-piper approaching most nearly in abundance; but the last-named bird only inhabits the shores and exposed places, and is therefore very conspicuous, while the woodcock naturally seeks the coverts, swamps, and moist land. It is therefore only the sportsman and naturalist who can

really judge with any correctness of the number of these birds in specified localities, or of their aggregate number in the country at large, so great is the ability of the woodcock to elude general observation.

In North America the woodcock passes at least two or three of the winter months in the Southern States. Immediately upon its arrival North it commences the work of building its nest, and by the end of July and the early part of August the young are feathered and well-grown. The old and the young now frequent the highlands, and soon become strong and active, and are prepared to test the skill of the sportsman, garnish the table of the epicure, or commence their flight, when needs be, to more genial climes. When the fall months are remarkably pleasant, and winter delays its frosts, the woodcock lingers with us into the month of November, but after that they are gone. Thus, save when engaged in breeding, the woodcock, like a true vagabond, is ever on the move—the birds of the extreme North hardly reaching the South before others are on their return journey.

There is some mystery connected with their migrations that is difficult to understand. When in autumn they journey southward it is in very loosely-arranged flocks, the members of which move in a very leisurely manner, halting by day in the woodlands, or seeking the protection of bushy coverts, becoming meantime widely dispersed. With late twilight they rise, seldom more than two or three at a time; the consequence is that some of the birds must be several miles ahead of others in the start.

The wings of the bird are not powerful enough, the weight of their body considered, to maintain long-extended flights. Their thick plumage would secure them from the possibility of injury, and they have often been seen,



WOODCOCKS AT HOME.

apparently contented and comfortable, riding on the ocean's wave—no doubt resting from the fatigue of a long-sustained flight.

Woodcock have been known to settle upon vessels at sea. An instance is recorded where the bird was noticed approaching a ship; after making a few eccentric circles, it gradually descended to the deck. It was so exhausted that it made no resistance when taken in the hand. Woodcock, together with other birds, dash themselves against the lanterns of light-houses. In the year 1797 the plate-glass of the light-house of the Hill of Howth was broken: against it a woodcock had dashed itself with such violence that it fractured its skull, breast-bones, and dislocated its wings. The bird, when it first arrives from a long voyage, is in poor condition, but it rapidly recruits—a day of rest and a sufficiency of food for the time being will restore it to perfect health.

The migrations of the American woodcock have not been subjected to critical observation. It probably moves, according to the demands of the season, from one end of the continent to the other, always finding resting-places along the coast. In Europe, however, great precision has been obtained with regard to the migratory habits of the bird. Its appearance and disappearance in Sweden exactly coincides with its arrival and departure from Great Britain. It is found that the wind and not the moon has great control over them; that they arrive at their places of destination after sunset, and come dropping in singly, or in twos and threes, but never in flocks or large numbers.

The external appearance of the woodcock is peculiar. Unlike birds generally, the male and female are almost exactly alike in plumage; the male averages 12 ounces, the female 13½ ounces in weight. The body is long and the breast remarkably full, deviations from the usual type, that cause the long bill to be less intrusive in its appearance. The shape of the head is more obtusely triangular than round, and the

eyes are placed forward near the top of the ears, and nearly in a line with the corners of the mouth; they are very large and projecting, so that the bird can evidently see equally well front and rear without turning its head. The pupil admits of great dilatation and contraction; so that it can repel a larger body of light than immediately demanded; on the other hand, by increasing the dilatation, it may receive every ray of light it desires to guide it in its nocturnal pursuits. The upper part of the mandible (which in the American representative measures a little over two inches), is furrowed nearly its entire length, and at its tip it projects beyond and hangs over the under one, ending in a kind of knob, which development, characteristic of other birds of the same genus, is susceptible of the most delicate feeling, which, joined with its acute sense of smell, enables it to find its food in the soft, moist ground, from which it is extracted by its sharp-pointed tongue. The long bill also serves the purpose of turning over and tossing about the fallen and decayed leaves while in search of insects—a work the barn-yard fowl performs so dextrously with its feet.

The woodcock is a shy and modest bird, rarely flying about in the Northern States, unless disturbed, until twilight. Thus it is that when the woods are jocund with the melody of its thousand songsters, who sing and flash through the vernal gloom and bright sunlight, the woodcock is quiet; but when others of its companions of the wing are asleep, the woodcock is full of life and activity.

Its large eyes in the gloom of night receive light enough to carry it unharmed among the trunks and branches of trees; while its long bill, with its exquisite sense of feeling, enables it with unerring certainty to find and seize upon its food. The large quantity of nutriment these birds require each day is almost incredible. A reliable authority asserts that they devour their own weight every twenty-four hours. By ex-

periment, a laboring man, under favorable circumstances, found it difficult to procure sufficient food for three of these birds.

A woodcock in captivity had a large hole in the bottom of his prison inclosure, so that he might enjoy the satisfaction of boring in the soft earth with his bill. The wonderful rapidity with which he cleared the ground of the worms and almost microscopic insects and grubs excited the most profound astonishment and admiration.

As an experiment a number of worms at nightfall were placed in an ordinary earthen flower-pot, and covered quite compactly with four or five inches of mould. The following morning the worms were gone.

The digestive organs of the woodcock are remarkably vigorous; but it is also true that their vernicular food, however repulsive to human eyes, is very nutritious and very digestible; for a mass of angle-worms favorably disposed of in an open vessel will gradually dissolve and leave nothing behind but an impalpable transparent substance, superficially not unlike olive-oil. This peculiar and simple character of the food of the woodcock is probably one of the reasons of its great delicacy as a table luxury. If properly prepared, the woodcock is never drawn in cooking, but is roasted whole; and in the interior, after the culinary process, nothing is found to be rejected but a little ball composed of sand and gravel.

The woodcock in building its nest seeks a dry place, and in its selection shows extraordinary sagacity. So careful is the bird to provide against the possibility of dampness, which seems fatal to its young, that it was a common saying among the aboriginal tribes, and is now among an observing rural population, that the character of the year for wetness or dryness may be decided upon by noticing where the woodcock builds its nest. If in low places, it is asserted there will be but little rain; if in high places, then floods may be expected.

The nest is very simple in its construction, being built in some secluded spot on the ground, and made up of leaves and dried grass. The average number of eggs are of the size of the pigeon's, but rounder in shape—in color, mottled impure yellow, with irregular liver-hued spots. The hen lays every two or three days, and if not disturbed by foxes or other vermin, rarely takes wing while thus engaged.

We know of cases where the mother bird suffered itself to be taken from the nest, and, on being set at liberty, immediately returned to her eggs. This extreme solicitude is most apparent just at the time the young are expected to make their appearance. A gentleman, who had the keen appreciation of the naturalist joined with the enthusiasm of a true sportsman, in hunting in the western wilds of New York, discovered a woodcock's nest, and to his surprise (recalling to mind the natural timidity of the bird) the rightful occupant tenaciously kept her position. Determined to test the instinctive

maternal love he stooped over the nest, laid his hand gently on her back, then raised her from her nest, and then replaced her. This experiment was repeated several successive days. The same bird showed the greatest agitation at the approach of a dog, but seemed to have a strange confidence in the protecting hand of man. When the young finally made their appearance the careful mother then relied upon herself, and fled with her charge to the densest coverts for protection.

A woodcock's nest was discovered by some boys near their school-house, and they supposed that they had performed a great achievement by catching the bird while on her nest. After examining her attentively they replaced the bird, where she sat quietly as if undisturbed. This was a poser to the juveniles; according to their experience the bird should have disappeared the first possible opportunity. The next day the scholars in numbers visited the nest, and continued the experiment of taking the bird in their hands, and then watching her quick return. A consultation was held, and the boys, after considerable debate, decided as the conduct of this bird was contrary to all of their experience, and contrary to the approved action of all other birds they were acquainted with, therefore the bird was a fool, and must be treated accordingly. And in this exemplary spirit they commenced pulling the feathers from the bird; but this terrible persecution did not keep the poor creature from returning to her nest and sheltering her eggs as best she could. At last she was happily dispatched by the young barbarians. A gentleman hearing of the facts examined the nest, and found the eggs were within a few hours of hatching. The maternal love only expired in death.

It is apparent that the nest must always be some distance from the feeding-grounds, which increases the labor of the parent birds in providing nourishment for the voracious appetites of their young. The woodcock overcomes the difficulty by not only carrying food in its bill, but it can, if necessary, carry its chicks a considerable distance to a favorable feeding-ground, or remove them suddenly if threatened with danger.

How this is done is not thoroughly understood, those who have witnessed it receiving very different impressions as to the way. A gentleman, while walking with a friend on the edge of an alder swamp, discovered a mother bird with five young ones, apparently three or four days old. The interesting group appeared to have been diligently engaged in sounding and probing a small naked plat of recently deposited mud that was deeply shaded by the overhanging alders, making a first-rate place for the gathering of worms and insects. Being suddenly surprised the old bird stood perfectly still, the young mean time pressing themselves close to the mud, remaining perfectly motionless. After a few moments the mother bird becoming perfectly alarmed, she cautiously uttered a low

murmuring note, which seemed to collect her chicks directly in front of her. She then hurriedly passed over her charge, in which act four of the young by some means became attached to her, when she flew in a low, disordered, irregular flight a short distance into the protection of the dense swamp. The young one left behind struggled a moment as if disappointed, and then resumed its former position. The gentlemen, deeply interested, had but little time for reflection, and when they decided to secure the unfortunate little creature before them, the anxious mother made a hurried return, passed rapidly over the young bird, when it became seemingly attached to the anxious parent, and was carried off to the remainder of the brood. All this was done within thirty feet of the observant spectators; but the manner the work was accomplished still remains a mystery. An English authority mentions where a single bird was carried off resting on the foot of the mother.

The affection of the birds for each other when mated is very beautiful and touching. Nothing in nature can exceed the affectionate solicitude and intelligent watchfulness of the male bird exhibited toward its mate while engaged in her maternal duties of incubation. Under these circumstances the male bird will persistently hunt day and night to supply their mutual wants, and as they are supposed to eat their own weight each day, the task is no easy one to fulfill. In addition to this the male bird will in many ways express his sympathy and love. He will place his head by the side of the mother bird; he will plume her feathers if they are ruffled, and carefully dry them if they are wet. He will then strut around the nest to attract attention; and having gone through with this pantomime of natural affection, he will dart away to the swamps to attend to the more serious duties of providing food.

The love-making demonstrations of the bird are very peculiar. A male bird, desirous of attracting a mate, will repair in early spring to some apparently well-known resort. Emerging from some thick copse-wood or bramble covert, where during the day he has occupied himself in boring the moist earth or turning over decayed leaves in search of earth-worms, slugs, and insects, he now turns his attention to more sentimental objects. Arrived at his parade-ground he looks anxiously around, and if no suspicious appearance alarms him, he commences his low grunting introductory note; but his impatience is manifest, and he soon gives vent to louder guttural bleatings, each one introduced by an introductory cluck. These aspirations are accompanied by a whimsical strutting, as if the performer greatly admired his own performances. Having thus proudly introduced himself he suddenly rises in the air, flying round in narrow circles, and ascending all the while in a spiral manner, until he attains a considerable elevation, uttering constantly what by this time may be termed a rather low and sweet

note. Having attained his desired height he now performs various eccentric and long-continued gyrations, accompanied with an increased utterance of sweet, musical notes. Suddenly increasing his ecstasy of expression he descends headlong toward the earth, and making one grand swoop, alights near the spot of his ascent. Hours are thus spent, in which some of the actions of the bird are often strangely impulsive and animated.

But these love-calls are suddenly arrested by the arrival of a large and more stately individual, that gracefully alights near our frenzied bird. It is the responding female, who has at length thrown aside her coquetry and answered the repeated call. She approaches with ruffled plumage and agitated demeanor. The action of the male bird is now eloquent with grotesque contortions, but at length the two meet, caress each other with every demonstration of affection, then lock their long bills in firm grasp, and then, as if too happy for this world, rise perpendicularly into the air, till lost in the obscurity of night.

The young, when they first make their appearance from the shell, are queer-looking little creatures, covered over with what might be mistaken for coarse yellow hair slashed with black and brown stripes, the bill projecting in front, apparently very much in the way and out of all proportion with the associated body. The odd-looking little creatures, however, are very active, especially so in swallowing small worms and half-macerated insects which they receive from their parents' bills, and from each other, when a favorable opportunity for unfair appropriation seems to present itself. In the course of four or five weeks, all circumstances being favorable, the young woodcock is full fledged, and nearly grown to its perfect form.

The cold, independently of making the earth's surface too hard to be penetrated by the woodcock's bill, seems to be very disagreeable to the bird itself, for when a cold wind prevails it seems restless and out of humor, and in this condition falls an easy prey to the sportsman. Under the most favorable circumstances it is fond of solitude, and delights in hiding away under protecting stumps and masses of dead leaves, the varied colors of its charming plumage harmonizing with these sheltering places so perfectly that, unless you can see the flash of its large melancholy eye, they will escape the notice of the most practiced observer.

The female woodcock, in her efforts to preserve her young, not only shows remarkable evidences of maternal affection, but also a wonderful degree of intelligence. The most shrewd sportsman is very often deceived by the wonderful imitation the mother bird will make of being wounded, that she may thus give time to her chicks to run to some place of safety, and the poor creature will increase her affecting pantomime in accordance with the danger impending. If things become very desperate, she has been known to lie down on the open hard-

pressed road, with all the external signs of death upon her, and yet all the while she was ready at the last moment to spring up and escape.

The idiosyncracies of birds, especially those intended for the food of man, are taken advantage of in the business of their appropriation. Wild turkeys will enter a pen by stooping down and worming themselves with difficulty through the provided entrance; but the same bird, once in the pen, will never stoop in its search for an exit, and thus, with freedom at its command, it dies of starvation, or the more merciful ending of its life by the hands of the trapper. Bob White and the woodcock are victimized by their irrepressible habit of pursuing any natural or artificial line of obstruction they meet with, while in pursuit of food, or in their endeavors to avoid an enemy, always providing the line

of obstruction is unimportant in height. In England, particularly in the district of country lying between the lakes Coniston and Windermere, tourists are often puzzled to know the reason of the numerous straight lines, or rows of small stones on the exposed sides and tops of the hills. The woodcock of the vicinity, leaving their day retreats among the low swampy grounds, resort to the hills; and if they find the most trifling obstruction in their course, such as a row of small stones, they will run beside it until they find an opening through which they may pass, although the stones may not rise more than three inches above the green-sward on which they are running. Now at the constructed opening, which is designedly made just wide enough to admit the body of the woodcock, a noose of horse-hair is so fixed that the capture of the bird is a certainty, should he at-



SHOOTING THE WOODCOCK.

tempt the route purposely made for him, which, if it is properly constructed, he seldom fails to do.

The woodcock is very eccentric in its action before the hunter; the work of shooting it therefore is intensely interesting; first, because it requires great skill; and, second, the reward of success is so satisfactory. The young birds fall comparatively an easy prey, but an old bird profits by experience, and is not readily caught. You may see it running in the undergrowth, or squatting in the smallest possible proportions under the protection of the broad leaves of the dock. Your faithful and well-trained dog "points" with unerring certainty where the prize is hidden away; but before you can fire the cunning creature quietly slips off, reaches a clump of intervening trees, then takes wing in a direction not anticipated; and if not very expert and self-possessed the chances are you lose your shot. At another time the bird, upon being alarmed, will fly off in a straight line with the swiftness of the wind; again he will rise with all the whirring noise of a partridge, or possibly get beyond your reach with the silence of an owl, seeming to vanish rather than fly out of sight.

It may be taken for granted, however, that a woodcock flushed in the woods will, the moment he clears the top of the trees, dart downward, and under any circumstances present a most difficult shot; if the sportsman be above, the bird is out of sight in an instant; if below, there is nothing left as the bird approaches but a quick shot. If flushed in his open low feeding-grounds, he will, if he has not been previously persecuted by the hunter, fly along and just above the surface of the earth; your title to him is then as clear as if he were in your game-bag; but such easy appropriation is the exception and not the rule in hunting the woodcock. But these very uncertainties regarding the conduct of the bird when pursued as game add zest to the excitement in the minds of the truly cultivated and intellectual sportsmen.

Wounded woodcocks will sometimes conceal themselves by sinking in soft mud, or under water, showing nothing but their bills, which they so intrude among the stalks of grass and weeds that they have every possible chance for concealment, though they resort to this expedient much less often than the common snipe.

The woodcock in captivity shows itself to be a gently-disposed and well-behaved bird. Its quicksightedness and enormous appetite strike the most superficial observer of its habits with surprise. It apparently perceives equally well objects front and rear without turning its head; and its appetite, it would seem, is never appeased.

There is no spot on the globe more thoroughly favorable for the winter home of the woodcock than the narrow strip of country running from the mouth of the Mississippi up the river for about three hundred miles. This alluvial formation in winter is about equally

divided between lowland and half-dry swamps. Here, hidden away among the almost impenetrable cane-brakes, "lagunes," and bogs, with an abundance of food that is almost incredible, the woodcock flourishes in unprecedented perfection. Here, in Louisiana, the bird becomes thoroughly nocturnal, and life-long residents in the vicinity of their haunts, who make day-hunting a constant pastime, never have the slightest idea that the woodcock is in the locality; in fact, I doubt if the bird in Louisiana was ever hunted in the ordinary way with dog and gun. On the contrary, a murderous sport, entitled "woodcock fire-hunting," prevails, which is so unusual that our literal description of it, published many years ago, was deemed by the highest authorities "the chimera of a distempered brain."

In woodcock fire-hunting the actor provides himself with a fowling-piece with two very short barrels, and a powder-flask that will measure just a thimbleful; you put your shot, which must be of the smallest kind, loose in the right-hand side-pocket of your shooting-jacket. Now, if you have got a fine pointer, who has been wagging his tail and expressing his joy and impatience at the prospect of sport, just tie him up—and run the risk of breaking his heart—for you are going out fire-hunting woodcock, and it is unworthy of the countenance of your intelligent, well-trained dog; and, besides that, he is not needed, even if he were unprincipled enough to join in the work. On the contrary, you have a darkey, whose face is absolutely illuminated by the display of his teeth, armed with a sort of iron frame-work suspended on a pole, in which frame-work is deposited a quantity of "light-wood" chopped from pine-knots.

The night is favorable. A pleasant January day has ended with a warm flush of wind, and the colder waters of the swamps are sending up little clouds of mist. The ground gives way under your tread; you get the impression you are walking on a vast cheese; the trees overhead are entangling their branches; you begin to think your sable companion has lost his way, when you are suddenly brought to your senses by a whirring sound and the announcement,

"Dat you are up to your knees in birds, any how!"

A few moments only are required to light your torch, which glares and flickers, and stews and crackles, and finally illuminates a circle, the diameter of which may be twenty or thirty feet.

Recovering from your surprise, and becoming somewhat accustomed to the glare of the torch, you perceive that the constantly whirring sounds which greet your ears are made by the woodcocks which spring up under your very feet and shoot like glancing sprays into the surrounding gloom.

According to instruction and with great presence of mind, if you are equal to surrounding circumstances, you put your thimbleful of powder into your fowling-piece, just pressing the



FIRE-HUNTING OF WOODCOCK.

wadding down gently; pour your shot in from the hollow of your hand, being only particular to get enough. Now fire away—your range is from ten to fifteen feet.

The birds are now thoroughly alarmed, and they are springing up and disappearing on all sides; you load and fire with rapidity; your natural repugnance to the unsportsmanlike means of proceeding is overcome in the excitement.

The indulgence in wickedness blunts moral sensibility, and you begin to like this thing. There goes an arrow, as if of gold; you fire, and a meadow-lark bites the dust; you examine your game-bag—I mean your salt-sack—and you find a poor Bob White among the unfortunate long-bills. Two hours' sport! and you have slain at least thirty birds; and the torches, which are flashing now all around you, have followers equally successful.

Proud of your success, so far as the possession of the game is concerned, but inwardly conscious of the illegitimate character of the sport, you wend your way home, and don't get thoroughly satisfied with yourself until you dine off the birds, which you consider came so questionably in your possession—a well-cooked Louisiana woodcock, thoroughly roasted, spitted on his own bill, and properly tempered with condiments, and a glass of generous wine, with good company to keep you in countenance, is

a great quieter of even a sportsman's uneasy conscience.

So abundant, indeed, are the woodcock at times in the regions we have alluded to, that unconscionable fellows of the baser sort have gone out at night, armed with a torch, and beaten the birds down with long reeds; and thus obtained, we have seen them hawked about in the picturesque streets of Louisiana villages at the nominal price of a few shillings a half bushel!

Much discussion has wasted words (but accomplished nothing else) in endeavoring to decide upon the proper time to shoot woodcock. Nature has dictated with as much certainty when the bird is fit to be gathered as it has when the wheat is fit to be harvested. Both are for the support and happiness of man *when they are in the perfection of their natural growth*. And the deadly weapon that is raised upon the woodcock before the cool breezes of the opening fall months have perfected its flesh, and made solid its fat, is as reckless of propriety as would be the farmer's scythe cutting down the wheat while still milky on the stalk. The apology or defense of the unseasonable hunter, "that if I don't kill the bird somebody else will," is a sophism unworthy of the true sportsman. It is difficult to resist the remark that the law should protect this valuable bird from

indiscriminate slaughter. Under the same sun, in the same everglades, and beside the same streams, which in times past were musical with the simple and plaintive note of the woodcock, we now find scarcely a bird. They have been driven away by the pot-hunter, and by the criminal thoughtlessness of "gentle people," who can not, as will the "pot-hunter," excuse their

conduct under the plea of the necessity of pecuniary gain.

It will be better for our people when American gentlemen spend more time in the open fields with the rod and gun, and less in the atmosphere of the club-room. It is a sad defect in our national training that we have almost ceased to indulge in manly rural sports.

BORDER REMINISCENCES.

By RANDOLPH B. MARCY, U.S.A.



"I DON'T CARE IF I DO TAKE A DRINK."

VII.

IN the course of my devious ramblings for nearly half a century over almost every unfrequented district embraced within the vast expanse of our huge domain it has been my fortune to encounter a good many hard knocks, as well as a great variety of curious and merry adventures. One of the latter, which amused me vastly at the time, and which I never think of without an inclination for a hearty laugh, I propose to relate; and if my description conveys

to the reader's imagination one half of its superlatively ludicrous reality I am sure he will feel abundantly repaid for the perusal.

I passed the winter of 1840-41 in the very hospitable city of H—, where I was so fortunate as to form an extended circle of agreeable acquaintances, who, by their genial and intelligent social intercourse, contributed greatly to my happiness, and enabled me to while away the monotony of a protracted Northern winter in the most satisfactory manner. In the spring

following, as I was about taking my departure, my friends called, and after wishing me all manner of good fortune bade me a kind adieu, and all, excepting my particular friend J. S—, had left. He detained me for some time upon the little porch fronting the hotel, seeming loth to say good-by; but as it was nearly time for the arrival of the train I was forced to tear myself away from him, and was on the point of stepping into the carriage when he entreated me to come back and take a farewell glass.

I was obliged to decline, remarking, as I closed the carriage door, that we would postpone our drink until my return; and away I went, consoling myself with the fervent anticipation that I might soon be permitted to revisit the excellent friends I was leaving behind. But, alas for the realization of my cherished aspirations! my tortuous trail led me into Texas, Mexico, Arkansas, and Utah, and it was nearly twenty years before I could get back.

The time came at last, however, and I anxiously drove toward the old hotel, where I expected to see a great many changes; but, to my surprise, I found all the surroundings looking precisely as when I left, and to my utter astonishment there was my old friend, J. S—, who was the last to bid me farewell, seated in the same spot upon the little porch, apparently in the same arm-chair, and with his feet raised at the same elevation, and resting against identically the same post as when I declined his invitation to join him in the stirrup-cup.

Getting out of the carriage I walked directly up to him, gave him a hearty slap on the shoulder, and said: "Well, S—, as you are so pressing, I don't care if I do take a drink."

He looked up with astonishment, and did not recognize me at first; but he soon appreciated the joke, and, seizing my hand, replied that his patience was nearly exhausted in waiting for my return, and that if I had not arrived within the next five or six years he would have been obliged to drink alone.

VIII

Various ingenious expedients were devised to make the time pass off agreeably during my sojourn in H—; and one of these, which originated with myself, is the adventure I proposed to relate at the commencement of this paper.

It so happened upon one occasion that I had obtained two complete Sioux Indian warrior costumes, and I proposed to a gentleman, Mr. C—, that we should dress ourselves in them, and try our powers in personating the Indian character. Accordingly my wife, at our suggestion, accepted an invitation to a tea-party that evening at the hospitable mansion of her friend, Mrs. C—, thus vacating our apartments for us to make our toilets in.

With copper-colored crayon, pulverized and mixed with oil, we besmeared our faces, necks, and hands. We then put on the coats, leggings, moccasins, horse-hair wigs, and feather head-dresses, and, with our tomahawks, pipes,

and tobacco-pouches, we were probably the most metamorphosed white men, and the best representatives of the characters we were about to personify, that could possibly have been imagined.

In order, however, to enable the reader to get a full appreciation of what I am about to relate, I remark that both of us were very tall, erect, and well developed, and our dresses fitted our persons admirably, so that when we surveyed ourselves in the large mirror in my parlor our transformation was so perfect that really I could not for my life have told which was which.

I had passed several years among the Chippewas and other Indian tribes, and was familiar with many of their habits, and some of their songs and dances, and could even make myself understood in the Chippewa tongue. And fortunately for our project an acquaintance of mine, who was a stranger in the place and who also could speak some Chippewa, arrived just in time to take the part of interpreter on the occasion.

After the completion of our elaborate toilets we sent out the interpreter to procure a carriage, and at about 7 o'clock in the evening quietly slipped out of the back-door, and, entering the carriage, drove around to the front-door of our hotel, when the interpreter went in and inquired of the landlord if he could furnish lodgings for two distinguished Seminole chiefs "Jim Jumper" and "Wild-Cat," who had just arrived from Florida *en route* to visit their Great Father at Washington.

This was, it will be remembered, during the protracted Seminole war, when every body had the keenest desire to see two such redoubtable warriors. And the host eagerly responded to the application, "That he should be most happy to have the honor of entertaining them." Accordingly he at once threw open a large private parlor, which he placed at our disposal, and we were ushered into it with all possible ceremony. After locking the door we seated ourselves upon the carpet near the fire, loaded our huge pipes, and commenced smoking.

Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed before the news of our arrival had circulated over the whole city, and hundreds of curious citizens swarmed about the doors and halls of the hotel, all anxiously awaiting an opportunity to get a peep at the renowned savages. After we had kept them in suspense for some time, and their patience had become pretty well exhausted, the door was unbolted and the crowd rushed in, immediately filling the room to its utmost capacity. They gathered around us, scrutinizing us from head to foot most minutely, and making all sorts of comments upon our dress, accoutrements, and personal appearance, all of which we, of course, were not supposed to understand. They then commenced interrogating the interpreter in regard to our warlike exploits, the number of scalps we had taken, and the number of men we had killed in battle, etc.,

which were answered to their entire satisfaction.

In the mean time my red brother C—, under pretense of talking to me, kept up an incessant jargon not one syllable of which either he or any body else could understand, and which sounded more like a conglomeration of Dutch, Irish, and hog Latin than any thing else, yet a distinguished philologist present took especial pleasure in listening to him, and pronounced his vernacular a most beautiful specimen of the language of nature; indeed he gave it as his candid opinion that the dialects of civilized nations might be benefited by the adoption of some of those strikingly illustrative tropes and figures with which James Jumper's (my companion's) conversation seemed to be so exuberantly embellished.

Among the most prominent of the spectators was Judge M—, a distinguished, portly gentleman of the "old school," of highly dignified presence, who prided himself on being able to trace back his lineage directly to the Pilgrims. He manifested the most lively interest in the red men, and after shaking hands with us, said to me in a loud, distinct tone of voice: "Do you speak English, Mr. Wild-Cat?"

I gave a negative grunt; then looking fiercely at him, added, "Whisky, heap," which caused the venerable old gentleman to recoil from me with astonishment, and exclaim:

"What a melancholy fact it is, gentlemen, to see these magnificent specimens of the human race thus bent upon their own destruction! The history of the red man shows that when he comes in contact with the pale-faces, instead of profiting by their moral teachings he only learns to imitate their worst vices; and you observe, gentlemen, that almost the only words of English which these poor benighted savages can utter are whisky and tobacco. Alas, the poor Indian! his fate is sealed; he seems to be destined to a speedy extinction. The last of his unfortunate race will soon have disappeared from the face of the earth, and the land of his forefathers will become the heritage of strangers."

Another gentleman present, who had been engaged with my friend Jim Jumper for six months on the northeast boundary, professed to be familiar with the Indian character, and had visited several tribes. His opinions were listened to with profound respect by the assembled tyros. Among other remarks that his observations upon us elicited was "that there had from time to time been many civilized and mixed-blooded Indians who went about the country passing themselves off in public exhibitions as real unadulterated natives; but I assure you, gentlemen," said he, "that I am a good judge of the race, and I pronounce these two men as the first genuine specimens of aborigines that have appeared in this city during my day."

Shortly after this we told the interpreter to inform the landlord that we were so much dis-

turbed by the crowd that we would proceed on our journey that night. Accordingly we re-entered our carriage and drove to the house where my wife was taking tea. Our interpreter entered and informed my wife that her husband had sent around two Seminole chiefs, thinking that the ladies might like to see them. They were all delighted, and the hostess begged the interpreter to bring them in at once. Accordingly we were shown into the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, where the ladies received us most graciously, giving us a hearty squeeze of the hand all around; and when it came my turn to salute Mrs. C—, the hostess, I imprinted a sonorous kiss upon her cheek, which caused her to jump away from me as if she had been shot. She, however, soon recovered her equanimity, and even joined in the laugh which I had produced at her expense, doubtless supposing that my salutation was the customary Indian greeting.

After seating ourselves and smoking our pipes for a moment we gave an intimation through the interpreter that a drink of whisky would be acceptable. The hostess replied:

"Tell the gentleman Indians, if you please, Mr. Interpreter, that we are temperance people here, and do not keep ardent spirits; but I'll give them some coffee and cake."

They were set before us, and I emptied the cake into my blanket and swallowed the coffee with a grimace, at the same time saying "*ca-ween nechirchin*" (*not good*), which the interpreter rendered into English as "*excellent coffee*."

From here we went to the house of a particular friend of mine who was not at home himself, but his wife and her mother, an old lady of about seventy, received us with a cordial welcome, and made particular inquiries of the interpreter about our domestic affairs, whether we were married, had children, and whether our families would not be anxious about us in our absence, etc., etc. The interpreter answered that Jumper had thirteen wives, and I six, but that I expected a reinforcement of three or four more on my return to Florida.

They were, of course, perfectly horrified at such barbarous Mormonism, and seemed almost afraid to look at us after this. My friend's wife became especially nervous, and I told the interpreter that I wanted to hear her play a tune on the piano. She was frightened nearly out of her senses, but dared not refuse the stern look of command I gave her, and seating herself at the instrument she commenced, in a highly tremulous and nervous manner, to comply with the mandate, frequently casting the most deprecatory glances toward the interpreter, as if she expected every touch of the keys might be the last she would be permitted to make in this world.

The amiable old lady was also very considerably exercised at the same time, and kept as far removed from us as the dimensions of the apartment would permit. Observing her perturbation I told the interpreter to inform her



"EXCELLENT COFFEE!"

that we would like very much to see her dance. She replied:

"My dear Sir, tell them I have not danced a step for over forty years."

I repeated the request in a more peremptory manner, which having been interpreted to her, she imploringly responded:

"It is absolutely impossible. I have entirely forgotten the steps; moreover, I have the rheumatism in both legs; and positively the Indians must excuse me."

I then got up, went out upon the floor, and beckoned her to commence, authoritatively intimating to her, by significant gestures, that there was no escape; she must dance.

Not daring to hesitate longer, she rose up with a desperate impulse, exclaiming in a desponding tone, "Oh! oh! my dear Mr. Interpreter, what shall I do?" and in a slow and measured cadence commenced an old-fashioned jig, as an accompaniment to which I beat time with my tomahawk upon the floor; and by encouraging approbatory nods when she quickened the time, and constant threatening mandatory pantomime when it slackened, I gradually induced her to accelerate her steps, until in a short time her feet were moving with a velocity which I venture to say they seldom ever did before, even when she was a girl.

After she had become quite exhausted by the unusual efforts I had imposed upon her, and which elicited much applause from us, I allowed her to resume her seat, and she seemed so much wearied that I was sorry I had

compelled her to pass through so cruel an ordeal; and the only excuse I can offer for my indiscretion is, that my uncontrollable love of fun, and my keen appreciation of the ludicrous preponderated for the moment over all other considerations.

I reproached myself for it afterward, and most penitently entreated the dear old lady's pardon, but I doubt if she ever entirely forgave me, and the only consolation I have under all the circumstances is, that possibly the violent exercise of her "double quick" minuet may have had a beneficial effect upon her rheumatic malady.

This closed the performance here, and we returned to our hotel, giving as an excuse that the night was so dark we, upon reflection, had determined to come back and stay until morning. The crowd had not yet dispersed, and they entreated us to give them some specimens of our dances, which, after a good deal of persuasion, we with apparent reluctance consented to, and the largest parlor, designated for the occasion, was soon filled with the most prominent citizens of the place, only leaving sufficient room in the centre for us to dance.

Having streaked our faces well with vermilion, and every thing being *comme il faut*, the last act in our ludicrous drama opened by our entrée through a side door. With our tomahawks raised in the right hand, and scalp locks adorned with little bells jingling in the left hand, our heads thrown back, bodies erect, knees bent, and taking short, jerking steps to

the guttural music of a real Chippewa scalp-dance. Around and around the circle we moved, flaunting our war-trophies defiantly over our heads, with an occasional threatening demonstration to the right and left with our tomahawks, and all the time keeping step to the inspiring cadence of the war song, which at first was in a slow, depressed tone, but gradually rose and accelerated until it became highly animated and even savagely loud and furious. The perspiration rolled down our cheeks in streams, and we were beginning to be somewhat exhausted, but we determined not to show it, and on we went with a velocity and fervor that would have forced applause from even our illustrious Seminole namesakes themselves.

The appreciative spectators looked on with great satisfaction, and gave us frequent cheers, which, however, were mingled with an occasional demonstration of fear from those in the front rank of the circle, especially when we flourished our tomahawks and gave utterance to the shrill war-whoop. Judge M——, of whom I have already spoken, took especial interest in the spectacle, and occupied a prominent position in the inner circle, and several times in passing him I took occasion to flout my tomahawk in rather closer proximity to his head than was altogether agreeable to him, yet he gave no evidence of fear or trepidation except to exclaim, "What ferocious-looking devils they are! sure enough."

After the dance was concluded we seated ourselves upon the floor and directed the interpreter to inform the "pale faces" that upon such occasions it was customary among our people to take a big smoke. Accordingly our pipes were filled, and after a few whiffs, inhaled into the lungs and ejected through the nostrils, by way of example, I handed mine to the Judge, who, in his anxiety to show all possible respect to our customs, swallowed a large quantity of smoke, and being unaccustomed to the use of tobacco in any form, he, in his endeavors to expel it through his nose, was taken with such a violent fit of sneezing and coughing that I was obliged to give him some severe slaps upon the back before he recovered. When he had wiped the tears from his eyes I pointed to him and said to the interpreter, "*Ne-che-chin. Che-mo-ko-mon.*" The signification of which the interpreter informed him was, that I regarded him as a very good man, and thought I would like him very much.

The portly gentleman seemed highly delighted at the compliment, and remarked that he would not have expected such refined courtesy from untutored natives like those; and he desired to know why Mr. Wild-Cat had taken such an especial liking to him.

My reply through the interpreter was that, if he had him down in the hummocks of Florida, he was so fat that I thought he would make soup enough to feed the whole Seminole tribe, and that I was very fond of soup. The Judge

shuddered as he raised his hands, and exclaimed: "*The horrible cannibal!*"

Then going up to him and extending my hand, I said, in English, "How are you, Judge?" He looked at me in amazement, saying, "Who in the devil are you, Sir?" When I told him who I was, he as well as every one else present were greatly surprised that we had been able to continue our masquerade so long without recognition.

On the following morning the newspapers teemed with complimentary notices of our dramatic powers, and we were urged to repeat the exhibition; but after we had made ourselves known the performance lost its most interesting feature.

It is a remarkable fact that, among all the numerous intimate acquaintances we met with during the entire evening, not one of them had the remotest conception as to our identity, with the single exception of a bright young son of Mrs. C——, who is now an eminent lawyer, and who, after scrutinizing us very closely for a while, whispered to his mother that he believed I was personating Wild-Cat. His mother reproved him sharply, and asked him what he supposed my wife would say if she knew that such a horrible-looking savage had been mistaken for her husband. After we had left the house the boy reiterated the expression of his opinion to the company, very much to the chagrin of his mother, who peremptorily ordered him not to repeat it again.

My wife then asked the lady what she would think if she were to assert that one of the Indians was in reality her own husband?

She replied: "*I would not believe you!*"

"Notwithstanding this, my dear Madam, I assure you that the person calling himself Wild-Cat was nothing more nor less than my veritable lord and master."

Perceiving that she had been "*sold*," and believing that I had gotten up the performance for her especial benefit, she indignantly rejoined that this was by no means the first time I had humbugged her, and that she would yet have satisfaction if she lived long enough.

TO MY FRIEND.

I THINK of that year so long ago,

When I learned to love thee so;

The sweetness that scented the early spring,

Ere the violets dared to blow;

Of its rare and rich October

With its forests all aglow,

And the spicy scent of the dying leaves

That fell in the brook below,

As I walked with thee in the maple groves,

Sweet friend of long ago!

Oh, the love that grew ere the spring flowers blew,

That tinted the brown November through,

That kept perfume and carried its bloom

Like a queen-rose wet with dew—

Sweet friend, dear friend of the long ago,

Abides it still with you?

THE HELDERBERGS.



THE HELDERBERGS, AT THE INDIAN LADDER.

IN the State of New York are three principal mountain chains. The Adirondacks cover the northern, granite region of the State, of rock which has been violently heated, if not melted, by the earth's internal fires. They are igneous, plutonic mountains, with peaks perhaps six thousand feet above tide-level. The Catskills are an isolated group of peaks on the Hudson, more than a hundred miles south of their granite elder brethren of the Adirondack. They are principally of the old red sandstones and shales which underlie the coal formation. These are sedimentary rocks, the silt of ancient ocean currents; their peaks exceed three thousand feet in height.

Between these, north of the Catskills, not twenty miles distant, is a line of small mountains known as the Helderbergs, the third though not the least of the mountain systems of New York. They are a long angular range of solid blue limestone cliffs, running nearly east and west. Their geographical name ex-

ists only in Albany County; but, geologically, they are over three hundred miles in length, their unbroken strata reaching from the Hudson to Niagara and on into Canada. Their greatest altitude is one thousand two hundred feet.

These calcareous cliffs, filled with fossil, petrified sea-shells, answer to the European Silurian and Devonian ages. By its peculiar fossil shells the Helderberg, like other rock, is known when met with in distant regions. In subterranean darkness it stretches, a hidden, undulating sheet of strata, an inner mantle to the continent, cropping out here and there, and leaving its wooded "Silurian ruins" to render picturesque the scenery of many a State.

In the far West a geologist picks up a fossil shell, examines it, and says, "Helderberg"—surmises that good limestone may thereabout be found, and gypsum for the plasterer's art, and iron pyrites—fool's gold—useful for sulphur and sulphuric acid manufacture. *Caves*

also may be expected, and sulphur springs, strontian, or barytes, if not more valuable deposits, may be near.

A Tennessee geologist also picks up a petrifaction, and makes note of it as "Helderberg." In Britain Sir Roderick Murchison, mentioning the existence of his favorite Siluria in America, will not fail to speak of the Helderberg formation. Yet it is possible that of these three not one had ever seen the Helderberg.

"Helderberg" is a Dutch corruption of the old German *Helle-berg*, meaning "Clear Mountain." This name was given by the first settlers of Schoharie County, who had the bold and distinct *berg* constantly in view during their first day's journey westward into the then wilderness. Though plainly visible, and but ten or fifteen miles from the ancient city of Albany, few of its citizens appear even to know of their existence, let alone their traditions and their beauties. Helderberg to many Albanians means "anti-rent," "sheriff's posse," military, blue uniforms, bright muskets and bayonets, and shackled prisoners, against whom no crime being proved they are always released.

Most of the farms on these hills were what was once called "manor land." It had its feudal lord and manor-house after the fashion in England prior to our Revolution. The farmers were peasantry, of whom feudal rents in the shape of wheat, chickens, and "days' service" were exacted, though the land was indentured, or deeded, to them, their heirs and assigns forever. Ignorant emigrants were led to purchase, invest their all, clear and improve the land, and give it value, not dreaming that they would have to pay the interest on their own improvements.

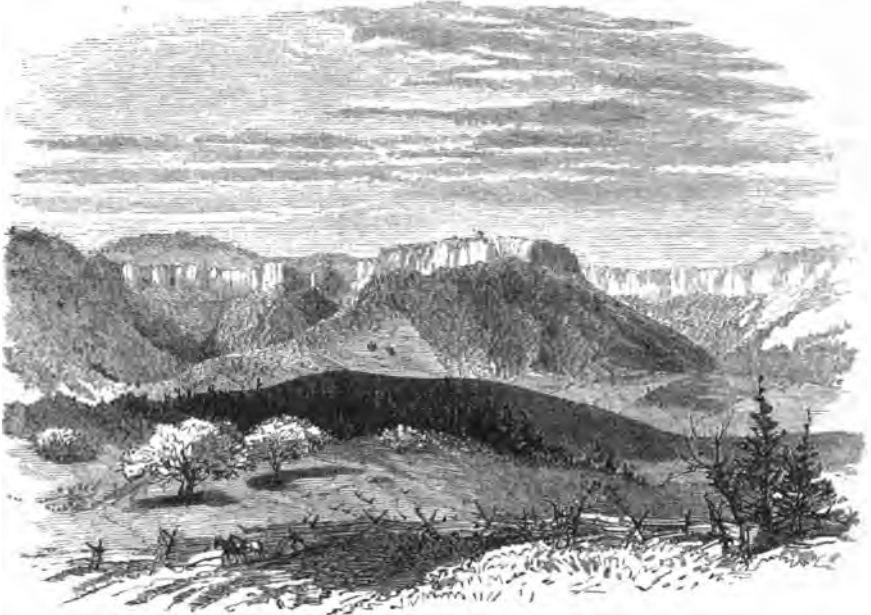
Alas! they found that they had exchanged the hard lot of a Holland "boor" for one even harder. Shrewd Yankees, living on free soil, jeered at them as slaves.

The Revolution came, the battles of liberty were fought, and down went Tory and Royalist. After that feudal exactions seemed hard and oppressive, as well as unrepugnant and monarchical. Some now refused to pay the "quarter sale"—one quarter of the price received by the farmer each time a place was sold. If the farm was sold four times the "Lord" received the cash value of the farm, and still pretended to own it! Threats not sufficing, they were called "Anti-renters," and war was levied upon them. But since then the conflict has raged, nor is it ended yet; but quarter sales are abolished.

The Susquehanna Railroad trains, as they leave Albany crowded with tourists bound for Sharon Springs, the beauteous Susquehanna River Valley, or distant Pennsylvania, are forced to follow the wall-like precipices facing the Helderberg almost along their whole extent, far to the north and west, before they are able to climb it. It is its romantic wooded rock scenery, dark caverns, and sprayey waterfalls, its varied landscape and accessible mountain grandeur, that render the Helderberg interesting to artist, author, poet, tourist, or rusticator.

The traditions herein written are at least as true as traditions ever are, and I tell them substantially as they were told to me. The sketches may give some idea of the scenery.

To those who desire to escape for a day from the oven-like city in summer; who wish to enjoy a scramble among romantic cliffs, in shady



MOUNTAIN SPURS.

woods, beside cool mountain brooks and waterfalls; to view spots sacred to legends of wild Revolutionary days, of Tory and Indian depredation, naming place, precipice, and mountain; to gather the fossil corals and shells (univalves, bivalves, and brachiopods) which, forming the very soil the farmer tills, cropping from out the sod, are reared as farm walls or burned to lime; to visit and explore known caves, and search for new ones, possibly existing unknown and unexplored, among the cliff ledges, the "Indian Ladder" region of the Helderbergs offers superior inducements.

Taking an early train on the Susquehanna Railroad and stopping at Guilderland Station brings one within a mile of the Indian Ladder Gap. Even from that distance the mountain spurs are visible. Wondrous are the deep, black shadows that they cast early in the day. A scarcely discernible zigzag ascending line, not unresembling a military siege-approach, shows the Indian Ladder Road crawling up the mountain and along and beneath the precipices.

It is but an easy two hours' drive, however, from Albany, and many may prefer to visit it in the saddle or with a pleasant party. If the weather be dry and not very sultry the jaunt will well repay you. If your horses are brave and steady you may drive up the mountain road—it is a mile to the summit—or you may lead your horses up, the party walking leisurely after. Still some descending team may be met, and it is ill passing on that narrow cliff road. Notwithstanding many accidents this road is the highway, winter and summer, of the country folk.

If, however, you have a desire to "foot it," and wish to see the wildest, most romantic scenery the place affords, abandon the road and follow the stream, called by some Black Creek, up the valley to the foot of the gorge—a savage stairway up the mountain slope, of broken rock-fragments and great water-worn boulders. Then, if your heart fail you not—for any place more difficult to climb is impassable—you will ascend for a breathless, dangerous, exciting three or four hours to the foot of the cliffs and the falls—an escalade which will bear comparison with any thing climbable.

But you should not return without mementoes of your visit. Carry then a satchel, unless you have capacious pockets; for curiosities will meet you on every side. Besides the fossil medals of creation—petrifications and minerals—the collector will find a thousand objects of interest. If he have keen eyes he may note some curious grafts, great hemlocks on huge pine-trees, perhaps of Indian handicraft. Large slow-worms, unknown lizards, insects, perhaps black-snakes, toads, and eels, mingled in strange confusion, swarm amidst the rocks. The place was once renowned for the multitude, size, and venom of its rattlesnakes.

The damp, thick woods of oak, hickory, red (slippery) elm, basswood (linden), butternut, ash, beech, and birch, with white pine, hemlock,

and some spruce, give color to the scenery, heightened by the green, graceful frondage of the scarlet-fruited sumac, the trailing cordage of the wild grape-vines, and the numberless other rarer wild plants—annuals, biennials, perennials, every where luxuriant.

Your satchel may contain some luncheon; a geological hammer and a chisel would not be inappropriate; your sketch-book by all means. Gun or fishing-tackle here are useless; hunting there is none save foxes, "coons," some ruffed grouse (partridge), and at times wild pigeons. The fishing is also poor, except for pickerel, perch, sunfish, and the like, in lakes and brooks amidst the hills back from the summit.

What is this Indian Ladder so often mentioned? In 1710 this Helderberg region was a wilderness; nay, all westward of the Hudson River settlements was unknown. Albany was a frontier town, a trading post, a place where annuities were paid, and blankets exchanged with Indians for beaver pelts. From Albany over the sand plains—Schen-ec-ta-da (pine-barrens) of the Indians—led an Indian trail westward. Straight as the wild bee or the crow the wild Indian made his course from the white man's settlement to his own home in the beauteous Schoharie Valley. The stern cliffs of these hills opposed his progress; his hatchet fells a tree against them, the stumps of the branches which he trimmed away formed the rounds of the Indian Ladder.

That Indian trail, then, led up this valley, up yonder mountain slope, to a cave now known



GULOH VIEW.



THE SMALL FALL.

as the "Tory House." The cave gained that name during the Revolution: of that more anon. The trail ended in a corner of the cliffs where the precipice did not exceed 20 feet in height. Here stood the tree—the old Ladder. In 1820 this ancient ladder was yet in daily use. There are one or two yet living who have climbed it. Greater convenience became necessary, and the road was constructed during the next summer. It followed the old trail up the mountain. The ladder was torn away, and a passage through the cliffs blasted for the roadway. The rock-walled pass at the head of the road is where the Indian Ladder stood. The Indians had once a similar ladder near Niagara Falls. There were probably many such among the cliffs. It was possibly the resemblance of this wild mount-

ain scenery to that of father-land far away that induced its early settlement by the Swiss, and gave the name of Berne to the neighboring town.

You have followed the rapid brook up the valley through the shadowy woods, and have reached a little prairie—an opening surrounded almost on every side by the great mountain slopes which rise grandly to the impregnable cliffs walling the summits. It seems a window whereby the crag-climber may observe the whole extent of his labors. This spot was known as the "Tory Hook" or Plat, and in days gone by was their rendezvous—a lone, sequestered glade of the savage forest. Above you, in front and to right and left, is a colossal natural amphitheatre, the long, wooded slopes

rising tier on tier to the base of the circling precipices. Two rocky gorges, which ascend like the diverging aisles of an amphitheatre, part the wilderness of green. The steep slopes have four-fifths of the mountain height.

Towering above the uppermost tree-tops are the gray, battlement-like cliffs. Many a dark opening, gloomy recess, and inaccessible ledge can be seen which human foot has never trod; once, probably, the pathway and home of that blood-thirsty savage, the nimble and stealthy-footed cougar. Two lofty waterfalls stream down, milk-white, from the cliff-top at the head of each dry, rock-filled gorge. Your way lies to the right, up the gorge to the smaller of the two falls.

Following the stream and entering the opposite woods you commence the ascent of the gorge. It is no light undertaking. The bed of the stream is your best road; keep to the right. Difficulties begin; you are frequently compelled to cross the rapid stream on stepping-stones. At length you reach what may be termed the foot of the gorge. The stream rushes down in a number of little cascades—above it is lost amidst the huge rocks. Look upward, your labor lies before you.

Up, then! Up! Ah—it is fatiguing? Look below! It seems easier to climb up than down. Retreat appears impossible, if not recreant. Upward, then! no longer over fallen rocks merely, but over prostrate cliffs rather. Huge blocks as large as little cottages or backwoods log-cabins are heaped in wild confusion; up them and over them! More toilsome, nay, dangerous, becomes the ascent; but now the novelty and danger give new zest, and "Forward!" shouts one. Whereat you all, with vigorous competition hurrying, climb and scramble upward; sometimes on foot, oftener upon hands and knees, and frequently prone, with aid of fingers and toe of boot making slow progress up the face of some fallen mountain.

To climb, some aid themselves with sticks snatched up from where they were cast by the last great freshest that foamed down the wild gorge. The barkless pole, dry and withered, often fails the user, who scarce has time to drop the worthless fragments, snatch a firm grip upon immovable rock, and thank his stars that he has not followed the fragments of his staff that rattle down half a hundred feet before they reach a cranny large enough to hold them. Do not take each wriggling thing among the rocks to be a snake. Once thinking to capture what I took to be a serpent sunning himself on the rocks, I found I had a sleek, fat eel! An eel there on those dry rocks? Assuredly. For, hark! do you hear that steady rushing sound, as of a subterranean waterfall? Hours of toilsome climbing have passed. Look upward, the falls are before you at last.

From the brink of the dark cliff drops a spray-white stream, about eighty feet, unbroken. Lost for a moment to sight it issues from a rocky basin, and ripples down in two streams bright-

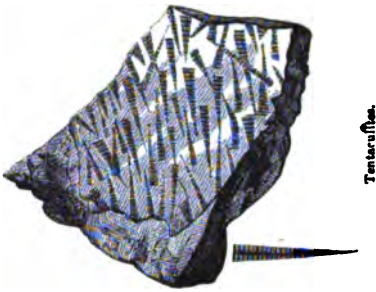
ly over a series of little stone steps, the angular parallel edges of abraded schist strata, seldom over an inch in thickness. Suddenly the smooth descent ceases; the rock drops perpendicularly fifteen or eighteen feet. Down the face of this wall or "fault" dash two little cascades; they fall upon another series of the miniature rock steps, and, glittering and shining like a magic stream of crystal, hurry down to lose their waters among the huge rocks of the gorge; lost for a thousand feet of that dread mountain slope ere coming forth to light again as the stream in the valley below. At last beneath the precipice you stand in the cool shadow of the dark dripping rocks, at the foot of the falls, the top of the gorge—that goal for which you have so arduously labored.

This is the Small Fall, sometimes called the "Dry Falls." The latter name you will hardly appreciate should you visit it when swollen by recent rains. Here you may enjoy an unequalled shower-bath; but the stream carries pebbles, and the dashing water itself stings like a shower of shot.

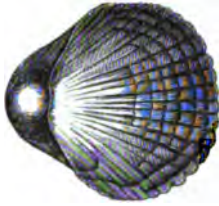
Below (and on the cliffs above) this fall is one of the best localities for Helderberg fossils or petrifications. Among these fossil shells of ancient seas are many peculiar to the Helderbergs. The names and features of these shells once mastered, two of the most important of geological ages are known to you. On the Pacific slope, amidst the Sierras, throughout the North American continent, even in foreign lands, knowing these fossils you will be able to recognize the Silurian and Devonian rocks. The Helderbergs are principally Silurian; above this, on the summit of the hills and on their southern slopes, Devonian rocks are found.

When, years ago, Lyell in his geological travels visited these hills, he was struck with amazement. It seemed a new, a forgotten world. There is a stratum of the cliff rock, sometimes fifty feet in thickness, entirely composed of one variety of fossil shell—the *Pentamerus galeatus*—the shells massed together in a way astounding. This, once the shell-covered bed of an ocean, is now a portion of a mountain cliff. It is this that gives such interest to Helderberg precipices, more than to basalt Palisades, or even dread Wall-Face of the Adirondacks.

If you are fortunate you may find the outcrop of that stratum and bring away a "chunk" of shells. Besides the *Pentamerus* a dozen or more varieties of fossils may here be found. *Spirifer* and *Athyris*, whose delicate internal spirals art has brought to light. The well-named *Platyceras dumosum*, a flat horn covered with spikes, as its name implies. The beautiful minute *Tentaculites*, that resemble little petrified minnows or fishes just hatched—they fairly swarm on the thin, clinking fragments of the water-lime stone. *Encrinoids* (stone lilies), ancient *Trilobites* (*dalmanidia*), with their numberless eyes, perhaps a rare, odd-looking thing called a *Cystad*, a beautiful little *Eomphalus*,



Tentaculites.



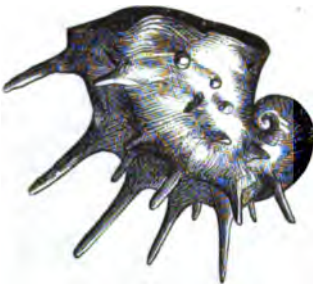
Pentamerus Galetia.



SPECIMENS OF HELDERBERG FOSSILS.



Zaphrentis.



Platyrogonia.

a butterfly-like *Strophomena*, an *Atrypa* or *Rynchonella*, cornucopia-like *Zaphrentis*—Corals (favorites), *Bryozoans*, *Fucoids*, and others valuable to the geologist, surprising and interesting to any one.

These rocks (or rather the rocks of this age) were till within a year called *Palæozoic*, as containing "the most ancient life." Fossils have since been found in the older, granite *Azoic* (without life) rock. Those names, having lost their meaning, are now obsolete.

Along beneath the cliffs runs a narrow path. The debris of the mountain drops on one side (a steep wooded slope); on the other the overhanging precipice forms a wall. Westward this path leads to the Indian Ladder road; and, going that way, you pass a curious spring. At the base of the cliff is a dark opening, about three feet high by six or eight in width, narrowing inward. From the dark interior of the cliff a clear, sparkling stream issues, constant summer and winter. This place I once explored in a boat built for the purpose, narrow and coffin-like, carried thither from the road along the ledges. I found a black, narrow passage—no deep water, lakes, or large rooms—nothing to reward me for my pains.

Eastward the path leads to the "Big," "Mine Lot," or "Indian Ladder Falls." Have a care when following this path; the overhanging rocks are often loose and trembling. Sometimes your mere approaching tramp will be sufficient to cause their rattling fall. Suddenly you turn a corner of the cliff, and pause in admiration of the scene before you.

From the edge of the overhanging precipice, more than a hundred feet above your head, streams down a silvery rope of spray, with a whispering rush, sweeping before it damp, chilly eddies of fugitive air, that sway the watery cable to and fro. Back, beneath the rocky shelf from off which the fall precipitates its unceasing stream, is a black, cavernous semicircle of rock, its gloomy darkness in deep contrast with the snow-white fall. Below, to the left, the woods are swept away to the base of the mountains, and in their place a wild and desolate descent of broken rocks falls sharply—rendered more savage to the eye by the shattered trunks of dead trees mingled.

Back of the fall at the base of the precipice is a low, horizontal cavity in the rock, from four to six feet in height, fifty or sixty feet in length, by fifteen in depth. Stopping and clambering in over a low heap of rubbish—probably the old waste of the mine—you enter. Mine, strictly, there is none; but the marks of mining implements and the excavation show that operations of some kind have been carried on. Here is a massive vein of iron pyrites (bisulphide of iron), fine-grained and solid, and well suited for sulphuric acid manufacture. The bed or vein of pyrites has evidently been much thicker, but it has decomposed, a yellow oxyd of iron and sulphate of lime (gypsum) resulting.

The particular appearance of the bed is interesting. At the bottom of the excavation can be seen the glittering masses of pyrites, above them calcareous incrustations, over which appears the yellow oxyd of iron, resulting from the decomposition of former pyrites, seamed and segregated with veins of gypsum—misnamed "plaster of Paris." There is no sulphate of iron (proper) or green copperas resulting, but a white, acid, crumbling substance answering to *Coguinbite* (white copperas) may be found; and a yellow incrustation, in one place

at least, resembling sulphur flowers. The oxidized sulphur of the pyrites, as sulphuric acid, has united with the limestones to form the gypsum, of which there are sufficient indications to warrant a search. As the limestones are frequently magnesian, another result has been the formation of sulphate of magnesia, and beautiful acicular crystals of the Epsom or "hair" salt have here been found. Almost all the "plaster" used in the State comes from the western Helderberg limestones. California is said to have imported from New York in 1868 nearly 25,000 barrels of gypsum.

Long years ago wild stories were told about this mine and its workers; of two strange, taciturn, foreign men who frequented the spot, who kept their mouths shut, and minded their own business in a way astonishing and irritating to the country people around. Nay, more incomprehensible, they lived there beneath those si-

lent rocks, and often in dark nights strange lights were seen flashing and moving among the dangerous precipices—wild, heathenish shouts and noises heard among the cavernous recesses of the cliffs. At times in the misty haze of early morning they had been met upon the road with heavy packs upon their sturdy shoulders, wending their way toward some mart, and all who saw them muttered "a good riddance." But suddenly some night lights would again be seen flashing far above the farm-houses among the gloomy, night-hidden rocks. At length they vanished, never to return. The object of their labors is unknown; the ruinous remains of a stone structure resembling a vat, said to be of their construction, yet exists; it is called "The Leach." The mine is known as the "Red-Paint Mine," and it is asserted that the miners were engaged in the manufacture of a red paint from the yellow,



THE HANGING ROCK.



THE DOME.

ochery oxyd of iron there existing. How they managed it seems now among the lost arts.

Were the Helderberg rock but slightly metamorphosed, with here and there a dyke of trap or basalt, what minerals might it not contain? The Almaden mercury mines of Spain (red cinnabar, vermilion, "paint") are in metamorphic Silurian limestones. The White Pine and Treasure Hill silver mines of Nevada are in a metamorphosed, crinoidal limestone of the Silurian age, the quartz veins containing the familiar fossils silicified. Old Dutch Colonial Governor Kieft protested that there was gold in this region. Nay, it is said that he found it; and doughty Van Der Donck, the histori-

ographer of the New Netherlands, swears to it.

You may reach the cliff top from here by going further east, where the precipices decrease in height. Search till you find the ascent to a narrow ledge that leads to a square embrasure-like break in the cliff; it seems as though a huge block twenty feet square had been quarried out. In one corner you will discover the crumbling fragments of a tree-ladder; it can not exceed twenty-five feet to the summit. Ascend, and you will have an idea of the Indian Ladder.

Westward now along the cliff tops, back toward the falls again, and the Indian Ladder

road. You reach the stream which forms the Big or Mine Lot Fall, and, stepping through the bushes which obscure your view, stand upon the verge of the precipice. To your left, from the lowest ledge below, the fall leaps the cliff brink, and pours in a steady stream.

Recline here and rest. Six inches beyond your feet is the mossy, weather-worn, blackened cliff edge. A wild flower growing in some cliff below, never once trodden by now living man or beast, raises its unpretending head just above the precipice brink. Out beyond is empty air; below, the dark afternoon shadows of the perpendicular mountains are already casting the valley in shade. The wild, rock-filled gorges seem but tiny gutters; the forests shrubby; all below miniature.

Leaning head and shoulders over as you recline, you see that the rock on which you rest is a projecting shelf but a foot or so in thickness. Should the table-rock yield beneath your weight, rushing with it through mid-air you might light upon the cruel jagged tops of those dead hemlocks, thrust upward from below, whose withered points, lightning-scarred, and broken moss-wreathed limbs, seem waiting, bristling, to receive your fall.

It is grand, thus reclining on the cliff brink, to view the wide-spread landscape to the north of the mountains—the joint basin of the Hudson and the Mohawk—a deep valley more than sixty miles in width. From here you see a wide-spread level country, a true basin, bounded by distant mountain chains; not the bewildering sea of lesser peaks and hills visible from Tahawus. You see, nearest, the deep savage valley, with shades predominating, mountain-walled; the checkered fields and woods beyond, in vast perspective; the distant white farmhouse and the red barns, and half forest-hidden steeple of the village church—all vanishing in hazy distance; last, the blue, ragged outline of the northern granite mountains, a bright sky flecked with feathery cirro-cumuli, ever changing, lit with a rich, warm, mellow North American sunlight, brighter than which can not shine either in Italy or on South Sea palm groves.

The cliff, measured by cord and plummet, is here about one hundred and twenty-six feet in height; that of the waterfall may be estimated at one hundred and sixteen feet. Here you may lunch beside the brook, and gaze out past the Hanging Rock, across the valley, to the opposite mountain spur, where a faint ascending line shows the Indian Ladder road again; by it you will soon descend the mountain. Amidst the bushes back from the falls is a deep, narrow crevice. A stone dropped in rattles and clatters and hops till lost to hearing. To what gloomy cavern is this the sky-light? Some careless person may yet tumble in and learn; yet no one else would ever be the wiser. Such crevices account for the numerous springs at the cliff base. The rock must be ramified with caverns.

Leaving the fall, westward again along the

cliff tops, brings you to the Small Fall and a road; following this you come out upon another road. Look to your right: that deep angular cut through the rock is the Pass, the head of the Indian Ladder road.

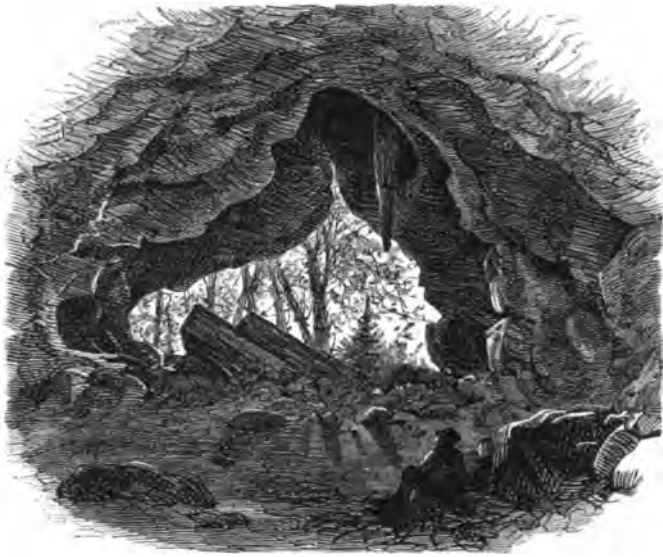
Descend the defile; you are below the cliffs again in gloomy shadow. Here stood the Indian Ladder. Observe the semi-Alpine character of the road; off this built-up, wharf-like way more than one team has dashed. The trees on the long, steep slope beneath have their history: "The horse struck that one; the man was found just here."

As you descend the road the cliffs increase in height, and the Dome, a mantle-piece-like projection, fairly overhangs and threatens it. Climb the débris beneath the Dome and you will find a path. Follow it. It leads to a cave, the resort of Tories and Indians during the Revolution.

"The Tory House" is a large circular or semicircular cavity in the cliff, just above the road, a good view of which it commands. It is a single room, perhaps twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter, open on one side; looking out over a block of fallen stone—an imperfect rampart—down the wooded slope to the road, and beyond, into the deep valley between the mountain spurs.

Here Jacob Salisbury, a notorious royalist spy, is said to have been captured, about the time that Burgoyne was marching his army toward the now historic plains of Saratoga, visible from the mountain-top. The capture of this spy was deemed of considerable importance. It was with difficulty that his lurking-place was discovered and his projects frustrated.

No road then climbed these cliffs. In those wild, unsafe days the wolves were left in undisturbed possession, and the cave was almost unknown. Imagine the darkness of night enveloping the scene. Within the cave, the dusky figure of a man who kneels before a feeble and smoking fire, which ever and anon gives forth a lurid flash—lights for a moment the dungeon-like cave—shines from the brass-bound butts of the huge pistols decorating his belt; then disappears in more mysterious shadow. The thick smoke irritates, he sneezes, how melancholy and hollow is the echo! how quick suppressed the sound! Hark! a twig snaps without; the rattling fall of a stone is heard! The flame leaps up once more as he turns his savage, bearded face; mark the knit brows, the glaring eyes—a desperate *spy*. His right hand reaches toward his musket, yet he hesitates. A heavy tread outside; the rattling of many stones; a brushing through the bushes. He starts defiantly to his feet; though trembling, cocks his musket—at bay! There is a muttering of human voices in the impenetrable darkness without; an ominous clicking as of many rifle-locks; and suddenly some one cries out, "Jacob Salisbury, lay down your arms! You are surrounded and can not escape. A dozen rifles are leveled at your breast." He hesitates.



THE TORY HOUSE.

"Down with your musket!" shouts one without. "Do you love treason better than life?" As he dashes his musket, with a curse, to the ground, the flame leaps brightly up and shows the shadowy forms of his foemen; their leveled rifles, steady aim; their leader, sword in hand, in front. Disarmed and bound, the spy is hurried down the mountain, and the lonely cavern abandoned to wild beasts again.

In the roof of the Tory House is a dark, tubular or spire-like cavity, which has, apparently, no connection with any other chamber or cavern. You may, returning, descend the mountain by the road, having seen the more prominent places of interest of the Indian Ladder region.

I will now locate and slightly describe a few of the numberless Helderberg caves. Indeed, without such guidance, the visitor might never find any of them; for to discover caves appears to require a cave-hunting instinct, a learned eye. The under-world has its peculiarities. It differs from the upper-world. Its rivers run at right angles beneath the surface torrents, and are generally little influenced by surface storms and changes. Some run a clear, cold, unaltering, constant stream; others ebb and flow with the seasons; are impassable, muddy, furious in spring flood-time; and the waters vanish, dry up, and are lost in seasons of drought.

The limestone rock of the Helderberg is the cave rock of the world. Other names it may have beyond the oceans; but the rock is of the same age, and contains fossils similar to those found here. Only in Silurian limestones is there space for a region of extensive caves—"Silurian," on this continent, carries Helderberg with it. The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky appears to be in the corniferous, upper Helder-

berg limestone, which is, however, Devonian. In England, on the Continent, in Palestine, are caverns in limestone, and some in other rock, but rock which has been changed, having by heat been metamorphosed into marbles and the like.

Within thirty miles of the Indian Ladder one may count twenty caverns large and small. Among them, in Schoharie County, Ball's or Gebhard's Cave—brightest of alabaster caverns—whose gloomy portal drops perpendicularly over a hundred feet to a region of large lakes and wondrous waterfalls; and Howe's or the Otsgaragee Cavern, which strives to rival Kentucky's Mammoth Cave.

The caves of the Helderberg are not glittering crystal grottoes. Though often extensive, they are dark and dungeon-like, damp and muddy; on every side they show the means which made them. The hollow, constant rushing of the water also tells the story of their formation.

Among the cliffs, however, are some caves comparatively or quite dry. Many a dark hole and crevice may be seen on the face of the impregnable precipices; and the water-worn appearance of the rock just below these openings proves them the entrance of unknown caves. None have explored, none save the fool-hardy will explore, their passages.

Sutphen's Cave, near the Indian Ladder, is reached by descending a narrow crevice through the rock to a ledge a few inches wide. Along this you crawl, the cliff above and below you, a dangerous path in winter, ice and snow covered. Reaching a chill recess beneath overhanging cliffs, you are at the cave entrance. The cave is said to be of some extent, and perhaps it is—under water. A short distance in, after wading



THE CLIFFS.

at one place knee-deep, icy cold, the cave becomes spacious, and you reach a deep, clear body of water. It is said that in a heavy rain-storm this cave fills up suddenly, and pours a perfect torrent from its mouth. One of those savage, rock-filled gorges descends from this cave's mouth down the water-worn mountain slope.

Westward, among the cliffs, above the village of Knowersville, is Livingston's Cave, a small, dry, and romantic cavern. Should you happen to be near, it is worth a visit. West and east there are many more caves which you may find by seeking. Near the Hudson, toward Coeyman's, there are several.

At Clarksville, twelve miles from Albany, and eight or ten miles southeast from the Indian Ladder, are more caves. Two of these are well known; the entrance of one is in the back-yard of one of the village houses. The subterranean river is the house well; a pair of steps lead down into a crevice in the rock. They have no other water. For drinking it is unsurpassed but it issues from lime rock,

and is therefore hard and unfit for washing. This same river bursts forth near by in the bed of the Oniskethau, and aids that stream to run a saw and paper mill. Chaff thrown upon the river in the cave is soon found floating on the mill-pond. The stream empties into the Hudson at Coeyman's. I once heard it remarked that an amphibious animal might make its way through the caverns from Hudson River to Niagara Falls without once coming forth to daylight!

These two caves are said to be respectively one-eighth and one-half a mile in length. They should not be called two caves, however, for the "river" seems to flow from one to the other, and forms a connection which a person who likes ice-water baths might explore. Taken as one cave they may exceed a mile in length. The smaller cave is dry and airy, and has some spacious corridors. Squeezing your way down through the narrow entrance you reach a sort of room—the vestibule—faintly lit with the few white rays of daylight which glimmer down through the entrance. You

have suddenly passed into a dim region of silence, only broken by the faint tinkling and murmuring of the subterranean stream below. You light your lanterns, and the red flame guides your footsteps. A short way through a narrow passage and you ascend into a lofty chamber—the "Room of the Gallery." Should you visit it in winter, as I once did, you may start horrified back. Two or three ghostly, white columns rise here and there from the floor! There are no such stalagmites in this cave. What, then, are these white columns gathered in a spectral circle? You approach; they move not. Nearer, nearer still, and the white columns resolve themselves into fantastic stalagmites of ice—beautiful yet fragile. The water dropping from the roof, the frost which reaches in thus far, account for them.

That dark hole plunging downward to the right is the continuation of the cave; descend, and turn in at and climb the first side passage to your left, and you will reach the "Gallery."

It is related that a villager, venturing in to pass a hot summer night, having but a solitary tallow-candle, his light became extinguished, and he thought himself all but lost. Feeling along in the dark to find some means of exit, he was suddenly precipitated into a dark pit. A while after, as he sought to ascend, he fell again, deeper, receiving severe injuries. Dreadfully alarmed, he rushed hither and thither, only to fall a third time, and still deeper. He swooned from terror; and when he awoke he observed a faint light opposite. Scrambling toward it, he entered a room; it was the cave entrance! Some assert that he mistook the passage in re-

turning, and merely climbed to and fell from the gallery three several times.

There are other large rooms and corridors in this cave, but there are few stalactites or stalagmites, if any. In one place are some beautiful incrustations of spar; and in another spot a vein of the massive calc-spar, with large crystals, is found. The latter sometimes contains the Silurian anthracite, supposed to have had its origin in the organic animal life of that age. The rock inclosing the calc-spar is a granular or sub-crystalline limestone—the Upper Helderberg.

A singular feature of the cave are the water-worn pot-holes in the rock ceiling. Every one knows that rational, common-sense brooks or rivers of the surface world make them according to law of gravitation in their water-worn beds. Here natural laws seem laughed to scorn; and these pot-holes, as though from very perverseness, are set inverted in the roof. They were formed undoubtedly when the cave was filled with water, whirling and rushing against the roof.

A narrow passage leads to the extremity of the cave. Where it enlarges is a steep and rather slippery descent to water. This is called by some a lake; the rock roof comes so close to the surface that its lateral extent can not be seen. Naptha poured upon the water and ignited, though it makes a singular sight, burning with a blue, lambent flame, shows nothing, and the darkness is deeper when it dies away. The water is very clear and still, and increases in depth, gradually, off the shore. There are here no "eyeless fishes."

The "Half-mile Cave"—the larger cave, or



THE STAIRWAY—CAVE ENTRANCE.



THE STYX.

the longer end of the cave, if they are but one—is about a quarter of a mile from the hotel in Clarksville. This cave is often visited, and has a large, wooden, cellar-like door, and wet, slippery steps, which lead in winter down into warm, steaming darkness.

Mind your steps; I speak literally. Now go down the dark hole on your right; it is a steep descent. You are in darkness again, and your lights but feebly illuminate the place. There is a sickening damp warmth; it is not unlike a charnel-house, a catacomb. This mouldy earth beneath your feet, lixiviated, would probably yield much nitre; the earth of caves generally contains it. Notice those black strata veins of flinty hornstone; they may have served their time in the days of flint-lock rifles. Here is flint, there saltpetre; pyrites through heat will yield sulphur; the alders and willows from beside mountain brooks give choice charcoal. Here is gunpowder in the raw, for those adepts in its manufacture!

It was these veins of brittle, translucent flint, called hornstone, which gave the name of "corniferous limestone" to this rock, from the Latin *cornu*—horn. It was not the fossil shell, the

cow-horn shaped *zaphrentis*, which originated the name; though that is the most prominent of the many brown, weathered shells incrusting the roof and walls of the cave. These same shells—*zaphrentis*—project similarly from the walls of the great Kentucky cavern. This corniferous (upper Helderberg) limestone is peculiar as being the oldest rock in which the fossil remains of fishes have been found.

You may have a mile or more of clambering in and out from this cave, and that is as good, though not quite so bad, as twenty-five miles. There are long passages where you might drive a team of horses and a wagon; narrow, muddy passages in profusion; bats, overhead and fluttering past you, every where.

The bats hang from the ceilings separately, and from one another in curious festoons. They are now hibernating. Aroused by your approach, some take wing and occasionally strike against your lantern, shattering the glass. Or all sides you hear them squeaking and chattering and grinding with their teeth; it is horrid. How they live there is a mystery; no suitable food is visible, and the door of the cavern is kept closed. Some of the bats seem withered and



BAT HIBERNATING.

half dead; others are more lively. The gray or frosty bat is sometimes found here. The *cheiroptera* of this cave have been described in Goodman's "Natural History;" for this is the one therein mentioned as "an extensive cavern about twelve miles south of Albany, New York." They have quite changed their habits since sketches were made of them by that reliable naturalist. In his time, it is evident from the engravings, all bats hung themselves cozily head up; now the contrary vampires all hang head down, in a way that could not fail to be alarming to apoplectics—a vile rebellion against the naturalist. Bats, sleeping, hang then with their heads downward, holding fast by the little paws they have behind, and not by the hooks attached to their membranous wings. In their flight near the roof they stop and flutter for a moment, then hang correctly. It is thought that they catch by their hooks, and, if the place suit them, assume the upside-down posture. If they fall to the ground they are for the while helpless; however, with the aid of their front hooks, they climb to some little eminence from which, by turning a sort of somersault, they fall down, and, as they fall, take wing and search for better quarters. Nature has given them instinct so to repose that, when disturbed, they may be able to take to flight and escape.

If you determine to see the end of the cave and the lake, and are not afraid of mud and low, flat passages, you will go further, perhaps fare worse. Again the cavern enlarges, a black emptiness is before you. Approach. You stand upon the shores of "Styx." A vaulted roof of dripping rock, a silent, echoing cavity, scarcely illuminated by dim lantern-light. Unruffled are the still, deep waters, green, though clear. The silence only broken by the sudden, occasional tinkling of a drop of water falling somewhere in one of the dark side passages, only to be explored in a boat. The boat is wrecked.

In returning you have to repeat the crawling and scrambling through the low, narrow, or wet and muddy passages: it seems endless. You

halt to await the approach of a loitering companion. His lantern is seen, in distant perspective, far down the dark corridor. You shout for him to hurry. Hark to the distant, echoing answer, "Coming!" Turn your lantern this way, and look down the long, shadowy passage of the cavern; in the dim vista he seems an imp, dancing along with a fire-brand. Suddenly, while you think him yet at a distance, he seems to enlarge, and is close to you.

I once fired a pistol-shot in this cave to hear the echoes; instead of the sharp crack which should have followed the flash came a volley of deep, echoing, hollow thunders, a rolling and swelling roar, a musical, harmonious earthquake, deafening. One of our party who was on ahead took it for heavy, celestial thundering.

Cave explorations are interesting to those who love to see the wonders of nature—things before unseen, new and surprising. Who knows, some one thus exploring may discover a great, subterranean, transcontinental river; an underground, round-the-world canal, cheapening freightage between New York and San Fran-



NINE LOT FALLS IN WINTER.

cisco. Whether you should find this wondrous stream or not, a visit to the under-world will not be forgotten; the hornstone and the fossils collected, nay, the grimy, shattered lantern that you carried, will ever remain objects of interest.

Winter is the best time to visit caves; it is certainly the most healthy season, for it is dangerous to enter a cold, damp cave in hot weather. Nevertheless, ice closes the entrance of some caves in winter, and, if among the cliffs, the climbing is dangerous.

In winter the Indian Ladder or Mine Lot Fall is one huge icicle from the cliff brink to its base; the water pours down—an unceasing stream—through the huge frost-proof conduit it has formed for itself. A pyramid of pure green-white ice, glittering, resplendent with icicles, which in fringed sheets, strange and fantastic shapes, adorn the translucent column, one hundred and sixteen feet in height. Have a care how you climb up among the rocks in winter; it is almost impossible to descend again, and dread indeed is the ascent. Upward may prove your only path to safety over slippery ice and snow-capped rocks; below you the cliff, the tree-tops, the dread craggy mountain slope! Hands icy and stiffened, useless and bleeding, my only reward for the climb depicted was a bit of rare moss (the *Hamelia gracilis*) which I found on the rock above.

Frequently upon the brow of the mountain you will see a ruined tower perched; surprised, you draw near. The door is low and narrow, and seems to be almost closed by the debris; it has a very ancient look, and resembles some old feudal watch-tower you may have seen in Europe. The slope below is white with rubbish, and covered with fallen stone—the tower itself blackened with fire. It is a Helderberg lime-kiln. The lime made here is the best known; many of the poorer farmers burn lime in the winter. It replaces the charcoal burning of other regions, and though quite as laborious and scorching, is more remunerative. The fuel used is wood, and the great heaps of ashes thus obtained are greedily sought by agriculturists and potash makers. The kilns are of refractory rock; blocks of clay-slate are preferred; and they are generally built near the quarry where the limestone is blasted out. These lime-burners will tell you curious stories of the "animals" they have seen in the rocks; some of them have singular collections of the fossils.

The limestone, when blasted, breaks into large, regular blocks, well suited for building purposes. This is generally owing to the cleavage, but frequently huge blocks are quarried which are perfectly loose and need no blasting. These owe their origin to "shrinkage clefts," which, as another singular feature of Helderberg scenery, is worth explanation.

Often the roads on the summit of Helderberg are of solid, level rock; the mountain top is a plateau as smooth as a table. Cantering along on horseback the constant ringing clatter of iron against stone is painful. In



CLIMBING AMIDST ICICLES.

places the rock is jointed and in small blocks, and resembles a Belgian pavement; again it changes, and a singular sight meets your eyes.

The rock plateau is split by numberless parallel crevices, stretching on either side in perspective; if you view them with half-closed eyes the dark clefts resemble railroad tracks. The sutures between the long blocks or trunks of stone are often twenty feet or more in depth, though sometimes choked with rubbish, and generally six, eight, or ten inches wide. In storms the water rushes down into the caves below. On the mountain (above the village of New Salem) these clefts extend perfectly parallel for miles. At times rectangular or diagonal sutures cross the main ones; then the rock is cut in blocks a yard square on the surface; downward—twenty feet, more or less—it is a pillar; you may teeter it where it is; a thousand like you could not lift it out. These barren, arid rocks refuse to grow aught save stunted cedars, ground-hemlocks, and white birches, though now and then a larger kind of tree supports itself in a rock cleft. The foxes also find excellent hiding-places in these clefts.

Near Clarksville, on the slope of Copeland Hill, the clefts are two, three, or four feet wide; sometimes black, bottomless looking pits, unexplored. Below are often other subterraneous rivers, flowing no one knows where from or whither. A robber once had a boat there, and in a cavern deposited stolen goods; his secret was discovered, and himself and plunder captured. The sudden and mysterious disappearance of obnoxious men is mentioned in connection with these dark pits. There is a stream which dashes, full-bodied, into a great pit or sink-hole in the rock, travels an unknown course, and issues at once from a cliff three quarters of a mile distant.

The slippery or red elm (*Ulmus fulva*) is, or used to be, very abundant, and tons of the bark have from hence been brought to market. Maple-sugar making is another industry common here. In frosty spring, smoke rising here and there over the woods tells of the fires crackling and flaming under the great iron kettles in the open forest, or—as at old Peter Ball's, near Berne, on the slope of Mount Uhi—in a well-built sap-house. In early frosty mornings the "Sugar Bush" is a bright scene; the sunlight streams down over the mountain, and the old trees cast long shadows. The sugar-maker hurries hither and thither, collecting the buckets of clear, colorless sap, throwing out the ice which has frozen on the surface overnight (for experience has taught him that in freezing it has lost its sugar), placing empty buckets under the taps—ever busy.

But there is not space to mention every thing of interest in this forgotten range of hills—the numerous waterfalls and caverns and mountain-split gulfs.

If but a few learn from these scant notes that there is something new to be seen at home as well as abroad I am satisfied.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE ON MARLBOROUGH REEF.

THERE is not a finer sea-beach nor a finer drive to be found in all Massachusetts than that of New Bedford. It was while enjoying an afternoon trot over those sands, with an easy-going pair of dark chestnuts, driven by my old chum Tom Fletcher, that he told me the sad story of his aunt Eliza Davis:

You remember, he said, that large, old-fashioned house I pointed out to you on Walrus Place, just after we passed Oleagine Avenue? You will also remember the avenue as the one having rows of horse-chestnuts on the sidewalk, which you said were so stately and handsome. Those trees are very old, but that house was standing there before one of them was planted. It was built by my grandfather, Mr. Samuel Davis, who in his day had the reputation of owning more whalers afloat than any man in the world; and his father, my great-grandfather, who generally went by the name of *old* Sam Davis, had ac-

cumulated a handsome fortune before him, in the same business, which he left by will to his two children—Sam, his son, and Eliza, his only daughter. In due time young Sam, as they called him, was married to a Miss Bevor, who died a year after her marriage, leaving twin daughters, one of whom was Mercy Davis, my mother. She married Peter Fletcher, my father, who is now eighty-two years of age, and as hearty as a buck. The other daughter, Eliza, was named after my great-aunt Eliza. The reason why neither of them was named after their own mother, whose name was Jerusha, usually called "Rooshy" by the family, was because my grandfather had a suit in a Russian Admiralty Court at Sitka with the captain of a Russian vessel, and came off second best; and the consequence was, he said he never wanted to see the map of Rooshy or hear the name of Rooshy again. So, as grandmother was dead, the name slipped out of the family.

A queer old man my grandfather, Sam Davis, was in his days. He used to wear a sort of Quaker-cut dress of pepper-and-salt cloth; knee-breeches and stockings, with gold buckles; a broad-brimmed beaver hat; a white cravat and a stout shirt-frill as white as snow. He had a smart trade in his time with the West Indies, and kept a schooner or two always on the go, laden with oil and other products of his fisheries. Rarely was the house free from the delightful fragrance of limes, oranges, pineapples, and other tropical fruits; and never was his cellar without a puncheon or two of real old golden, high-flavored, oily Jamaica rum. Well, my mother, Mercy, was married while yet in her teens to my father, who was much her senior; but she did not live very long after I was born. I can faintly remember her. Thus my grandfather had but one daughter left, who remained with him and took care of his liberal household.

One day my grandfather received intelligence of the death of his sister Eliza. She had been married to a Philadelphian by the name of Percival; and taking with her at the time of her marriage only a portion of the patrimony bequeathed to her by my great-grandfather, she allowed the rest to remain invested in the whaling business, which had accumulated under my grandfather's excellent management in due time to a princely fortune.

The husband of my great-aunt Eliza, soon after her decease, in order to alleviate the deep melancholy which preyed upon him at the loss of his wife, determined to travel in Europe for a term of years, accompanied by his only daughter, Louise. She was two years younger than her cousin Eliza. Well do I remember her! A more perfect creature in the shape of a woman I never saw. But little boys and girls sometimes see more into character than grown-up people. I never liked her. With all her beauty there was something uncanny even in her smile.

Some few years elapsed, and my grandfather

began to grow feeble. He was by no means an old man; but one day he had very imprudently exposed himself too long on the wharf in one of those searching northeast storms that so often visit the sea-coast of Massachusetts. One of his vessels had just arrived from the Pacific with an uncommonly rich cargo, and his anxiety to provide accommodation on the wharf had led him to remain too long on it exposed to the rain and sleet. A severe attack of congestion of the lungs followed, from which he never entirely recovered. After a while he rarely left the house, and on stormy days scarcely ventured out of his room.

My aunt Eliza Davis at this time was twenty-three years of age. I never could determine whether it was owing to the exquisite taste she displayed in the selection of her dresses, or whether it was that her form was so beautiful and her motions so graceful that, let her wear what she would, any thing was becoming to her; nor do I know whether it was the delicacy of her complexion (for our sea-fogs give a clearness and purity to the skin of a blonde that you seek for in vain elsewhere), or whether it was her gentle manners, or the loving expression on her large, liquid, hazel eyes that fascinated me; but, little boy as I was, I would have put my hand into the fire if she had asked me to do it. Then she was so full of modest mirth and constant good-nature—all life and joy and compassion. There was always a sort of mysterious fragrance, a rose-geranium odor, that seemed to hover about her person. I never inhale it now by accident without being reminded of her.

A handsome young Frenchman by the name of Gustave Lubin had arrived in New Bedford from New Orleans, where he had lived many years of his life, and in which city he was junior partner in a French commission house of eminent standing. It was his custom during the hot months of summer to pass his time in the cool retreats of the North; and as he was a gentleman who had studied much in the circle of natural sciences, his great delight was to frequent those places where he could pursue his investigations in geology, mineralogy, and botany; and as he was a zealous sportsman, a good hand at the rod and reel, and a capital shot, no wonder that he became a great favorite with the gentlemen of sporting propensities in all places that he visited. Ladies' society he did not seek, or seem to care for. When he got old enough, he said, and the days for frolic had gone by, his father would choose a wife for him in France, of good family, and with a comfortable dowry besides. So Gustave was invited to clubs and yachting parties; and great was the enjoyment of those to whom he related his foray on the plains among the buffaloes, and how near he came losing his beautiful black scalp in a slight misunderstanding that sprung up between him and a couple of drunken Pawnees. Certainly Gustave was a model of manly beauty; and as he was often on the beach at sundown with his gay companions, my aunt,

to whom he had been introduced, rarely passed a day without seeing him. After a time he would join her in her walks, and people used to say a handsomer couple had never been seen together in New Bedford.

It was his usual custom when the autumn approached to take passage for France, where he would spend a few months in the selection of goods necessary in his business, returning in the winter to New Orleans. But this season he prolonged his stay until late in the autumn; his visits to the Davis mansion became more frequent and his attentions more and more marked; and it was rumored that he had written for the consent of his parents to marry the young and beautiful heiress, and had received their assent. It was also understood that my grandfather approved of the contemplated union; that young Lubin would soon sail for France; and on his return the marriage would take place, the Louisiana business be relinquished, and the old house would be brightened up with a bride and bridegroom.

In fact he did sail soon after, and every body knew that something serious was about to happen by the cloud of seamstresses that hovered in and about the Davis household. But a sad occurrence put a stop to all the proceedings. My grandfather one morning was found dead in his bed. Life had passed away apparently without pain, his face was composed as if in sleep, and some of his old friends said he looked just as he used in his earlier days when he was a young man—the image of health.

This great loss to the tender heart of Aunt Eliza was a stroke hard to bear, but she little knew the greater misery that was in store for her. Her cousin Louise Percival, with her father, at this time had just arrived from France. She at once flew to the arms of her weeping relative, and it was some consolation for my aunt to know that she had a friend with whom to share her sorrows just when Heaven had deprived her of her only earthly protector. Alas for her, poor soul! How often we fly to embrace and press to our hearts with joy and thanksgiving the evil that is to poison our lives!

Gustave, upon hearing of the death of Mr. Davis, at once returned to New Bedford. Of course the marriage was postponed until such time as Eliza could recover from her grief. She had tenderly loved her father, who in turn had idolized her; and it was long before that pale, serious face could conjure up even a melancholy smile to greet her lover. Gustave, who believed that the world was made to be enjoyed, after a fruitless attempt to transfer to his mourning bride some of his own abundant animal spirits, and knowing little of the quiet grief of a loving woman's heart, instead of tenderly soothing her broken spirit began to look around him for a livelier companion, with a disposition better suited to his own. He was not long in finding such a one in the person of Louise.

She was one of those rare pieces of coquettish art that could assume the very lineaments of childish simplicity while engaged in the perpetration of some act as cruel as it was disingenuous. Beauty she had in abundance; grace, wealth was her own; education had endowed her with every accomplishment; yet she was as heartless as a tiger. As she saw the growing attachment of Gustave for her society in preference to that of her cousin her bosom rose in triumph. She did not love the man. She had had many a suitor at her feet before. But to live in the same house with another woman that she could torture; to see her cousin writhe under her insidious wiles; to know that Eliza loved Gustave, and that day by day she was diverting that love away from her forever; to feel that the sweet influence which her gentle rival had once held over him was growing weaker and weaker, and that in her own hand she held the power to accept him or reject him—to a woman of her spirit this was all in all!

Happily for innocence, it is almost unconscious of the existence of evil. My aunt Eliza scarcely noticed what was apparent to every one else. It pleased her to think that Gustave was amused and made happy by Louise. "I am too dull for you, Gustave, to-day," she would say. "Louise is preparing for a ride on the beach. Join her and enjoy this beautiful day. I shall be happy at home and alone, for I am always so when I know you are happy, dear Gustave. Come, let me press you to go. Louise is waiting for you, and will not take it kind of you if you neglect her so."

At last the intimacy between Gustave and Louise had reached a point when it had become a common town scandal. And as yet the person most interested knew nothing of it. The truth was revealed to her in an unexpected manner. One night her uncle, Mr. Percival, had been attacked suddenly with a violent sickness. The house was aroused; some of the servants ran to his daughter's room. It was empty. In the hall they found the veil of Louise that she had dropped in her flight. Gustave was sent for. Alas! he too was missing. The landlord said he had packed up his trunks the night before, settled his various accounts, and gone he knew not whither. When they brought this news to Aunt Eliza she seemed incapable of understanding it. At last she uttered a shriek like the cry of a wild animal caught in the toils, and then, with a terrible appealing voice, cried out, "Oh, father, take me—take me with you—do not leave me here—for indeed, indeed, I am alone now—alone in this world!"

These were the last words that Aunt Eliza uttered for weeks. A deathlike stupor seemed to have taken possession of her. When she recovered from this lethargy a new life seemed to awaken her. Her cheeks began to bloom again; the beautiful hair was once more arrayed in fascinating tresses; her large eyes became bright and animated—many thought them unnaturally so.

And Louise? what had she gained? That which her soul coveted—notoriety! She cared not for Gustave; no, not more than she did for any other man. But the elopement was blazoned in the daily papers; it gave a piquancy to her life for a time; and to have her name banded from mouth to mouth, with many an unseemly jest, by men and women as coarse in their natures as she that won the prize she had gained at the sacrifice of every feeling that might have ennobled a woman's heart.

One person at least determined to do my aunt Eliza justice. Mr. Percival never forgave his faithless daughter. Up to the time of his death he lived with Aunt Eliza. He bequeathed to her all his own property. I do not like ever to speak of such an awful thing as the hatred of a father for his only child; but I think he hated his own daughter, his own flesh and blood, from the time of the elopement, with as bitter a hatred as ever a man felt toward a woman.

Years rolled by. Aunt Eliza put aside her mourning. Her property augmenting every year enabled her to gratify every caprice—dresses, equipages, parties, balls, pictures, wine, cards—any thing or every thing to keep up the excitement. She grew more and more beautiful day by day—all but that wild unearthly light in her eyes. Some persons said that her gayety was not altogether spontaneous.

Of her cousin Louise she heard occasionally through the newspaper records of fashionable intelligence. Her winters were usually passed in New Orleans during the gay season there, and in the fall of the year Paris became her place of residence. The ocean steamer for December (for in those days the experiment of steamers across the Atlantic had been successfully accomplished) almost always had in its list of passengers the names of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Lubin. At this time my aunt very strangely began to take a great interest in the British colonial papers. She subscribed for them all, and would constantly pore over them, particularly the shipping paragraphs relating to disasters at sea. In the summer she never visited inland watering-places, always preferring such as were on the coast, where she would sit for hours watching the ships in the offing arriving or departing; and in some of the summer storms, when the ocean was lashed into fury, a strange fascination seemed to possess her soul, and she would wander on the beach regardless of the driving rain and the wild conflict of the elements.

I must not omit to mention that in all her expeditions she was invariably accompanied by her old faithful nurse, Mehetabel, who, if she was not, as the old Puritans used to say, "much endued with temporal graces," was yet as true to the child she had raised as the needle to the pole. Many a time had she gone in search of her on the sea sands when the sudden tempest intervened in its fury, and brought her home wild with mirthful excitement and dripping with rain.

One bright summer morning Mehetabel placed the customary papers in the hand of her joyous mistress as she sat surrounded by her fashionable friends in the hall of the Nahant Hotel. Glancing at the first paper that presented itself she hastily arose, and excusing herself to her friends, retired to her rooms. There she had a quiet opportunity to read the paragraph that had arrested her attention in the *Halifax Morning Sun*. As near as I can recollect, it was something like this:

"MARLBOROUGH LIGHT.—This ancient structure, which our readers will remember is situated about fifteen miles northeast of Portugal Cove, at last gives visible signs of decay. It was the first light-house erected on the coast of Newfoundland, having been built more than a century ago, during the reign of Queen Anne. A fissure, which has been gradually extending upward from the base of the tower, renders the whole structure insecure, and the magnificent dioptric apparatus, which has recently replaced the old one, will have to be removed for safety. Meantime a temporary beacon has been prepared. This is not only the oldest light-house on our coast, but, we may add, one of the most important, if not the most important. In conjunction with the revolving light at Northcate Head, it affords a sure guide to the storm-tossed mariner upon the most perilous part of his voyage, as it is directly in the track of all European vessels, homeward or outward bound. We hope preparation will be promptly made for its restoration."

"Mehetabel," said Aunt Eliza, as she folded up the paper and laid it carefully away, "we return to New Bedford to-morrow morning."

What I now have to relate would scarcely be believed if there were not a witness in support of it whose testimony can not be controverted. The "Davis Light-house" that stood on Marlborough Reef—a singular specimen of architectural beauty—is that witness. So perfect was the skill of the engineer who reared it that, to use the language of one of its admirers, "it bids fair to be little less lasting than the rocks upon which it stands." In a word, my aunt Eliza made a proffer of her whole fortune to the British Government if it would permit her to rebuild the light-house on Marlborough Reef.

It would be vain for me to attempt to give you any idea of the voluminous correspondence that followed this extraordinary offer. My aunt equipped herself with a couple of secretaries, who wrote night and day. The house in Walrus Place, which had of late years buzzed and glittered with gay crowds of fashion, had become changed to a scientific school of mathematics. Maps, maps, maps every where; coast surveys, harbors, inlets, soundings, and fathoms of salt sea-water engrossed all the conversation. Accomplished engineers, in and out of uniform, were welcomed in the most hospitable manner. Diagrams of light-house machinery, catoptrics, dioptrics, refracted and reflected lights, prisms, lenses, the true cylindric belt, and numerous sections of hollow brick wall, and side elevations of light-houses, formed the all-absorbing topics of interest. The British and colonial

governments, the United States Minister at the Court of St. James, the State Department at Washington, the Brethren of Trinity House, the Light-house Board, veteran American and British engineers—all were involved in this mighty web that my aunt Eliza was spinning.

Was it a benevolent motive that induced her thus to devote her life and lavish her money upon this wild visionary project? Or was her conduct the indication of the persistent tenacity of purpose which reveals the unreasoning self-will of a monomaniac? At all events, the British Government agreed to accept the munificent endowment, and the structure, inch by inch, arose above the surrounding waves like a "Sea Cybele."

Years elapsed before the completion of this Pharos on the wild Newfoundland coast. My aunt's fortune had shrunk to a mere independence. She had given up all her fashionable friends; she even changed her dress, wearing a short gray sack, and a skirt of the same material and color; and her beautiful hair—the crowning glory of her youthful days—that, too, was sacrificed. Mehetabel, like Fate, stood behind her mistress with her accursed shears, and her honest tears and the golden tresses rolled down together upon the floor. I must say that my aunt's fine features were now sensibly altered; her face was pinched and narrow; the skin had become thin and transparent. There were hollow circles around her eyes, and they too—those beautiful eyes—were growing larger and more painfully bright and penetrating.

The light-house, crowned with its glittering crystal lantern, and equipped with its exquisite machinery, was at last completed. The British Government, in honor of its munificent founder, named it the "Davis Light-house," the name it still bears. The chief of the British Commissioners of the Admiralty wrote her a letter couched in most complimentary terms, and ending with the request that she would honor the Board of Commissioners by appointing the light-house keepers and their assistants, if such should be her pleasure. This formal and customary request, always made to those who are entitled to some mark of gratitude from the state, was responded to by my aunt naming *herself* as head keeper, Mehetabel Salters as second keeper; and for the rest of her sea-water staff she nominated six of the most hard-headed, grizzly old New Bedford whalers that ever sailed for her father in the Polar seas.

"I do not venture to take upon myself," she said, in her letter to the Lord High Commissioner, "the unusual honor of such an appointment as the one you have placed in my hands without being in a manner prepared for it. For years I have devoted my attention to this subject, not only theoretically, but also from constant observation, during frequent visits, of the method of managing those upon our own sea-coast, until now all the complicated machinery of a light-house is as familiar to me as the spools and thimbles of a lady's work-basket."

Such an appointment, however unexpected, could not be refused. In the course of a few months a British frigate, with streamers and flags flying, dropped anchor in Buzzard's Bay, off New Bedford, and saluted the sleepy town with its ship artillery. The bay was soon alive with boats; the stout man-of-war's-men, in their blue jackets, were pulling away over its placid surface; the house in Walrus Place was enlivened with British navy officers; the beaux and belles of the city were invited to parties on shipboard and on shore; until, after a round of festivities, a parting salute from the frigate sounded one very early morning in the ears of the sleeping inhabitants, and the blushing dawn lighted up the sails of the departing vessel, with my aunt and Mehetabel, and six tough old New Bedford whalers on board, bound for the city of St. John's, Newfoundland, thence to be transported to their solitary island home on Marlborough Reef.

Whoever has visited the Tower of London will doubtless recollect among the royal regalia the diamond crown of Queen Anne Bullen? Other crowns, composed of intersecting bands of gold, surmounted with the cross, lined with crimson velvet, and studded with precious stones of every hue, may call forth our admiration and awaken our curiosity, for those jewels are the many-colored spoils of empires. But the crown of Anne Bullen, composed simply of pure brilliants, set so closely together that you can not even discover the setting, without band or lining of cloth—just as it were a diamond cup that you might hold in the hollow of your hand—is the most exquisite of all the regal diadems.

Whoever has visited the summit of any light-house built within this century will at once understand the allusion to the crown of the most unfortunate of British queens. The lantern, with its close-set polygonal or cylindric belt of crystal lenses set in an almost invisible frame and glittering with prismatic lights, is indeed but an Anne Bullen crown magnified and placed on the summit of a sea-gazing tower. These lenses of cut glass, polished to the utmost perfection of the optician's skill, and arrayed with mathematical precision, are dangerous, however, to the safety of the light-house, if it be not properly protected against them in the daytime. For on whatever side of the crystal dome a sunbeam should enter it would pass through a lens whose exact focus would be the centre of the lantern, in which place is fixed the huge lamp with its supply tank of oil. Thus every lens of the polygonal belt would become an immense burning-glass, and the concentrated heat would set the whole in an instantaneous blaze; and so long as the sun remained above the horizon or the tower retained a lens the inextinguishable blaze would continue.

In order to guard against this terrible mischance the lighting apparatus of the sea-tower is always carefully protected from dawn to sun-

down with a white linen cover, through which no ray of sunlight can enter. There are, however, look-out windows on every side of the tower, from which vessels at sea can be seen at an immense distance. From the base of the tower nearly three miles of reef were visible at low-water, and numerous seals and other sea-monsters used to come out of the water and slip and slide their slimy bodies about in ungainly sport upon the rocks at the low tides. Huge piles of sea-weed, drift-wood, the thousand waifs of ocean—fragments of wrecked vessels, the bodies of sea-birds that had dashed themselves to death against the shining lantern at night, fogs, icebergs, sunshine, and storms would come and go from time to time. But other visitors they had none, except the store-boats with their customary supplies of food and fresh water, or the light boats of the fishermen that brought the newspapers. For their light craft can live in a sea in which a frigate would have to shorten all sail. There is always a huge dwelling and store-house attached to every light-house. The one on Marlborough Reef, on account of the rocks being so low in the water, was subject to be overwhelmed by the waves in stormy weather. So the house was built with dead-lights, like a ship's, instead of windows, that could be closed in when the waves began to climb over the roof and investigate the capacious flue of the tall chimney.

My aunt Eliza had lived this life now for eight or ten years. She was dead to all the rest of the world, but for herself she had one living companion of whose society she never tired. That companion was the sea! In its sunnier moments she would sit upon the rocks for hours, watching the madcap waves hurrying to the shore, until the shining bubbles, coming and ever coming, and gathering and accumulating in the fissures of the reef, would seem like myriads of faces of little children pressing on toward her with happy laughing eyes, as if to while away the sadness of her solitary life. Sometimes, to her, when not a crest ruffed the surface, the strange element seemed to pass its day in long-drawn sighs of secret sorrow, as if from the depths of a mysterious inquietude; and then, gathering its robes of mist and fog about it, would lie beneath them invisible to mortal eyes, but breathing and heaving like a gigantic despair that would shroud itself from every attempt of consolation. Then at night, when the winds piped loud, and the sea broke forth from its cavernous lairs, and the tempestuous waves would thunder against the tower, making it rock and shudder from base to summit, up she would climb into her crystal eyrie, looking down with wild eyes upon the waste of waters below, as if commingling in spirit with the elements that were raging around her. And oftentimes, when the moon was at the full, and the sea with great power and glory was moving in multitudinous waves beneath her silvery light, then it was that her faithful servitor would never let her visit the light-house summit alone. For at such times there was a fearful fire in the

eyes of her mistress, and such a suppressed intensity of excitement in her frail frame that every nerve seemed quivering with emotion. Then to permit her to be alone on that great height, with the sea and rocks at her feet, and the iron gallery that surrounded the lantern easily reached by a narrow stairway through a side-door in the tower? What might she not be tempted to do? The very thought quickened the steps of the faithful Mehetabel, and up that endless iron staircase, breathless as she was, would her weary old legs carry her till she stood side by side with her charge, her wayward foster-child. On such nights no sleep would visit the eyes of either of the watchful pair.

My aunt, even when a child, had a rare faculty of learning. I do not mean a faculty of committing to memory whatever words she studied, but a quick comprehension of the subjects themselves as they passed under her observation. Thus, although she had never studied the mathematics at school, how quickly she mastered the leading principles both of algebra and geometry when she applied herself to them, as she did while she was preparing for the construction of the light-house! Now, while, so to speak, she was at sea, those rare faculties of learning awakened in her with tenfold power: every change in the atmosphere, the wonderful system of tides, the phenomena of storms, the duration of them, and the indications of their approach, became as familiar to her as to any of the old hard-headed whalers she had brought in her suit. Besides, she had studied the build and rig of ships and other vessels, so that at the greatest distance she was able to tell what port an approaching craft was from. A powerful ship's glass was always within her reach, and she had become an expert in the use of it.

Particularly was she familiar with the appearance of every steamer that crossed the Atlantic. There were but few of them in those days, and the trips were often months apart. She knew every one of them; but there was a new steamship being built at Brest for an enterprising French company which she had never seen. It was called the *Duc de Montpensier*, and was expected to be completed early in the autumn, so as to make its experimental trip across the Atlantic some time in December. Among the fashionable people who were announced to take passage in her the names of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Lubin appeared in the papers. As this vessel was to be, as it were, a rival of the British steamers, every thing connected with her had a flavor of fashionable nationality; hence a first passage in her was looked upon in the light of a high privilege, and granted only to a favored few.

As December drew near my aunt became unusually excitable—wrought up by some hidden impulse. And she had bad dreams at night. Wrecks, wrecks seemed to disturb her sleep. Whenever she saw a distant object floating out at sea her glass was in hand in a

moment, and she usually laid it down with the expression, "I thought I saw it move, as it might be living." Once, indeed, she made her men get out the life-boats, but it proved to be a false alarm. December had now come, and my aunt was rarely away from her post on the summit of the tower at night, or gazing through the seaward windows by day. Her eyes had a strange flame in them, a sort of red, feverish look; her hair had again grown long and elfish. None of her friends would have recognized in that rigid, wiry form, that weather-beaten face, those hard, bony fingers, the effigies of one who had been, a few years before, so graceful, so beautiful, so lovable. December passed on, and a faint wreath of smoke at the dawn of day against the rising sun told of the approach of a steamer. My aunt sat in the tower, silent, rigid, awful to behold! When the topmost spars of the vessel were uplifted above the horizon line she laid down the glass.

"It is a British steamer," she said, quietly, and then descended from the tower.

A few days after the sky was changeable, with flurries of wind and rain. Sometimes the sun would shine out, gladdening the boisterous face of the deep, lighting up the curling clouds that were moving above in his pathway, and then would hide under a darkening sky; a gusty, cold wind would arise and buffet the tower with sudden ponderous blows, and then pass on, and the sun would shine again. The sea-gulls, ever on the wing around the reef, were now flying low—a sure sign of "dirty weather," as the sailors call it; the reef itself, as if conscious of approaching evil, began to utter ominous noises—now moaning in dull monotonous resonance, now hissing with overwhelming surges, and anon yielding up the retreating sea-waves, with elfish, whispering sounds, from among the weeds and crevices of the rocks, more intolerable to the ear than the boom and clangor of the onset.

"I guess," said one of the old salts from New Bedford to his companion, who was splitting drift-wood—"I guess, Billy, we're goin' to hev a squally artemoon. There's consid'rubble ice a-makin' deown yonder inside the pint, and it's airy. Do yeou remember the night when you and me and little Lem Pendergrass was a-reefin' the foresail of the brig *Betsy*, off old Cape Horn, and the foot-rope parted, and little Lemmy, who was eout to the end of the yard-arm, went under? He didn't have far to go, Bill, did he? Them old Cape Horn waves kept a-climbin' up to the yard-arm we was on mighty uncomfortable. That boy never should 'a gone to sea; his hands was too small to fasten onto a yard-arm like you and me. That night, if you hain't forgot, come on with putty nigh such an artemoon as this'n. It's goin' to blow great guns afore long."

The other old trilobite, winking with both eyes as he asked the question, said, "Where's Miss 'Liza'?"

"Oh, up thair," replied the other, pointing

to the summit of the tower. "She's got old Sam Davis's ways to a dot, she has. She's a-watchin' the offen' to see what craft 'll heave in sight."

In one of the narrow windows of the tower that overlooked the eastern sea one solitary eye—perhaps the only one in America—had descried a faint cloud on the horizon, that, mingling with other clouds, indicated what seemed to be the approach of another steamer. Nor was this a matter of doubt long; for as the sun declined behind the western continent his parting beams, breaking through the stormy clouds, lighted up a yellow streak in the northeastern sky, and there, as plainly relieved as if painted on a flat back-ground of gold, appeared a swart volume of receding smoke, and the airy spars of an approaching steamer.

"It is the Frenchman," said Eliza, quietly shutting up the glass. "Mehetabel, go below and prepare tea. A wild night it will be this night," she said to herself, "and such a storm on the coast as has not been known for many years. It is just the night I have dreamed of for—let me see how long?" Then, with a wild laugh, "How long? I am losing my memory—how many years is it since—since he—her father—was taken with that dreadful sickness in the night? Oh," she continued, feeling in her side-pocket, as if some tiny animal was concealed there, "here you are, safe and sound; come forth—do not be afraid now—time makes all things even." And she pulled from her pocket a roll of faded fabric. Then, gazing at it, she added, in accents of the deepest scorn, "Come forth once more, and for the last time, thou detestable—" And she unrolled with trembling fingers what had once been a green veil.

Meantime below, around the massive porch of the residence house, were gathered as many as could stand in the fierce wind of that approaching storm. The few Nova Scotians and Newfoundlanders that had with amphibious instinct found a home upon a reef; the old whalers of New Bedford, whose very joints seemed to be payed and pitched with oakum and tar—all were gazing at the new steamer that had appeared upon the horizon so unexpectedly. Their eyes were full of surmise and conjecture.

"That's a crooked streak, Billy, out of her smoke-stack," said the old whaler to his friend of the drift-wood. "It's a-blowin' like thunder off there where she is, and I don't like to see that wavy line; her smoke don't seem to run off free and nateral like; and—hallo! the smoke's a-blowin' now right toward us studdy. She's stopped her wheels, that's certain; she's out of gear. If 'twa'nt so far off we'd hear a gun maybe. Hand me a glass, somebody. I thought so; she's run her flag up to half-mast and stopped her headway. There, I saw the smoke of a gun!"

"I think," said the veteran of the drift-wood, winking both eyes, as he always did when he spoke, "it's her rudder!"

Meanwhile Aunt Eliza, having taken her solitary

cup of tea in the residence house, made her way to the tower, after giving directions to Mehetabel to carefully look about and see that all was safe and secure in the lower part of the edifice. A heavy oak door, always closed in cold weather, afforded an entrance from the house to the interior of the tower. My aunt entered the tower holding a lighted lamp in her hand, shut the huge door behind her, and locked it with its ponderous key, thus closing all approach to the interior of the tower from without. Then she began to climb the iron steps in the darkness, only lighted by the lamp she bore in her hand. No easy task, let me tell you, to surmount that dizzy spiral, even in calm weather, when not a breeze rippled the surface of the ocean.

But at such a time as this even to stand at the foot of the staircase might have appalled many a stout heart. The tower was rocking from its summit to foundation. My aunt clung to the iron railing of the stairs as she ascended, for the wild winds with shuddering fury grappled with the tall shaft as if they would tear it up by the roots. As little by little she made her way upward she could hear the monstrous sea-waves rolling up and dashing in thunder against the outside of the tower high above her head, and then, with baffled fury, receding again. But to hear the voices of the storm! Now wailing with such anguished cries, as if myriads of the damned were uniting in one last utterance of hopeless agony; then growing louder, and louder, with yells and elfish shrieks, and again sobbing and subsiding, seemingly hushed in mutterings, as if the multitudes were in consultation—leaders are striving to stifle the tumult. Do you not hear the whispering? Whisper, whisper, whisper, none above a breath; none, for your lives, above a breath! Millions of whispers—the air is alive with whispers—the tower is surrounded with them; they are whispering without the tower, they are whispering within the tower; in the crevices of the walls are whispers; in the convolutions of the flight of iron steps are whispers; above, above the lamp in her hand, far up, up at the stair-head, are whispers; and down, down, deep below, at the stair-foot door, they are whispering, whispering, now in moans and sobs, now rising into louder tumult, as if the shout, the wild cry, the repressed yell of agony could no longer be smothered. And now, O God! it is coming; the conspiracy has reached its height! the rebellion is breaking loose! the tower—ah, the tower! that must be beaten down, beaten down, beaten to atoms! Hark at the assenting roar of the frantic elements gathering in their strength! Deep calling unto deep; winds uniting with whirlwinds for the onset! And now, with thunderous blows, they have struck the stanch tower, and made it quiver from crown to foundation, like a spear-staff that is driven into the ground. What hideous yells, what cries those are without as it firmly holds its own upon those rocks amidst the

deafening clangor! For it is a citadel of strength, only one does not like to think of that solitary woman, lamp in hand, climbing and still climbing those iron steps, we fear, alas! for no good purpose.

The sun had sunk below the horizon, but it was still light enough to see objects when that fearful sentinel reached the glass summit.

The linen shroud, which was always spread during the daytime over the delicate machinery to protect it from the power of the sun and the lenses, was now loop by loop removed. The great lamp was lighted, and its feeble yellow rays illuminated objects within, but not yet without, the crystal dome. This lamp, as I have said, was placed exactly in the centre of the glass chamber, so as to be in the focus of every lens in the cylindric belt. It was the kind known as the *Fresnel-lamp*—an Argand—with its series of concentric burners tipped with silver, the supply of oil being pumped up from a tank below by clock-work machinery. Although the night was bitter cold, so great was the heat generated by the *Fresnel-lamp* that the apartment was as warm in a few minutes as if heated by a stove. Indeed, if the oil were not pumped up and suffered to overflow in great quantities, so as to keep the lamp partially cool, the excess of heat generated would render the whole apparatus useless.

The wild storm howled and raged around the tower with increased fury; but while ice from wave and spray was forming rapidly against its sides below, there was no rain nor sleet above, and the glasses shone as clear as in fair weather.

Night now darkening over the stormy deep, nothing was as yet visible within the illuminated cones of light that shot forth on every side from the lenses of the tower. In vain that solitary watcher strained her eyes seaward; the mist or fog so obscured the gloomy expanse that nothing rewarded her sight. Thus hour after hour passed, the storm continuing, when suddenly, distinctly, she heard the sound of a gun, and within one of the cones of light, not ten miles from the reef, the apparition of a disabled vessel upon the summit of an enormous wave appeared, driving helplessly toward the rocks of Marlborough. Then she laid down her glass, took up the green veil, and waving it, as in mockery of welcome, amidst the horrible tumult of the tempest she chanted:

"Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. He asked water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish. She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

Then, with another wild laugh, she looked through the joints of the lens into the cone of light, and saw the vessel again, much nearer, firing guns, throwing up rockets, burning blue-lights. As in derision, she again waved it a

welcome with the veil in her hand. There was a clamor now at the foot of the staircase of voices and ponderous blows; they were breaking in the door with sledge-hammers; she heard the hoarse roar of voices calling to her from below. They had broken in the door—a clamor was on the staircase; she gave one more look at the vessel, and then, with remorseless fingers, she turned down the light, and Darkness was upon the face of the waters!

The hardy Newfoundlander who first found a way up the tenebrous staircase was saluted by a sharp blast of air from an open doorway that led through the side of the tower to the gallery around the light. Struggling against this, he found his way into the mysterious precincts of the glass dome. It was totally dark. After the cold passage up the stairs the apartment felt warm and comfortable, although in the midst of the horrible tumult of the tempest. But no living voice responded to his own; no living soul besides himself moved in that darkened chamber.

That Aunt Eliza had flung herself from the iron gallery into the sea no one could doubt. The height of the tower was prodigious; the wind in the strength of its might, and the light garments, had carried her through the air far beyond the rocks of the reef. No trace of her was ever discovered. That she was a monomaniac every body believed, and does believe to this day.

The steamer, the *Duc de Montpensier*, was ground to pieces upon the reef. The lamp in the dome was re-lighted as soon as possible, but without avail. Every one on board perished. Among the horribly mangled corpses that strewed the rocks of the reef Mehetabel looked, but looked in vain, for one familiar face.

Not one of all those who were present when this awful event occurred are now in the land of the living. The solitary surviving witness being the light-house on Marlborough Reef.

A SCHOOL-GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

GEOGRAPHY? Yes, there's a lesson each day,
But it's awfully hard to remember.
We've been in South Africa nearly a month;
Perhaps we'll go north by November.

What History have we? It's quite a big book,
Without any pictures—the bother!
To-day I was told I'd sustained a defeat
In the battle of—something or other!

Arithmetic? Oh, it's the bane of my life!
No matter how hard I may study,
My knowledge of dividends, fractions, and rules
Continues unchangeably muddy.

Proficient in spelling? I hope that I am,
Though I shine less as writer than talker;
And don't mind confessing how often I use
A pocket-edition of Walker.

I write compositions? Of course, once a week—
We've such a dull subject to-morrow!
I manage to spin out a page and a half,
Though lots of girls copy and borrow.

You ask me which lesson of all I prefer?
You'll think my reply quite alarming;
In French we've a *gentleman* teacher, you know,
And somehow it's perfectly charming!

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A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

With Illustrations.



ADRIENNE.

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING the sad domestic interregnum, when she had the law entirely in her own hands, Bridget Halloran, with her usual acuteness, stimulated by her passionate fidelity, did not fail to discover the whole length and breadth of the "botheration" which, she firmly believed, had been the cause of the all but fatal termination of her dear mistress's illness. And the root of it was that root of all bitterness in Wren's Nest—Mr. Summerhayes.

Mrs. Scanlan disapproved of him in a passive, though reticent and unobnoxious way, but Bridget cordially hated Mr. Summerhayes. Perhaps he had betrayed himself more carelessly to the servant than he did before the lady, unto whom he was always exceedingly courteous; perhaps, human nature being weak, Bridget had taken umbrage at things the children set out concerning his ridicule of her ugliness and her rough odd ways; or, more likely, he had rivaled her a while in the affections of that little flock, who were the idols of her

fond and jealous heart. At any rate, there was secretly war to the knife between the servant and her master's friend, whom Bridget believed, and not without reason, to be any thing but the friend of her mistress and the family. Possibly, though she never said it, the mistress thought the same.

It may be urged that a true and loving wife has no cause to dread any other influence—certainly not any male influence—over her husband: none can possibly be so strong as her own. But this must depend greatly upon what sort of man the husband may be. If he is a mere weather-cock, blown about by every wind, she has much reason to be careful from which quarter the wind blows. The influence which Summerhayes gained over Mr. Scanlan was exactly that which a strong bad man can always exercise over an amiable weak one—taking him on his weakest side, and leading him by means of his tastes, his follies, or his prejudices. This was apparent even to the inexperienced eyes of Bridget Halloran. She—good, ignorant woman!—had never seen that

wonderful engraving of Satan playing with the young man for his soul, or she would have likened her master to one of the players, and his friend to the other; while in the sorrowful angel who stands behind, striving to the last for the possession of that poor fool who is perhaps hardly worth striving for, she would at once have seen another likeness, another good angel, such a one as few men have, or similar struggles might not end as they so often do—in blank defeat.

The contest must have been sore on the day before Mrs. Scanlan was taken ill. It seemed Mr. Summerhayes had "got into difficulties"—to use the mild term in which society puts such things; in fact, he was flying from his creditors, who had at last risen up indignant against the fascinating gentleman who for years had played a deep game of deception with them all. There are some people who, more than even being wronged, abhor being made a fool of, and two or three of these pursued relentlessly the man of fashion who, after cheating them in every possible way, had tried to free himself from them by calling his art a trade, and by some legal chicanery making himself a bankrupt instead of an insolvent. He had been some days in hiding, and then, driven to the last extremity, implored to be hidden at Wren's Nest.

This Mrs. Scanlan steadfastly withstood. Perhaps she might have sheltered a noble traitor, but a "thief"—as she very plainly put it—had no interest in her eyes. She was deaf to all her husband's arguments, entreaties, threats; she declared positively the swindler should not enter her doors; but the resistance nearly cost her her life.

These facts Bridget ingeniously discovered, and the consequence was that one day, when, taking advantage of the forlorn state of the garrison, Mr. Summerhayes appeared, he had the door shut in his face, and was summarily taken possession of by the enemy—a wolf in sheep's clothing who had tracked him safely to Ditchley. The law caught hold of him, and consigned him to the jail which, in Bridget's opinion, he richly deserved. Possibly, had he been an Irishman and her friend, she might have thought differently, and have resisted rather than abetted "the powers that be"—for poor Bridget's heart always had clearer vision than her head; but being what he was, and she what she was, he found with her no mercy, only stern justice. Bridget triumphed over her victim like Jael over Sisera, with a righteous triumph, which she did not fail to betray to the only one to whom she could betray it—poor little Miss Adrienne, who listened and wept! For the child was growing up into a maiden of fourteen, and the only hero in her life had been this young man, so clever, so handsome, viewed with reverence as well as admiration, being so many years older than herself. Hapless Adrienne! already she could not bear to have a word said to the disparagement of Mr. Summerhayes.

Bridget shut the door upon him; and her master, when he found it out, was furious. Even her mistress thought the thing might have been done more gently, and was rather glad when, by some loophole of justice, the artist crept out of his durance vile and escaped abroad, where by nothing worse than letters could he attack her husband. And when, gradually, on her complaining a little of them, and their constant hints for assistance, the letters ceased, her spirits revived. She thought if this baleful influence were once removed from Edward Scanlan's life her own life might become brighter. For she loved brightness, this sorely-tried woman. She never lingered a moment longer than she could help under the fringe of the cloud.

One small shadow, however, that cloud left behind for long. Mr. Scanlan's dislike to Bridget increased every day. Her ugliness and roughness had always been an annoyance to him; but the worst thing was that she, with her sharp eyes, had long ago seen through "the master," and no man likes to be seen through, especially by his servants.

Besides, Bridget's passionate devotion to "the mistress" caused her to make perpetual and not always silent protest against things which Mrs. Scanlan herself bore with perfect equanimity, for long habit scarcely even notices them—small daily sacrifices; which an unselfish nature is perpetually offering to a selfish one, and a woman to a man—whether for his good is not always clear. And Bridget, being an inveterate man-hater, resented this.

Unquestionably, Bridget could not have been always a pleasant person to have in the house. She was a special bugbear to Edward Scanlan, with whom her warm Irish heart counted as nothing against her sharp Irish tongue, edged with shrewd mother-wit, and weighted by the sterling honesty which detects at once any thing like a sham. He not merely disliked her, he actually dreaded her, and tried every means, not open, but underhand, to get rid of her. They all failed, however. When she left Ireland Bridget had declared she would live and die with her dear mistress, and she kept her word. She stuck like a bur to the struggling household at Wren's Nest, blind to all hints deaf to all scoldings—totally indifferent on the subject of wages, or of "bettering herself," as her master sometimes urged. She would not go; and both she and her mistress knew perfectly well that she could not go. For what new servant would have been content with Bridget's wages—have lived upon Bridget's scanty fare—have put up with every sort of inconvenience, and still gone working on "like a horse," as Bridget did? Above all, who would have loved them—one and all—as Bridget loved them?

And in this story, where I am conscious of shooting many a sharp arrow against the Irish nation—casting dust—ah, well!—on the graves of my children's forefathers—let me confess

with tears over another grave, where I myself lately laid Bridget Halloran's dear old head, that I believe she is not an untrue type of many Irishwomen—women carrying under their light, lively manners hearts as true as steel, and as pure and fresh as their own green meadows and blue skies—cheerful themselves and cheering others to the last limit of a blessed old age. I have known such; and I wish—oh! my sincere, formal, dear, gentle Englishwomen; my brave, true, narrow-minded, large-hearted Scotchwomen—I wish I knew a few more!

The whole course of Bridget's relations with the family of which she considered herself a member were a queer mixture of tragedy and comedy, which climaxed to a point when there appeared unexpectedly a quite legitimate mode of getting rid of her. The Rectory gardener—an elderly widower, with a large family—who had long noted Bridget's good qualities, balanced them against her defects; and having very deaf ears and no eye for beauty, considered that she would make him a capital wife. Accordingly he asked her formally in marriage, and of Mr. Scanlan, who, with great amazement and ill-concealed satisfaction, forwarded the old fellow's suit by every means in his power.

But Bridget refused to smile upon her ancient lover—not that his antiquity was against him: she said, "Old men were much better than young ones; she'd rather marry the rector than any curate in the neighborhood, if she was a lady. But," she added, severely, "not a man in the world was to be depended on; she'd seen too much of matrimony to wish to try it herself." Which remark, being repeated to him unconsciously by one of his "little pitchers," who have always such proverbially "long ears," did not greatly gratify Mr. Scanlan.

I fear he may be considered, after all, an ill-used man, playing a rather subordinate part in his own household. But people get what they can; and there is one thing which no sham reverence will impart to its object—dignity. It is no easy thing to set up as the household deity an idol, not of gold but clay, from whom the gilding is perpetually rubbing off, and the baser material appearing in the eyes even of children and servants; so that nothing but the assertion of an absolute falsehood can maintain the head of the family as a "head" at all. Oh how thankful ought those families to be who really have a head to worship—with the leal devotion which is his rightful due—who, as husband, father, and master, righteously fulfills his duties, and is in truth God's vicegerent upon earth unto those who with all their hearts love, honor, and obey him! Knowing what such loyalty is, it is with tears rather than wrath or ridicule that I draw this inevitable picture of Edward Scanlan.

He was a very unfortunate man, and thought himself so, though for other causes than the true ones. He counted as nothing his bright, clever, handsome wife, his healthy children, his

settled income, but was always wearying for some blessing he had not got—to be a popular preacher, a great author, a man of wealth and fashion. He envied his rich neighbors every luxury they had, and would have aped their splendor constantly with his own pinchbeck imitations of the same had not his wife withstood him steadily. She tried all possible arguments to make him live simply, modestly; resting upon his sure dignity as a minister of God, who has no need to pay court to any man; whose mere presence is an honor, and who may receive the best society without deviating in the least from his own natural household ways.

For instance, that small snobbishness of a poor man asking rich men to dinner, and giving them dinners like their own, seemed contemptible to the "blue blood" of Josephine Scanlan. When Lady Emma Lascelles came to the Rectory, and walked over, as she always did, to the children's tea at Wren's Nest, Mrs. Scanlan gave her a cordial welcome, the best she had of food and drink, and nothing more. But Mr. Scanlan would have feasted her on silver and gold, and let the family fast for a week to come.

Small differences such as these—springing from the fact that the husband has one standard of right and the wife another, and that they look at things from totally opposite points of view—caused the wheels of life to move not always smoothly in the Scanlan household. How can two walk together unless they be agreed? especially when they have children, and every year the young eyes grow sharper, and the little minds wider and clearer. Alas! often, when the wife's agony has grown dulled by time, the mother's but begins. Many a day, had she been alone, Mrs. Scanlan, in very weariness of warfare, would have laid down her arms, indifferent not merely to prudence and imprudence, but almost to right and wrong. Now she dared not do it, for the sake of her children. To bring them up honestly, simply, in the fear of God and total fearlessness of man, was her one aim and one desire; and to do this she again and again buckled on her armor for this pitiable domestic skirmishing, this guerrilla warfare; having to fight inch by inch of her way, not in an open country, but behind bushes and rocks. For, as I before said, Edward Scanlan was at heart a coward, and his wife was not. In most contests between them he ended by precipitately quitting the ground; leaving his melancholy victress to gaze, more humiliated than victorious, round upon her desolate battle-field.

She did this the day after Bridget had given the final *congé* to her lover, and declared her determination not to be "druv out o' the house," but remain a fixture there as long as she lived; which Mrs. Scanlan honestly said she thought was the best thing possible for the family. So Mr. Scanlan had to yield; but the domestic atmosphere was not sunny for a week or more; the mistress had a sad worn face, and the master allowed himself to be irritable over

trifles in a way patent even to chance visitors—to the rector, for instance.

"I'll tell you what, Scanlan," said he, one afternoon, when he had spent an hour or two, after his wont, with the family; "you are a good fellow, and a very amusing fellow, but you ought to have been a bachelor."

"I wish I had. It would have saved me a world of trouble," replied the curate, laughing. But he seemed a little vexed for all that. He liked always to appear the amiable paterfamilias. It looked so very much better in a clergyman. And many a time, when visitors were by, he would put his arm round his girls' waists and pat his boys on the shoulder—caresses which these young people received at first with awe and pleasure, then with hesitation, at last with a curious sort of smile. Little folks are so sharp! sharper than big folks have any idea of.

I will not say these children did not love their father, for he was good-natured to them; and they clung to him with the instinct of life-long habit; but they did not respect him, they did not rely upon him. "Oh, papa says so," which meant that secondary evidence was necessary; or, "Papa intends it," which implied that the thing would never be done—grew to be familiar phrases in the household. The mother had simply to shut her ears to them; for to explain them, to argue against them, above all, to reprove them, was impossible.

And thus time went on, and it was years since the day she had heard Mr. Oldham's intentions with regard to her; which at first seemed to make such a momentous difference in her life, but at last sunk into a mere visionary fancy, scarcely believed in at all.

Besides, sad to say, but not wonderful, the secret which she thought would have been a permanent bond of union between herself and her good old friend turned out quite the contrary; rather a bar of separation between them. Her sensitive pride took alarm lest, silent as she was by his command, any filial attentions she might show to him might be misinterpreted; supposed by him to be meant to remind him of his promise. For the same reason all her difficulties and anxieties, yearly accumulating, she hid from him with the utmost care; complainings might have been construed into an entreaty for help, or for some change in the difficult and anomalous position in which he had placed her and allowed her to remain.

It was indeed most difficult; especially with regard to the children, of whom, as he grew feebler, Mr. Oldham's notice gradually lessened. They obviously wearied him, as the young do weary the old. And their mother could not bear to intrude them upon him; would scarcely ever send them to the Rectory, where they used to be such constant guests, lest, as he once said, they might "remind him of his death," and of their own future heirship; also, lest their somewhat provincial manners and shabby dress should be a tacit reproach to him for his half-and-half kindness toward them.

For their mother acutely felt that a hundred pounds spent upon them now would be worth more than a thousand ten years hence, if Mr. Oldham lived so long. She would sit calculating how late César might go to college, with any hope of succeeding there; and whether Adrienne and the younger ones could acquire enough accomplishments to make them fit for their probable position. And then she caught herself reckoning—horrible idea!—how long the term of mortal life usually extends, and how long it was likely to extend in Mr. Oldham's case, until she started up, loathing her own imagination, feeling as guilty as if she were compassing the old man's death, and wondering whether the promised fortune was a blessing or an actual curse; for it seemed both alternately.

Sometimes the hope of the future was the only thing that made her present life endurable; again, it haunted her like an evil spirit, until she felt her very nature slowly corrupting under its influence. She was conscious of having at once a bitter scorn for money, and yet an exaggerated appreciation of its value, and an unutterable craving to possess it. Then oftentimes she felt herself such an arrant hypocrite. Luckily, her husband never talked of the future—it was not his way; he took things easily, would have eaten calmly his last loaf, and then been quite surprised that the cupboard was empty. But Bridget often let out her own humble fears about "them poor dear children," and the way they were growing up; and one or two of her neighbors came and advised with her on the subject—wondering what she meant to do with César, and whether, presently, he would not be able to leave the grammar-school and get a small clerkship, or be apprenticed to some respectable—very respectable—trade. To all of which remarks and not unkindly anxieties she had but one answer, given with a desperate bluntness which made people comment rather harshly upon how very peculiar Mrs. Scanlan was growing, that "she did not know."

It was the truth; she really did not know. Mr. Oldham's total silence on the subject often made her fancy she must have mistaken him in some strange way, or that he had changed his mind altogether concerning her. The more so, as there gradually grew up a slight coolness between him and her husband. Whether it was that the rector had offended the huge self-esteem of his curate—and of all enmity, the bitterest is that of a vain man whose vanity has been wounded; or else the curate had been seen through—clearer than ever—by the astute and acute old rector; but certainly they never got on well when they did meet, and they gradually met as seldom as possible. Mr. Oldham generally called at Wren's Nest when Mr. Scanlan was absent; and Mr. Scanlan always found an excuse ready for sending his wife alone when invitations came from the Rectory.

Yet still he every now and then harped upon his stock grievance—the great injustice with

which he was treated in being so underpaid, and compelled, for the sake of wife and family, to hide his light under a bushel at Ditchley, when he might be acquiring fame and fortune in London. And still he at times suggested going there, or threatening to go, that, to detain him, Mr. Oldham might still further increase his salary. To all of which notions and projects his wife opposed a firm, resolute negative—that of silence. She let him talk as much as he liked—and he dearly enjoyed talking—but she herself spoke no more.

At length a thing happened which broke this spell of sullen dumbness—broke it perhaps for her good, for she felt herself slowly freezing up into a hard and bitter woman. Still, the way the blow fell was sharp and unexpected.

Her husband came home one night, irritable exceedingly. Now many a wife knows well enough what that means, and her heart yearns over the much-tried man, who has been knocked about in the world all day and comes to her for rest, and shame if he can not find it! even though he may task her patience and forbearance a little sometimes. But irritability was not Edward's failing; he rather failed in the opposite direction—in that imperturbable indifference to all cares and all troubles which did not personally annoy himself, which often passes muster as "the best temper in the world;" though, undoubtedly, he was by nature of a better temper than his wife, in whom circumstances were gradually increasing certain acerbities, not uncommon in strong and high-spirited women, but yet far from beautiful. And Mr. Scanlan's easy *laissez aller* tried Mrs. Scanlan to the last limit of feminine endurance.

To-day, however, they seemed to have changed characters. She was calm, and he was sorely out of humor. He found fault with Bridget, the children, the house, every thing—nay, even with herself, which he did not often do. And he looked so ill and wretched, lying on the sofa all the evening, and scarcely saying a word to any one, that she grew alarmed.

When the children had gone to bed the secret came out—not naturally, but dragged out of him, like a worm out of its hole, and then pieced together little by little, until, in spite of numerous concealments and contradictions, Mrs. Scanlan arrived at a tolerable idea of what was wrong.

Her husband had gone and done what most men of his temperament and character are very prone to do—it looks so generous to oblige a friend, and flatters one's vanity to be able to do it—he put his name to a bill of accommodation. The "friend" turned out as such persons usually do, a mere scoundrel, and had just vanished, to Greece, or Turkey, or Timbuctoo, little matter where; but he could not be found, and the acceptor of the bill had to pay it all.

"I declare, Josephine, I had no idea of such a thing," pleaded he, eagerly; "I thought it was a mere form: and after it was done I quite

forgot all about it. I did, indeed, my dear wife."

"I fully believe you," Josephine said, bitterly. Hitherto she had opposed not a word to his stream of talk, explanations, regrets, apologies. He never looked at her, or he would have seen her slowly whitening face, her rigid mouth, and knotted hands.

"But isn't it unlucky—so very unlucky for me?"

"For us, you mean," said Mrs. Scanlan, slowly. "But do you think you can tax your memory enough to tell me just two facts? How much have you to pay? and how soon must you pay it?"

Facts were not the prominent peculiarity of Edward Scanlan; but at last she elicited from him that the bill was over-due, and that it amounted to two hundred pounds.

"Two hundred pounds! And when did you sign it?"

"A year ago—six months—I really forget."

She looked at him with her indignant eyes. "Edward, why did you not tell me at the time?"

"Oh, my dear, you would have made such a fuss about it. And besides it was merely signing my name. I never expected to be called upon to pay a farthing. I never should have been but that my friend—"

"You have never said yet who is your friend."

"Ah, that was your fault. You always disliked him, so that I could not mention him. Otherwise I should never have thought of not telling you. It was your doing, you see; you were always so unjust to poor Summerhayes."

"So—it was Mr. Summerhayes for whom you accepted the bill?"

"I could not help it, Josephine, I assure you. He kept writing to me letter after letter."

"What letters? I never saw them."

Edward Scanlan blushed; yes, he had the grace to blush. "No, they never came here: I knew they would only make you angry, so I had them directed to the post-office. In fact, my darling, I was really afraid of you."

"Afraid of me!" said Josephine, turning away. And as she did so there crept into her heart a feeling worse than indignation, jealousy, or wounded love—the most fatal feeling any wife can have—not anger, but contempt for her husband.

Edward Scanlan was mistaken; she made "no fuss" about this. Women like her seldom waste their strength in idle struggles against the inevitable. She bore the disastrous revelation so quietly that he soon began to think it had not affected her at all, and recovered his spirits accordingly. If Josephine did not mind it, of course the thing could be of no consequence: she would find a way out of it; she was so very sensible a woman. For among the pathetic bits of good in him which accounted for his wife's lingering love, was this unflinching belief in her, and unlimited reliance upon her. Surely, with the aid and counsel of his good Josephine he would be able to swim through

that unpleasant affair. "Unpleasant" was the only light in which it occurred to him. The actual sin of the thing, and the weakness, almost amounting to wickedness, of a man who, rather than say No to another man, will compromise the interests of his own nearest and dearest, did not strike in any way the curate of Ditchley. He became quite cheerful.

"I am so glad to see how well you take it. Truly, my dear, you are the best wife in England, and I always say so to every body. And since you agree with me that I could not avoid this difficulty, I hope you will help me in trying to get out of it."

"How?"

"By going to Mr. Oldham and asking him to lend us the money. He has lots of capital lying idle—I know that—and two hundred pounds is nothing to him, even if he gave it instead of lending it. But I don't ask him to give it, only to lend it, and on ample security."

"On what security?"

"My own; my I O U—my 'promise to pay,' which perhaps you don't understand; women are so ignorant about business. Personal security is of course all I can offer, unless I had a fortune. Heigh-ho! I wish somebody—some wealthy old spinster, or miserly old bachelor like Oldham—would leave me one!"

Josephine's breath almost failed her. Though her husband had spoken in the most random, careless way, she looked at him in terror, as if he knew the truth. But no; her own timorous conscience had been alone to blame.

"Why, Josephine, how red you have turned! Have I said such a dreadful thing, or are you getting furious, as usual, because I suggest applying to Mr. Oldham for money? Not in the old way, you will observe; this way is quite legal and unobjectionable—a transaction between gentleman and gentleman; and he ought to feel rather flattered that I do apply to him. But you—you seem as frightened of that poor old fellow—who is fast breaking down, I see—as if he were the Great Mogul himself."

Josephine paused a little. In her answer it was necessary to weigh every word.

"Edward," she said at last, "if you do this you must do it yourself. I can not and will not beg from Mr. Oldham in any shape or under any pretext. He pays us sufficiently, and more than sufficiently, and I wish to keep free from all obligations to him."

"You are perfectly silly! Why should we not get as much out of him as we can? He has no children, as we have, and goodness only knows who is his heir, if he has any. He may leave all his money to a college or a foundling hospital. Let him! Who cares?"

"No one ought to care. It is his own, to do what he likes with."

"Bless me! If I thought I had the slightest chance wouldn't I have a try for it! If the rector would only leave his property to his poor curate—not the most unnatural thing either!—why we might almost live upon *post-obits*."

"Will you tell me what is a *post-obit*?"

"You innocent, dear woman! Only a bond given as security for money advanced, to be paid after the death of one's father, or uncle, or any one to whom one is lawful heir. Many a young fellow supports himself for years upon *post-obits*. I only wish I had a chance of trying the system."

"Fortunately you have none," said his wife, in her hard, unwifely tone. And yet, had she been married to a hero, nay, to an ordinarily upright and high-minded man, Josephine Scanlan would any day have died for her husband. Harder still, she would have helped him to die. She was the sort of woman to have gone with him to the very foot of the scaffold, clung around his haltered neck, or laid his disgraced head upon her bosom, heeding nothing for worldly shame, so that she herself could reverence him still. But now? Well, the man was—what he was; and, alas! he was her husband.

She might have been too hard upon him, exacting from him a nobility of thought and action of which few are capable—striving forever to pull out the mote from his eyes, and forgetting the beam in her own. And yet—and yet—

I can not judge—I dare not. When I—Winifred (not Winifred Weston now)—look at the dear face opposite to me, on my own hearth, I know that such a marriage would have madened me.

Ignorant as she was in many worldly things, Mrs. Scanlan knew enough to see that, though her husband had brought himself into it foolishly rather than guiltily, his position was very critical. Unless he could meet the bill, he would have to give up every thing he had—and that was not worth two hundred pounds. No wonder that, as she drew him back again to the subject in hand, and they began to discuss every possible way in which he could avoid the consequences of his imprudence, Edward Scanlan gradually became so terrified that, even with the demon of contempt lurking at the bottom of her heart, his wife felt almost sorry for him.

"Help me! do help me!" he cried. "I have nobody in the wide world to help me but you."

That was true; truer far than he meant it to be. For the once charming curate had a little worn out the admiration of his flock. He got fewer invitations than he used to have, and those among the new rather than the old inhabitants of Ditchley. Of these latter, the younger folks began to look upon him as a middle-aged father of a family, and the seniors found, both in his conversation and character, a certain lack of that stability and wisdom which replace so nobly, in many men, the attractiveness of youth. Perhaps, too, others besides Bridget and Mr. Oldham, when thrown in nearer relations with him, had in course of years "seen through" Mr. Scanlan. At any rate, his popularity was a little waning in the neighborhood, and if he did not guess the fact his wife did—pretty plainly.

As to how it affected her—well, a man might not easily understand, but I think most women would. When he said—with what he did not know was truth, only pitiful appeal—“I have nobody to help me but you,” and leaned his head on her shoulder, his wife did not thrust him away; she drew him closer, with a sad tenderness.

“Poor Edward!” said she, softly. “Yes; I will help you if I can.”

And she sat a long time thinking; while Mr. Scanlan went on talking, arguing with her in every possible form the duty and necessity of her making application to Mr. Oldham. She returned no answer, for another scheme had darted into her mind. Alas! she was growing into a painfully quick-witted woman—as alive to the main chance, she often thought, as any man could be.

Those jewels of hers—long put by and never used—they were worth fully two hundred pounds. She knew that by the brooch she had once sold. She had never tried to sell any more; she thought she would keep them, these relics of her youth and her early married life, until the day when her prosperous condition would make them suitable for her wearing. But now, if she could dispose of them, temporarily, to some friend who would generously allow her to redeem them! And then she thought of Lady Emma Lascelles, between whom and herself had sprung up something as like friendship as could well exist between a curate's wife and an earl's daughter married to a millionaire.

“I will get Lady Emma's address from the Rectory, and write to her.” And she explained to Mr. Scanlan the reason why.

He did not object, having fallen into that dejected condition in which he never objected to any thing, but let his wife do just as she liked. Nor did he now take a sentimental view of her parting with her marriage pearls; the practicalities of life had long since knocked all sentiment out of him. He only implored her to conduct the transaction with the utmost care, and let nobody know, especially the rector.

“For I think—indeed, I am sure—that somebody has given him a hint about the matter. He sent me a rather curt note requesting me to come and speak to him at ten o'clock to-morrow morning on my way to the vestry-meeting. It may be only about vestry business; but I wish I was well out of it, or I wish you could go instead of me, my dearest Josephine.”

“I wish I could,” she said, with a mixture of pity and bitterness; and then stopped herself from saying any more.

They took the pearls out of her jewel-case, a beautiful set—the bridegroom's present on her wedding-day. But neither referred to that; possibly neither remembered the fact; these memories wear out so strangely fast amidst all the turmoil and confusion of life;

and the crisis of the present was too imminent, the suspense too great.

“Lady Emma is at Paris now, I think; but I can easily get her exact address. I will go up to the Rectory for it to-morrow morning; or you could ask yourself, Edward.”

“Not I. I will have nothing to do with it. Manage your own affairs.”

“My own affairs!” Well, they were her own now—her children's whole future might be at stake on the chance of Lady Emma's acting promptly and kindly. But there was little fear, she had so good a heart. “I feel sure she will buy them,” said Mrs. Scanlan, locking up the case again. “And I shall beg her to let me buy them back if ever we are rich enough for me to wear them.”

“You never will wear them,” said the curate, drearily. “Depend upon it, Josephine, we are slowly sinking—sinking into abject poverty. You would not let me get a chance of rising in the world, and now you must reap the results. Mark my words, your sons will end in being mere tradesmen—wretched, petty tradesmen.” For Mr. Scanlan, being only a generation removed from that class, had a great contempt for it, and a great dread of being in any way identified or mixed up with it.

“My sons!” cried the poor mother, suddenly remembering them and what they might come to, if at this crisis things went ill, if no money were attainable to meet the bill, and it were put into a lawyer's hands; when, supposing he were unable to pay it, he would assuredly be sent to prison. After such a dire disgrace it would be all over with him and them all, for Mr. Oldham would never receive him again as curate, and Ditchley, which, with all its narrowness, was quite old-fashioned in its innocent honesty, certainly never would.

“My poor boys!” Mrs. Scanlan repeated, piteously; then started up erect, her black eyes flashing, and her whole figure dilated. “I do not care,” she said; “whatever happens, I do not care. Edward, I had rather see my César, my Louis, an honest butcher or baker than a thief of a ‘gentleman’—like your friend Mr. Summerhayes.”

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER his wife's fierce ebullition about “a thief of a gentleman” Mr. Scanlan did the only wise thing a husband could do under the circumstances—he held his tongue. Next morning, even, he took every opportunity, not of renewing, but of eluding the subject. Fortunately he had to leave early; and after he had started for a long day of what he called “parish duties”—which meant a brief vestry-meeting and a long series of pastoral visits afterward to luncheon, dinner, and so on, at various hospitable houses—Josephine sat down to collect her thoughts before she paid her call to the Rectory.

Though she saw Mr. Oldham less often than of yore, and there had grown up between them a vague reserve, still she knew he liked her still, and she liked him very sincerely. Both the old man and the young woman had instinctively felt from the first that theirs were sympathetic and faithful natures, and no drawbacks of circumstances could alienate the firm friendship between them, though it was one of those dormant friendships which sometimes never thoroughly awaken in this world, and, ceasing out of it, leave us with the feeling less of what they were than what they might have been. Nevertheless, the tie between Mrs. Scanlan and the old rector was strong enough to make it difficult for her to disguise from him her present heavy anxiety, especially if, as her husband suspected, he had some inkling of it already. What if he questioned her why she wanted Lady Emma's address? Some simple feminine reason might easily be assigned; but that Josephine scorned. No small womanish arts were at all in her line; she must always go straight to her point. If Mr. Oldham asked her, she must, of course, tell him the exact state of the case; but, for her husband's sake, she determined to keep it back as long as possible.

These anxious thoughts showed so plainly in her face that Bridget, coming into the parlor to find out the cause of her mistress's unusual state of quiescence, read them at once.

"You've got another botheration, ma'am, I see. Tell it me, do. The children are safe out of doors; look at 'em all playing in the garden, so full of fun! It'll do your heart good, ma'am dear."

Poor Bridget had touched the right chord; the hard, stony look passed from Mrs. Scanlan's face; she began to weep, and once beginning she could not stop. By degrees her faithful servant had coaxed her out of half her trouble, and guessed the rest.

Bridget drew a long breath, and, being behind her mistress's back, clenched her sturdy fist and pulled her good, ugly face into a succession of villainous frowns, which might be meant for any body or nobody—but she said nothing. And there, I think, the poor servant deserves some credit, and some pity too. Her life was a long series of self-suppression. What she felt toward her mistress and the children was patent enough; her feelings toward her master nobody knew. It is hard to disguise love; but it is still harder to hide its opposite; and, perhaps, the hardest thing of all is to see the object of one's love a willing, deluded victim to the object of one's—not hatred, perhaps—but intense aversion and contempt. Bridget despised her master; there was no doubt about that; yet I feel sure that throughout her life she never let her mistress know it. Which fact, I think, may fairly place the poor, unlettered Irishwoman in the rank of heroines.

Bridget had no question that Lady Emma would buy the jewels, and hold her tongue on

the matter too. "She was a rare lady, and could keep a secret." Logic at which Mrs. Scanlan smiled faintly. But still in many ways the devotedness of the woman comforted her heart—not for the first time.

It may seem strange, and some people may be much scandalized at it, that this poor lady should be so confidential with her servant, more so than with her husband. But it must be remembered that in both Irish and French households the relation between superiors and inferiors is both freer and closer than it is in England generally; and, besides, she could trust Bridget. No shams with her! no mean, double-minded, worldly ways; no half-truths, or prevarications arranged so cleverly as, without telling an actual lie, to give the appearance of one. Irish though she was—(I confess with sorrow an all but universal Celtic fault!)—Bridget had learned, difficultly and painfully, to "tell truth and shame the devil," and her mistress loved her accordingly.

"Wish me good-speed," said she, as the loving servant threw something after her from the door "for luck." "I trust I may come back with a lighter heart than I go."

And slipping away out of sight of her little folks, who would have overwhelmed her with questions about her unusual errand to Ditchley alone, Mrs. Scanlan walked quickly across the common, even as she had done the day she had first heard Mr. Oldham's secret, years ago.

How many they seemed! And how many more appeared to have slipped by since she was married! Married—on just such a morning as this, a soft February morning, with the sap just stirring in the leafless trees, the buds forming on the bare hedges, the sky growing blue, and the sunshine warm, and the thrushes beginning to sing. All the world full of youth and hope, and half-awakened spring, as her life was then. For she had loved him; with a foolish, girlish, half-fledged love; still, undoubtedly, she had loved him, this Edward Scanlan, whom now she could hardly believe sometimes was the Edward she had married.

A frantic vision crossed her of what she had thought then their married life would be; what it might have been—ay, and what even after they had settled at Ditchley she had tried hard to make it. For how little their loss of fortune would have harmed them had Mr. Scanlan only been content with such things as he had—had they rejoiced over their daily blessings, and been patient with their inevitable cares! How much wiser if, instead of pestering Providence like angry creditors for what they fancied their due, they had accepted His gifts like dear children, believing in the father who loved even while He denied!

This faith, which I conclude Mr. Scanlan taught, like most clergymen, in the letter of his sermons, was now the only rag of religion left in Josephine. Doctrines which her husband with his other Evangelical brethren was very strong in she did not believe in one whit;

or rather she never considered whether they were true or false. They had been dinned into her with such weary iteration, preached at her on all occasions—only preached, not practiced—that now she let them alone; they went in at one ear and out at the other. She did not actually loathe them; mercifully, Christianity is so divine that all pure souls instinctively accept it and cling to it, in spite of the corruptions of its followers; but she ignored them as much as she could, and taught as little as possible of them to her children. But at every step she was stopped; even at the Lord's Prayer, when her youngest child, to whom she tried to explain why he was to call God "Our Father," and what a father was, horrified her by the simple question, "Is God any thing like papa?"

Poor mother! Poor children! And they had all "souls to be saved," as Mr. Scanlan would have put it. But happily he did not perplex himself much about the souls of his own family; he took it for granted that, being his family, they were all right, when in truth they were in a spirit of skeptical contempt worse than the blackest heathenism. It required many years and many sorrows to bring Josephine Scanlan to the light; and her children, save perhaps Adrienne, died without seeing it, or recognizing in "the Gospel" any thing beyond a cant phrase, which meant nothing, or worse than nothing. "No wonder!" said Bridget one day to me, unconscious of the bitter satire of her words. "You see, Miss, their papa was a clergyman."

Fiercely and fast, thinking as little as possible of how she should word her errand, and nerving herself for disappointment, as if it were her usual lot, Mrs. Scanlan walked through the Rectory garden to the front-door. It stood widely open, though the day was cold, and up and down the usually silent house were sounds of many feet. Nevertheless, she rang several times before the bell was answered. Then appeared some under-servant with a frightened face, by which Josephine perceived that something was terribly wrong.

"What has happened—your master?" and a sudden constriction of the heart made her stop. She felt almost as if her thoughts had murdered him.

No, Mr. Oldham was not dead. Worse than dead, almost, for his own sake and others. He had gone to his study, desiring he might not be disturbed till lunch-time, as he had "business." At one o'clock the butler went in and found him lying on the floor, alive and sensible, but speechless and motionless. How long he had lain there, or what had brought on the fit, no one knew, or was ever likely to know. For Dr. Waters, who had been fetched at once, said it was very unlikely he would ever speak again. The paralysis which had struck him was of that saddest kind which affects the body, not the mind; at least not at first. Poor Mr. Oldham would be, for the rest of his days, whether few or many, little better than a

living corpse, retaining still the imprisoned but conscious soul.

"Oh, doctor, this is terrible! Is there no hope?"

Dr. Waters, coming down the staircase, wrung Mrs. Scanlan's hands, but replied nothing. He was much affected himself, and so was Mr. Langhorne, the rector's man of business, who followed him. The two old gentlemen—old, though still much younger than Mrs. Oldham—were noted as very great "chums," and the two honestest and best men in all Ditchley, even though, as satirical people sometimes said, one was a doctor and the other a lawyer. They stood talking together mournfully, evidently consulting over this sad conjuncture of affairs.

"Yes, I have been putting seals upon all his papers," said Mr. Langhorne. "It is the only thing to be done until—until further change. There is nobody to take any authority here: he has no relations."

"Except Lady Emma, and she is abroad; I do not know where. Perhaps Mrs. Scanlan does."

Dr. Waters turned to her, as she stood aloof, feeling herself one too many in this house of grief, and as if she had no right there. And yet she felt the grief as deeply as any one; more so, perhaps, because it was not unmixed with remorse. Kind, good Mr. Oldham!—why had she neglected him of late—why suffered her foolish pride, her ridiculous sensitiveness, to come between her and him? How she wished she had put both aside, and shown fearlessly to the lonely old man what a tender and truly filial heart she bore toward him!

"I know nothing about Lady Emma," said she, forgetting how she had come to ask that very question, and how serious it was for herself that it could not be answered. Her own affairs had drifted away from her mind. "Only tell me, will he ever recover, ever speak again?"

"I fear not; though he may lie in his present state for months, and even years; I have known such cases. Why do you ask? Did you come to speak to him about business? I hope all is right between your husband and him?"

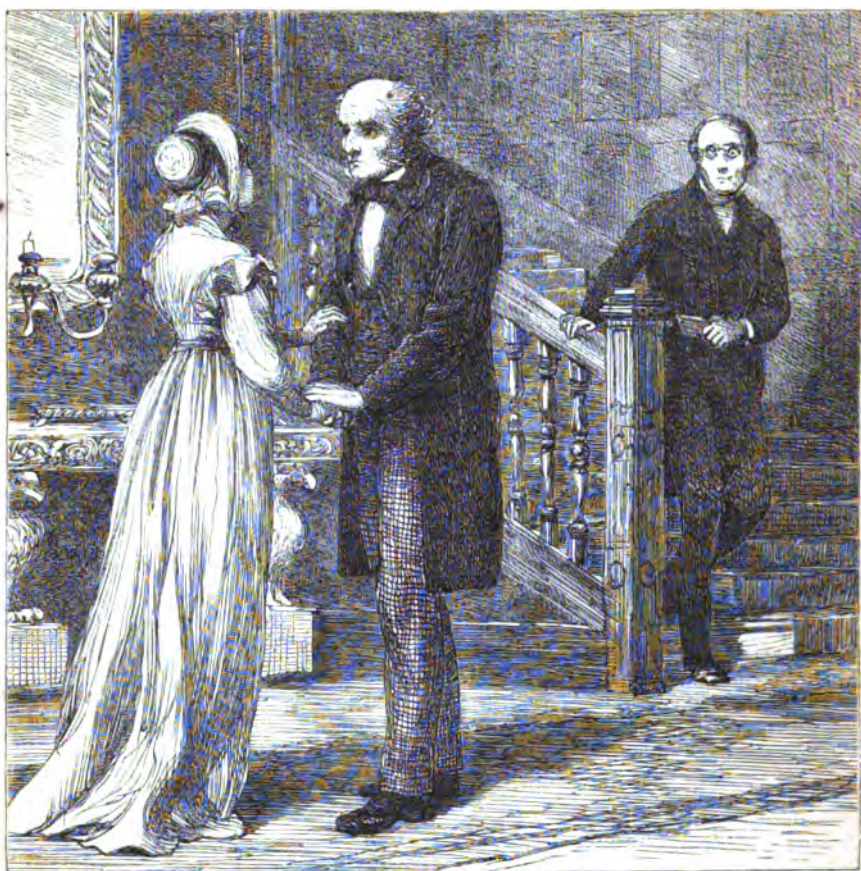
Mrs. Scanlan bent her head assentingly.

"That is well. I was half afraid they had had some little difficulties of late. And now Mr. Scanlan will have the whole duty on his hands, and Langhorne and I, as church-wardens, ought to make our arrangements accordingly."

So they both fell into business talk, as men do fall, even after such a catastrophe as this, though it seemed shocking enough to the woman who, with her woman's heart full, stood and listened. No one interfered with her. As the curate's wife she had a certain right to be in the house. No other right did she for a moment venture to urge. She only sat and listened.

Shortly she caught a sentence which startled her.

"He will never be capable of business again,



"IS THERE NO HOPE?"

that is quite certain," said the doctor. "I do hope he has made his will."

"Hem—I believe—I have some reason to suppose he has," replied the cautious lawyer. "But these things are of course strictly private."

"Certainly, certainly; I only asked because he once said he intended to make me his executor. But he might do that without telling me; and I shall find it out soon enough when all is over."

"All over," that strange periphrasis out of the many by which people like to escape the blank plain word—death! Mrs. Scanlan listened—she could not keep herself from listening—with an eagerness that, when she caught the eyes of the two old men, made her blush crimson, like a guilty person.

But the doctor's mind was preoccupied, and the lawyer apparently either knew nothing, or else—and this thought smote Josephine with a cold fear—there was nothing to be known. Mr. Oldham might long ago have burned his will, and made another. Her future and that of her children hung on a mere thread.

The suspense was so dreadful, the conflict in her conscience so severe, that she could not stand it.

"I think," she said, "since I can do no good here, I had better go home. Shall I write to Lady Emma? But in any case I want her address for myself; will Mr. Langhorne look in Mr. Oldham's address-book for it?"

This was easily done, the old rector being so accurate and methodical in all his habits. But the result of the search stopped any hope of applying to Lady Emma, even if, under the circumstances, Mrs. Scanlan could have made up her mind to apply. The address was, "Poste Restante, Vienna."

But Josephine scarcely felt that last shock. All she said was, "Very well; she is too far off for me to write to her. I will go home."

But she had hardly got through the Rectory garden when Mr. Langhorne overtook her.

The good lawyer was a very shy man. He had raised himself from the ranks, and still found his humble origin, his *gauche* manners, and a most painful stammer he had, stood a good deal in his way. But he was a very hon-

est and upright fellow; and though she had seldom met him in society, Mrs. Scanlan was well aware how highly Mr. Oldham and all his other neighbors respected him, and how in that cobwebby little office of his lay hidden half the secrets of half the families within ten miles round Ditchley.

He came up to her hesitatingly. "Excuse me, ma'am; taking great liberty, I know; but if you had any affairs to transact with poor Mr. Oldham, and I as his man of business could ass-ass-assist you—"

Here he became so nervous, and began stammering so frightfully, that Mrs. Scanlan had time to recover from her surprise and collect her thoughts together. Her need was imminent. She must immediately consult somebody—and do it herself, for her husband was sure to escape the painful thing if possible. Why should she not consult this man, who was a clever man, a good man, and a lawyer besides? And, after all, Mr. Scanlan's misfortune was only a misfortune, no disgrace. He had done a very foolish thing, but nothing really wrong.

So she took courage and accepted Mr. Langhorne's civility so far as to communicate to him her present strait; why she had wished to write to Lady Emma; and why, even if there were no other reason, the uncertainty of the lady's movements made it impracticable. Yet she could see no other way out of this crisis, and her need was imperative.

"Otherwise," she said, with a sort of bitter pride, "believe me, I never should have communicated my husband's private affairs in this way."

"They would not have been private much longer, Madam," said the lawyer, seeming to take in the case at a glance, and to treat it as a mere matter of business, happening every day. "You have no time to lose; Mr. Scanlan must at once pay the money, or the law will take its course. Shall I advance him the sum? Has he any security to give me?"

He had none; except his personal promise to pay, which his wife well knew was not worth a straw. But she could not say so.

"I had rather," she replied, "be quit of debt entirely, in the way I planned. Will you buy my jewels instead of Lady Emma? They are worth more than two hundred pounds. You could easily sell them, or if you would keep them for me I might be able to repurchase them."

Poor soul! she was growing cunning. As she spoke she keenly investigated the lawyer's face, to find out whether he thought—had any cause to think—she should ever be rich enough to repurchase them. But Mr. Langhorne's visage was impenetrable.

"As you will," he said; "it makes no difference to me; I only wished to oblige a neighbor and a friend of Mr. Oldham's. Will your husband come to me to-morrow? Or you yourself? Perhaps you had better come yourself."

"Yes, if you desire it, as my husband will be much engaged."

"And take my advice, Mrs. Scanlan—say nothing in Ditchley about this matter of the bill. As we lawyers know, such things are best kept as quiet as possible. Good-after-noon."

Kind as he was, the old man's manner was a little patronizing, a little dictatorial; but Josephine did not care for that. Her distress was removed, for she had no doubt of getting her husband to agree to this arrangement; so as he had the money, it mattered little to him how it was obtained. She hastened home, and met Mr. Scanlan at the gate. He was coming from an opposite quarter, and evidently quite ignorant of all that had happened at the Rectory.

"Well!" he said, eagerly, "have you got me the money?" having apparently quite forgotten how she had meant to get it. "Are things all right?"

"Yes, I have arranged it. But—" And then she told him the terrible blow which had fallen upon poor Mr. Oldham.

"Good Heavens! what a dreadful thing to happen! If I had thought it would have happened— But I had no idea he was ill, I assure you I had not."

"Did you see him, then, this morning?"

The news affected Mr. Scanlan more than his wife had expected, seeing he always took other people's misfortunes and griefs so lightly. He staggered, and turned very pale.

Nobody seeming to know of her husband's having been at the Rectory, she concluded he had not gone there; it was no new thing for Edward Scanlan to fail in an appointment, particularly one that he suspected might not be altogether pleasant.

"Yes, I saw him; he let me into the house himself. He had been on the look-out for me to give me a lecture; which he did, for one whole hour, and very much he irritated me. Indeed, we both of us lost our tempers, I fear."

"Edward! The doctor said some agitation must have caused this; surely, surely—"

"It is no use worrying me, Josephine; what is done is done, and can't be avoided. I don't deny we had some hot words, which I am very sorry for now; but how on earth was I to know he was ill? You can't blame me!"

Yet he seemed conscious of being to blame, for he exculpated himself with nervous eagerness.

"I do assure you, my dear, I was patient with him as long as ever I could, and it was difficult; for somehow he had found out about the bill, and he was very furious. He said my conduct was 'unworthy a gentleman and a clergyman,' that I should ruin you and the children, and similar nonsense; declaring that if such a thing ever happened again he would do—something or other, I can't tell what, for he began to mumble in his speech, and then—"

"And then? Oh, husband! for once in your

life tell me exactly the truth, and the whole truth."

"I will—only you need not imply that I am a story-teller. Don't lose your temper, Josephine; you sometimes do. Well, Mr. Oldham lost his; he grew red and furious, and then his words got confused. I thought he was only in a passion, and that I had better leave him to himself; so I went away quietly—I declare quite quietly—slipped out of the room, in short—for somebody might hear us, and that would have been so awkward."

"And you noticed nothing more?"

"Well, yes; I think—I am not sure—but I think, as I shut the study door, there was a noise—some sort of a fall; but I could not go back, you know, and I did not like to call the servants; they might have found out we had been quarreling."

"They might have found out you had been quarreling," repeated Josephine, slowly, with a strange contempt in her tone. "And this was, when?"

"About eleven, I fancy."

"And he lay on the floor till one—lay helpless and speechless, not a creature coming near him! Poor old man! And you let him lie. It was your doing. You—"

"Coward" was the word upon her lips; but happily she had enough sense of duty left not to utter it. She left him to hear it from the voice of his own conscience. And he did hear it; for he had a conscience, poor weak soul that he was. He could not keep from sinning; yet when he had sinned he always knew it. This was what made dealing with him so very difficult. His pitiful contrition almost disarmed reproach.

"Josephine, if you look at me like that I shall almost feel as if I had killed him. Poor Mr. Oldham! who would have thought it? And I know you think it is all my fault. You are cruel to me, very cruel. You that are so tender to the children—to every body—are as hard as a stone to your own husband."

Was that true? Her conscience in turn half accused her of it. She tried to put on an encouraging smile, entreating him not to get such fancies into his head, but to make the best of things. In vain! He threw himself on the sofa in such a paroxysm of distress and self-reproach that it took all his wife's efforts to quiet him and prevent him from betraying himself to the household. And she felt as much as he that nothing must be betrayed. No one must know the part which he had had in causing this attack of Mr. Oldham's. That he had caused it was clear enough; one of those unfortunate fatalities which sometimes occur, making one dread inexpressibly ever to do an unkind thing or delay doing a kind one, since, in common phraseology, "one never knows what may happen."

In this case what had happened was irre-

trievable. To publish it abroad would be worse than useless, and might seriously injure Mr. Scanlan; just now especially, when so much additional responsibility would fall upon him. Far better that this fact—which nobody at Ditchley knew—of his interview with the rector should be kept among those sad secrets of which every life is more or less full.

So Josephine reasoned with her husband, and soothed him as she best could. Only soothed him; for it was hopeless to attempt more. To rouse him into courage—to stimulate him into active goodness, for the pure love of goodness, had long since become to her a vain hope. Powerless to spur him on to right, all she could do was to keep him from wrong—to save him from harming himself or others.

"Edward," she said, taking his hand, and regarding him with a mournful pity, "I can not let you talk any more in this strain; it does no good, and only agitates and wears you out. What has happened we can not alter; we must only do our best for the future. Remember to-morrow was his Sunday for preaching—ah, poor Mr. Oldham!—and you have no sermon prepared; you must begin it at once."

This changed the current of the curate's thoughts, always easily enough diverted. He caught at the idea at once, and saw, too, what an admirable opportunity this was for one of his displays of oratory in the pathetic line. He brightened up immediately.

"To be sure, I must prepare my sermon; and it ought to be a specially good one. For after what has occurred half the neighborhood will come to Ditchley church on Sunday, and, of course, they will expect me to refer to the melancholy event."

Josephine turned away, sick at heart. "Oh, Edward, do not mention it; or, if you must, say as little about it as possible."

But she knew her words were idle, her husband being one of those clever men who always make capital out of their calamities. So, after sitting up half the night to compose his discourse—indeed, he partly wrote it, for there had crept into the parish of late a slightly High-Church element which objected to extempore sermons; which element, while abusing it roundly, the curate nevertheless a little succumbed to—he woke his wife about two in the morning to read her the principal passages in the sermon, which he delivered afterward with great success, and much to the admiration of his congregation. His text was, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," and his pictures of all kinds of terrible accidents and unforeseen misfortunes were most edifying, thrilling all Ditchley with horror, or moving it with pathos. He ended by reverting to their beloved rector and his sudden and sad illness; which he did in a manner so tender, so affecting, that there was scarcely a dry eye in the church. Except one; and that, I am much afraid, was Mrs. Scanlan's.

THE STORY OF LEAH AND RACHEL.

I

HER name caused all the trouble.

"For pity's sake, Mrs. Shelby," said I, "don't give that baby such an ugly name."

I was brought up in her father's family, and when she married the Doctor I went with her to her new home, and I used an old servant's privilege to speak my mind.

"Clarissa Cottlefield! Why, it sounds so common and old-fashioned. What does your aunt want to send down such a name as that to future generations for? She ought to be ashamed of herself for asking you to give it to that innocent child. Don't do it, Mrs. Shelby, not for all the rich aunts in Chicago. The name will vex the girl more than the old woman's money will do her good."

"We will shorten it to Clara," said my mistress. "That will be a pretty name for my dark-eyed baby."

"And so like her sister's," said I, "that there will be no telling the two apart. It will be Carrie and Clara, and we shall hardly know one from the other."

"Not till they look more alike than at present," she said. And that was true enough; for Miss Carrie was a little white-faced thing, with her mother's light hair and eyes, and the baby was as brown as a nut, with large dark eyes, and hair that curled tight to her head before she was a month old.

Well, in spite of all I could say, they named that child Clarissa Cottlefield. I tended them both in their cradles, and when their mother lay dying—it was before Miss Carrie was fifteen years old—I promised to stay and take care of her girls till they were grown.

No one can say that I made any outward difference in my treatment of them. I meant to do my duty by both; but I am free to own Miss Carrie was nearer to me than her sister. Whether it was because she favored her dead mother so much, or whether it was because Miss Clara got most of the praises outside and needed less love at home, I can't say; but I know I liked my oldest girl the best.

Dr. Shelby brought a stranger gentleman home to dine one day. "Professor Paul Huntington," I heard him say to Miss Carrie in the dining-room, where she was sorting the table-napkins; "he will be in town for a few days, and I have invited him to stop with us. His father was a class-mate of mine in college."

So Miss Carrie brought out the best silver, and the red-bordered napkins; and when the table was set to her mind she went to her room and took off her apron and brushed her hair, and went into the parlor to be introduced. She was always timid in meeting strangers, and I saw her stand turning the door-handle, hesitating like, before she ventured to go in; but Miss Clara came in from a walk, threw her hat

on the table, knocked down her father's cane, and never stopped to pick it up, but rushed into the room—though I called after her that there was company—with every curl flying, and her pink morning-dress dragged with the dew.

That was the difference between those girls.

After dinner, when Miss Carrie and I were rubbing the silver, Miss Clara stood talking about the visitor.

"He isn't handsome," said she; "he is too pale, and he has too much forehead, and his eyes are as solemn as owls' eyes, and he isn't neat in his dress; but there's something interesting about him. Father says he is very learned; but he appeared so awkward and embarrassed that I took him at first for a poor country minister. He hardly looked at you or me at dinner."

"I'll tell you what it is, Carrie," continued Clara; "this visitor of ours has been shut up in that College with his musty books so long that he is quite unaccustomed to the charms of ladies' society. He needs drawing out. Father told me to be very polite to him, and so—"

"Now, Clara Shelby," said I, "don't play any of your tricks on that good man. He wants nothing of you, and I know by his looks he is not a person to be trifled with. And he is forty years old at least. When I was young girls mated with men of their own age, instead of hankering after their grandfathers."

Her father called to her from the door just then to come and give them some music, and she said no more; but there was mischief in those saucy brown eyes of hers, and I watched her close. Not that she meant any harm; but it was as natural for Clara Shelby to flirt in those days as for a kitten to chase a ball of yarn.

She found it up-hill work with Professor Paul Huntington. He staid four or five days, and she all the time putting on her pretty, coaxing ways, and making eyes at him from under her long lashes, and he taking about as much notice of her as of me when I passed his plate at the table. I saw before he had been in the house a day that he was no ladies' man. Not that he was bashful, as Clara said, but his mind was on other things. He could talk theology with the Doctor, and spend whole days in the library, and sit up half the night poring over the books he brought home; but to lounge in the parlor, and dawdle over the girls' work-table, entertaining them with small-talk, was a business he was no way inclined to. I saw nothing remarkable in Professor Paul Huntington. To my mind he was just a sedate, studious, good-looking, middle-aged man; but the Doctor and Miss Clara could hardly make enough of him while he staid, or praise him too highly after he went away. But Miss Carrie said nothing.

One day—it must have been three or four weeks after his visit—I was putting the dinner on the table, when the Doctor came in and tossed a letter to Miss Carrie. Before she could touch it her sister snatched it from her lap, and said, looking at the direction:

"Since when did you have a gentleman correspondent, Carrie?" Then she examined the post-mark and gave a little scream. "It's from Yale College, New Haven. Oh, Carrie, what if it *should* be from the Professor!"

"Stop your nonsense, Clara, and come to dinner," said her father.

Miss Carrie slipped the letter into her pocket, and after dinner she went to her room, and came down presently to her father in his study. I could hear them talking a long time. I could hear their voices, and they seemed to be very much in earnest; and when Miss Carrie came out to dish the preserves for tea I saw something had happened to make her very happy. I watched her a while, and then I closed the door and came close to her, and said, "Tell old Barbara all about it, dear."

Upon that she let the spoon fall from her hand, and colored up in a minute, and looked ready to run away; and then she dropped her head on my shoulder and whispered:

"I am so happy, Barbara! He has asked me to be his wife. That good, wise man has asked me to be his wife."

I knew, of course, that she meant the Professor, and I was quite taken aback with the surprise; for he was not a week in the house, and had taken less notice of Miss Carrie than of her sister.

But she came out to me in the kitchen that night after my work was done, and read me a part of his letter, and that explained it all. When he was a young man, he wrote, he resolved not to marry till he was well settled in his profession; and because he needed all his strength and energy for his life-work, he decided to make that his mistress; and when he had gathered his material, and put a sure foundation under his feet, it would be time enough to think of domestic life. In carrying out this plan he had debarred himself from ladies' society, and all these years had lived his solitary old-bachelor life, and was grown shy and awkward; and when the Doctor brought him home the first day of his visit he was sorry to find young ladies in the family, because it would be expected that he should play the agreeable, and he hardly knew how to set about it. And though the few days he spent under her father's roof were among the happiest of his life, he did not while there acknowledge even to himself that the charm he found was in her presence. But when he returned to his books and his classes her image was ever before him; he found he needed her, and that she only could make his life complete. Could she learn to love him? Might he hope to win her for his wife?

It was a good letter, straightforward and to

the point, and written by a man very much in earnest. I needed only to look in her face to know how she would answer it. And so it came about that Caroline Shelby was engaged to be married to Professor Paul Huntington; she twenty-three years of age, and he full forty.

She tried to have him wait. She urged him to visit her once more before she gave her promise, but he would do no such thing. "Let her say the one word," he wrote, "that will make her mine, and she need not twice bid me come to her. But while there remains a doubt I can not bear to look upon her face."

II.

Dr. Shelby was well pleased with the match, and though Miss Clara teased, and joked, and meddled, till I wonder her sister did not lose patience with her, I think in her heart she was glad to see Miss Carrie so happy. I fancied at first she was a trifle disappointed at the turn affairs had taken. Not that she really cared for the Professor, but she had been so flattered all her life that she expected, as a matter of course, that every man she met would fall in love with her pretty face. I fancied this, and it pleased me that one good man had sense to look below the surface,

"Why did he choose me, Barbara?" Miss Carrie said one day. "What can he find in me to love? If it were Clara, with her grace and beauty, it would not be strange, for every one is charmed with Clara; but why should he care for me?"

"Now, Miss Carrie," said I, "you are talking nonsense. What a companion would Miss Clara make for that sober man! Depend upon it, the Professor knows what he is about."

She told us one morning, in a voice that trembled a little with excitement, that the Professor was coming the next day; and after breakfast she tied on her kitchen apron, and opened a can of her best peaches, and was busy all the morning making sponge-cake and ladies'-fingers. And Miss Clara was running in and out, dipping into every thing, and hindering a deal more than she helped, and every now and then, to tease her sister, breaking out into a song with a chorus of "Coming! coming! coming!"

It was a June morning, and the robins were singing, and the roses were in bloom, and the smell of the honey-suckle came through the open door. I don't know why I mention all these little things, unless it be to hinder myself from telling the rest of the story.

After dinner Miss Carrie brought her covered basket, and filled it with bread, and meat, and jelly, and I saw a Bible stowed away among the other good things. You may be sure she never forgot that. And she said, "I am going to visit my sick people, Barbara; I'll get no time after he comes."

I watched her down the walk, and the sight made me happy; for, though she was never handsome and showy like her sister, she was nice, and womanly, and good to look upon.

My work hung on that afternoon, for the bread was slow to rise, and Miss Clara went out for a walk, and the Doctor was in his study, and I had the house to myself. The bell rang presently, and when I opened the door there stood the Professor, just from the cars, a day before we looked for him. And he told me not to disturb the Doctor, for he would wait by himself in the sitting-room till the young ladies returned. So I left him and went back to my work, and once or twice I heard him walking about the room with a quiet step, and smiled to think how the grave, middle-aged man was as impatient as a boy, and how the minutes would seem hours to him till his little girl came.

Presently I heard the gate click. I made no doubt it was Miss Carrie, and I wanted to see her first, and send her to change her dress; for, though to my eyes she was nice in any thing, I somehow felt that to-day she must go to him looking her best.

So I ran to meet her. But it was her sister. She wore a white dress, and there were scarlet bows in her hair, and her curls hung down her neck. She danced up the piazza steps, threw her hat and gloves on the bench, and standing on tip-toe, tried to reach a spray of honey-suckle hanging just over her head. And while I watched her a blind was pushed open—there were windows in the sitting-room opening to the floor—and Professor Paul came out, looking eager and happy. He took both her hands in his, and spoke one word:

"Caroline."

She gave a little scream.

"Why, Professor Huntington, how you startled me!" she said. "Where did you come from? Carrie is quite well, but she does not expect you till to-morrow. My dear brother, we are very glad to see you."

I never saw a man's face change as his changed while she was speaking. He dropped her hands, and looked at her in a bewildered, strange way.

"Brother!" he said, "brother?"

"Why, yes; can't I call you by that name, or shall I say Professor?"

She stopped, for she noticed his queer manner, and looked him full in the face with her great brown eyes.

"You are pale and tired," she said; "come in, and I will call father."

I went back to the kitchen, and in a moment she came to me.

"He is here, Barbara—my learned brother-in-law that is to be. He came to meet me in the porch, and I think in his near-sightedness he mistook me for Carrie, for he squeezed my hands, and looked at me as if he could have eaten me up; and when he discovered his mistake he was pale with the disappointment."

"Where is he, Miss Clara?"

"With father in the study. He asked to see him alone. What can he want, Barbara?"

III.

I left my bread ready to bake, and the oven cooling, and went into the pastry-room, locking the door behind me. There was a door out of this room into a dark entry next the study. I crept across this space on my hands and knees that they might not see me, and getting behind the open door, I could see and hear every thing.

Dr. Shelby had turned round in his chair, and the Professor sat opposite. His face was white to the lips, and though I was half the length of the room from him, I saw the big drops standing on his forehead. The first words I heard were from Dr. Shelby:

"I don't understand you, Sir. What is it you say you have done?"

"I have made a strange and unaccountable mistake, Dr. Shelby. I thought your youngest daughter's name was Caroline."

His words went through me like a knife, for I understood it all: the meeting on the piazza, the look on his face when she called him "brother." Dr. Shelby began to understand it too. He was a large, heavy man, and generally slow in his motions, but he was not long in getting out of his chair this time, and he came and stood before the Professor.

"Do you mean to tell me, Sir," said he, "that you have engaged yourself to marry my daughter Caroline, mistaking her for her sister?"

"It was your youngest daughter I asked to be my wife," said he, "but I called her name Caroline."

Dr. Shelby walked up and down the room, swinging his arms, as his habit was when excited.

"And how came you to make such a blunder?" said he. "How could you be sufficiently pleased with a lady to solicit a correspondence which has resulted in an offer of marriage, and know so little about her that you did not remember her name in distinction from her sister's?"

"I have no apology to offer," replied the Professor. "I have been, as you know, all my life studious in my habits, secluding myself in a great measure from female society. I scarcely held five minutes' conversation with either of your daughters during my stay under your roof. I had no thought of seeking to win one of them for my wife till after my return to New Haven. Their names are similar, and unconsciously I transposed them. You know the rest; and half an hour ago I discovered that I am under a solemn engagement of marriage to a lady of whom I never thought as a wife."

Dr. Shelby kept on walking about the room. I never saw him so excited before. He shook the floor with his heavy tread, and kept his arms swinging.

"It is a miserable piece of business," said he; "I can not tell what will come of it. You have won the girl's heart, and now you tell me you have never thought of her as a wife."

"Dr. Shelby," the Professor said, "you will do me the justice to believe that I desire to act the part of an honorable man, and do what is right in this matter."

"Yes," the Doctor said; he knew that, but I think he was glad to hear the Professor say so. He may have thought he came to him with the confession, hoping at once to be released from the engagement.

"I am well aware, Dr. Shelby," said the Professor, after they had both been silent a moment, "that, having asked a lady to marry me, I am in all honor bound to fulfill my part of the contract. But this is only one side of the question. Shall I not do your daughter a greater wrong in deceiving her, and giving her a divided heart, than in telling her the truth, and then leaving the matter for her decision?"

"Why need you give her a divided heart?" said the Doctor. "Isn't she good, and lovely, a noble Christian girl, and in every respect fitted to make you happy? I may say, with no disparagement to my younger daughter, that in my opinion her sister is far better fitted to be the wife of a man in your position. My dear Sir, you may yet see the hand of Providence in this matter."

The color came into the Professor's face at that.

"I love her," said he. "I love the sweet girl who met me just now at the door of her father's house and called me *brother*. Men who love for the first time at my age do not love lightly. I shall carry the memory of her face with me to my grave."

"Answer me one question, Professor, and let your decision of this matter rest upon the answer you give. Who ought to suffer for this mistake of yours? Will you visit the consequences of your blunder upon the head of an innocent girl whose affections you have won? You have thought of her sister as your future wife, and you love her, you say, and will carry her memory to your grave. How does the girl whom you have mistakenly won look upon you? Tell her what you have told me, and she will release you from your engagement; but she will die of a broken heart."

"It shall not be said of me, Dr. Shelby," said the Professor, "that I have wrecked the happiness of a trusting woman's heart. I will go on with the engagement."

"Do you mean it?" said the Doctor.

"I am in your hands, Dr. Shelby. I am utterly confused and overwhelmed in the suddenness of this surprise. I will be guided by you. Tell me what I ought to do."

"There is only one thing to be done. This girl is your affianced wife. Forget every thing but this, and go forward and make her happy. Bury this conflict in your own bosom. Never let a suspicion of what has occurred cross her mind. Never by word or deed give her reason to doubt that her image is first in your heart, as it will be, I hope and believe. Carrie has been a good daughter; she will make a good

wife; and as you deal by her, Paul Huntington, so may God deal by you!"

I crept back to the kitchen, and my heart was sore troubled for the child. I doubted if the Doctor's way was the best way. It went hard with me that she should be forced upon any man. I questioned if it were not better to tell her the truth—to bid her call all her woman's pride to help her, and cast him off. I half resolved I would do this, till I heard the click of the gate, and saw her coming in. She was pale and tired with her walk, and her dead mother's look was on her face, but the happy light that had come these last few weeks shone in her eyes. Her basket swung empty on her arm, and I thought how she had gone from house to house that day with her little gifts and sweet, helpful counsels, making sad hearts glad. Should I break *her* heart with a word?

I dried my eyes and went to meet her, and while she was changing her dress I brought a chair to the piazza, and climbed up and picked the spray of honey-suckle her sister tried for but could not reach; and when she came down I fastened it in her smooth brown hair, and she went in to her betrothed husband.

IV.

Before the Professor returned to New Haven the wedding-day was fixed. If you had seen the haste he was in to be married, the look he gave Dr. Shelby when he proposed their waiting till September, and how he was almost cross with Miss Carrie when she asked for six weeks' time to make her dresses, you would have thought as she did, that he was a very ardent lover. How happy the girl was! The soft light was in her eyes, and the pretty color came and went in her cheeks at the mention of his name, till she grew almost handsome; and she watched for his letters, and read them till she must have known them by heart, and sat by her window over the porch where the honey-suckle grew, hemming her ruffles, and singing bits of love-songs.

She grew more gentle and kindly in her ways; and faithful and patient and unselfish as she always was, she was yet more so now. It seemed that she could not do enough for her father's comfort; and busy with her wedding-clothes, she yet found time to help me about the house, and to care for her poor people. I saw that her heart went out to Miss Clara in those days, and the jealous feelings that used to trouble her were all gone.

"I believe my wicked thoughts will never come again, Barbara," she said to me—she had no mother to go to with her little heart-secrets, and she must needs confess to some one—"I have felt angry at times because God made my sister so beautiful and graceful, and such a contrast to me in every respect. Why, Barbara, I have sometimes locked myself in my room after people have praised Clara and neglected me, and stood be-

fore the mirror, and taken my poor plain face between my hands, and pitied it because it was so homely, and cried and cried because I wanted to be loved; and who could ever love me? I shall never do that again. Of all the beautiful, accomplished women he has met that good, wise man chooses *me* to be his wife. Think of it, Barbara! And he saw me day after day here with Clara, and lovely and fascinating as she is, and trying to please him too—Clara is a sad flirt, you know—he passed her by for *me*. Do you know I fancy he has taken a dislike to Clara? He never speaks her name, and if I talk of her, he turns the subject. Ah, well, I shall know all his heart by-and-by, and if I find any foolish prejudice I will drive it away. I love Clara better than ever before, now that I am so happy. She shall make us a long visit when we have a home of our own. Barbara, do you think my mother knows of this great happiness that has come to me? She used to feel anxious about my future. She must feel sweetly content now."

The night before the wedding, when I had laid out the table-linen and the silver, and cut the fruit-cake, and left every thing ready for the table to be set early in the morning for the wedding breakfast, I went to Miss Carrie's room—she was in the parlor with the Professor—to see if I could do any thing for her there. Her wedding-dress was spread out upon the bed, and the veil, and the wreath of orange blossoms, and the gloves, and the handkerchief were ready for her use.

I busied myself a while in the front-chamber, and on my way down stairs, as I passed her door I looked in, and there stood Miss Clara dressed in her sister's wedding-clothes. She was smiling and coquetting with herself in the glass, and turning her head first over one shoulder and then the other, to view the effect. The sight startled me, and I stopped at the door. When she saw me she came toward me.

"Am I a pretty bride, Barbara?"

"You are well enough, Miss Clara"—I was in no mood to flatter her; there were plenty to do that always—"but you had better take the things off. See, you are mussing the veil. Do, Miss Clara, be careful."

She made me no answer, but swept by me, and was half-way down the stairs before I thought where she was going. I called to her to stop, but it was of no use.

"You are a cross old Barbara," she said. "You are not willing I should wear the pretty things and play bride for a few minutes, when they will all be Carrie's to-morrow."

I followed her, and looked into the parlor after her. They were sitting on the sofa together, the Professor and Miss Carrie, and they looked at her astonished as she floated toward them in the shining silk, her curls hanging under the orange flowers, and the veil covering her like a mist. The Professor could not distinguish faces across the room, and I don't think he knew her or understood

what it meant till she was close beside him. She made one of her saucy little courtesies, and said:

"The bride, at your service, Professor Huntington. Carrie, shall we rehearse for your benefit?"

Whether it was the surprise of seeing her so suddenly in that dress, or the thoughtless words she spoke, or that in his nervous state any thing would have startled him, I do not know, but he sprang from his seat so suddenly that in his awkward haste he set his foot on the bridal veil, and in trying to disentangle himself it was torn badly.

They were frightened and confused at the accident, and Miss Clara was heartily ashamed of her joke; but Professor Paul stood looking at her in the same wild, dazed way as when she called him "brother" on the porch.

There was a dress-maker still in the house, and we sent for more lace, and another veil was made, and the next morning they were married. Of course Dr. Shelby performed the ceremony; and my darling stood so pale in her white dress, her eyelids drooping, and a sweet, Sunday calm on her face; but the Professor was red and pale by turns.

When the carriage waited at the door, and they were saying their good-by's, Miss Clara stole up to the bridegroom.

"Brother Paul," said she, "I am sorry I played that foolish joke last night and startled you so. Will you forgive me, and make it up with me before you go?"

She nestled close to him while she was speaking, like a kitten that wants to be caressed, and put up her face as though she expected him to kiss her. But he laid his hand on her curls in a fatherly way and said, gravely:

"There is nothing to forgive, Clara. God bless you, my dear sister, and make you very happy."

I saw by the look on Dr. Shelby's face, after they went away, that things had turned out to his liking. I know he went back to his sermon-writing and his parish with a heart quite at rest concerning his child. But she had been many months married before I felt easy about her. And though the letters she wrote to her father and sister and to me were full of sweet content, it was not till she came to us in the winter, and I saw her calm, satisfied face, and looked in her honest gray eyes that always told the truth, that I dared to believe she was happy. Then I asked God on my knees to bless Professor Paul Huntington.

V.

There came a letter to Dr. Shelby from Aunt Clarissa Cottlefield, begging for a visit from her namesake. She was a lonely old woman, she wrote, and wanted to see her niece before she died. So I packed Miss Clara's trunk, and she went away, though she was loath to leave her father.

A month after she left us the Doctor had his

first shock of paralysis. It was slight, and in a few weeks he was about again, with no change for the worse either in body or mind. But there had been uneasiness in his parish for some time. I never heard that they found any thing against the Doctor except that he was past fifty years of age; but that is a fault that nowadays can't be overlooked in a minister. So they made this sickness an excuse for getting rid of him; and they talked about his failing health, and the need of a younger man to do the work, till they fretted and worried him into resigning his charge.

Miss Carrie—I still called her so, and hardly ever by her married name—wrote to her father to shut up his house and make a home with her in New Haven till her sister returned from the West, and the Professor added a few lines to the letter, giving as a reason for the Doctor's coming that his duties kept him closely occupied, and left his wife much alone.

We were glad to go. The Doctor was sad and lonely, with his work taken from him, and I was not sorry to be under the same roof again with my child.

Before I had been many days with her I noticed a change, and it puzzled me to discover the cause. She was quite happy in her husband. Her love for him was almost adoration. How she waited on him, and cared for his comfort, and studied his tastes and his habits to know how to please him, and watched for his coming, and grieved for his going, and was never too tired or too sick to do for him, and felt paid for all if he gave her a word or a smile, nobody in that house knew but me—he least of all; for he was used to it, and looked upon it as his due.

Well, she was satisfied. If ever a woman believed and trusted in her husband, and was as sure of his heart as of her own, that woman was Caroline Huntington; but to my mind he gave her little enough in return. He was a great student. No man in the College had such a reputation for learning as Professor Huntington. He wrote articles for the reviews, and delivered scientific lectures, and his table was piled elbow-deep with books in foreign languages. He studied night and day, and when he was not studying he was thinking; and he came to his meals with his wits in the stars, and ate my soups and fricassees as if they had been oat-meal porridge, as they might have been and he never have known the difference; for he lived in a grand world all by himself, and he never once thought of coming down from his height to be company for a woman, though that woman was his wedded wife. And though she never confessed it even to herself, I knew that her days and her nights were solitary.

Miss Carrie had never been strong. Until I came she had scanty help in her kitchen, her baby was sickly and troublesome, and there had been no one to tempt her weak appetite with delicate food, or to coax her to take the fresh air every day, and put a little variety into

her dull life. She was patient, and quiet, and unselfish—a woman who would carry a burden and never complain till she dropped. And he—he never knew she had any burdens to bear. It needed sharper eyes than he brought, dull and heavy from his midnight work, to notice the subtle changes in a sick woman's face.

For she was sick. I found that out very soon.

"Miss Carrie, what makes you so hoarse in the evening?" I asked.

"I think it is the climate, Barbara. The night-air is damp here."

"And you cough in the morning, sometimes."

"Yes, I have had a cough ever since baby was born. The doctor says it will wear off."

VI.

Well, it all came out at last. I found her sitting by the nursery fire one day tending her baby. That child never cried a sensible Christian cry like other babies, but kept up a low wailing that it was pitiful to hear. She sat trying to hush it, and her tears were dropping on its little bald head. I took it from her, and when I had walked the room with it till it was asleep, I laid it away in its crib and came back to her side.

She had dropped her head in her lap, and was crying as hard as she could cry. I sat by her and waited, for I knew she would tell me her trouble presently if she could. And she raised her head at last and said:

"You took care of mother, Barbara, in her last sickness. How did it begin?"

"Well, dear, she walked over to the South District with your father to a meeting one evening, and sat with wet feet, and took cold, and it settled on her lungs, and she died of a slow consumption."

"I have it, Barbara."

"Have what, Miss Carrie?"

"My mother's disease. I have known it for a long time, but I have tried not to believe it. I am going as she went, and I don't want to die; I have so much to live for; life is so sweet to me. Oh, I don't want to die!"

"Die!" said I; "what are you talking about, Miss Carrie? You are in no more danger of dying than I am. You have a cough, and the care of the baby drags you down, and you had poor help till I came; but now we will nurse you up, and make you well in a month. There, there—don't cry, dear. Why, Miss Carrie, you are weak and nervous. You mustn't give up to it so."

It was a long time before I could quiet her. Her fear had lain like a weight upon her for months, and the poor soul had borne it alone; for when I asked had she told her husband, she said no, he was so busy with great matters that she could not bear to trouble him about herself.

Well, I troubled him. I coaxed her to lie down a while—she was glad not to show her red eyes at the table, poor girl—and while I was waiting for him to come to dinner I got so

worked up about it that I wondered, if she really should die, would he leave the books he was so taken up with to go to her funeral.

I spoiled his studies for him that day; and if I stretched the story a little, and made her worse than she was, the Lord forgave me, I know. He looked troubled enough at what I told him, and the next day he went with her to a doctor who was successful in curing lung diseases; and when they came back they said his opinion was favorable, and Miss Carrie seemed hopeful and happy; and I think the journey with her husband and the tender care he gave her did her more good than all the doctor's medicine.

I was singing her baby to sleep one night with a hymn I learned long ago at a camp-meeting:

"The day is a-wasting, wasting, wasting,
The day is a-wasting, night draws near:
Lord, in the twilight,
Lord, in the deep night,
Lord, in the midnight, be Thou near."

She came softly behind me and laid her hand on my shoulder.

"Pray that prayer for me, Barbara."

Oh, my poor lamb! How little we knew what a dark, dark night was even then gathering over her head!

VII.

Dr. Shelby did not come to breakfast one morning, and when his daughter went to his room, she found him on his bed in a fit. For three days he lay staring at the ceiling, with eyes that never once winked, and making strange, inarticulate noises when he tried to speak.

They telegraphed to Miss Clara, and she traveled night and day that she might see her father before he died. But he did not die; better a hundred times he had. Little by little he came back to life again, but so changed that he was a dreary sight to look upon, and his own children must have wished him laid away to rest. For his poor body was crooked and shrunken, and a part of it was dead, and his mind was so weakened and shattered that in sense and reason he was a child, and worse than a child. For certainly no child needed half the care those girls gave him. They scarcely left him night or day. They held up his steps from the bed to the chair by the fireside, and from the chair back again to the bed. They bore with all his peevishness—he had mind enough left to be unreasonable and exacting—and kept up a cankered kind of jealousy against them, always complaining that they neglected and slighted him, though he had been the best of fathers.

It was not an easy life, and my poor girl grew paler day by day, and Miss Clara lost some of her roses. But nothing could keep her spirits down. She danced in and out of the sick-room, singing her songs and telling her jokes, and even the cross old man sometimes smiled at her

nonsense. She took to studying German in those days, and in the midst of his lectures and his classes Professor Paul found time to help her.

I was setting the table for tea one night when Dr. Shelby called to Miss Carrie to put away her sewing.

"You leave me all alone," he said, in his peevish way. "I am a poor, desolate old man. Even my children neglect me."

She came and sat beside him, and laid her hand on his knee.

"What can I do for you, father?"

"Do for me!" impatiently. "I don't know why I should expect any one to do for me. I am good for nothing—a poor, useless stick, to be put out of the way. It is time I was in my grave, for my own children are tired of me. After all I have done for them too!"

"Yes, think of that," she said, cheerfully.

"What a faithful, loving parent you have been all these years. And how happy you have made your children. Let this comfort you, father dear, now that you are laid aside."

"Are you happy, Caroline? Have you a good husband?"

"I am very happy, father."

He rubbed his well hand across his knee, and laughed his silly laugh. His moods changed as often as a child's.

"She may thank me for that. Yes, yes," nodding his palsied head; "she owes all her happiness to me. I gave you your husband, Carrie."

"Yes, father," she said, willing to humor him.

"Ah, but you came near losing him, though you sit there so smiling. What a tangle it was, to be sure! but I told him it would all come out right, if he would but do as I told him. 'A good wife is from the Lord,' Carrie; and you have made him a good wife, as I told him you would, much better than *she* could have done, with her giddy ways. Yes, yes; and the Lord must have sent you, for you were of no man's choosing."

"What are you talking about, father?"

"He is talking nonsense," said I. I had been moving about, and coughing, and trying to catch the old man's eye and stop him, if I could. "He is talking nonsense, and does not know what he is saying. Miss Carrie, don't I hear the baby crying?"

I know I made matters worse; but I was crazy with the fright I was in. My poor dear looked me full in the face with those honest eyes, and my own dropped before them.

"You can go, Barbara," she said. "Now, father, tell me all about it."

"Dr. Shelby," said I, "for your life don't tell her. Remember what you said in the time of it—that she was never to be told. Oh, think, Sir; please think before you speak."

"What do I know what I said in the time of it?" said the old man, peevishly. "It was ages ago; and why should I not tell her all

about it, if I please? Things have come to a pretty pass if I am to be dictated to by my servants, and my daughter sitting by to hear me insulted!"

"Barbara, be quiet. Why will you vex him? There, father, she did not mean it; and you shall tell me what you like, and no one shall interrupt you."

He gave me a triumphant look, like a willful child who has carried his point. I knew there was no possibility of stopping him then. In his weakness he had a fancy for hearing and repeating some new thing, and his chin was quivering and he was trembling all over in his eagerness to tell the story. But I hoped with his poor memory he would fail to tell it correctly. That hope was taken away.

"Why, my dear," said he, "it all came of your names being so much alike, and Paul's thinking yours was Clara, and hers was Carrie, and his sending *you* the letter he meant for her—"

"What? what? Oh, father!"

"Miss Carrie, don't you believe him. It's an old man's tale. He has every thing jumbled up in his mind. No such thing ever happened. What a ridiculous story! Don't believe one word of it."

I was well-nigh as weak-headed as the old man, to hope to deceive her with my shallow lies; but the look on her white face was more than I could bear in silence.

"Eb, what?" said Dr. Shelby; "an old man's story, is it? No such thing ever happened! and my children are told not to believe their father's word! Ask the Professor; ask my son if he didn't come to me to know what to do. Ask Paul, I say."

He raised his voice to a scream, and shook his fist at me as I stood.

"Hush, father! I do not doubt your word. I believe all you say; and"—with a pitiful attempt to smile—"what a strange mistake it was!"

"Yes, dear, and quite inexcusable, as I told him. But he behaved very well; yes, I must say Paul behaved very well, and was ready to do the fair thing by you. He had some foolish notion at first that it would be wrong to give you a divided heart; but I told him that would be better than to break his plighted word and make you unhappy for life, and—Carrie, you are pinching my knee; you hurt me."

"I am sorry, father; I did not know it. One question, and then we will never speak of this again. Does Clara—does my sister know?"

"Tell her all, Dr. Shelby," said I, "and then see her drop dead at your feet."

He put his hand to his forehead.

"I am not sure—I think—why, he met her on the porch, you know, and she called him brother. But, really, my dear, I am not able to tell you. I thought little about Clara. My concern was for *you*, and I used all my influence with Paul in your behalf."

"It was kind in you, father."

He did not notice the bitterness of her tone, or the poor white face.

"Yes, dear, I have been a good father to you, and you have been a dutiful daughter. I told him so, Carrie. I said a good daughter made a good wife. I praised you all I could, for I promised your mother, when she lay dying, to shield you from disappointment and—"

"Oh, mother! mother!"

"There now, she is fretting about it, and it all happened long ago, and she is married, and Paul such a good husband; and if he cared for Clara he is over it long ago, and sees that Providence chose a wife for him, and—"

"Hush!" she said, so sternly that the old man began to whimper.

"I wish I had not told her," he said. "I have made her angry, and I meant to please her. I am always making mistakes. I speak when I should be silent, and am silent when I should speak. Oh, it is time I was in my grave, and out of the way!"

She laid her trembling hand on his knee again.

"Never mind, father; you meant it all for the best. I love you; I love you dearly. We will never speak of this again. I am tired, oh so tired. I will go to my room a while."

She stooped and kissed his forehead, tottered a few steps, and I caught her in my arms. I carried her up the stairs, for she was in a dead faint, and I felt her weight no more than if she had been a baby. The hall was dark, but a bright light streamed out from the open door of the study, and they were there, Professor Paul and the girl whose doll face had made the mischief.

I didn't disturb them. I wanted none of their help. I laid my darling on her bed, and when she came to herself again there was no one to see her misery but Barbara—old Barbara—who looked into her eyes when she first opened them on this wicked world, who had carried her in her arms a baby, and who loved her as she loved her own soul.

If she could have laid her head on my bosom and cried her heart out it would have eased the pain; but the hurt was too deep for that. She lay white and still, with wide staring eyes that were quite dry. And I stood over her and smoothed her hair; and when she felt my tears on her face she looked up in a kind of dull surprise. I put her sleeping baby in her arms, and went out and closed the door.

I burned the old man's porridge that night. He deserved one bitter draught after giving his daughter such a cup of gall to drink, and I looked at him with his palsied, decrepit body, and his imbecile mind, and I thought a worse thing could happen to a man than to die in his prime.

VIII

Well, she kept about a few days, and she was patient and quiet, and they did not notice any change; and after she took to her bed her

doctor called it a low fever, and said she would be up again in a week; but *we* knew—she and I—that her heart was quite broken. She had been trying hard to live, poor dear; had set up her will, as it were, against the disease that threatened her life, and all these months had fought it bravely, because, as she said, life was so sweet; but now, when her happiness was killed at a blow, and all that she lived for was taken from her, she sank down, and Death had an easy time with her.

Only once she talked to me of her sorrow. I left her asleep just at evening, and when I came back the room was empty. I stood wondering where she could be, till I heard voices in the study, and then I stole softly through the hall and found her on her knees, peering through the half-open door into her husband's room. She was wrapped in a blanket, and the light showed me her ghastly face and hollow eyes, and she looked like a corpse in its winding-sheet.

Professor Paul and Miss Clara sat at his table studying their German. They were looking over the same book together, and his hand was on the back of her chair, and her curls all but touched his cheek. I was thinking how I should speak to my poor girl without startling her, and get her away, when she rose of her own accord and crept back to her bed. And when I had changed her pillow, and made her snug and comfortable for the night, she looked up with her patient eyes and said:

"Pray that it may come soon, Barbara. I am so tired; pray that the end may come soon."

I made a harsh answer, for I was hot with anger at the sight we had looked upon, and against the man whose stupid blunder had brought her to this; but her face flushed, and she stopped me in her decided way.

"Hush, Barbara, you must never speak such words again. No one is to blame, and I love my husband more entirely than the day I married him. Could he help loving her? Was it his fault that she is beautiful and charming, and I—what I am? And he has been very good to me; remember that, Barbara; after the dreadful mistake, cruelly disappointed as he was, and with no heart to give me, he was yet very good to me. And one thing more: dear Barbara, my kind old nurse, don't let them take this from me." She held up her wasted hand, and her wedding-ring shone in the lamp-light. "It's a foolish fancy, perhaps, but I want this little ring in the grave with me; for I think, Barbara, I *do* think he will be my husband in heaven."

The doctor who attended her called the Professor aside one day, and told him he discovered a general prostration, and lack of vital energy, and other unfavorable symptoms in his patient that led him to feel apprehensive as to the result. He knew she was in a swift consumption, but it is as natural for doctors to cheat, and smooth over, and soften down as for bread to rise in the pan.

The Professor sent in great haste for the

Boston doctor he had before advised with, and there were long consultations, and a change in the medicines, and every one in the house was disturbed and frightened; only my darling lay on her bed, and the calmness of a solemn rest had settled on her face. For the bitterness of death was passed; she suffered little, and her life was drying up like a brook in August.

And the German lessons were given up, and Professor Paul stopped at her door in the morning to ask how she had passed the night, and in the evening sat a while at her bedside. And no matter how weak or tired she felt, her hair must be brushed, and the collar pinned in the neck of her wrapper, that she might sit up and welcome him smiling. And every week I spread his linen before her, and with her trembling, wasted fingers she sewed on the buttons and folded the neck-ties. Her eyes never left his face while he was in the room, and the paleness of coming death could not keep her cheek from flushing when he kissed her and called her "dear wife."

Miss Clara made jelly and blanc-mange for her, and moved softly about the sick-room, and was more quiet and gentle in her ways than I ever knew her to be before; and my darling watched her with not a shadow in her loving eyes. She was too near heaven to be vexed with earthly passion.

IX.

She called her sister to her bedside one evening.

"I am going to tell you a story, dear," she said. "It is something like a Bible story. Do you remember how we used to sit on the trundle-bed in mother's room Sunday mornings and tell stories and repeat hymns? How long ago it seems! Well, this story. Are we quite alone, you and I and Barbara?"

"There were once two sisters living under their father's roof. I will call their names Leah and Rachel, because their history is so like that of Leah and Rachel as we read it in the Bible. And Rachel was beautiful and well-favored, but Leah was older, and not at all like her sister.

"And there came a good man journeying that way, and I will call his name Jacob, though I think he was better and nobler than the real Jacob, and when he saw Rachel he loved her. And just as it happened to the real Jacob, so it happened to him; for by a very strange mistake, when he thought he had chosen Rachel for his wife, behold it was Leah. And you can think how disappointed he was; and though it was very late, he still might have rectified the mistake, for the father of these girls was not like the scheming Laban; though, now I think of it, he urged Jacob a little because of his pity for his daughter Leah. But because the Jacob I tell you about was very good and noble—Clara, I think he was one of the best men that ever lived—and because he saw that this poor, plain Leah loved him, he gave up the beautiful Rachel—for he could not marry them both, you

know, as the old Jacob did—and resolved to spend all his life in making Leah happy.

"And he succeeded so well that she would not have exchanged places with the Queen on her throne; for all this time, you see, she thought she was this good man's choice; and it made her very proud and happy, and never by word or look did he deceive her. Of course he could not love her at first, for his heart must needs cling to the beautiful girl whom he had lost; yet living with Leah day by day, and seeing how truly she loved him, she was so happy at last as to gain his heart. Do you hear me, Clara? I tell you he loved this poor, plain Leah a little for her own sake; and when she lay dying—for God, in mercy to him and to her, after a few years took her to heaven—her husband sat by her bedside every day, looking at her with kind, loving eyes, and called her 'dear wife.' So she died happy. Remember this, dear—she died happy. That is all; only if it should come to pass by-and-by, when the grass is growing green on her grave, that this good man should return to his first love, and the beautiful Rachel should comfort him after her sister's death, of all the angels who look down from the battlements of heaven to bless the union, I am sure not one will strike her harp so joyfully as the spirit of her he used to call wife. Kiss me, darling, and say good-night."

I heard her, an hour later, singing softly to herself:

"Lord, in the twilight,
Lord, in the deep night,
Lord, in the midnight, be Thou near."

She dropped quietly away in her sleep one morning while the Professor was with his class, and when he came at our hasty summons I went with him to the room where she lay. I lifted the sheet from her face, and the sight seemed to strike to his heart. I heard him say, in a low, solemn whisper, "God knows I did it for the best." Then he dropped upon his knees, and one great sob came from him. So I left him with his dead.

X.

We laid her by her mother's side, and we did not go back to New Haven, but opened the house again, and returned to our old way of living, only we kept the baby. And after a few weeks we heard that Professor Paul had gone abroad, and we were very busy—Miss Clara with the care of her father, and I with the child, and the work of the house on my hands. We heard often from the Professor, and Miss Clara read me parts of the letters when he wrote about the little one. And she said what a good father he was, and how he loved his child for its mother's sake.

I never set my heart on that baby. I must needs love it a little—the poor, helpless, suffering thing—coming from its dead mother's arms to mine; but I was glad—yes, *glad*—when it

died. For it was a girl, and it looked like its mother; and the Lord is cruel when He makes such women.

XI.

The news of his baby's death brought Professor Paul home.

I closed the kitchen window one morning to keep out the scent of the honey-suckle and the roses. It was a year that day since we laid my poor girl in the ground, and it vexed me to hear the birds singing, and to smell the flowers, and to see the whole world so bright and beautiful. While I was thinking my sad thoughts Miss Clara came through the room, singing the song she sang on just such a morning three years ago,

"Coming! coming! coming."

I spoke sharply to the girl—my temper has grown crabbed lately, and an old servant takes liberties. I asked her could she find it in her heart to sing songs and the baby not dead a month; and had she forgotten in a year—

She came close to me and dropped her curls on my shoulder—she still keeps up her cuddling ways.

"No, Barbara, I have not forgotten," she said; "but I can not be sad to-day—oh no! not to-day; and if the dear one in heaven knows, she is glad for me."

I never suspected what she meant. I went about my work gloomy and silent, and I wondered why God had given every thing to *her*—health and beauty and riches, for the old aunt was dead, and had left all her money to her namesake—and to my darling a dreadful sorrow and an early grave.

In the evening the Professor came. I opened the door for him, and then I went to Dr. Shelby's room, where I thought Miss Clara was giving her father his supper. But she was not there. The empty bowl stood on the table, and the old man was asleep in his chair. I was on my way up stairs to call her when she passed me in the hall in her quiet way without seeing me, and was in the parlor before I could speak a word.

She left the door open, and I saw the Professor standing in the middle of the room waiting to receive her. I saw him take her in his arms, and heard him say, between the kisses he gave her,

"My own at last! My darling! my darling! My first, my only love!"

I left them in the bright room, and went out into the night to where my darling was lying in her forgotten grave. And the next morning early I packed my trunk and came away. For though it may be that a dear saint in heaven looking down that night had grace given her to rejoice, I, being no saint, but a sinner on earth, could not bear the sight.

Whose husband will that man be in heaven?

LOYOLA AND THE JESUITS.

A SPANISH cavalier, who was gallantly defending Pampeluna against the French, fell wounded in both legs by a cannon-shot. In one he was struck by the ball, in the other by a splinter of stone, and his agonizing wounds were destined to be felt, in their consequences, like the concussions of an earthquake shock, in every part of the earth.¹ They were the cause of many an *auto da fé* in Italy, and of a persecution worse than that of Diocletian in Spain. They aided in rousing the Netherlands to revolt, and in awakening the patient Hollanders to heroic deeds. They made Holland free. They created the wonderful Dutch navy that swept the Spaniards from the seas, and made the East India trade retreat from Lisbon to Amsterdam. They led to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the death of Mary Queen of Scots, the Spanish Armada, the Gunpowder Plot. They disturbed the New World, gave rise to many deeds of self-denial and piety, and many horrible crimes and woes. They were felt in distant Russia. They aroused the Poles against the Russians, and excited a fierce war in which Poland inflicted injuries upon its feeble neighbors that have scarcely yet been expiated in seas of blood. They spread their fatal influence over China, and stirred that vast empire with a violent impulse. They were felt in Ethiopia and Hindostan, in Canada and Brazil; they gave rise, in fact, to the company of the Jesuits.

The wounded cavalier was Ignatius Loyola. He was a brave Spanish nobleman, descended from a house of the highest rank, and his youth had been passed at the court of Ferdinand the Catholic, in the society of the proudest grandees of Spain.² His literary education seems to have been neglected. At thirty-three he could do little more than read and write. But he was no doubt familiar with all courtly exercises. He was a graceful page, a gallant cavalier. His dress was splendid, his armor rich with gems and gold; and although he was the youngest of thirteen children, he seems to have possessed sufficient wealth to live in elegance and ease. At his ancestral castle of Loyola, not far from the Pyrenees, or at the court of the Catholic King, the young noble had been trained in the school of St. Dominic, and in the most rigid rules of loyalty and faith. He had a becoming horror of heresy and freedom. He seems, however, to have been a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and although his youth may have been marked by some trace of the gay license of the age, yet he lived in comparative purity. As became a grandee of Spain, he was a soldier. He entered the army of Charles V. and fought bravely in defense of

his native land, and the uncultivated but ardent noble was always in the front of danger.

If the literary element were wanting to his nature, Loyola was still possessed of a vigorous and fertile fancy. He was never weary of reading "Amadis de Gaul," or the massive romances that fed the imagination of his chivalrous age. His mind was full of the impossible feats of knighthood, of conquests in pagan lands, and the triumphs of the crusaders and of the cross. His strong ambition had been fired by the fabled deeds of chivalry; he longed, no doubt, to become as famous as Amadis, and to crush the hated infidel like the paladins of Charlemagne. He had already chosen as his mistress a fair princess, whose colors, with true chivalric devotion, he was pledged to uphold in tilt or tournament; and although his suit does not seem to have prospered, for he was a bachelor of thirty-one, yet he was full of love as well as of ambition. In person he was of middle stature, strong, and well-formed; his complexion was a deep olive; his nose aquiline, his eyes dark and flashing;¹ and his imperious will had been fostered in the labors of a military life. He was no doubt a strict disciplinarian, and had learned to drill his native soldiery with the same precision with which he afterward organized his priestly legions. And thus glowing with those chivalric fancies which Cervantes was not long after to dissipate with inextinguishable ridicule, the brave soldier threw himself into Pampeluna (1521) and made a hopeless resistance to the French invaders. The fortress fell, the wounded Loyola was taken prisoner; but his conqueror, André de Foix, treated him with almost fraternal care, set him free, and had him carried tenderly to his home, which was not far from Pampeluna.

Here, surrounded by his family and attended by skillful surgeons, he slowly recovered from his wounds. Yet his sufferings must have been terrible. He underwent a severe surgical operation with singular resolution. A piece of bone projecting from his knee was sawed off without calling forth a groan. He became almost a cripple; he saw, perhaps with a mental agony deeper than the physical, that he could no longer hope to shine in the tournament or the courtly revel, or awaken by his grace and dexterity the admiration of his beloved princess. As he grew better his love for romances returned. He asked his brothers to bring him some of his favorite authors. They brought him instead, as more appropriate perhaps to his condition, a "Life of Christ," and some lives of the saints. Pain, suffering, and disappointment had subdued Loyola's proud spirit; the world had grown cold and dark; but his ardent fancy now found a new field of enjoyment and consolation. The tales of religious heroism, of boundless humility, of divine labor in the cause of faith, led him away from the dreams of chiv-

¹ Maffius, Ignatius Vita, i. p. 2. Ranke, Hist. Popes, i. p. 56. Crétineau-Joly, Hist. Comp. de Jésus, i. p. 14.

² Maffius, i. p. 1. Daurignac, i. p. 40, who abridges Crétineau-Joly.

¹ Maffius, iii. p. 14. *Statura fuit modica. He was born 1491.*

ally to an object still nobler and more entrancing. Always an ardent enthusiast, eager to emulate the examples of eminent men, a fond follower of renown, he now began to believe himself destined to a life of holy warfare. "Why can not I do what St. Dominic did?" he exclaimed. "Why can not I be as St. Francis was?"¹ The uncultivated but chivalrous soldier, shut up in his sick-room, or slowly creeping along the sunny paths of Biscay, meditated with characteristic ardor on his project of a spiritual life. He would abandon the world and all its allurements, would fly from riches, power, and pride; instead of his fair princess he would have for his mistress a heavenly queen; instead of an earthly tournament he would shine in a spiritual warfare.² His bride, like that of St. Francis, should be poverty. His enemies, like those of St. Dominic, heretics and devils. He would become a beggar and an outcast, the companion of lepers; he would clothe himself in rags, and go forth, like St. Francis and St. Dominic, to do battle for the Queen of Heaven.

It had ever been the custom for the true knight-errant, as we read in "Don Quixote" and the books of chivalry, to devote himself by a solemn vigil before some holy shrine to his appointed work. In May, 1522, a richly-dressed cavalier, clad in shining armor, appeared before the Benedictine monastery of Mont Serrat in Catalonia, and asked hospitality from the holy monks.³ He was taken to a cell, and when they inquired his name, said he would be called "the Unknown Pilgrim." Three days he passed in making a general confession of all his sins. Thus purified he left the monastery unobserved, and having called to him a beggar from the highway, gave him his rich dress, and in exchange clothed himself in the beggar's rags.⁴ He then gave away all his money to the poor. He put on a long gray robe, bound by a thick cord around the waist, to which he attached his glittering sword and jeweled dagger, and thus attired fell down before the altar of the Holy Virgin, to keep his solemn vigil. He left his sword and poniard suspended at the shrine, and vowed thenceforth to wear alone the spiritual arms of poverty and devotion. Thus did the fanciful, impassioned Loyola fulfill the rites of chivalry and faith.

He was next seen wandering through the streets of Manreza, a little village near Mont Serrat, so sordid in his dress, so wild and haggard in appearance, that children mocked him and men shrunk from him as from a madman. His companions were beggars and outcasts. He wasted his manly strength in fearful penances and fasting that brought him near to death. He courted contumely and shame. His chief employment was waiting upon the diseased poor, and performing for them the

most repulsive offices. Like St. Francis, whom he evidently followed as a guide, he sought to abase himself to the lowest pitch of human degradation.¹ He lived upon alms; he sold all his possessions, and made himself a penniless beggar. His home was a dark and noisome cave, and here he composed his "Spiritual Exercises," which are related to have had a wonderful effect in converting his disciples and founding his order. His mind was now oppressed with terrible fancies; he believed himself forever doomed;² he was surrounded by demons who meditated his eternal ruin, and often the half-maddened spirit longed for death, and was eager to find rest in suicide. Yet this fearful penance and this condition of wild hallucination have had their place in false religions as well as the true. The self-inflicted tortures of Ignatius and Francis of Assisi have often been far outdone by the Brahmin fanatics or Mahomedan dervishes. The Brahmin impales himself on sharp iron hooks or flings himself beneath the car of Juggernaut to expiate imaginary guilt; the dervish often lives in squalid poverty more hideous than that of Ignatius throughout a whole lifetime; and the followers of Boodh have invented penances that excel the wildest extravagances of the modern saint. As he advanced in knowledge Loyola probably grew ashamed of his early excesses, and discovered that squalor, filth, and endless fasting were no true badges of a religious life. He learned that religion was designed to refine and purify rather than to debase human nature.

In his cave at Manreza it is said that Loyola first conceived the design of founding his spiritual army. He saw in the heavens a vision of Babylon fighting against Jerusalem, of the demons of pride, wealth, and worldly corruption marshaling their hosts to assail the sacred city of humility; and he resolved to place himself at the head of a saintly brotherhood and fly to the relief of the cross. At this period his ideas were few, his knowledge limited. His education had been wholly military, and it is curious to observe how the tactics of the camp and the siege blended almost of necessity with the speculations of the uncultivated visionary.³ St. Francis and St. Dominic, who had been bred in civil life, were content with repeating in their institutions the monastic rules of Benedict and the East. They strove to reform mankind by silent asceticism, physical tortures, or touching appeals; by the eloquence of the pulpit or of a meek and holy carriage. But Loyola, who was a soldier, accustomed to command, and conscious of the necessity of subordination, introduced into his society the strict discipline of the camp. As his plans were finally unfolded the Jesuits became a company; their chief was called their General; a perfect military obedi-

¹ Maffius, l. p. 5.

² Maffius, l. p. 6. His hair he left impexum et squalidum; his nails grew long; he was filthy. Satan came and tempted him.

³ Constitutiones Societatis Jesu, p. 53.

¹ Maffius, l. p. 2. ² Ranke, Hist. Popes, l. p. 67.

³ Maffius, l. p. 3, 4.

⁴ Pannoso culdum ex infima plebe.

ence was enforced; the inferior was held to be a mere instrument in the hands of his superior; the common soldier of the great spiritual army had no will, hardly a conscience, but that of his General at Rome; and thus, when the dim vision of the cave of Manreza was presented to the world, its chief novelty was the military rule of obedience. All other virtues were held to be without value unless joined to perfect submission to the will of another. Like a well-trained soldier the Jesuit must first learn to obey. If he failed in this quality the novice was rejected, the professed degraded, the lesser offenders scourged, sometimes to death.

Thus of the few ideas that Loyola possessed at Manreza he made practical use chiefly of those that were military; he at least taught his followers obedience.¹ And from this principle has sprung the power and the weakness, the mingled good and evil of the order of the Jesuits. In obedience to the orders of an irresponsible head the devoted and often sincerely pious priests have flung themselves boldly into savage lands; have endured pain, misery, and want with heroic zeal; have died in hosts in the jungles of India and hostile Ethiopian wilds; have won the hearts of the savages of Brazil by their tender patience, and died with songs of holy joy amidst horrible torments in China and Japan. Yet, if we compare all the heroic sufferings of the Jesuits in the cause of obedience with those of the countless martyrs who have died for religious liberty in the dungeons of the Holy Office, on the battle-fields of Holland, or in the endless cruelties of Romish intolerance, they seem faint and insignificant; and where obedience has produced one martyr, a thousand have fallen to attest their belief in Christianity. But if we turn to the dangerous side of obedience to an irresponsible and often corrupt head, we see how fatal was that weapon which the imprudent Loyola placed in the hands of unscrupulous churchmen. The unhappy Jesuits, bound by their oath of obedience, were soon made the instruments of enormous crimes. Their activity and blind devotion, their intelligence and secrecy, were qualities that peculiarly fitted them to become the emissaries and executioners of kings like Philip II. or popes like Caraffa. It is believed that the Jesuits were chiefly instrumental in producing the worst persecutions in the Netherlands. A Jesuit plotted with Mary of Scotland the assassination of Elizabeth. Another strove to blow up James I. and the English Parliament with gunpowder. The Jesuits were charged with being constantly on the watch to assassinate William of Orange and Henry of Navarre. Anthony Possevin, a Jesuit, is stated by Mouravieff, the Church historian of Russia, to have taught the Polish Catholics to persecute the Greek Christians, and to have plunged Russia and Poland in an inexorable war.² Jesuits

were constantly gliding over Europe from court to court, engaged in performing the mandates of popes and kings; and if we may trust the records of history, the fatal vow of obedience was often employed by their superiors to crush the instincts of humanity and the voice of conscience.

From his cave at Manreza Loyola now set out to assail heresy and corruption. He was sincere, ardent, and resolute; but the champion of the medieval faith soon found that he wanted an important part of his mental armor. Amidst his visions and his spiritual exercises he had already discovered, in a moment of natural good sense, that he could do nothing without knowledge. The age was learned and progressive. The reformers of Germany and Switzerland were men of profound acquirements and intense application, while their Spanish opponent had heretofore done little more than dream. We next, therefore, find Loyola at Barcelona, when he was about thirty-three years of age, painfully endeavoring to acquire the elements of knowledge, in order to fit himself for the priesthood. He was forced to enter the lower classes of the college, and was condemned by his superiors to at least four years of patient study. But he was already widely known as a saint and an enthusiast. He had already wandered to Rome and to Jerusalem, and had come back from a painful expedition. The stately Spanish clergy, the Dominican or Franciscan, looked with suspicion and dislike upon the wild and haggard visionary who consorted only with the miserable poor, and whose intense penances and self-chosen penury seemed a reproach to their own luxury and indifference. Loyola fell under the suspicion of the Inquisition, and was even accused of heresy; he was persecuted and derided, and almost alone a faithful and tender-hearted woman, Isabella Rosello, watched over his necessities and saved him from starving. She seems to have been his earliest disciple. She at least believed him inspired from above, and saw, in moments of enthusiasm, rays of celestial glory playing around his wan brow.¹ And long afterward, when Loyola guided the affairs of the Roman Church, he was embarrassed and somewhat annoyed by the persistent devotion of Isabella, who wished to found a company of female Jesuits under the supervision of the great chief himself.

Luther and Loyola were contemporaries, and the latter the younger by eight years. Both were enthusiastic, ardent men, resolute and severe. Both had gone through religious experiences not altogether dissimilar; had struggled with doubt and terror, with remorse and shame. In their religious trials they fancied that they saw demons and spirits, and had held frequent contests with their great adversary. Both had labored for purity of life and had attained it. Both lived as far as possible above the allurements of the present. But their differences

¹ See Ravignan, *De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jesuites*, i. p. 91. The defense is feeble but honest.

² Mouravieff, *Hist. Russian Church*, p. 122, trans.

were still more striking than their resemblances. Luther was learned, accomplished, creative, poetical. He had been a profound student of the Scriptures; he had marked every line, interpreted every thought; he labored night and day to free his mind from the vain shadows of tradition, and to hear and attend alone to the voice of inspiration. For the teaching of man he cared nothing; he heard only the Apostles and the Divine Preceptor; and hence Luther had imbibed much of the benevolence and charity of the earlier Church. But Loyola was ever wrapped up in visions of the Middle Ages. Unlearned and dogmatic, he saw only the towering grandeur of Rome. He preferred tradition to the Scriptures, the teaching of the Pope to that of the Bible. One article of faith seemed to him alone important—the primacy of St. Peter. One text alone seemed to him the key of revelation; one doubtful passage the only source of Christian life. To the primacy, therefore, Loyola vowed obedience rather than to the Scriptures; to the enemies of the papacy he could assign only endless destruction. Hence while Luther's doctrines tended to benevolence and humanity, those of his assailant must lead to persecution and war; the one was the herald of a gentler era, the other strove to recall the harsh traits of the days of Innocent and Hildebrand.

Driven from his native land by the persecutions of the rival clergy, Loyola, in the year 1528, fled to Paris and entered its famous university. His enthusiasm was somewhat sobered by time or knowledge; but he still lived upon alms and with strict austerity. He was probably a diligent if not a very successful student. He was never learned, and his reading was not of a kind likely to improve or enlarge his faculties. Compared with his eminent Protestant opponents his knowledge was narrow, his mental powers obtuse, and the chief source of his final success was his skill in organizing his followers and the controlling influence of his imperious will. But at Paris he no doubt became more than ever convinced of the power of knowledge. Thrown amidst a busy throng of students, priests, professors, many of whom were Lutherans or who shared in the advancing spirit of the age, he must have seen that learning was chiefly on the side of the new opinions, and that many of the disasters of the papal hierarchy were due to their own ignorance or indolence. He resolved, with his usual vigor, to create a new race of scholars, whose minds should be filled with the rarest stores of classic letters, but whose faith should be as firm and unswerving as his own. The dull soldier¹ was to give rise to an infinite number of schools, colleges, and literary institutions, whose teachers were to shine among the literary glories of the time, but who in matters of faith were to be chained and imprisoned by the fatal

vow of obedience. His free schools were to be the chief agent in reviving the decaying vigor of the papacy. The children of every land who could be allured to the Jesuit schools were to be moulded into active soldiers in his spiritual army. Every Jesuit was to obtain freely that education which Loyola so prized; by the free school he would defeat and beat back Protestantism.

In Paris Loyola grew more rational. His spiritual agonies departed forever. Satan he believed was conquered, and he no longer meditated suicide. He was strong in the faith and in the certainty of success.¹ His penances were still excessive, and he was surrounded by visions and prodigies, but they were all of a more hopeful aspect. But what was equally encouraging, he now began to gather around him converts who were to form the germ of his spiritual army. His strong will and ardent convictions linked to him like a fascinating spell a band of gifted young men who acknowledged him as their master. The first was Peter Lefèvre, the son of a Savoyard goatherd, intelligent and confiding. With him came finally his friend, Francis Xavier, a brilliant scholar, who at first had shrunk almost with aversion from the squalid Loyola, but who became at length the most devoted of his followers. Xavier was rich,² nobly born, famous, a favorite at the French court, learned, and full of worldly ambition; but after three years of sturdy resistance he fell captive to the eloquent example of the bold enthusiast. Several Spaniards, also, joined Loyola—James Laynez, Bobadilla, Rodriguez, and others; and at last, in August, 1584, the young men met together in a subterranean chapel in Paris, and with solemn rites and holy vows pledged themselves to a religious life. Their design was to go to Jerusalem and there devote themselves to the spiritual welfare of Christian pilgrims. Loyola's vision of Jerusalem, a reminiscence of chivalry, seems not yet to have faded from his mind, and his fancy still brooded over the woes of the holy city.

But the young band of enthusiasts were never destined to reach that goal. We next find them stopped at Venice, and here their missionary work began. The gay, rich city, luxurious, licentious, and half heretic, was suddenly startled by the appearance of a wild and haggard band of reformers, emaciated with penances, ragged, and consorting with the wretched poor, who preached in the highways to wondering throngs, and whose imperfect pronunciation and broken language were often met with shouts of derision. Yet the Spanish missionaries soon won attention by their fierce sincerity.³ They taught perfect obedience to Rome, and astonished the half-heretic Italians by the ardor of their faith. They proclaimed themselves the soldiers of a new army that was rising

¹ Maffius, l. p. 21. He already persecuted Lutherans. ² Maffius, l. p. 22.

³ Maffius. l. p. 22. Palmanque martyr's studioso caparent

Crétineau-Joly, l. p. 18, thinks he read men better books.

to destroy the enemies of the Church. They declared perpetual war against Lutheranism and every form of doubt: Catholic Spain was once more in arms to save the medieval Church. In 1538 Loyola, with Laynez and Lefèvre, went on foot to Rome to procure the assent of the Pope to his new order. On his way he entered a chapel near the holy city and saw a vision. He was alone. His followers stood without. The Saviour descended; the Holy Virgin came to smile upon the impassioned Loyola; a glory rested upon him; and when he came from the little chapel his followers knew by his shining countenance that Heaven had chosen him as its champion.

There are moments in the history of mankind when all seems doubt and indecision; when men stand around amazed and not knowing what to do; when the decision of a single powerful will affects the destiny of ages. Such a moment was the present. Paul III. sat upon the papal throne. He was a man of mild disposition, elegant, refined. He had been in his youth the friend of Leo X., and had imbibed the graceful tastes, the genial culture of his accomplished predecessor. His manners were pleasing, his life somewhat licentious, but thus far cruelty and austerity had formed no part of his religious policy. Under his pacific away reform had made rapid progress, and already Italy and Rome itself were swiftly yielding to the purer teachings of the Protestant divines.¹ Augustine monks preached in the very heart of the papal dominions doctrines that differed little from those of Luther and Zuinglius. In Parma or Faenza the reformers taught as openly and as successfully as in Wittenberg or in London. Italy was filled with heretics to the papal rule; the splendid city of Venice was very nearly won over to the new principles; persecution for opinion's sake was scarcely known, and a happy tranquillity prevailed throughout the peninsula that gave liberty to thought and the promise of unexampled progress.² Paul III. was addicted to astrology, and believed more firmly in the decisions of the stars than in those of the Church. Gentle and not naturally cruel, had he possessed prudent counselors he might now have placed himself at the head of the reformers of Christendom, or at least have merited their forbearance. He seems not to have been without a conscience, and was at least sensible of his own imperfections, as well as of the corrupt condition of his Church. He even resolved to reform his own life. He made some advances toward a reconciliation with Luther, which the reformer repelled as insincere; and Paul now looked with helpless indifference upon the spread of Protestant opinions in Italy, and was perhaps not altogether certain of his own infallibility.

But the moment was one that seemed to demand immediate action. Paul stood amidst the ruins of the medieval Church. More than half its ancient domain was in open revolt. England had thrown off its supremacy, and Henry VIII. was the head of a rival see. Germany and the North were in great part lost. France was filled with Protestants. Even Spain was tainted; and now Italy itself, always rebellious, seemed about to join the ranks of the reformed kingdoms, and deny the authority of the Holy See. Two methods of action lay before the hesitating pontiff. He might either attempt to regain his supremacy by persecution, war, and bloodshed; or he might win back the revolted nations by Christian gentleness, by a holy life and a sincere contrition.³ Had he pursued the latter course what endless woes would have been prevented! What fearful persecutions, what wild religious wars, what a long scene of human calamity! He might have restrained the cruel arm of the savage Charles V., and his yet more barbarous son. He might have softened the brutal Henry VIII., and won the respect of Protestants in every land. There would have been no Massacre of St. Bartholomew, no slaughter of the just in Holland and the Netherlands, no Papal Inquisition; and the Roman Church would have stood to-day free from those stains of blood-guiltiness which have made it in the past a reproach and a horror to Christendom.

But Paul had no prudent advisers. The Holy College of Cardinals seem to have wanted both discretion and humanity; while, at this decisive moment, the wild and haggard Spanish soldier, Loyola, wrapped in his visions and filled with his impossible scheme of military rule and perfect obedience, entered Rome. His coming probably determined the future fate of mankind. We have no means indeed of showing how far the counsels of the narrow visionary influenced the conduct of Paul III. and his cardinals; but we know that the Jesuits very soon became the favorite advisers and instruments of the Pope, that they were his most trusted adherents, and that Loyola's theory and practice of perfect obedience to the Holy See at once won the heart of Paul. Accustomed only to a general insubordination, surrounded every where by clamorous reformers and Protestants who denied his authority, the pontiff no doubt heard with double satisfaction the sincere professions of his new champion. By the year 1540 Loyola and his followers were supreme at Rome.⁴ The Pope authorized the formation of the new order, approved its constitutions; and in 1541 Ignatius, reluctant and modest, was installed as General of the Company of the Jesuits. The society occupied a house in the Piazza Morgana, and their numbers rapidly increased; they preached with wild fervor in the churches

¹ Father Paul, *Con. Trent*, l. p. 101. Crétineau-Joly, l. p. 81.

² Crétineau-Joly, l. p. 35. *La crise du Protestantisme était, etc.* "It was," he thinks, "the most dangerous period."

³ Father Paul, l. p. 60. The Pope had already tried to reform his court.

⁴ Crétineau-Joly, l. p. 89. *La bénédiction du ciel s'étendit sur les travaux.*

and public squares; their fierce enthusiasm subdued the minds of the Romans; and it is related that they silenced an eloquent rival preacher, an Augustine monk, by having him tried and condemned for heresy.

The future policy of the Roman Church was now decided upon. It was death to the heretic and the reformer. Paul no longer hesitated; and in 1542 he issued his bull creating the Papal Inquisition. No similar institution had ever existed. The Spanish Inquisition had been comparatively narrow in its influence; the Dominicans had long ceased to torture German heretics at will. Persecution had for many years died out, and the doctrine of toleration was practically applied in many lands. But now an Inquisition was suddenly erected which was to have its central seat at Rome, and which was to extend its influence wherever the papal power was acknowledged.¹ At its head were placed six cardinals, who were to be the world's inquisitors. They were to exercise a special supervision over Italy, but were empowered to appoint inferior agents or deputies in all other countries, who were intrusted with authority as absolute as their own. The inquisitors held in their hands the power of life and death. They were directed to be swift and decided in their action. No parley was to be held with the heretic. He was to be dispatched at once. The fatal crime of honest doubt was to be punished with the rack and the stake. Death was the only punishment. He who read his Bible was to be burned. To read or study the Scriptures was the deadliest of crimes. To pray in secret, to preach, to meet together in religious assemblies, to doubt the virtue of relics and holy sites, to question the authority of the Roman Church, to discuss religious topics, even to think heretical thoughts, were all held deserving of immediate death. The Papal Inquisition, indeed, was a declaration of war, murder, extermination against all who refused to submit to the spiritual rule of the Roman Church: it was the invention of a malignant demon or of an insane fanatic.

Caraffa and Toledo, two cardinals of the Dominican school, are said to have suggested the Inquisition to Paul;² yet it seems to have been the natural fruit of the austere lessons of Loyola. It would be vain to command obedience without possessing some means of enforcing it. By physical terrors alone could the belief in the primacy be sustained; and Loyola, who had already aspired to a perfect tyranny over the intellect, who wished to crush every rising doubt and bring back his age to an implicit faith in the wildest delusions of the medieval Church, could hope to do so only by a general inquisition. The Jesuit writers claim that he sustained the new measure by a special memorial,³ and he evidently hailed it with a fanatic

delight. His military education had made him familiar with bloodshed and violence; he had been accustomed to inflict death for the slightest infraction of discipline; and he believed that the world of thought might be ruled by the same harsh tyranny with which he had once governed a company of Spanish soldiers. A stern and unsparing fanatic, just escaped from the squalor of a hermit's cave, despising all that was pure and fair in life, and fed on visions, Loyola rejoiced in the blood of the saints; and with Caraffa and Toledo, his willing instruments, labored to make the Spanish Inquisition universal.

The inquisitors proceeded at once to their fearful work. Caraffa and Toledo, who were at the head of the six, procured some money from the papal treasury, almost its last resources, and hired a suitable house. They next purchased a supply of racks, chains, thumb-screws, and all the various instruments of torture.¹ As economy was needful, they probably began in a very modest way. They provided fagots and pitch or sulphur, yellow robes painted with demons, ropes and chains for the final catastrophe; and soon men and women suspected of holding heretical opinions began to be suddenly missed from the streets of Rome. They had been seized upon by the assassins of the Holy Office; they would never be seen again until they came forth bound and gagged to be laid on the fatal pyre. Very soon, while Loyola and his followers were preaching to horror-stricken throngs the traditions of a barbarous past, the smoke of many an *auto da fé* began to rise over the ruins of Rome. The favorite scene of the horrid rite was in front of the church of Santa Maria. Here once more, as in the days of Nero, Christians died in horrible torments to gratify a worse than pagan malice; and the pure and the good often fell ready and joyous victims to the rage of dissolute and savage priests. A universal horror settled upon Rome. The reformers fled in throngs to Naples or the north, or else concealed themselves, as in the days of Diocletian, in hideous retreats. The Franciscans were silenced, the Augustinians overawed, and no voice was heard in the Roman churches but that of the haggard Jesuits and brutal Dominicans, recounting their legends and celebrating the Mother of God.²

The massacres were repeated and enlarged in all the Italian cities. Every where the roads were filled with terrified throngs of men, women, children, who, abandoning home, friends, and property, were flying for safety across the Alps. Swift in pursuit came the inquisitors, aided by the papal soldiery. They were charged to show no toleration to heretics, especially Calvinists. Eminent preachers, who had ventured to deviate in the slightest degree from the doctrine enforced by Loyola and his followers, were the peculiar objects of venge-

¹ Ranke, Hist. Popes, I. p. 74. Bower, Popes, vii. p. 457. Naples repelled the inquisitors.

² Ranke, I. p. 74.

³ Id.

¹ Ranke, Hist. Popes, Inquisition, I. p. 74.

² Ranke, Inquisition, I. p. 74.

ance. Caelio, a noted reformer, had a narrow escape. He had waited until the officers came to seize him, but being a large and powerful man, cut his way with a knife through the papal guards, and made his escape over the Alps. Every city was filled with terror, and the rival factions added to the horrors of civil strife by denouncing their enemies to the Inquisition. Venice, rich, populous, and luxurious, was filled with German Lutherans or native heretics, who, when they heard of the fatal persecution, hastened to make their way out of Italy. The roads and villages of Switzerland and Germany were soon thronged by a multitude of exiles; the rich and the noble suffered equally with the poor and the obscure.¹ Happy families were broken up and scattered; the rich were reduced to penury; the artisan driven from his factory, the farmer from his fields. But miserable was the fate of those who could not escape. They were hurried on board of two vessels and carried out to sea. Here a plank was placed from one ship to the other; the Protestants were forced upon it, and then the vessels being driven apart, the plank fell into the sea, and its hapless occupants sank with it, calling to their Saviour for aid. It was said that no Christian could die in his bed in all Italy. Meanwhile the Jesuit missionaries hastened to the terrified cities, preached every where with triumphant vigor, and Laynez, Leffevre, or Bobadilla boasted that heresy was everywhere extirpated by their eloquence.

It is painful, but useful, to review these scenes of human folly and crime; for History is never so instructive as when she teaches us what to avoid. All Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, would now probably unite in reprobating the Inquisition as established by Caraffa, Loyola, and Paul, and few but will now admit that the present decline of the Roman Church is due to the unhappy counsels of those imprudent advisers. The persecutor, in whatever form, is always the enemy of himself, of his friends, and of the human race; and Loyola, as the founder or patron of a system of religious intolerance, displayed that fatal element in his nature for which none of his really remarkable qualities could atone. Cruelty, or that barbarous instinct which leads men to wound or destroy each other, is man's crowning vice; the one which Christianity strives to eradicate by lessons of gentleness and love; which civilization abhors or contemns. As contrasted, therefore, with their chief opponent, the eminent reformers of that early age rise to a high and humane superiority. Luther, although severe in doctrine, never encouraged persecution. A single unhappy act of severity stains the career of the gifted Calvin. Zuinglius taught, from his Swiss mountains, universal toleration. Elizabeth professed a similar policy, and only departed from it when she believed that the Jesuits pointed the daggers that were aimed

at her heart; and it is probable that many Catholics of that unhappy age looked with shame and abhorrence upon the crimes of their rulers.

From the squalid cave at Manreza was to come forth a still more wonderful inspiration than even the Holy Office itself—no less than the reconstruction of the Church of Rome. Loyola was to rebuild the shattered fabric, to renew its medieval towers and battlements, to crowd its walls with a shining array of spectral and saintly warriors, and to make it the gorgeous reflex of his own teeming fancy. Since the Council of Trent the Roman Church has been the representative of the faith of the hermit of Manreza. The genius of Loyola presided at Trent, and the faith of that last great Romish Council was determined by the eloquence and learning of Laynez, Salmeron, and Le Jay.² But the Jesuits spoke only what they believed to be the meaning of their spiritual chief at Rome. They had sworn a perfect obedience to Loyola; in him they heard the voice of Heaven; in his "Spiritual Exercises" they had sought salvation; they were passive tools in the hands of the master; in him they saw a god. And hence the faith which the three Jesuits preached with modest eloquence and varied learning at the famous Council, and which was to become the law of the Roman Church, may be found in the "Spiritual Exercises" and the final "Letter on Obedience."³

The faith which Loyola would impart to his disciples was altogether a pictorial one. It was a series of splendid or touching visions which they were to endeavor to realize with an entrancing clearness. The novice was instructed to withdraw himself to some cell or solitude, and here, with fasting, severe flagellation, and silent meditation, to crush every worldly impulse. He was now in a condition for the highest spiritual exercise, and he was to see in imagination the holy Virgin and her sacred Son standing before him and conversing with him upon the vanity of the world.⁴ He was next to image to himself the vast fires of hell, and the souls of the lost shut up in their eternal dungeons. He was to listen to their lamentations and their blasphemies, to smell the smoke of the brimstone and the fire, to touch the consuming flame itself. Now kneeling, now lying prone on his face, and now on his back, faint with fasting and half crazed for want of sleep, torn by frequent scourging, his eyes ever streaming with tears, the novice was to seek for that grace and pardon which came only from unsparring penance.⁵ Then he was to bring before his mental eye the outline of the Gospel story. He saw the Virgin sitting on a she-ass, and, with Joseph and a poor maid-servant, setting out for Bethlehem. He was to realize the weary journey of the travelers, to strive to see the cavern

¹ Daurignac, l. p. 40. Ranke, l. p. 72, 73.

² Crétineau-Joly, l. p. 249, 255.

³ Exer. Spirit., l. Hebd. Colloquium primum fit ad Dominam nostram, etc. ⁴ Exer. Spirit., l. Hebd.

¹ Ranke, l. p. 74.

or hut of the nativity.¹ Every event in the life of the Saviour was to be painted to his fancy, and every sense was to lend its aid to complete the accuracy of the picture. He would hear the groans of the garden, touch the bleeding wounds, taste the bitter gall. One of his own most striking visions Loyola dwells upon with unusual fondness. On the fourth day of the second week of the spiritual exercises the novice was to see the battle of Babylon and Jerusalem. He was to imagine a boundless plain around the sacred city, covered with hosts of the pure and the good, in whose midst stood the Lord Christ, the commander of the holy army. Upon another—the Babylonian plain—he would see the captain of sinners, horrible in aspect, sitting in a chair of fire and smoke, and marshaling his legions for an assault upon the Church.²

Such were the visions the novice was to summon before him. The spiritual exercises were divided into four weeks, and every day and hour had its appropriate duty. But no study of the Scriptures is enjoined; and Loyola seems to have scarcely been familiar with the Sermon on the Mount, or the practical wisdom of St. Paul. His whole fancy was apparently filled with the vision of his heavenly mistress, who had so often vouchsafed to appear to him in person and smile upon him benignantly, and whose champion he had so early avowed himself; and he evidently believed in his own inspiration, and felt in himself a prophetic fervor. He, perhaps, thought himself above even the Church. But with exceeding discretion he inculcated upon his disciples perfect obedience to the Roman See. He taught a submission so thorough to every decision or intimation of the Church as was never known before to saint or hero. If the Church should say that black is white, said Loyola, we must believe her, for she speaks the voice of God.³ Thus did the unlearned enthusiast prostrate all his mental faculties before that shadowy vision, the mediæval Church, whose limits and powers no one could define, whose utterances were confessedly confused and contradictory, which to one-half the Christian world seemed to have departed wholly from the simple faith of the Gospel, and whose luxury, license, and pride were a gross parody upon religion and truth. Yet Loyola, who professed and even practiced humility, self-denial, and a spotless purity, was now, by a strange contradiction, to become the champion of an institution whose corruption even popes and cardinals confessed.

The Council of Trent opened with imposing ceremonies.⁴ It was designed to be the general assembly of all Christendom. It was filled with the eminent dignitaries of the Catholic world,

with bishops and archbishops, with the cardinal legates and two Jesuits as representatives of the Papal See, with the delegates of the Emperor and all the Catholic sovereigns. Yet, after all, it was but a feeble and fragmentary gathering compared with those magnificent assemblies which had been summoned together by the Roman emperors, where the Patriarchs of the East, the Bishop of Rome, and the representatives of Gaul, Africa, and Spain met to decide, with clamorous controversy, the opinions of the early Church. The Council of Trent had small right to call itself Ecumenical. One-half the Christian world shrank with fear or horror from the heretical assembly. The whole Eastern Church, with the great Patriarchates of Constantinople and Moscow, denied its authority. England and Germany, once the favored children of Rome, had thrown off its allegiance. The most eminent scholars of the time derided the claim of the fragmentary gathering to decide the opinions of the faithful. No Protestant dared venture to the hostile assembly, lest he might share the fate of Jerome or Huss; and Luther and Melancthon, the reformers of Geneva and of London, united in opposing the assumption of a small faction of the Christian world to control the universal Church. The Council, they said, was only a factious assembly.¹ It was only designed to spread the Inquisition, to confirm the power of the papacy. It was a band of persecutors into whose hands no Christian could trust himself; its theology was corrupt and unscriptural; its policy that of cruelty and persecution; it was an assembly of the servants and adherents of the antichrist at Rome.

Spain, Italy, and Austria were the nations chiefly represented at the Council of Trent.² They were the lands of the Inquisition and the Jesuits. In all of them free opinion had lately been extirpated or repressed by the most horrible cruelties; and it was certain that if the people of those bleeding nations had been allowed to send delegates to the Council—if, as in early and better ages, the popes and bishops had been elected by a popular vote—the assembly would have condemned persecution and opened wide its doors to the pure and good of every land. Once more there might have been an undivided Christendom; once more the Sermon on the Mount might have pervaded civilization.³ But the Roman Church was controlled by an autocrat at Rome who would abate none of his tyranny; by a corrupt aristocracy of bishops and cardinals who were dependent upon the papacy; and by Loyola, who, from his flourishing college, silent and grave, ruled his gifted followers by their vows of passive obedience. More than three centuries have passed since the Council of Trent. And now once more a summons from Rome calls the faithful adherents of the

¹ Exer. Spirit., ii. Hebdomada.

² Id.

³ Exer. Spirit. Req. Aliquot. Si quid, quod oculis nostris apparet album, nigrum illa esse definierit, debemus illudem, quod nigrum sit, pronuntiare.

⁴ Platti, Storia de' Pontefici, x. p. 127. Sarpi, Con. Trid.

¹ Sarpi, l. p. 97 et seq.

² Daurignac, l. p. 53.

³ Le Plat, Acta Con. Trid., vii. part. 2, p. 2, describes the slow gathering of the Council.

absolute tyranny of a pope to assemble and discuss the critical condition of the ancient See. The Jesuits still rule at Rome; the powerful order has become the last stay of medieval Christianity; but the people have long since, in every land, rebelled against the teachings of Loyola. Spain, hallowed or shamed by his nativity, has abolished the whole medieval system, and invites free thought and speech to take shelter within its borders. Italy, which, when the Council of Trent was sitting, was crushed by the Inquisition into a horrible repose that was to check her progress for centuries, now defies the papal authority, confiscates the property of the Church, and would gladly see both Pope and Jesuit take flight to some more congenial land. Austria takes part in the general revolt against the theory of passive obedience; and if the people of those three great Catholic powers were now permitted to elect bishops and popes, and to select their delegates to the approaching council, it is probable that the whole medieval system would be swept away, and the tyranny of corrupt and irresponsible churchmen be forever broken. Once more there might be an undivided Christendom, in feeling if not in form.

The Council of Trent had been summoned by Paul to meet in 1542, but it did not finally assemble until 1545.¹ It continued to hold its sessions until 1552, when it was prorogued, and did not meet again for ten years. In 1562 it assembled once more, and continued for nearly two years, when it was finally dissolved. Laynez, Salmeron, and Le Jay were the busiest of its members. In one chief element of religious discussion the Council was singularly deficient; no one of the bishops had read the fathers, or was able to trace to its sources the origin of their traditional Church. The prompt Laynez offered to supply the general want of learning. Night and day, it is said, he toiled with enormous labor over the ponderous works of the authoritative fathers; his health gave way, and the patient and ignorant assembly adjourned until he had recovered; and at length the hasty theologian professed himself perfect in his task. He was ready with reference and quotation to prove the doctrine of penance or to refute the most moderate of the reformers. Salmeron was equally active, and, in Father Paul's opinion, his assumed modesty often concealed an extraordinary impertinence.² The moderate party in the Council, led by the tolerant Pole, would have been glad to have refined and purified the Church; but they were overawed by the Jesuits.³ The most extreme measures were adopted; the dreams of Loyola were received as revelations from Heaven. It was decided that tradition was of equal authority with the

Scriptures; that flagellations and self-inflicted tortures were acceptable to God; that the visions of the Queen of Heaven were proofs of a divine mission; that the cup should be forbidden to the laity; that passive obedience was due to the Roman See. After a weary session of eighteen years, in the midst of terrible wars and constant scenes of horror, the unlucky assembly separated, followed by the derision of the Protestants and the contempt of the more thoughtful Catholics. Queen Elizabeth called it a popish conventicle; and only the papal party and the Jesuits obeyed the schismatic Council.

Loyola, in the mean time, had seen his little society grow to vast proportions. Nine members, in addition to himself, had formed the whole company of the Jesuits in 1540, and now the numbers had increased to thousands. Persecuted by the Dominicans and Benedictines, feared and hated by the clergy and the bishops, the wonderful brotherhood spread over Southern Europe, and filled the cities with its colleges and schools. The constitution of the society is a perfect despotism.⁴ The General has an absolute control over every one of the members; his voice is that of Heaven.⁵ The whole body of the Jesuits are divided into four orders; but of these only the highest, composed of the Professed or advanced, have any share in the election of their chief. They form a severe aristocracy, few in number, and holding a supreme control over the lower orders. These consist of the Coadjutors, the Scholars, and the Novices. They are bound by their vows to obey their superiors in all things, and are early taught by severe tasks and the most degrading compliances to sacrifice wholly the sentiment of personal self-respect. The whole society forms a well-disciplined army, governed by a single will, and every member of the immense brotherhood, in whatever part of the earth he may be found, looks to the central power at Rome for the guidance of all his conduct. In this principle lies the wonderful vigor that has made the Jesuits, for more than three centuries, one of the chief powers of the earth. Implicit obedience is the source of their unity and strength.

The Jesuits are supposed to live upon alms. But their colleges are all richly endowed; and in the lapse of ages their wealth must have accumulated to an enormous amount. Their colleges are found in every part of the world.⁶ They usually possess costly buildings and all the marks of prosperous opulence. They profess to teach gratuitously; they expend large sums in charity; they educate countless scholars in the strictest observances of the medieval faith; and notwithstanding his vow of poverty,

¹ Acta Con. Trid., Le Plat. In January, 1546, only twenty bishops had arrived to represent the Universal Church. Vol. vii. part 2, p. 10.

² Sarpi, 1562, l. p. 19. Crétineau-Joly, l. p. 261.

³ Salmeron's speech, Acta Con. Trid., l. p. 93, shows his vigor and bitterness.

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⁴ See Constitutiones Societatis Jesu, 1638; printed at London, 1688.

⁵ Const., p. 68. The General locum Dei tenenti, is supreme. See Ravignan, l. p. 91. Je vols Dieu, j'entends Jésus Christ, lui-même dans mon supérieur.

⁶ See Const., Pars Sexta, Dauriguac, l. p. 85. They began at once to found colleges.

it is possible that no other potentate has controlled more extensive revenues than the General of the Jesuits at Rome. Conscious of power, and perhaps elated by success, Loyola, in the close of his life, showed traces of vanity and presumption. He was fond of boasting of his own sufferings and his own familiarity with the rulers of the skies. He was ever imperious and visionary, and now the insane thought seems to have entered his mind that he was the brother of Christ.¹ At night he was often visited by demons who shook him in his bed, and his loud outcries would awaken the brother who slept in an adjoining cell. His health was always feeble, and he often suffered agonies of pain. He was at times probably insane. Yet he would soon recover again, and direct all his faculties to the government and extension of his mighty army, which was now doing battle for the papacy in every land.

It formed a vast missionary society, whose gifted members, eager for the crown of martyrdom, plunged boldly into unknown lands and preached to wondering heathendom the glories of the Queen of Heaven. Loyola's design had always been to convert the world to the Roman faith. He would make amends for the loss of England and the hardy North by the conquest of India or Japan, and teach the uncultivated savages of Canada or Brazil to chant the praises of the Blessed Mary. Thus the splendid fabric of the Roman Church would be renewed in the rich streets of Delhi, in the teeming cities of China, or the wild woods of the untutored West, and the vows of passive obedience sink deep in the bosom of the gentle races of the Eastern lands. How should the faith of the simple savage put to shame the hardy heretics of Germany! How must schismatic Europe blush when it saw Asia bowing at the shrine of Mary! He hastened to put his grand design into execution, and the brilliant and impassioned Xavier was chosen as the first missionary to the golden East.² Xavier had been one of those early disciples who had knelt with Loyola in the subterranean shrine at Paris, and who had abandoned wealth, fame, and regal favors for the companionship of his outcast master. He was pure and gentle, an indifferent scholar, a graceful and persuasive teacher. He wanted the deep reading of the iron Laynez, or the busy impertinence of the active Salmeron; and Loyola, thoughtless of the friend in the requirements of the order, sent forth the faithful disciple to be the martyr and the apostle of the East. Xavier's career, according to his numerous biographers, was a wonderful scene of success. Millions of heathen yielded to his eloquence.³ All Hindostan seemed to receive him with delight. He worked a thousand miracles; and when language failed to convert a heathen nation he brought a dead man to life, and they yielded at

once. He could even impart his miraculous powers to others, and had formed a band of boys who were miracle-workers when the weary saint had ceased. Against wicked heathen who resisted his appeals he sometimes sent forth armies, who gained victory with great slaughter of the foe; and sometimes he destroyed his enemies by a silent malediction. Europe was filled with the fame of the exploits of the inspired missionary, and it was rumored that the whole East would soon bow to the Romish sway. But his success proved to be exaggerated or transient. Xavier had entered India when the Portuguese were every where conquering or desolating that unhappy land; the subject people yielded to the command of one of the victorious race, and were baptized.⁴ They kissed the crucifix of the missionary, they adored his pictures, and they chanted a "Hail Mary." But the converts were chiefly from the lowest and most corrupt of the Hindoos; the transient impulse soon passed away, and they once more returned to their native idols. Xavier left India, weeping over the vices and the brutality of its people. The impassioned missionary next planned the spiritual conquest of Japan, and came to that remarkable country under the protection of the Portuguese arms. Here, too, he seemed at first to obtain a wonderful triumph. The Japanese bowed devoutly in great multitudes before his pictures of Christ and the Holy Virgin. He founded schools, planted churches, and three times a day his intelligent converts repeated their "Hail Mary" in groves once tenanted by Satan. Yet here, too, his miracles and his teaching had only a temporary influence. And at length⁵ the Apostle of the East, worn with toil and disappointment, died (1552) on a rocky isle on the coast of China, still, in his eager ambition, planning a missionary invasion into the land of Confucius and Boodh.⁶ One can not avoid contrasting the imperfect labors of the Jesuit Apostle of the East with those of him who stood on Mars Hill, or in the crowded streets of Rome; who bore no images nor pictures; who insisted upon no idolatrous observances; who told no fanciful legends of the Virgin and the saints; but who pierced the hearts of the gifted Greeks and Romans by the plain words of gentleness, soberness, and truth. The sermons, the prayers, the letters, the example of the Apostle to the Gentiles founded a Church that shall live forever; the pictures, the crucifixes, the legends, and medieval hymns of his spurious successor have faded swiftly from the mind of the idolatrous East.

Meanwhile the Jesuit missionaries, with undoubted heroism, made their way into the dark places of the earth. They founded a flourishing settlement in Brazil that seemed for a long time full of delightful promise.⁶ They half-

¹ Steinmetz, *Hist. Jesuits*, i. p. 296. Cr tineau-Joly, p. 82.

² Butler, *Lives of Saints*, xii. p. 82.

³ Butler, xii. p. 84. Daurignac, i. p. 51. Cr tineau-Joly, i. p. 470.

⁴ Daurignac, i. p. 51.

⁵ Butler, xii. p. 68. Cr tineau-Joly, i. p. 474.

⁶ Cr tineau-Joly, i. p. 494. ⁴ Daurignac, i. p. 55.

converted the Japanese; they ruled at Pekin, and made the Chinese acquainted with Western science; they penetrated to Ethiopia; they softened the savages of Canada and Illinois; and they proved their sincerity and heroism by a thousand arduous exploits. Yet a similar ill fortune seemed to attend all their enterprises, and China, Japan, America, Ethiopia once more repelled with bitter hatred the oppressive sway of Rome. A multitude of pious and earnest Jesuits, whose pure and holy lives have been sacrificed in vain, have labored and died in savage wildernesses, in heathen cities, in malarious jungles, and in icy solitudes; but the intrigues and vices of their Italian masters have uniformly destroyed the fruits of their martyrdom and self-devotion.

With their home missions the Jesuits were more successful. Here, too, they strove to unite arms with letters, and to plant their free schools in the heretical North by diplomacy and the sword. They stole the heart of Charles V.—if indeed he ever possessed one—against his Protestant subjects; and he was soon induced to commence a bitter war against the heretical league. At the battle of Muhlberg, where the Germans were routed and overthrown, Bobadilla appeared in the front ranks of the Catholic forces, mounted upon a spirited steed, waving his crucifix on high, and promising victory to the imperial cause.¹ The Protestants fled, and soon in all their terrified cities flourishing Jesuit colleges sprang up as if by magic, and thousands of children were instructed and confirmed in the visions of Loyola and the decrees of the Council of Trent. The Jesuits made admirable teachers. Loyola was resolved to make his colleges splendid with erudition and genius. At Rome he gathered around him the most accomplished professors, the most abundant learning; and he lavished money in profusion to provide fine buildings, libraries, and all the apparatus of letters. The most intelligent scholars were noted, rewarded, encouraged; every promising genius was snatched from the world and devoted to the cultivation of inferior minds; a severe and perfect discipline prevailed in all his schools; and it is chiefly as teachers that the Jesuits won their lasting triumphs in the German cities. Their free schools educated the rising generation, and the Protestants, who had heretofore possessed all the literature of the age, soon found themselves met and often overthrown by the keen casuistry of the Jesuit scholars. A reaction took place, and Germany seemed swiftly returning to the ancient faith.

Yet the new literature of the Jesuits, confined by the oppressive restrictions of their discipline, contained within itself a principle of decay. Genius could scarcely flourish under a system of mental serfdom; learning oppressed

grew dwarfed and imbecile. The Jesuit scholars were often laborious, accurate, methodical; but they produced no brilliant Scaliger nor daring Wolf. No poet, philosopher, nor original thinker could possibly arise in their schools; there was no Jesuit Goethe, no Schiller, no Shakspeare; their mental labors were various and valuable, but never great; they produced chiefly an immense, curious, and often worse than worthless kind of literature called casuistry.¹ Of this they were fertile beyond example. Their intellect, pressed out of its natural growth, spread in matted vegetation along the ground, or clung in wild festoons around ancient oaks, like the gray mosses of a Southern forest. The countless works of casuistry produced by Jesuit scholars in the seventeenth century are usually efforts to show how far they are restricted in morals by the rules of their faith; what acts are lawful, what expedient; and their diligent effort to reconcile virtue with the supreme law of obedience led them to a strange condition of mental corruption. Mariana defended regicide, poisoning, and assassination; Father Garnet confessed that he did not hesitate to tell falsehoods for the good of his Church; and there is scarcely a crime in the list of human guilt that the diseased intellect of the Jesuit fathers did not palliate or excuse.

But it was chiefly as politicians that the Jesuits have won, and probably deserved, an infamous renown in history. The order was aggressive and ardent—full of grand schemes for the extirpation of heretics and the subjugation of England and the hardy North. Every member of the mighty league had sworn to give his life, if necessary, for the advancement of the faith; was ready to fly at a sudden notice to the farthest lands at the bidding of his superior or the Pope; and perhaps might merit some frightful punishment at home did he not obey his commander to the uttermost. The irrevocable vow and the long practice in abject submission made the Jesuits the most admirable instruments of crime.² In the hands of wicked popes like Gregory XIII., or cruel tyrants like Philip II., they were never suffered to rest.³ Their exploits are among the most wonderful and daring in history. They are more romantic than the boldest pictures of the novelist; more varied and interesting than the best-laid plots of the most inventive masters. No Arabian narrator nor Scottish wizard could have imagined them; no Shakspeare could have foreseen the strange mental and political conditions that led these enthusiasts on in their deeds of heroism and crime. Jesuits penetrated disguised into England when death was their punishment if discovered; hovered in strange forms around the person of Elizabeth, whose assassination was the favorite aim of Philip II. and the Pope; reeled through the streets of London as pre-

¹ Steinmetz, l. p. 201. Crétineau-Joly, l. p. 283. He was wounded—*frappé à la tête*—but recovered.

¹ The learned Tirloschi and the ingenious Boesovich flourished during the suppression of the order.
² Steinmetz, l. p. 452. ³ Crétineau-Joly, II. p. 296.

tended drunkards; hid in dark closets and were fed through quills; and often, when discovered, died in horrible tortures with silent joy. The very name of the new and active society was a terror to all the Protestant courts. A single Jesuit was believed to be more dangerous than a whole monastery of Black-friars. A Cam-pion, Parsons, or Garnet filled all England with alarm. And in all that long struggle which followed between the North and the South, in which the fierce Spaniards and Italians made a desperate assault upon the rebellious region, strove to dethrone or destroy its kings, to crush the rising intellect of its people, or to extirpate the hated elements of reform, the historians uniformly point to the Jesuits as the active agents in every rebellion, and the tried and unflinching instruments of unsparing Rome.¹ A Jesuit penetrated in strange attire to Mary, Queen of Scots, and lured her to her ruin. Another sought to convert or dethrone a king of Sweden. One conveyed the intelligence to Catherine and Charles IX. that produced a horrible massacre of the reformers. One traveled into distant Muscovy to sow the seeds of endless wars. Mariana, an eminent Jesuit, published a work defending regicide which was faintly condemned by the order, and soon Henry III. fell by the assassin's blow; William of Orange, pursued by the endless attempts of assassins, at last received the fatal wound; Elizabeth was hunted down, but escaped; Henry IV., after many a dangerous assault, died, it was said, by the arts of the Jesuits; James I. and his family escaped by a miracle from the plot of Fawkes and Garnet; while many inferior characters of this troubled age disappeared suddenly from human sight, or were found stabbed and bleeding in their homes. All these frightful acts the men of that period attributed to the fatal vow of obedience. The Jesuit was the terror of his times. Catholics abhorred and shrank from him with almost as much real aversion as Protestants. The universities and the clergy feared and hated the unscrupulous order. The Jesuit was renowned for his pitiless cruelty.² The mild Franciscans and Benedictines, and even the Spanish Dominicans, could not be relied upon by the popes and kings, and were cast contemptuously aside; while their swift and ready rivals sprang forward at the slightest intimation of their superior, and with a devotion to their chief at Rome not surpassed by that of the assassins of the Old Man of the Mountain, flung themselves in the face of death.

One of the early victims of the fatal vow of obedience was William, Prince of Orange.³ He was the bulwark of Protestantism, the founder of a great nation. Philip II. of Spain had long pursued him with secret assassins and open plots; a ban had been pronounced against him, and a large reward was offered to any one who

would destroy him; and no name was so hated by the Catholics of every land as that of the grave and silent Prince. Yet William had heretofore baffled all the efforts of his foe. He had made Holland free, had secured the independence of the Protestant faith, and still maintained the good cause against the arts and arms of the treacherous Philip by his singular energy and wisdom. He had escaped a thousand dangers, and seemed to glide through the midst of Philip's assassins with a charmed life. Yet every violent Catholic was longing to send a dagger to the heart of the triumphant heretic, and hoped that with the death of William the Netherlands would once more fall into the power of the papal inquisitors.

Balthazar Gérard was one of the most bigoted of his party. He was the son of respectable parents in Burgundy. He was small in stature, insignificant in appearance; but his whole nature was moved by a fierce desire to assassinate the Prince of Orange. When he was yet a youth he had already formed the design of murdering the Prince, whom he called a rebel against the Catholic King and a disturber of the Apostolic Church. At twenty Balthazar had struck his dagger with all his strength into a door, exclaiming, "Would it had been the heart of Orange!" For seven years he meditated upon his design; but when Philip offered his reward for William's death, Gérard became more eager than ever before to execute his purpose. Fame, honors, wealth, the favor of his king, awaited the successful assassin, and he no longer hesitated. He first, however, confessed his design to the regent of the Jesuit college at Luxemburg, and received his warm commendation. A second Jesuit, to whom he mentioned his plan, dissuaded him from it, not because he disapproved of it, but from its difficulty. He next presented himself to Alexander, Prince of Parma, the most brilliant soldier of the age. Parma had long been looking for some one to murder William, but Balthazar's insignificant stature and feeble appearance seemed to him ill-suited to the task. The young assassin's fierce resolution, however, soon induced the Prince to encourage him; and he promised Balthazar that if he fell in the attempt the expected reward should be given to his parents. His plan was to disguise himself as a Calvinist, the son of one who had died for his faith, and having claimed aid from William, to gain access to his presence and shoot him down with a pistol.⁴

The Prince was now living in a quiet retirement at the little town of Delft. His house was plain although large, and stood on Delft Street, a pleasant canal that ran through the city, and which was shaded by rows of lime-trees that in summer filled the air with the perfume of their blossoms. The house was of brick, two stories high, with a roof covered with red tiles. In front a considerable court-yard

¹ Motley, *Netherlands*, iii. p. 444.

² *Id.*

³ Motley, *Dutch Rep.*, iii. p. 596.

⁴ Motley, *Dutch Rep.*, iii. p. 596 et seq.

opened toward the canal. And here in the quiet little Dutch town, surrounded by his affectionate family and followed by the love of his countrymen, William lived in a calm tranquillity, careless of the plottings of his foes. Balthazar, meantime, reached Delft in July, 1584, as a special messenger to William of Orange. He appeared as a modest, pious youth, always carrying a Bible under his arm; and, to his great surprise, he was at once admitted to the Prince's chamber. He stood before his victim. Yet he had no arms to carry out his design, and Parma had been so penurious as to leave him without money. William, hearing of his poverty, sent him some small gift, which Balthazar laid out in buying a pair of pistols from a soldier. The latter killed himself the next day when he learned to what use his pistols had been applied.

At half past twelve o'clock, on the 10th of July, the Prince, with his wife, and the ladies and gentlemen of his family, passed into the dining-room of the plain Dutch house, and sat down to dinner. On their way they were accosted by Gérard, who, with pale and agitated countenance, asked for a passport. The Princess, who noticed him, said in a low tone that she had never seen so villainous an expression. The cheerful dinner was over by two o'clock. The company rose from the table and passed out, the Prince leading the way. As he ascended a staircase to go to the upper floor, Gérard came out from an archway and shot him to the heart. He died exclaiming, "My God, have mercy on this poor people!" The murderer meantime fled swiftly from the house, and had nearly escaped over the city walls when he stumbled and was seized by the guards. He was executed with horrible tortures, and in his confession related how he had been confirmed in his design by the Jesuit father at Luxembourg. Philip II. and the violent Catholics looked upon his act as highly meritorious. The King ennobled and enriched his parents, and as the price of blood his family took their place among the nobility of the land.

In the Netherlands the Jesuits were the last persecutors. They clung to the use of brutal violence in religious matters when the practice had almost died out. "Send us more Jesuits," was always the demand of the Spanish commanders when they would complete the subjection of some conquered city,¹ and Jesuit colleges were founded at once amidst the ruins of Antwerp and Haarlem. The opinions of Loyola and the decrees of the Council of Trent were enforced in the Netherlands by the massacre of helpless thousands; and it was chiefly upon the poor that the persecutors executed their worst outrages. A poor serving-woman, Anna van der Hove, was the last and most remarkable of their victims. Two maiden ladies lived on the north rampart of Antwerp, who had formerly professed the Protestant faith, and had

been thrown into prison; but they had prudently renounced their errors, and now went devoutly to mass. Not so, however, did their maid-servant, Anna, who was about forty years of age, and was firm in the faith in which she had been born and educated. The Jesuits, enraged at her obstinate honesty, resolved to make the poor serving-woman an example to all her class. They denounced her to the authorities, claiming her execution under an old law so cruel that every one believed it had long been laid aside. Anna was condemned to be buried alive, the legal punishment of heretics, but the Jesuits told her she might escape her doom if she would recant and be reconciled to the Catholic Church. The honest woman refused. She said she had read her Bible and had found there nothing said of popes, purgatory, or the invocation of saints. How could she ever hope to merit a future bliss if she professed to believe what she knew to be false? Far rather would she die than lose that heavenly crown which she saw shining resplendently even for her humble head above. She would do nothing against her conscience. She desired to interfere with no other person's belief, but for herself, she said, she preferred death to the unpardonable sin of dishonesty.

On a fair midsummer morning she was led out of the city of Brussels, where her trial had taken place, to a hay-field near at hand. A Jesuit father walked on either side, followed by several monks called love-brothers, who taunted Anna with her certain doom in another world, calling her harsh and cruel names. But she did not hear them. All her thoughts were now fixed on heaven. There she saw the golden gates wide open, and angels stooping down to snatch her from the power of Satan. They put her in a pit already prepared, and, when she was half covered with earth, once more tempted her to recant and save her life. Again she refused; the earth was thrown in, and the executioners trod it down upon her sacred head. Such was the last religious murder in the Netherlands.¹

Meantime the Jesuits had long been engaged in a series of vigorous efforts to conquer rebellious England. The whole intellect and energy of the company was directed to this daring but almost hopeless attempt. Popes and priests had exulted in a momentary triumph when Mary gave her hand and heart to Philip II., and when Cranmer, Ridley, Rogers, and a host of martyrs had died to consecrate the fatal nuptials.² But the accession of Elizabeth had once more filled Rome and Spain with inexpressible rage. The heretical Queen became the object of an endless number of plots and projects of assassination. Jesuits hid themselves in London or wandered from house to house through the Catholic districts,

¹ Motley, *Netherlands*, iii. p. 446.

² Crétineau-Joly defends Mary on various grounds, ii. p. 536.

¹ Motley, *Netherlands*, iii. p. 444.

exciting the zeal of the faithful, and vainly striving to arouse all Catholic England to revolt in favor of Mary, Queen of Scots. Elizabeth was in imminent danger. The Jesuit, Parsons, denounced her as a murderess and a bastard. Philip sent his Armada against her loaded with priests. But the great majority of her Catholic subjects remained true to their native Queen, and the Jesuits found but little sympathy even among those whom they looked upon as their natural allies.

Father Garnet is one of the most noted of these imprudent Jesuits. He was the provincial of the English company. The Jesuits, on the death of Elizabeth, had formed a wild scheme to prevent the accession of James, and the King renewed and enforced the severe laws against his Catholic subjects. Ruin hung over them, and the imprudent conduct of the aggressive Jesuits had only brought destruction to their friends and to their cause.¹ In this extremity it is charged that they entered upon a still more desperate scheme—the Gunpowder Plot. Father Garnet, as he was called, the Jesuit provincial, was now in England, with several others of his company, and a plan was formed by the zealous Catholics to blow up the Houses of Parliament and King James with gunpowder. The plot was discovered, and Guy Fawkes was seized in the cellars of the Parliament House just as he was about to set fire to the barrels of powder. Fawkes is represented by the Jesuits as having been a man of great piety, amiable, cheerful, of unblemished honor, and strict in all religious observances. All of the conspirators belonged to the Jesuit faction, and it is believed that none of the English Catholics were engaged in the plot. A search was at once made for concealed Jesuits. Several escaped to the Continent; but Garnet lay hidden at a house in Hendlip, near Worcester. He was concealed, with another Jesuit and two servants, in one of those secret chambers which were common at that period in the houses of wealthy Catholics. Here the unhappy fugitives were imprisoned for seven days and nights.² Their retreat was so small that they were obliged to remain constantly sitting with their knees bent under them. They were fed upon marmalade and sweetmeats, or soups and broths, that were conveyed through reeds that passed through a chimney into the next apartment. They were traced by their pursuers to Hendlip, and a magistrate came with his officers to search the house. He was received by the lady of the house, her husband being absent, with an air of cheerfulness, and the pursuers were told that their prey had escaped. For three days they searched the house in vain. Every apartment was carefully examined; every closet opened; but nothing was found. On the fourth day, however, hunger drove the prisoners to venture imprudently

from their retreat; they were seen by the guards, and the hiding-place discovered. Pale with fasting and confinement, Garnet and his companions were dragged away to trial and death.

Garnet's trial was a sad and repulsive picture.¹ That he was guilty of sharing in the plot can scarcely be doubted. He professed, indeed, that he had sought to dissuade the conspirators from their design; but he was more than once convicted of falsehood during his trial, and defended his want of truthfulness on the ground that it was necessary to his safety. He was condemned and executed. The Jesuits looked upon him as a martyr, and a famous miracle was held to have attested his innocence. Garnet's straw became renowned throughout Europe, and all the Catholic courts celebrated in ballads and treatises this wonderful exculpation of the saint.² The miraculous straw was a beard of wheat on which a Jesuit student who stood by at Garnet's execution saw a drop of his blood fall; as he stooped to look upon it he discovered inscribed upon the straw the glorified countenance of the martyr, crowned and bearing a cross upon its brow. Thousands came to see the wonderful vision; nobles, the Spanish ambassador, the Catholic laity, saw and believed. The miracle was told throughout the Christian world. Volumes were written to defend or discredit the prodigy; the beard of wheat was engraved by skillful artists and celebrated by ardent poets; and it was never suspected that the rude outlines on the straw had been painted by the skillful touch of a designing priest.

The later history of the wonderful brotherhood has been a varied series of disasters and success. Always united in a compact phalanx, the Jesuits have fought gallantly to conquer the world. Their selfish unity, their political ambition, their aggressive vigor, have involved them in endless struggles. Their bitterest enemies have been those of their own faith. The secular priests in every land decried and denounced the Jesuits. In England they accused them of bringing ruin upon the Church by their imprudent violence; and, indeed, the Gunpowder Plot seems to have crushed forever the hopes of the English Catholics. In France the seculars charged them with falsehood, license, and every species of crime. Yet the Jesuit Father Cotton ruled in the court of Henry IV.; and many years later the destructive energy of his Jesuit confessors³ led Louis XIV. to revoke the Edict of Nantes, and commence a general persecution of the Huguenots. It was the most disastrous event in all the history of France; it drove from her borders her best intellect, her most useful population; and the horrible reaction of the French Revolution may be in great part traced to the results of Jesuit bigotry. For

¹ Steinmetz, II. p. 200.

² Id., II. p. 207.

¹ Crétineau-Joly, III. p. 112, defends him feebly.

² Steinmetz, II. p. 244.

³ Crétineau-Joly, IV. p. 40, defends Le Tellier.

if Port Royal had been suffered to stand, and the Protestants to refine and purify the French, it is possible that no revolution would ever have been needed. In Austria the Jesuits were equally unlucky. They gained a complete control of the unhappy land. They taught every where passive obedience. They urged Rudolph II. to persecute the Protestants of Bohemia, and soon that kingdom was filled with woe; the Protestants were roused to madness, and a spirit of vengeance was awakened that led finally to the Thirty Years' War. All Germany sprang to arms; the puritanic Swede came down from thoughtful Scandinavia and crushed Austria and Catholicism to the earth; Prussia now rose into greatness, and the hardy North slowly created a power that seems destined finally to complete a united and Protestant Germany. If the Jesuits had not excited the Thirty Years' War, Catholicism, in its mildest form, might still have ruled the Germans. In Poland and in Russia the political labors of the Jesuits were equally unfortunate for themselves and the Roman See. Yet through the close of the sixteenth century, and a great part of the seventeenth, the army of Loyola presented a united and vigorous front to its foes, and led the priestly legions of Italy and Spain in their assaults upon the revolted North. From 1550 to the year 1700 Jesuitism played its important part in the politics of Europe, Africa, America, and the East.

But now disaster and destruction fell upon the wonderful brotherhood. Moral corruption had come upon them, their intellects had sunk into feebleness, and the fatal mental bondage to which they had subjected themselves brought with it a necessary decay. Jesuits became renowned for their luxury and extravagance, their imperfect discipline, their secret or open crimes. They had triumphed over the ruins of Port Royal and the Jansenists, but the inspired satire of the most vigorous of modern writers had pierced the diseased frame of the society with deadly wounds. Pascal avenged Arnauld; and literature aimed its bolts from heaven at the destroyers of the most learned of monasteries. The Jesuits were pursued with shouts of derision. Their tomes of casuistry, in which they showed how vice might become virtue and virtue vice, were dragged into the light and commented upon by the Northern press. They were accused of all the consequences of their argument. Jesuits were called regicides, murderers, rebels, the enemies of mankind; and at length the kings and priests of Europe, aided by the reluctant Pope, united in destroying the army of Loyola. Blow after blow fell upon the once omnipotent Jesuits. They were persecuted in every Catholic land with almost as much rigor as they themselves had once exercised against the Calvinists of the Netherlands or the Huguenots of France. In vain they boasted their devotion to Mary, their passive fidelity to the Pope; vainly they invoked the sacred names of Xavier and Ignatius. By a strange re-

tribution, Portugal,¹ where the power of the Jesuits had first been felt as politicians, and which they had aided in delivering into the hands of Philip of Spain, was to set the example to Europe of driving them from its midst. Savoy, indeed, always progressive, had, in 1728, banished the order from its mountains; but to Portugal the Jesuits owed their first great overthrow, and the vigorous Pombal crushed them with an iron hand. Every Jesuit was expelled from Portugal and its dependencies in 1753, upon the pretext that they had long fallen away from the principles of their founder.²

France was the next of the avengers of uprooted Port Royal; but here it was the honesty of a Jesuit confessor that led to their ruin. De Sacy refused to shrive Madame de Pompadour, or to countenance her alliance with a dissolute king. The enraged woman resolved on the destruction of the Jesuits. Louis XV. reluctantly yielded to her entreaties and the clamor of his courtiers; and, in 1764, a final decree was issued expelling the order of Ignatius from the realm of France. The Jesuits fled from the kingdom, followed by the jeers and mockery of the philosophers, and covered with an infamy which they had in part deserved. Spain and Italy alone remained to them; for Austria was already planning a reform; but it was in Spain that the Jesuits were to meet with their bitterest overthrow.³ In their native land they had won their greatest successes; their colleges in every Spanish city were rich and flourishing beyond example; their wealth and luxury had made them the envy of the Dominicans and the scourge of the inferior orders. Yet the "pious" Charles III., moved by an inexplicable impulse, had learned to look upon the Jesuits with terror and aversion. "I have learned to know them too well!" he exclaimed, with a sigh. "I have been already too lenient to so dangerous a body." Silently and with careful preparation their ruin was planned. A secret edict was issued to Spain, and to all the Spanish dominions in Africa, Asia, America, directing that on the same day and hour, in every part of the realm, the Jesuit colleges should be entered by the officers of justice, their wealth seized and confiscated, and the members of the society hurried upon shipboard and forced to seek some new home.

One can scarcely read without compassion of the wide suffering that now fell upon thousands of the innocent as well as of the guilty. Armed men entered the Jesuit establishments through all Spain, and made their inmates prisoners. They were ordered to leave the country instantly, each priest being allowed to take with him only a purse, a breviary, and some necessary apparel.⁴ Nearly six thousand were thus seized, crowded together in the holds of ships, and sent adrift upon the sea with no

¹ Crétineau-Joly, v. p. 198.

² Crétineau-Joly, v. p. 200, relates the sufferings of the Jesuits. ³ Daurignac, li. p. 151, 175.

⁴ Steinmetz, li. p. 463.

place of refuge and no means of support. Aged priests, often of illustrious birth or famous in letters and position—the young, burning with religious zeal—the sick, the infirm, set sail on their sad pilgrimage from the Spanish coast, and naturally bent their way toward Italy and Rome, the object of their idolatrous devotion. But the Pope, with signal ingratitude and selfish timidity, refused to receive the exiles. Even Ricci, the General of the order, would not suffer them to enter Rome; and the miserable Jesuits, the victims of their fatal vow of obedience, were scattered as starving wanderers through all the borders of Europe.¹

In the Spanish colonies the harsh decree was executed with a similar severity. At Lima the wealth and power of the Jesuits had increased to regal grandeur. Their great college, San Pedro, possessed enormous revenues, owned the finest buildings in the city, and held immense plantations in its neighborhood. It was believed that the vaults of the college were filled with gold and silver, and the government hoped to win an extraordinary prize in the plunder of the hidden treasure. A perfect secrecy was observed in executing the King's mandate, and no one but the viceroy and his agents were supposed to know any thing of the design. At ten o'clock at night the viceroy summoned his council together; at midnight the officers knocked at the gate of the splendid college of San Pedro, hoping to find the Jesuits unprepared and with no means of hiding their coveted treasure. But they found every priest awake, dressed, and with his little bundle ready to set out on the mournful journey. A secret message had been sent from Europe warning the order of their coming doom.² The priests were hurried away to the ships at Callao, and sent out to sea, while the officers of the viceroy searched in vain through every part of the college for the promised hoard of gold. Instead of millions, they found only a few thousand dollars. It was believed that the wily fathers had been able to bury their gold in such a way that none but themselves could find it. An old negro servant related that he and his companions had been employed for several nights, with bandaged eyes, in carrying great bags of money down into the vaults of the college, and that it was buried in the earth, close to a subterranean spring. But the place has never been found. The Jesuit treasure in Lima is still searched for, like that of Captain Kidd, while some assert that the fathers have contrived to abstract it gradually, and have thus mocked and baffled the avarice of their persecutors.

At last came the final blow that was to shatter into pieces the great army of Loyola. For more than two centuries the Jesuits had been fighting the battles of Rome. To exalt the supremacy of the Pope they had died by thou-

sands in English jails and Indian solitudes; had pierced land and sea to carry the strange story of the primacy to heathen millions, and to build anew the medieval Church in the heart of Oriental idolatry. And now it was the Pope and Rome that were to complete their destruction. By a cruel ingratitude the deity on earth whom they had worshiped with a fidelity unequaled among men, was to hurl his anathemas against his most faithful disciples. France and Spain elected Pope Clement XIV. upon his pledge that he would dissolve the order. He issued his bull, July 21, 1773, directing that, for the welfare of the Church and the good of mankind, the institution of Loyola should be abolished.¹ The Jesuits protested in vain. Ricci, the General, threw himself at the feet of the cardinals, wept, entreated, recalled the memories of Trent, the exploits of Loyola; and suggested, in a whisper, that Clement, like Judas, had sold his Lord. The Pope not long after died in fearful torments. The Jesuits were allowed to preserve a secret unity; but it was reported once more that the horrible custom of the Middle Ages had been revived: that the Pope had been carried off by poison.

Driven from their most ancestral homes in Spain, Italy, Austria, France, the Jesuits found a liberal welcome in the heart of Protestantism itself. Persecuted like heretics by the Church of Rome, they now sought a shelter in those free lands against which they had once aimed its spiritual and temporal arm. And it is curious to reflect that had the Jesuits succeeded in their early design of subjecting the North, they would have left for themselves no place of refuge in their hour of need. To their enemies of the sixteenth century they came in the close of the eighteenth, asking hospitality; and the disciples of Loyola were scattered over every part of Protestant Europe, as teachers, professors, men of letters and science, and were every where received with friendly consideration. England, charitably overlooking the past, saw Jesuit colleges and schools flourish in her midst without alarm.² Frederick the Great opened an asylum for the exiles in Silesia. Catherine II. welcomed them to St. Petersburg, and Greek bishops were often seen mingling in friendly intercourse with the members of the once hostile company. Many Jesuits crossed the sea to the free lands of the New World. Expelled from Lima, and persecuted in Brazil, they founded their schools freely in Louisville and New York, and flourished with vigor under institutions and laws which owed their birth to the teachings of Luther and Calvin. The doctrine of universal toleration alone saved the Jesuits from a complete destruction; and we may reasonably trust that, as the army of Loyola recruits its shattered strength in the bosom of Protestantism and freedom, it will show its gratitude by abstaining from all hostile attempts against the institutions by which

¹ Daurignac, II. p. 152.

² Technid, *Travels in Peru*, p. 67.

¹ Crétineau-Joly, v. p. 376.

² *Id.*, vi. p. 81.

it is nurtured; that the Jesuit will never suffer his promise of obedience to an Italian potentate to interfere with his obligation to free thought, free schools, and a free press.

Thus, fostered by the descendants of Ridley and Crammer, and sheltered by the arm of schismatic Russia, the fallen society prolonged its existence. At length, in 1814, the Bourbons were restored to France, and Pope Pius VII. revived the order of the Jesuits. Their college at Rome was given back to them in very nearly the same condition in which they had left it nearly forty years before; but their magnificent library was scattered, and their revenues cut off. A scanty band of eighty-six fathers, worn with toil and wandering, made, it is said, a triumphal entry into Rome, amidst the acclamations of its people.¹ Yet it can scarcely be doubted that the followers of Loyola are as unpopular with the citizens of the Holy City as they seem ever to have been with the people of all Catholic lands. Isolated by their fatal vow of obedience, they are followed every where by suspicion and dislike. Russia, which had received them in their hour of need, expelled them again in 1816;² France drove them out in 1845; the people of Madrid in 1835 massacred their

Jesuits; the Pope again exiled them from Rome; and it is only England and America that even in the present day afford a secure asylum to the fallen company.

We may return over the long lapse of years to the last days of Loyola, the wounded cavalier of Pampeluna, the hermit of Manreza. In the year 1556 a comet of startling magnitude, half as large as the moon, blazed over Europe and filled the uncultivated intellect of the age with dread and expectation. Loyola lay on his dying bed. His life had been one of singular success. His society had already become one of the great powers of the earth. His followers were estimated to number many thousands; and the last injunctions of the soldier-priest were chiefly an inculcation of passive obedience. It is related that he died without receiving the last sacraments of his Church, and that his dying lips uttered only complaints and lamentation.¹ Yet his fierce and aggressive spirit survived in his successors, and the generals of the company of Loyola waged incessant war against the rights of conscience and the simplicity of the faith, until they were finally overthrown by the united voice of Christendom.

¹ Daurignac, ii. p. 218.

² *Id.*, ii. p. 228.

¹ Steinmetz, i. p. 302. Hasenm., *Hist. Jes. Ord.*, xi. p. 890.

LIEUTENANT BARKER'S GHOST STORY.

LIEUTENANT JAMES BARKER, of the Veteran Reserve Corps, had been for three weeks Bureau officer on one of the Sea Islands of South Carolina.

During the same time he had been a boarder in the family of Colonel David Marshall—one of the ruined and humbled magnates of the region of long-staple cotton.

During nearly the same time he had been in love with Jennie, the youngest child and only daughter of Colonel Marshall, a beautiful girl of eighteen or nineteen, a terrible hater of Yankees, and otherwise full of the devil.

Lieutenant Barker is in bed, and he has been in bed for two or three hours, but he is as wide awake as a mousing cat, and he thinks that he is likely to stay awake till morning. Bouncing with wrath, his cheeks warming the darkness with blushes of mortification, he is mentally rehearsing an adventure which had befallen him during the evening of that day.

During the afternoon he had had high hopes. For the first time Miss Jennie had seemed to receive his love-making kindly; there had been a deeper color than usual in her richly-tinted cheeks; there had been a softened sparkle in her clear hazel eyes. Finally, after he had brought his suit almost to the verge of a proposal, after he had hinted to the young lady that he had something to say to her which could only be breathed in the strictest privacy, she had shyly and tremulously responded, "I will

see you at ten o'clock—among the orange-trees—in the garden."

At the appointed hour, his short, round figure throbbing with anxiety and hope, Barker was at the trysting-place. It was a dark night; there was a moon somewhere, but it was over head and ears in cloud-drifts; the only heavenly bodies which favored the occasion were a few winking and sleepy stars. Barker, who was almost as short-sighted as a mole, could hardly make out an object in the obscurity, although he screwed his glasses into his eyes until his mouth opened. He avoided shadows, on the supposition that they were orange-trees; he rustled into orange-trees, on the supposition that they were shadows.

Finally, in a corner, surrounded and clouded by shrubbery, he discovered a solitary figure. Experienced beau as he was, the well-preserved survivor of a hundred love-fits and three or four engagements, his voice slightly trembled as he murmured, "Ah, Miss Marshall!"

No response except a distinct, indeed a rather loud, sigh. Greatly encouraged by the tender character of the noise, Barker began to whisper such things as enamored men whisper on such occasions. Still no answer: the lover remembered that silence is consent; he became more confident and fervent in his pleadings.

At last—blood-curdling sound!—there was a titter. This would have been bad enough had it been the well-known giggle of Jennie Mar-

shall; it would have sufficiently wounded his heart, as revealing to him that his suit was hopeless and scorned. But, worse than that, it was a strange chuckle; and, worse still, it sounded like the greasy *te-he* of a negro!

A ready-witted man, Barker drew a waxen match from his pocket, gave it a scratch against the sole of his boot, and discovered the horrible deceit which had been practiced upon him. There stood stuttering Jim, the son of Colonel Marshall's gardener, a dirty blackamoor of fourteen or fifteen.

"You rascal!" gnashed the disappointed and insulted lover; "what are you doing here?"

"Ain't doin' n-n-nuffin," stammered Jim, turning frightened.

"You rascal!" repeated Barker, collaring the youngster. "Have you been playing a trick on me? I've a great mind to shake you to death."

"Missy J-J-Jennie sont m-m-me yere," owned Jim in his terror. "She told m-m-me not to say n-n-nuffin. She said you'd g-g-give me a p-p-pair of Bureau b-b-boots."

"I'll give you a pair of Bureau boots," retorted the justly-enraged Barker, falling upon Jim and kicking him through the orange-trees until he lost sight of him in the darkness. Then he returned through by-ways to the house, and silently dodged up stairs to his bedroom. No wonder that he had been wakeful.

After he had bounced himself into a fever, after he had devised half a dozen plots of vengeance against Miss Jennie and relinquished them as impracticable or ungentlemanly, he began to consider how he should pass the night, seeing that it was impossible to sleep. By this time the clouds had dispersed, and the new moon was shining into his windows, bringing a certain thin and cool comfort on its dim radiance. He climbed down from his bedstead (an old-fashioned edifice of vast size and dizzy height—he had often called it the bedstead of Og, king of Bashan—had asserted that its creaks and groans were the ghostly complaints of that defunct potentate), and seating himself by one of his windows, he gazed out upon the lawn in front of the mansion.

It occurred to him that he had been wrong in kicking Jim; that he, a Bureau officer, had no business to abuse negroes; that his chief might hear of it, and bring him to book about it. Moreover, it was so stupid; it would have been so much better to have given Jim half a dollar; then the interview would have remained a secret, and Miss Jennie would have been defrauded of her joke. With the intention of putting this plan into execution, if it were not too late, he was about to start on an expedition after the boy, when his eye was caught by a figure on the lawn.

It was a figure in gray; he would have said that its raiment was the uniform of a Confederate officer; but almost instantly it glided into the shadow of a moss-bearded live-oak. There it was, as dim and uncertain as a spectre—at

least to the short-range optics of the Lieutenant. He did, however, seem to discern that it had an erect and martial port, as if it were either a soldier or the ghost of one. He could also note that its direction was from the house toward a clump of evergreens on one side of the lawn. No further would the gauzy and spectral curtain of night permit him to investigate.

He could not imagine who this visitant might be. There was no ex-Confederate that he knew of in the family, and no person in the neighborhood who wore the uniform. Dressing himself, clapping a pistol into his pocket, and screwing his trusty eye-glass into his eye, he stole out of the house and blundered darkling through the grounds. No one in the live-oak avenue; no one on the moon-lit stretch of lawn. Reaching the clump of evergreens, he found that it shaded a family cemetery, the last refuge of other generations of Marshalls.

"By Jove!" muttered Barker, as he returned from an unavailing search among the mossy head-stones; "are there rebel ghosts abroad? It was an oversight not to comprehend them in the capitulation."

Now to the negro-quarters after Jim; found him wrapped in a slumber almost as impenetrable as the shield of Ajax; brought him to his senses after a sharp struggle, and struck a bargain with him; the boy to have a dollar and to keep his mouth shut about the love-scene in the garden. Having thus refreshed his body and soothed his spirit, Barker reascended the bedstead of Og, king of Bashan, and slept as soundly as if he were eleven feet high, instead of only five feet six.

At breakfast he faced his pretty persecutor with a self-possession which the evening before had not seemed possible. He had some advantages over her: he was thirty years old to her eighteen; he had seen twenty love affairs to her one. Finally, he was one of those tough, ready, agile feather-weights who are easily knocked off their pins, but who as easily recover them. Jennie, puzzled by his assurance, and informed by that immoral Jim that "de Burow man never come to d' oranges," imagined that her admirer had also played false to the appointment; and, instead of being triumphant, she was piqued.

Nevertheless, Barker had a bad morning of it. He went off early to his office; was as savage as an alligator to applicants for rations; sent a couple of negro urchins to jail for stealing a jack-knife; wrote threatening letters to divers magistrates. In the intervals of these labors of justice he puzzled and fumed over the adventures of the previous night.

Of a sudden it occurred to him that the mysterious prowler of the oak grove might be a favored lover of Miss Jennie. This suspicion made him wretched; in his mercurial manner he declared that life was not worth preserving; and when he went home to dinner he gladly joined Colonel Marshall in a bender.

We must now glance at this grievously decayed specimen of a "high-toned gentleman." Barker, with a pretty large army experience of drunkards, had never set eye-glasses upon another specimen of humanity at once so venerable and so intemperate. Bulbous nose, pendulous cheeks, procession of double chins, overflowing abdomen, dimpled and shaky hands, all were supernaturally bacchanalian. One moist blue eye squinted; it seemed to be drunker than the rest of him; looked as though it ought to take the pledge by itself. If ever an organ needed a rousing teetotal effort, directed solely to its own moral needs, it was the left eye of Dave Marshall.

Yet underneath this vast dropsical and inflamed sheathing of intemperance there lurked, even in the tipsiest moments, something of the fine demeanor of other days, when the man had been a decoration to Southern aristocracy.

The Colonel (a relic of the South Carolina militia) had his wet terms and his dry terms. After selling cotton or other crops in Charleston he would return to his plantation with a keg of whisky, and set himself to the perilous duty of "destroying" it. When Cato, his trusty butler and factotum, decided that the spree had lasted long enough, the keg would be hidden and the Colonel informed that the whisky was "done gone." Then would follow a season of attention to business, during which Marshall would become a new creature, regular in his habits, cleanly and almost comely in person, and sane in spirit.

This day, when Barker returned to the house, he found the Colonel cocktailing himself into an appetite.

"Cato, more whisky!" roared the old planter. "I say, Cato, another quart. Lieutenant, catch hold."

He was as great a stimulus to thirst as a piece of salt herring. Every minute it was, "Lieutenant, keep drinking; Lieutenant, don't waste a minute; Lieutenant, you don't drink half your time."

By the time dinner was served the Colonel did not want any. He picked and fussed over the dishes, declaring that whisky was meat and drink for a man, and wondering how temperance men kept soul and body together. When the table was cleared he called for his favorite fluid, pipes, and tobacco.

"Will you blow a cloud?" he inquired. "Nothing but pipes. Sorry for it. But my ancestors smoked up nearly all my cigars, and the bummers of your army stole the rest."

As was natural, this boozing resulted in a nap, the Colonel sleeping in his chair and the Lieutenant on a sofa. When they awoke, perhaps two hours later, the host found himself hungry. Floundering across the room with a disorderly and noisy stumble, as if he were a multitude and every man of him intoxicated, he emerged upon a back piazza communicating with the kitchen, and roared like a sentor for his cook.

"Aunt Chloe, bring on that dinner. What the old Harry are you about? Here we are starving, and not a sign of dinner!"

At this summons a fat old negress—a superhumanly jolly and glossy and shining old negress—a negress who made one think of a black sun and a torrid one—came shaking and glistening and glowing out of the kitchen.

"Yah, yah, yah!" she giggled, holding her mighty sides with her fat hands. "Yah, yah, Mars Dave! You bin had you dinnah two hours ago. You don't git no mo' dinnah to-day. Go way, Mars Dave. Yah, yah, yah!"

"Had my dinner!" thundered the Colonel. "No such thing. I'll leave it to Cato," he added, as a lean old mummy of a negro, more arid and venerable than Egypt, appeared in the piazza.

"Yes, Mars Dave, you done had dinnah to-day!" affirmed Cato, with some such air of solemn respect as a sphinx might wear in correcting the great pyramid.

Being thus confuted out of the mouth of his own witness, the Colonel gave up his claim, though with a look of incredulity and injury.

"Well, bring us some whisky," he growled. "If we can't eat, we'll drink."

Returning to the dining-room he recommenced his orgie with as much energy as if he were one of the Romans of the Decline and Fall, and meant to overthrow the republic with his unassisted intemperance.

"Lieutenant, you drink better than you did when you first came here," he said. "You'll soon learn to be what I call a moderate drinker. You'll be able to handle your regulation quart a day."

"I don't intend to keep it up, Mr. Marshall," returned Barker. "I only drink to-day to drown trouble."

"Drown it, Sir! It's your duty as a philanthropist. The man who diminishes the gross amount of trouble in the world, I respect him and I drink to him."

"I don't think it's a good thing in the long-run," objected Barker. "It injures the health, if nothing more. Every doctor will tell you so."

"Pshaw! As Rabelais says, there are more old drunkards than old doctors. I don't advise you to soak as I do. But join the society of moderate drunkards. That is the happy medium. Here's to the society of moderate drunkards."

Toward evening the carousal was interrupted by the ceremony of tea and the presence of Miss Jennie Marshall. We must say a word as to the moral and intellectual nature of this hazel-eyed, bright-cheeked, full-formed, finely-limbed young lady.

The youngest of six children, the only child at home for half a dozen years back, bereaved of her mother at an early age, and with no one to matronize her but a negro mamma, she had grown up a spoiled baby and an *enfant terrible*. All over the island she was known as "that wild Jennie Marshall," and she constantly did

things which would not have been excused in any other girl—things, however, for which she was pardoned because of her untamed grace and fresh beauty. The gravest duennas of her acquaintance fell to fondling and kissing her before they had fairly done scolding her.

Her education was imperfect, for the war had broken up her schooling at the age of thirteen, and she had learned nothing since, except from random reading in her father's library. She was as ignorant of the position of Batavia as that British minister who gave it up to the Dutch because he could not find it on the map. She was so innocent of Smith's Grammar and Blair's Rhetoric that her letters were models of racy, idiomatic English. Arithmetic had come to her from the necessity of squaring the family expenses to the ever-decreasing family income. What she had known of drawing and the piano was now in the great chaotic museum of things forgotten. But in making and trimming dresses, and in cutting out suits of clothing for the plantation negroes, she was unsurpassed by any old lady on the island.

We must speak with diffidence of what a young lady may become; it is a subject on which the most inspired prophets of our age are apt to err. But I am inclined to believe that, with a little more sobering of time and trouble, this girl might make not a bad wife for a poor fellow; and that, without further preparation, she would make a very suitable one for a rich fellow. Underneath the foam and sparkle of her tricky humor there is a current of practical sense and strong feeling, which will enable her to override temptations and to attain unto duties. She will develop into one of those healthful, energetic, gleesome matrons who are devoted to their children, who cheer their husbands, and who are the sunshine of society.

Having grown up amidst her father's sprees she had learned to bear with them, but disapprovingly. There was now a controlled expression of pain in her lucid eyes as she glanced at the old man's bloated and inflamed face. Then she threw a quick look at Barker, which seemed to say, "Are you the tempter? If you have done this work, it is a dastardly vengeance."

Under such glances an enamored man loses his spirits. In spite of whisky, the Lieutenant turned gloomy and penitent, although the bender had been none of his devising. After tea he refused to go on drinking, and to escape Marshall's importunities he stole out into the oak avenue, not without hope of an interview with Jennie. But, as she did not make her appearance, he was reduced to amuse himself by staring at the tumble-down dwelling, and pondering over the decay of the race which it sheltered.

The Marshall house, held in high repute on the islands as "an old family mansion," looked as if it could not possibly get to be much older.

If its clap-boards had been slips of pasteboard they could hardly have been more warped and

loose, or had more the air of being ready to blow away on the first energetic gust.

The high, square board pillars which supported, or made-believe support, the roof of its veranda, presented an aspect as unsubstantial as if they were selections from the scenery of a fourth-class theatre.

From the flooring of the veranda divers boards had departed, rendering up their mouldering corpses to the bare mother earth beneath them, and leaving gaps in which an unwary adult might break a leg, or through which an unwatched baby might vanish.

The whole huge, straggling, warped, crisped edifice was streaked with dim and blackened yellow, in memory of the antiquated fact that it had once been painted of that color, and in proof of the other fact that it had been painted but once.

It had no underpinning or foundation wall; the corners and the intersections of the beams were upheld by short, square brick columns, sadly bereaved of their mortar; and underneath stretched a desert of rolling earth, where pigs wallowed and hens scratched when not disturbed by gamesome pickaninnies.

On the whole it seemed as if the house belonged to the defunct Marshalls of the burying-ground, rather than to the small minority of the family which still drew the breath of life. It also appeared as if the said ghosts might have carried it off bodily, had they chosen to come out of their graves for such an unprofitable purpose. By manifest destiny it would soon be theirs, and they were wise in their "masterly inactivity."

Within, as Barker already knew, things were not more solid or sumptuous. There was a wide, bare, resounding hall, with no decoration beyond a cracked and creaking staircase. There was a great, sunny, scantily furnished parlor, and a great, sunny, almost unfurnished dining-room. There were bedrooms without carpets, of which the curtains were yellow as if with malaria, and the mirrors spotted as if with cutaneous disorders, while the furniture was so old that it could not sleep of nights, but lay awake shrieking over its agues and rheumatisms. There was a long rear wing, nominally the quarters of the negroes, but also occupied by a multitude of rats, and by a spiritual family of inexplicable noises. Every room, whether in patrician or plebeian regions, was as full of windows as a hot-house, and as full of draughts as a bellows.

The consideration of all this antiquity mingled so soporifically with Barker's whisky that he fell asleep against the swelling bole of an oak. When he awoke it was as dark as if the heavens were clouded with black cats. He felt quite abused, in that nobody had waked him up and shown anxiety about the exposure of his health. Then, laughing at himself for being such a fool, he decided to climb the bedstead and fight the ghost of Og, king of Bathan.

In the parlor, asleep on a sofa which had once been as splendid as Dives, and was now as ragged as Lazarus, he saw, by the light of a guttering candle, Colonel Marshall. He did not wake him, for he knew that the old planter preferred this resting-place during his jollifications; and he knew, moreover, that he was far too heavy to carry. Furthermore, he heard a rustling at the head of the stairway, and he hoped for a moment of quiet speech with Jennie Marshall. Not finding her, he groped his way to his room and struck a light.

At the moment of drawing the match he was in front of his mirror, and had his eye-glasses trained on it. The quick illumination revealed to him, standing in the hall behind his back and peering into his room, the man of the oak avenue. There was the gray uniform, the tall youthful figure, and the dark, aquiline, handsome face, not unlike the family face of the Marshalls. So much he had distinguished, when his match went out with a sputter as of fright.

Barker thought of bushwhackers; he remembered how a brother Bureau officer or two had been shot, or shot at; he drew his second match with his face to the open door and his right hand on his revolver.

No one. He lighted his candle. Still no appearance, and even no sound. He took his pistol, stole into the hall, searched it from end to end, went softly down the stairs, looked the house well over. No one visible or audible but crimson, snoring Colonel Marshall.

The consequence of the apparition was that Barker had another bad night's rest. He began seriously to question whether the ghost of Og had not been reinforced by other and more modern spectres. He decided to inquire on the morrow whether any Confederate soldier had been buried in the cemetery under the clump of evergreens.

On the other hand, it might be a bushwhacker. Or, worst of all—absolutely the most awakening supposition of all—Jennie Marshall might have a lover—a lover unknown to her father. No wonder that the Canaanitish potentate got the better of Barker that night in his struggle for the promised land of slumber, pursuing him with his triumphant squeaks from the Dan of wakefulness to the Beersheba of nightmare, and thence back again.

When the sanity of morning dawned upon him the ghost theory, of course, came to appear untenable. Remained the bushwhacker supposition and the surreptitious lover hypothesis; and he decided that, whichever was the correct one, it ought to be made known to Marshall. Going down stairs, he found the old planter cocktailing himself for breakfast.

"Colonel," he said at once, "I didn't know until last night that your house was garrisoned by the Confederate army."

"What d'ye mean, Lieutenant?" answered Marshall, looking at Barker over his untasted nectar.

"As sure as you live, I saw an officer in the old gray uniform standing at the door of my room."

The planter's gaze of inquiry changed to a ghastly stare, and he set down his glass without touching it to his lips.

"You—you don't mean it," he stammered. "You couldn't have seen it."

"Indeed I did. And a tall, showy fellow he was, too."

"I must look into this," muttered Marshall. Still neglectful of his drink, he quitted the room with a hasty and tremulous step, evidently in a state of extreme perturbation.

When he returned he was accompanied by his daughter. Jennie was paler than usual, as though she had passed a sleepless night, or as though some great trouble were weighing on her young heart. Not a word was said by either of them concerning the nocturnal visitant; the father talked drearily and with effort of the freedmen and the crops; the daughter ate a sparing meal in silence.

Of course the mercurial Barker was in a state of excessive curiosity, and even anxiety; but of course, too, he was debarred by the delicacy of a lover from putting any questions as to the mystery. He hoped for the best; cleared Jennie in his mind from all unworthy suspicions; tried to forget the Confederate spectre.

A remarkable result of his disclosure to Marshall was, that the latter put an end to his spree there and then, refraining from the cocktail which he had raised to his dry and tremulous lips, and directing the amazed Cato to lock up the whisky-keg.

"Pears like suthin come acrost Mars Dave," muttered the worthy old mummy. "Never see him stop off his drink so short befo', not dese yere five or six year."

The change wrought in Marshall by his temporary reformation was astonishing. All the crust of debauched conversation in which he had wallowed dropped away. No more low jokes; no more stories too broad for polite society; no more torrents of causeless swearing. So entirely was he another man that Barker sometimes stared at him as at a perfect stranger. He was grave, rather silent, rather melancholy; but always courteous, and even gracious; always "the high-toned gentleman."

He changed physically; the bloated inflammation of his face disappeared; his high, strong, aquiline features became almost handsome; his bearing resumed somewhat of its natural dignity; he was once more a Marshall. As Barker admired this baronial ruin, and compared him to what he had imagined of the patricians of Europe, he could hardly believe that he had seen him in a state scarcely too elevated to pave a gutter.

Head of the family reformed, ghost of the family exorcised, Barker continued his courtship with vigor. As we have said, he was an expert in such matters; he has told the writer that he had no more hesitation about "popping"

than about shaving himself; he could propose and be accepted, or be refused, and still eat a good supper. The only difficulty with him was to bring himself to want to marry the lady.

At last he did want to marry Jennie Marshall; and the moment he felt this desire unmistakably he told her of it. The interview took place by daylight in the open veranda, for Barker was not choice as to the localities in which he told his love, he had told it so often.

"Miss Marshall," was his simple announcement, "I am in love with you. I have had no encouragement; I fear that what I have to say will only end in disappointment; but I have a human right to say it, and I can not help saying it. Will you be my wife?"

Such was the proposal of this man who expected to be refused, but who knew by experience what success may be drawn from perseverance, and who meant to go on proposing until he should be accepted. It was not his whole battle; it was only the fire of his advanced skirmishers; he reserved his main attack until he could discover the enemy's disposition; then he would throw in his arguments, pleadings, importunity, passion.

The girl, still in her teens as she was, flighty and heedless as he had usually found her, suddenly developed a womanly and noble maturity of sense and feeling—a maturity which profoundly surprised him.

Rising with a flushed face, and looking him eagerly and almost passionately in the eyes, she broke out, "Oh! why did you say that? What could lead you to it when you know what we both are? Don't you know that you shouldn't want me, and that I shouldn't accept you?"

"What do you mean?" answered Barker, staring at her in respectful wonder.

"I mean this," she went on. "We are not of the same sort of people. You haven't a relative who wouldn't dislike me, and I haven't one who wouldn't dislike you. We are rebels—born slaveholders—broken down gentry—poor and proud—Marshalls. You, you tell me, are the son of a Yankee farmer, and you believe a man makes himself. Now how could such different people help fighting? Oh! you haven't showed yourself a man of sense. I should have expected more practical sense in a Yankee."

"By Jove!" assented Barker, overwhelmed by the girl's instinctive rationality. "But then you are so killingly handsome!" he pleaded. "No wonder you have turned my head."

"How can I help it?" she laughed. "Yes, I understand. Of course it must be nice to have a handsome wife. But then I am as poor as poverty—and you?"

"Nothing but my pay," admitted Barker, with a humble and guilty blush.

"I thought as much," she said. "You couldn't help my poor father. You could hardly support me. Well, you are ashamed of yourself, and you will be wiser and kinder in future. I will not scold any more. In fact, I

thank you. What you have done is always a compliment. Now let me go into the house and mind my poor beggarly duties."

Left alone, Barker pondered solemnly for a full minute, and then exclaimed, "Prodigious! I wish I were worth a million. She should have it."

Not being worth a million he went off in a state of worshipful humility to attend to the small labors of a Bureau agent. From that time, although Miss Jennie resumed her light-hearted, girlish ways, he treated her with a respect which almost amounted to reverence, believing that she had in her the making of a noble woman.

But the personage in the gray uniform? Barker perplexed himself a good deal over the riddle tacitly propounded by this nocturnal gentleman. Jennie Marshall having revealed herself to him as a wonder of sound sense and fine feeling, the hateful hypothesis of a surreptitious love affair could be consigned to the "demnition bow-wows." As for bushwhackers, no bushwhacking demonstrations had occurred in his district, as he knew from the lack of complaints on the part of his negro clients. Nor could he learn that any one of the Marshalls who had worn the Confederate gray was now in the land of the living.

Now then, could he, Lieutenant James Barker, an official and bureaucratic personage, permit himself to believe that he had seen a spectre? He laughed as he imagined what would be the astonishment of the Major-General Commissioner, if he should receive a "Report of Outrages" complaining that — District was disturbed by a rebel ghost. He concluded that an officer who should make such a report, or who should even offer a suggestion to that effect, though in the most informal manner, would be recommended to apply for an honorable discharge from the service.

Yet there was a very strong point in favor of the reality of the apparition. Surely nothing but a message from the other world could turn Mars Dave Marshall into the ways of temperance when he had but just started out for a bender. From such a fact, it temporarily seemed to Barker, a man might argue himself out of his senses, and come to believe in spiritualism. For the first time in his life he felt disposed to seriously investigate the system of Swedenborg and the mystery of table-tippings.

He was in this disordered condition when the ghost made a third appearance.

Barker had walked out in search of a family of negro orphans which had been reported to him for Bureau aid; and when he returned to the house it was ten o'clock of a night as dark as if the heavens had gone into both lunar and stellar bankruptcy. One of the windows of the parlor was lighted by a candle; and outside of the window, peering into it, stood the Shape, his face and the collar of his uniform clearly illuminated. To Barker, thirty yards distant, and staring through eye-glasses damp with

dew, that face seemed as white as death could make it.

But he sprang forward; he was determined to clear up this mystery; he ran stealthily, and with all his speed. He was within ten yards of the apparition, when it sank into the darkness beneath the window, and in that instant vanished. Barker reached the spot, darted around an adjacent corner of the house, and saw nothing before him but a formless gloom. He halted and listened: no sound of flying footsteps; only a sighing of wind in the oaks.

Still he did not give up his search. He groped his way along the house, tumbling over various shattered or decaying objects, until he reached the end of the wing devoted to the negroes. Here he ran against some moving figure, and grabbed it with a growl of, "Who's this?"

"It's m-m-me, Sah!—Jim, Sah!" responded the voice of that afflicted youngster.

"Have you seen any body?" pursued the Lieutenant, excitedly.

"I ca-ca-can't see n-n-nuffin, Sah," declared Jim, beginning to shake with some vague alarm.

Barker noticed the boy's trembling, and he considered his answer evasive. Suspecting that Jim knew somewhat of the mysterious prowler, he pursued his catechism furiously.

"You rascal, you stutter worse than common. What makes you stutter so?"

"I always s-s-stutter," asseverated the alarmed drakey. "God m-m-made me to s-s-stutter."

"Yes, but he makes you stutter worse sometimes than others," insisted Barker, confident that Jim was in the ghost's secret, and was driven by a guilty conscience into this unusual stammering. "Tell me, you young reprobate, when do you stutter the most?"

"Wh-wh-wh-when I s-s-sp—wh-when I s—when I *speak*!" roared Jim, in great agitation.

Barker, a radically jolly fellow—one of those men who occasionally laugh in church or at funerals—let go of Jim's collar, and staggered about in a paroxysm of merriment, careless what number of ghosts might overhear him. After some further fruitless search he went to his room and had his usual battle with Og, king of Bashan, not getting much advantage over that gibbering monarch.

The next morning he decided, for reasons which he could feel better than explain, that it was his duty to speak of the apparition to Jennie.

"Miss Marshall," he said, taking advantage of a lonely moment after breakfast, "do you know that you have an admirer who is quite as assiduous as I am, though a great deal more modest?"

"I don't understand you, Sir," replied Miss Jennie, distantly, but without emotion.

"Let me tell you that there is a man who haunts this house. He walks around it of

nights, peeps into the windows, and steals up stairs. A man or a ghost."

"What sort of a man?" inquired the girl, not greatly interested as yet, for Barker was an habitual joker, and she suspected a conundrum.

"A man in Confederate uniform."

Miss Marshall turned upon him and looked in his face with eagerness.

"A tall young man," continued Barker; "dark complexion, long black hair, aquiline features, and a scar across his forehead."

At each epithet of this description the girl turned paler. When the last word was uttered she burst out in a scream: "He was killed at the head of his regiment!"

Then she fled sobbing up stairs, and Barker saw her no more that day.

Baffled in love and haunted by ghosts! It was too much for our Lieutenant; he decided that he must go to some district where he could sleep and have an appetite; that very day he forwarded to the Assistant Commissioner an application for a transfer; in another week he bade adieu to the Marshalls.

Time passed on. Barker, like many other Veteran Reserve Corps officers, was honorably discharged from the service on the first of January, 1868. He went North, got into a modest business in New York, and in January, 1869, returned to Charleston as an agent of his house.

Sauntering one balmy day along the Battery he dropped his eye-glasses, and passed a good minute in looking for them. A stranger, observing his short-sightedness, politely picked up the missing article and handed it to him. Barker returned thanks, put the sight-seers on his nose, looked at his benefactor, and recognized the ghost.

The recognition was mutual.

"Ah!" said Barker.

"Yes," bowed the other, with a smile.

"You are the ghost," continued Barker, bursting into one of his jolly laughs.

"I have that honor."

"I congratulate you on getting back your body."

"Thank you. I apologize for driving you away from your district."

"You did," said Barker; "that is, you helped. And really, if it isn't impertinent, I should like to know why."

"I am Henry Marshall," replied the other.

"I am the youngest son, the only surviving son, of David Marshall. I was a colonel in the Confederate service during the final battles of the war. Before the surrender I disappeared. It was reported that I had been killed in a charge. But the case was this. At one time I was on President Davis's personal staff, and of course I learned some secrets of state. Supposing that he would be tried, I did not wish to be made a witness. So I vanished, got to the sea-board, and went to Cuba. After a time, having written to my family and got no answer, I became so anxious about my poor father and sister that I returned to South Carolina. I

was still fearful of being seized, and I visited the plantation secretly. You beat me off three times. Once I saw you at the window of your room. The next time I had got into the house by a back way, when you scared me out of it. The third time you came on me as I was reconnoitring the parlor. It was not till after you left that I was able to see them. It was a terrible scene. They had not received my letters, and they took me at first for a ghost. Well, Mr. Davis is not to be tried, I suppose?"

"I fancy not," replied Barker, with supreme indifference for that dead-and-gone subject. "But how is your father—and Miss Marshall?"

"My father is well, thank you, and often speaks kindly of you."

"And Miss Marshall?" persisted Barker, unable to repress a foolish flicker of the old hope.

"She is also well," responded the Southerner, with an air which was coolly civil and offered no sweet encouragements.

"Please give them both my very kindest compliments," said the Northerner, almost piteously.

"I will, thank you; glad to have seen you; good-day," was the farewell of the ex-Confederate colonel to the ex-officer of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Barker looked longingly after the fine figure, so like in air to Jennie Marshall's, as it stalked away. Judging from the suit of coarse homespun which draped it he inferred that the fortunes of the family were still at a low ebb. The old temptation of love revived with mighty force.

"Only her brother!" thought Barker. "Shall I go back and court the girl again?"

Then he thought how light his purse still was, and with a profound sigh he answered, "No."

Stepping into a cigar shop he bought the most expensive Havana that he could find, and so rewarded himself, poorly and unworthily, for his wise resolution.

"A man who must give up Jennie Marshall," he muttered, as he smoked solemnly up East Bay, "ought to have at least one fifty-cent Regalia."

UNDER THE TREES.

I.

BARNABY BARNET, a dealer in leather, Who daily is scraping more dollars together, Sat in his Ferry Street store one morn, Sick of the smell of the hides and the horn, When a barefooted girl in a calico gown, A bit of the country brought into the town In the shape of a nosegay—of roses alone— Some of them budding, and others were blown. As the perfume he drank with a relishing thirst, The bar from the door of his memory burst, And his senses, away to the days that had fled, By the scent of the roses a moment were led. No longer he sits in his counting-room heated, No longer his desk and his ledger he sees; He has left the close town, and is pleasantly seated, Happily, dreamily, Under the trees.

II.

Glitters before him the swift-flowing river; The heat in the air has a visible quiver; The sheep dot the hill-side with patches of snow; The kine in the pasture are grazing below; He sees where the sunlight, in middle day blaze, With gold tints the leaves of the emerald maize, Lights the low yellow wheat, and the tall russet rye, With a quivering brilliance that dazzles the eye; Sees, perched on cut underbrush, heaped for a pyre, The hues of the oriole deepen to fire; While, stretched in the distance, dissolving from view, Are hill-tops that melt into lilac and blue: A picture surpassing all art and its touches, Where the hand of the Master with purpose agrees. How his glance, in a rapture, its loveliness clutches, Happily, dreamily, Under the trees.

III.

Pleasant the hum of the bees in the clover, The rustle of branches his form bending over, The cat-bird, loud telling her pitiful tale, The neighing of horses, the lowing of kine. The shout of the farmers afield he can lithe, And the clink of the blade as they sharpen the scythe: The cry of the jacketless boy who pursues, Hat in hand, the gay butterfly, varied in hues; The bark of the dog who at dragon-flies springs, And, aloft in the air, the hawk's flapping of wings, The grasshopper's chirrup, the katydid's cries— All come to his ear as he listlessly lies. Sweet sounds that, in music all others excelling, Float, struggle, or suddenly pierce through the breeze— His ear takes them in where his body is dwelling Happily, dreamily, Under the trees.

IV.

That was a day of delight and of wonder, While lying the shade of the maple-trees under— He felt the soft breeze at its frolicsome play; He smelled the sweet odor of newly-mown hay, Of wilding blossoms in meadow and wood, And flowers in the garden that orderly stood; He drank of the milk foaming fresh from the cow; He ate the ripe apple just pulled from the bough; And lifted his hand to where hung in his reach, All laden with honey, the ruddy-cheeked peach; Beside him, the blackberries juicy and fresh; Before him, the melon with odorous flesh. There he had all for his use or his vision, All that the wishes of mortal could seize— There where he lay in a country Elysian, Happily, dreamily, Under the trees.

V.

What, ere his thirst for the country he slakens, Too rudely from dreaming the dreamer awakens? The voice of the girl in the calico gown Who brought that small bit of the country to town, Is heard asking pay for the roses.—The pay! The wretch who had chased all that vision away? Here were no meadows, no trees overhead; A narrow brick street, with its stenchy grotesque, And Barnaby Barnett, with gesture grotesque, Goes back to the fetters of ledger and desk. No country for him; here no green things are grown; His hides and his leather grow greenbacks alone; And only when heirs, with forced weeping convey him— Kind Death from all wearisome work giving ease— Will his form find green fields: it will be when they lay him, Helplessly, dreamlessly, Under the trees.

THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Part Eleventh.

I.

IF the writer of these pages had at this moment the whole race before him, every ear and eye attent, he would dare say to said assembly: If there be a man or woman among you without some thorn, great or little, in flesh or spirit, you will please step forward and accept from me a million of dollars in gold! Yes, would dare say it, nor risk a cent thereby, provided no man or woman lied in the matter! You who read these lines know perfectly well that you could not claim the million.

The one of young Mr. Wall's troubles over which he most worries these days, which keeps him awake o' nights too, is the perpetual demand he makes upon himself, "How can I honorably break with Miss Loo?"

It was the unhappiness of the young minister when, some two weeks after the events recorded in the last chapter, he stood before the door of Colonel Mills in Hoppleton, that he was there, after months of reflection, to correct a mistake. It is *his* mistake he has to correct—a terrible mistake, and he must correct it. But how to do it? Upon that question he had spent intense thought.

He had thought of accomplishing his object by a letter to the lady; but there was something mean in that—something cowardly, like shooting at a distance and from behind a cover. In his desperation he had even thought of devolving the duty of correcting his mistake in some delicate way upon his cousin Laura Wall. But that was even more cowardly. Besides, he dreaded lest the task would be indignantly declined; or, if undertaken, would, in some vague way, wreck and ruin the kind undertaker. And now, at last, he has done what he ought simply to have done, and he *knew* it at the time, at first. He is come in person, in a frank and manly way, to correct his mistake as he best may.

He knocks, and is shown into the parlor. There it is, that sofa! Not for worlds would he sit on it again. He takes a chair instead—a hard-backed, uncompromising parlor chair. Miss Louisiana keeps him waiting some time, and he begins again as he sits the old hopeless task of arranging what to say and how to say it. It is useless. He gives it up in despair. In the midst of it there is the sound of feet upon the floor. The door opens, and in comes Miss Louisiana, but accompanied by her mother. The visitor feels immensely relieved. How not to greet her, as of old, with a kiss on entering had been the stumbling-block in the very threshold of the matter; and that question is settled! In a glance the visitor notices how very much stouter Miss Louisiana has grown since he saw her on his last visit, weeks ago. As she comes in side by side with her mother he observes, too, how wonderfully like that mother she is growing to be, and the observation

is by no means flattering to the young lady. As to the rest, Mrs. Mills and her daughter are the same in their manner as ever. With a ludicrous consciousness of a resemblance to Mr. Long, Mr. Wall begins about the health, and then the weather; checks himself as he comes to the crops. All very well so far, but the main matter is not settled—is not even approached as yet.

"And so you are not going to the city at last?" asks Mrs. Mills, after a tour of the parlor, pulling at the curtains, arranging the books on the centre-table, the ornaments on the mantle, as she goes.

"No, Madam," says the visitor, with a blind sense of approaching relief.

"Actually going to live in that Likens neighborhood? Going to settle down there?" inquires Mrs. Mills again.

"Yes, Madam. At least so far as I can now see," replies the visitor, with still greater sense of relief.

"In that dull country place, Mr. Wall? Law me, I wonder how you can stand it!" says Louisiana, with a peal of laughter. "Only chickens and pigs and people!"

"Oh, it is not at all dull to one as busy there as I am," replies Mr. Wall, more and more relieved in mind.

"I know I never could live in such a place. Lawdy! I would die in a week!" says Miss Loo, with unbounded mirth at the very idea.

Mr. Wall feels his cheeks glowing. He knows that the Hour has arrived, and that he is the Man. He begins:

"I am glad to have the opportunity of seeing you this afternoon, Mrs. Mills. I have feared—"

"Law me, Mr. Wall," interposes good Mrs. Mills, "we all along—Colonel Mills and me—knew it would never suit. You see, we know Loo here a great deal better than you. Law me, didn't we raise her? She isn't fitten to be a minister's wife—law me, no!"

What a plain and easy settlement of matters! After so many, many weeks of embarrassing planning, contriving, bothering himself to death too, on the part of the ex-lover. Henceforth I will let things settle themselves, thinks the young minister. But there is a faint sense of pain too, why he can not tell, even in this moment of immense relief. Miss Loo is so very beautiful!

At this juncture Colonel Mills enters the room. The visitor wonders if he had not been sent for by the back way when he first entered the house. However, here the Colonel is, as large and round and red as ever. He is glad to see Mr. Wall. Very glad; but he plays with the heavy seals which hang at such a tangent from the lower edge of his white waistcoat, as if he was anxious too—had something before him to do—something momentous to say, at least.

"I was just telling Mr. Wall, my dear, that Loo and he would never do at all. You know

we always knew that. Law me, Mr. Wall—a minister's wife! Loo here is no more fitten for it—” says Mrs. Mills.

“But what do you regard as a qualification for it, Mrs. Mills?” asks her visitor, now entirely at his ease, save that dull pain. So is the Colonel; at least he plays not so nervously with his dangling seals.

“A minister's wife! law me, Mr. Wall! Why, Loo here is so *lazy*! Much as I can do to get her up in time for breakfast. Besides, she is so fond of dress—you know you are, child. It's a regular shame. Loo? Law me,” continues her mother, with the energy of entire conviction. “She isn't good for any thing on earth but to eat custards and things and be petted. Me and the Colonel here, we've spoiled her shameful.”

“No, Mr. Wall, it would never do,” says the husband, coming to the assistance of his wife. “We always knew it—Mrs. Mills and I. Never do! And Loo is not religiously disposed. Not at all. It is to be regretted, but she isn't. She couldn't feel with you about converting souls, and such like.”

“Besides,” urges the mother; “why, Mr. Wall, it would take a regular *rich* man to marry Loo. Ministers don't make money any thing like other people. Law me, Loo? Why, she'd break you—break you all to pieces in one year. Colonel and me ought to know! Nothing to laugh at, child. You ought to be ashamed of the way you spend money. That very silk you got on now cost your Pa over fifty dollars. And them bracelets—Colonel, what *did* they cost?”

But the young minister has been on his feet now for some time. He stands by the mantle entirely at home. Never so much so in that parlor before as he is now. There lingers that dull pain low down in his bosom somewhere. To give this lovely girl up, here and now and forever! But it doesn't matter! Except that, he feels comfortable, is almost amused at the sudden and natural solution of all his troubles.

Louisiana fills the sofa, serene and smiling as ever. There is a lingering anxiety still visible on the faces of the Colonel and his wife—a little sense of shame. They do not know how their visitor will bear the blow.

“It is due myself to say just one word,” says the young minister, with a quiet dignity felt by all there. “For a long time now I, too, have been satisfied that Miss Louisiana and myself are not suited to each other. I came to Hoppleton for this purpose, to see—to say—I am glad it is all pleasantly arranged. Yes, a minister's life is a hard one. In some respects, at least. I don't think myself it would suit you, Miss Loo. It is best as it is. But I must bid you good-by. Good-by, Colonel. I will be glad to see you if you should visit our neighborhood. Mrs. Mills—but you never get away from Hoppleton, I believe;” and their visitor shook hands warmly with each. “Good-by, Miss Loo;” and he took her white, soft hand in his.

Ah, that low, sullen pain. She is so *very* beautiful! “You must visit our neighborhood when fruit is ripe; come up with your father, we will be glad to see you;” and with a quiet bow and “Good-evening” to all, he is gone.

Yes, it would be a kind of heaven to marry beautiful Miss Loo and sit in that comfortable parlor by her side forever. “Eat and drink and—drift!” he says to himself as he walks away, the sullen pain a decided one. “Perhaps all my notions of life are a fanaticism. Who knows but Mr. Merkes hoped and looked forward when he was young exactly as I now do? Mr. Merkes!” And Mr. Wall halts and says, “If I had it to do over again? I wonder, at last, if I am not a fool!”

The Colonel and his wife are a little astounded, even indignant, but infinitely relieved too. One thing they both feel—a sense of the highest respect for their visitor—a sense of superiority on his part they had not before imagined. As to Miss Loo, she is disappointed that he did not take a more affectionate farewell in parting. There is a singular flutter and sense of failing under her bodice, akin to a feeling very often felt, lower down, of hunger, sharply felt now. “Law me!” she says, with a laugh, when the front-door has closed; and then, “Oh lawsy, Ma, ain't you ashamed of yourself!” and a burst of tears.

“That young Wall is what I call a sensible fellow,” remarks the Colonel to his wife that night as he winds up his watch in their chamber. His remark is the result of several hours' full reflection on the subject.

“You may say what you please, Colonel,” replies his wife, as she ties the strings of her night-cap in the folds of her double chin, “but it had better be *him* at last than that young Burleson. He may have money. Yes, he's got money; but he'll help her spend it, I tell you! And he isn't settled down to business, and you know it. I hear say he drinks. I don't know. Gambles, maybe. I've been thinking it all over, Colonel; and I just tell you this: we'd better 'a trusted our Loo in the hands of the other. I'd feel safer, for one.”

“But he came up to Hoppleton to break it off himself,” said the Colonel, who looked more globalar, but by no means so wealthy, now the broadcloth and watch-seals were off.

“That's a fact—yes,” said the wife. There was a regret in her tones which was highly flattering to the departed lover. “Ah, well, I hope I may be mistaken about the other,” she added, in accents which young Burleson would by no means have been pleased to hear. “And I hate so to disappoint good Mr. Wall, his uncle. And Mrs. Wall. They don't care for money themselves, not a bit. But, bless you, they'd both, Mr. Wall especially, set their hearts on his marrying Loo. I tell you, Colonel Mills,” Mrs. Mills continues, “property is—property! The most pious people in the world think a dreadful deal of it. No wonder! Suppose

Loo had none! It's—*every thing!*" Mrs. Mills adds, with emphasis unspeakable.

II.

One other duty remains to the young minister. He is a vast deal stronger for it now that the other has been performed. He goes direct from Colonel Mills's to Edward Burleson's office. It is getting toward dusk, and the young lawyer is seated by his window, his chair tilted back, his feet on the table among the books, papers, and inkstands, a cigar in his mouth, a novel in his hand. The office is a perfect tangle of old boots, half-worn slippers, empty cigar-boxes, old newspapers, paper-covered novels, half a dozen empty porter-bottles, and any number of law-books, dusty enough, but showing no evidence of being much used. The floor is dirty and stained with tobacco juice beyond belief. There is an aspect of neglect, of reckless indifference in every thing, culminating in the owner himself. The young lawyer is by no means the same man he was on his arrival with Wall from college, more than a year ago now. He is changed, greatly changed. Perhaps if he was washed and shaved a little, and dressed with more care, he would look better. As it is, he seems to his visitor older by a great deal. Considerably stouter too, flushed and haggard—coarser in some way than his visitor could ever have supposed it possible of him.

"Glad to see you, Wall—glad to see you," he says to his visitor. "Take a chair, if you can find one that isn't broken. When did you come down? How well and hearty you look—so straight and strong! And such a beard—don't you know it is wicked? They would have turned you out of the Seminary for such a sin. Have a cigar? What's all the news?"

His visitor declines the cigar, and has no news—genial enough with his old associate, but separated from him as by some bottomless gulf now. What is it? he asks himself—what is it?

"News? No; nothing new with us," says Burleson, in reply to his questions. "Anna has married that sepulchral Mr. Merkes. Two or three weeks ago. They said he had struck his girl a blow too hard—killed it. I don't know, but wouldn't be the least surprised if he really did. You know, or, rather, you don't know the women. I think Anna would have given him up—an awful dose he was—but for that. It rallied her to him. Strange sex! Rather queer set, all of us! I suppose you heard of it. Nice couple!"

"And how do you like the law by this time?" asks his visitor with sincere interest, after further conversation.

"Oh, hang the law!" replies Burleson. "What a goose you are to ask such a question! Might as well ask any other swindler how he likes swindling by this time. And how is old General Likens? Ah, yes, dead; I had forgotten. Dull old chap. Sort of caryatides to support the household roof. Always in the same chair—always smoking; queer old genius!"

"But that Anderson case," persisted his visitor. "You can not tell what a name it has given you among the people as a lawyer. I was truly glad—"

"Look here, Wall," interrupted Burleson.

"Listen a moment. There was once a worthless young fellow who persuaded a beautiful young girl to run away with him—for her money, mind. As soon as he gets that he begins a course of brutal treatment—keeps it up for years—murders her at last outright with poison. That is Anderson! The people were for lynching him on the spot. He was rescued and put in the jail here. The thought struck me. I took his case. 'You are too intelligent, too just, to permit *yourselves* to be carried away with the passion of the moment,' I said to the twelve fools on the jury. It was after I had got the trial put off once or twice, the witnesses tangled up, and all that. I do not know what devil possessed me. I argued, plead, appealed to them as being this and being that—fathers, mothers perhaps. Would you believe it? They actually acquitted that man! I only tried it to see just how much villainy the law—mind you, *the law*—is capable of committing. But it was too late when the man actually was acquitted—the dastardly, cold-blooded murderer of his miserable wife! She had poisoned herself—that was my theory, you see. As if he had not driven her to it, even if she had. And my own mother congratulated me on my eloquence! My father, delighted at my success, though he must know the man murdered his wife! That is the nature of my triumph. Glorious profession! You are a minister of God and the Gospel. Know what a lawyer is? A minister of the devil and of crime! Simple statistic, if ever there was one!" And the young lawyer resumes his cigar.

"But, really now, do you take no interest in your profession, all that apart?" asks his visitor, even anxiously, after a pause.

"Ask yourself," is the reply. "Do you take any real interest in your profession? Sincerely now, eh?"

"Of course I do!" exclaims the young minister, with energy. "You know I do!"

"Yes, I really believe you do," says Burleson, after a pause. "But there's a difference in our professions, you see. Yours is God's work; mine is the devil's. It is impossible, my dear fellow, to become thoroughly interested in my profession except by becoming thoroughly a scoundrel. Do let us talk about something else. How is that gifted old female, Mrs. Likens? Always reminds me of—Arachne, wasn't it?—the mother of all the spiders, or the woman that was turned into a spider—something of the sort. How she could talk! It was that killed the General—not a doubt of it. Ought to be hung for it with a rope from her own yarn."

"But why do you not enter some other business, Burleson, if you are so prejudiced against the law?"

"Become a merchant, eh? Why should I? I certainly have ample opportunities to lie and cheat as I am, without going behind a counter to do it."

"But there is the political career—"

"And don't you know, my dear fellow, what it is to be a politician? Is it possible you can be so exceedingly ignorant? A lawyer is a man only going to the devil; a politician is a man actually gone to the devil! Hadn't you better suggest I should be an Editor, say? You a preacher, and making such infernal suggestions! I'm astonished at you. No wonder, however. All your life you have lived in the Seminary or in the woods—it is little you know of this present evil world."

"But what do you mean to do, Burleson, in life? You must excuse me—we are such old friends."

"Oh, you are welcome!" said Burleson, lighting another cigar. "Do? I don't mean to do any thing. Do?" he continued, lying farther back in his chair, crossing his legs more comfortably over each other on the table. "There is just one thing I intend to do—know what that is?"

His old friend sat looking anxiously at him.

"Drift!" said Burleson, composedly, between two puffs.

"And—downward!" added his friend, slowly, and as if speaking to himself.

"And—downward," repeated Burleson after him. "Yes, precisely. Especially as—never mind."

The young minister rose and walked across the room to the other window, and stood for minutes looking out. A close observer might have detected a scarcely perceptible motion of his lips, perhaps in prayer, while he stood with his back to the young lawyer, who continued to smoke with a kind of indifferent enjoyment.

"Burleson, my dear old chum," said his visitor, coming back after a while and resuming his seat, "can I say nothing to you—"

"Wall, my old friend," interrupted the other, "you may sit here and talk to me steadily the night through, if you say so. There's a whole box of candles under my bed in the other room. You see this box of cigars is just opened. And I will listen to every word you have to say with all my might. But I tell you from the start it's no use. None in the world! You have often tried it before—faithfully. I'm fifty times worse now. It is too late. I'll give you a text for your next sermon. I don't know in what part of the Bible it is; it's a book I never open these days. But it is this: 'My Spirit shall not always strive.' Use my case as an illustration, and you can make a powerful discourse of it. I do believe," continued the young lawyer, smoking reflectively, "if I could bend myself to the work, I could write as splendid a sermon on that text as was ever written on any text by mortal man. How I could preach it too! And, by-the-by, Wall, I am glad to hear you are turning out to be such a good preacher.

A slim chance I thought you were when you preached your first sermon at the church here. Pshaw! who was it? Some fellow from Hoppleton—a lawyer collecting debts up in your neighborhood—heard you up there once or twice. He told me all about it when he came back. I do believe you have converted him—if only a lawyer *could* be converted! I wish you would come down and give us a sermon occasionally."

"How is your father's family?" asked the one addressed, after a long silence.

"As usual. More quiet, now Anna is married. Did you ever hear of such a match? Bug has the measles, or something of the sort, now and then. And you are boarding at old General Likens's still? There's one thing about that old pair, not generally known either: they are rich—rich as cream. My father is their banker, you know. I wonder who in the mischief they will leave it to."

It was said with the same careless manner as all the rest. If the young preacher had not been so occupied with thinking of something else he might have noticed a look of keen inquiry in the eyes of his friend as he spoke.

"Mr. Ramsey is coming up to take tea and spend the evening at my uncle's to-night, and I have to leave for home early in the morning," said Mr. Wall, rising to leave. "And there is one thing it is but fair and honorable for me to tell you, Burleson. You once told me I was engaged to be married to Miss Louisiana Mills. Well, if I ever was, now I am not. If there ever was any thing of the kind it is all over now."

The same low, dull pain again—fainter now. It was singular.

"Blooming Miss Loo! Discarded you, eh? Couldn't afford to marry a preacher. Exactly. Just what I expected. One thing, however; *she* had no more to do with it than our Bug. Don't be angry, Wall; but I declare that girl always reminds me of one of those fair Circassian slaves one reads about, for sale in the market at Constantinople. Her Pa and Ma are not one's idea of a Circassian chief and his wife exactly, and they don't actually offer Miss Loo for sale. But I tell you what it is—the man that brings the most money gets her! What a rascally world it is! I forgot to say it," said Burleson, after smoking a while. "I am sorry for it. Accept my unfeigned condolences."

"And there is another thing I wished to say—"

"By Jove, look here, Wall!" interrupted Burleson, with unwonted energy. "If you really want to marry Miss Loo just say so. It will be the easiest thing in the world to run off with her. A splendid idea! I'll get the buggy and the license and a justice of the peace ready. Tell you what I'll do—I'll pay the fine for you myself, if she's under age. It's only five hundred dollars or so. You needn't go to the house. I'll get my mother to invite her

to our house to tea any evening you say so. She'll do any thing I ask her. I know Miss Loo well; you can persuade her into it. If you have got a particle of spirit it's a splendid idea."

The young lawyer had thrown away his cigar and was on his feet. He looked handsome as Apollo, in his enthusiasm.

"Thank you—thank you, Burleson," said Mr. Wall, resuming his seat and smiling at his companion's ardor. "But I would rather not."

"But what can be your objection?" Ministers often do such things. People only shake their heads at first, and think that much the more of them afterward."

"I have two objections," said the young minister, composedly. "In the first place, I would not steal Colonel Mills's dog, and I certainly would not steal his daughter; wouldn't steal any of his possessions, much less the one dearest to him of all. Hold on a moment, and hear me out! I wouldn't steal Miss Loo even if I loved her. But, in the second place, I don't love her. I may have done so in a fashion once, but I do not love her now at all."

The same low, sullen pain far down among the roots of the heart.

"Don't tell me!" broke in Burleson, impatiently. "You are smarting now under your treatment from her father and mother—sordid old couple! Your love will all come back—"

"No, it will not," said the other, rising quietly from his chair, hat in hand.

"And why not?"

"Simply because I love another lady. And love her infinitely more than I ever loved Miss Mills."

"You don't mean—" An oath, the first the young minister had ever heard from his friend, filled out the sentence. Something suddenly coarse in his whole bearing.

"This is my special object in calling here this afternoon," said Mr. Wall, after a painful pause. "It is due to our old friendship. Honor requires I should give you fair warning. I do love Miss John, but I have never breathed such a thing to her. I tell you frankly I intend to do it. But I will be fair with you. I will give you one full week to visit and win her if you can. If she loves you, very well, she will accept you. If she does not love you, she will tell you so plainly and finally. A week? You may have, for what I know, years of opportunity. We are both poor, very poor, perfectly poor. No telling when we can get married, even if she is willing to risk it ever. And you are rich. One thing I know—whatever she does will be right. However you or I may like it, it will be right. And you know it as well as I."

It was dark already. The shades of night grew darker and darker; but the young lawyer kept his seat for hours, lighting no candle, forgetting exactly how he had parted from his visitor. All the future lay before him in the

darkness more vividly than if he actually beheld it, as from an eminence, under the clear shining of the sun. Two paths reached away before him in life. The one narrow, rugged, ascending steep, climbing noble heights. And with this path is associated sudden and utter change from what he now is. But he had never dreamed of ascending thus save as another Dante guided of Beatrice, and only in the last year has that Beatrice crossed his path.

"And Heaven has carefully arranged it," he reasons to himself, sitting in the darkness hours after, and with bitterness, "that this friend of mine is to rob me, it is very plain, of this last chance of—Paradise! She could have made a man of me. That is, perhaps so—at least if any body could. Very good! At last mine is the easiest road; and God decides it so. What is the use, any how? It is all fanaticism, I dare say, any thing else. This forty or sixty years or so of eating and drinking and sleeping is all one *knows* of one's existence. If there is any life after this, let it explain itself, arrange itself, when it arrives. Drift! Yes, drift until it comes, if ever it does come!"

But who can explain why it is that, as the one love sinks, like the sun, under the horizon, Miss Louisiana Mills should rise, like the full moon, above the same? Rebound? Reaction?

"How exactly she will suit me!" this Turkish sultan reasons, after a while. "Blooming Miss Loo! Her father is rich, mine is rich—the very ordinance of Heaven itself! Nothing in the world to do but to marry Miss Loo and—drift!" Only there is no dull or sullen pain in this case—pain as of knife with sharp and poisoned edge rather.

"It's all one in the end—who cares?" the young lawyer sums up in the end. "The Greeks had two distinct Cupids, gods of love, Eros, whatever they called it; very different and distinct sorts of love indeed. If I am not to have the higher I can take the lower. It's all a farce, any way. If I only had the energy I'd found a new philosophy, religion. This: All the world's a stage—why, that is what Shakespeare says—and all the men and women merely players; they have their exits and their entrances. And life is one perpetual farce, or tragedy, being continually acted on the boards of the world for the amusement of the gods.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys."

Anna and Mr. Merkes, for instance! Dare say Loo and I will get along as well as that remarkable pair."

III

Mr. Merkes and Anna Burleson!

For weeks after their marriage the eyes of Hoppleton are upon the little house in the suburbs with the green blinds, in which dwell Mr. and Mrs. Merkes and the children. The ears of Hoppleton are intensely strained in that direction. Hoppleton awaits an explosion.

"When a man's wife, now, has money, a man can stand it," says, at last, poor Issells to his wretched spouse; "but when she hasn't a cent, and is sickly besides, the best thing he can do is to cut his throat!" And he snaps his shears savagely together and blasphemes.

The first Sunday after the wedding all Hoppleton attends the church of Mr. Wall senior to see the couple. Quite a sensation as Mr. Merkes precedes his bride down the aisle—tall, thin, dry—perfectly aware of the wrong done him by the eyes of all there; somewhat grim for a bridegroom, differing only by reason of a new suit of clothes. Any body can see, however, that it is his wife who has brushed his hair. And Mrs. Merkes is very much the same—only with a coming and going of little blushes over her face, a dignity as of defiance, and little bits of nervousness over her manner, really charming to see; younger, too, a good deal, she seems to be. She has only one thought—a husband—my husband! And the thought clothes him to her eyes, as she sits beside him, as with all excellence.

"But how about the children?" asks Hoppleton.

"Long-legged boys to make pants for. Oh, won't she be sick of her bargain!" says Issells. "Spank the younger ones like thunder as soon as she dare—see if she don't!"

At school during the week, at Sunday-school, going along the streets—for they visit the stores to buy this little thing and that now for themselves—the children are closely inspected. They are evidently brightened up in some way.

The fact is, to have a house of her own to attend to is delightful to Mrs. Merkes. All her father's energy, long suppressed and souring upon itself for lack of object, now develops itself wonderfully. The boys would be really manly fellows if they were dressed up a little, encouraged to hold up their heads. At least I'll see, says Mrs. Merkes to herself; and she goes to work on them with ardor. Her success astonishes herself.

The poor little thing! says Mrs. Merkes to herself of Mary; I wonder how she would look if she was fitted up nicely. And she gradually begins to make a sack or so, then a full suit for Mary, then a new-fashioned fancy apron she sees a picture of in the last Magazine. There is an undeveloped milliner in the late Miss Anna Burleson. She takes a pleasure in planning and cutting out and fitting for all the children she never dreamed of before. It is not the kind of work she has now to do, though; it is simply that it is a work devolved on her to be done. She has a position now to fill, a something to do; all her slumbering energies engage with real delight in what lies before them.

And so she grows to love the children. And the children—very shy at first, poor little partridges!—grow to love her. She gradually becomes aware of the fact that these are the only children that will claim her care—becomes contented with them as such, people compliment

her so upon them—even proud of them. No wonder; they all bloom under her hand like flowers closed hitherto to the sun. She is radiant with the success of her efforts. And, by-and-by, she sinks, naturally and comfortably, into the place and feeling of the energetic mother of a large family. Is it because her unnatural state of mind has passed away that the seed received into her heart in girlhood—the seed of piety—now puts forth? In becoming a wife to Mr. Merkes, and then, slowly, a mother to his children, she becomes a Christian too. With the sallowness from the face flies the bitterness from the heart. Nature has resumed its sweet sway in her. Mrs. Merkes is a thousand times lovelier and happier than Anna Burleson. Every-body acknowledges that.

And it is this reconciles her father and mother to the matter, slowly but surely. Mr. Merkes, continuing his school, never bothers them—he is too proud for that. They grow to esteem, even like him, though never as much as Anna would have them, of course.

It is all very well; but at last it doesn't agree with Mr. Merkes. It would be delightful to write him down as henceforth enjoying himself a little. It would seem more natural too; but then it would not be the truth. For many, many years he has been kept going as by stress of circumstances. Now that the stress is suddenly off of him, he relaxes somehow. He is as a ship which drives before the gale, kept afloat by the very force of the wind from behind, by the very heave of the sea from beneath. The instant the wind lulls and the sea ceases, down goes the ship to the bottom!

Not twelve months had Mr. Merkes been married before he had one of his old attacks. Something seriously the matter this time with his digestion; dyspepsia in good earnest now; fare being so much better, perhaps. Once he would have risen against the attack, resented it, resisted it, contradicted it, defied it, driven it back. But prosperity had debilitated him; he yielded from the first. But he had whole hours of the common-sense and calm of heaven even before he entered its gateway.

"What a lunatic I have been, Anna!" he said to his weeping wife. "All my life—ever since I became a Christian at least—I have had an eternal heaven awaiting me, only a few years off at farthest; a reconciled and Almighty Father around me all the time, regarding me with infinite love and care; and yet I have all the way been tormenting and worrying myself about trifles. What a fool! Worse than that—what a sinner I have been in this!"

"We will be happy together hereafter," sobbed his wife.

"Hah! I don't know about that! What about the other Mrs. Merkes already there?"

The thought sprang up instantly in his mind. All the old thistle-seed hadn't been purged from the soil yet. But the idea tormented him only a moment; the next he actually

laughed aloud at his old folly, while his wife suspended her tears in wonder.

"What an amazing fool I have been!" continued the dying man. "All my life scourging myself like an old ascetic; putting pebbles in my own shoes; persisting in sleeping upon spikes; crying, and cutting myself with every stone in reach among the tombs. And this when I might have followed Jesus instead—might have lived instead a sweet, simple, natural life of childlike faith. If there is any palliation of my sin it is that I permitted my troubles to craze me almost."

And so Mr. Merkes falls into a gentle sleep, and his wife sits beside him and smooths with her soft touch the thin gray hair which has known so many cross winds, and holds in her own the hand which has striven so many years with the bramble and the brier. He has suddenly become younger in the face by twenty years. He murmurs, too, in his sleep of "Lucy, Lucy." Mrs. Merkes knows well who he means, and that he has gone back to days long before he ever heard of *her*; but she swallows it down, blames herself for even the passing pang it gives her. And he wakes again to thank and kiss her for all her love and care, and so passes quietly into the world of eternal peace.

"And now what about the children?" asks Hoppleton as it comes back from the burying.

It has never occurred as a question to the widow. By this time George, Samuel, Alexander have become to her really and truly "my boys." She has not cut out, and fitted, and played the mother to them so many months for nothing. Docile enough, poor things! previous discipline of their young lives had made them all that only too much. More spirit in them as well as docility these last few months. They are boys to be proud of. She knows, and they know, it is the doing of her hand, and she has

not the least inclination to stop in her work. As to Mary, she is really her girl. "My girl," she loves to call her. None sweeter in Hoppleton. Hoppleton has told her so often enough, with many a "Who *would* have thought, Mrs. Merkes, you ever could have done so well!" Mary is devoted to her; for love inevitably creates love. The death of any one of the children could not have afflicted their own mother more. In fact, she grows to forget that she is not their mother—the children have almost forgotten any other themselves. Not for half an instant does Mrs. Merkes permit Bug to put on any airs in regard to them. To care for her children is now her only business in life. She accepts it as matter of course. She carries it out with energy and success.

"It's my opinion her marrying that man was the most sensible thing Nan ever did in her life," says practical Mr. Burleson one day to his stately wife.

"Do you really think so?" asks his wife. "You didn't at first, Mr. Burleson. I had no patience with her myself, as I told you and told her a thousand times, for wanting a husband. A woman at her age, too! It was indelicate; it was positively disgusting in her! We were differently constituted, I am sure. I never would have gone on as Anna did; I would have died first! But it is all done now. Poor thing! However, I am not sorry Mr. Merkes is dead."

"I will therefore that the younger women marry," Mr. Burleson reads from the Bible which lies on the table before him, "'bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully.'"

"Oh pshaw, nonsense!" says Mrs. Burleson. "And I am satisfied Anna never would have married him if it hadn't been for that terrible matter about little Lucy. And about that I've never been perfectly satisfied yet."

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LILLA'S FLIGHT.

I DO not know how long I remained on the road outside Lilla's gate that night. I only know that it was dark, like midnight, before I thought of returning to Bowness. I have no way of expressing how I felt. My happiness was an unspeakable, an almost unbelievable ecstasy. I felt happy—and humbled, deeply humbled. To know that that pure, noble heart had given itself up to me was indeed something to fill me with a sense of my own miserable demerits. I could have knelt on the bare road-side, and prostrated myself, and prayed of Heaven to help me that I might be less unworthy.

Yesterday I should have wished to do some good or great thing which might win me a place of regard in her memory, and redeem my barren

life, and then die. To-day my veins are filled with the ecstasy and glory of living for her.

I was resolved even more than ever to go to town at once. I would not make any effort to see Lilla again. I should be wholly unworthy of her if I did so. There shall be nothing more that has the least appearance of secrecy. I will ask her openly of her father; and should he refuse, as I know he will, we will marry in defiance of him. Come the worst, it is not long before she will be of age to decide for herself. And he—even he—shall learn that I have not been influenced by any hope or wish to get his accursed money. No coin of his shall benefit me or mine.

After a sleepless, restless, happy night, I started by the first train from Windermere. I strained and twisted out of the window of the carriage until we had quite lost sight of the lake, in the futile hope of getting a glimpse

somehow of the villa and the little demesne where I had found Lilla. I could not see the place, or, indeed, any thing near it. At last, I am ashamed to say, yielding to utter fatigue, I fell fast asleep, and slept in the carriage for hours.

It is a long journey from Lake-land to London. It was far into evening when I got to town, and I went almost at once to Jermyn Street to see Christina. I was disappointed, however, in my desire to see her alone, for she had several visitors with her when I called.

She looked surprised and even startled when I presented myself; but she compelled herself to receive me with external composure.

"I never expected to see you so soon," she said. "You must have grown tired of Nature even more quickly than I predicted."

"No," I replied, "I did not get tired of Nature; or, at least, that was not my reason for returning to town. But my companion" (I did not mention his name) "had to desert me, and I didn't care to stay among the mountains alone."

And I looked significantly at Christina.

"Afraid of being left to bleat alone, like Wordsworth's lamb on the mountain-side, the plaintive spirit of the solitude," interjected a young literary man present, who doubtless wanted to seem clever.

"Indeed? You were left alone? Then your fellow-traveler got tired of Nature first and left you?" asked Madame Reichstein, looking with anxious eyes.

"No, not that either; but some sudden call found him out even there among the mountains—he is such a dreadful fellow for sudden engagements—and he had to hurry away. He could not fix any time for his return, and so I followed his flight."

All this was said on both sides in the coolest and easiest tone—in that tone of semi-badinage which people generally adopt on nearly all subjects when indifferent ears are open to hear. But I knew that Christina was anxious and uneasy, and I only waited to get an opportunity of exchanging a quiet word or two with her to tell her all.

The opportunity was soon made. She drew herself away to a little table covered with books that stood in a corner, as if she were looking for something. I came to her side. She had just said, in an eager under-tone, "What is it, Emanuel?" and glanced up under her eyelashes to see that no one was too near, when I saw a change come over her face; and Mr. Lyndon, M.P., who had just then entered the room, approached her.

His eyebrows contracted when he saw me. She instantly left me, and hurried to meet him. He led her to a sofa with an air of lordly deference, which had something of a sultan's patronage about it; and they presently began to converse so earnestly that they seemed to forget all around them.

I was resolved to wait no longer. If Christina had already forgotten all about her husband, and her anxiety regarding his disap-

pearance, any thing that I had to tell her could well afford to remain untold until some more convenient opportunity. I was quietly withdrawing, when, just as I passed near the sofa where Christina sat, an artist I knew, who happened to be one of the company, asked,

"Did you leave Windermere only this morning, Temple?"

Fire flashed under Mr. Lyndon's heavy eyebrows, and he almost started—he almost seemed as if about to break in upon our conversation. I noted the expression and manner, and I understood the meaning. The whilom pauper at Dives's gate was the dreaded lover of Dives's daughter.

I confess that I felt some respect for the self-constraint which enabled Mr. Lyndon to command his feelings in an instant, and to behave as if he had never heard my friend's innocent question. In a moment Lyndon and Christina were conversing as before; and I left them to converse. I had always hated to see this man near Christina, and I was pained not less than ever to see him there now. So I left the place, where he seemed determined to stay.

But I could not hate the man any more. There was a time, and that not long ago, when I thought it would have given me pleasure to humiliate and mortify him. I had no such feeling now. I made every allowance and excuse for him: I desired sincerely to be as considerate as possible toward him. I would have given much to be able to convince him of the integrity and the disinterestedness of my love for his daughter. I almost think I could have been induced, under proper encouragement, to beg his paternal blessing. In truth, my love for Lilla and my happiness in her love swallowed up all mean hates, and spites, and ignoble feelings of whatever kind within me. I was in fact almost in love with the world. The nearest approach to anger I felt toward any human creature was toward Christina Braun. Her reception of Lyndon, her eager welcome of him, her absorbed attention to his talk, seemed to me to bespeak a lamentable levity at a time when some crisis, which she appeared to think serious, was impending over her husband.

I walked home thinking over these things, angry with Christina, and sorry for her; and sometimes, indeed, full of deep, deep pity for her. It was ten o'clock when I reached home; and I opened one of my windows upon the blue twilight of early summer, and sat without a lamp and smoked a cigar, and began to see my way. I must write at once, this night, this moment, to Mr. Lyndon. I must anticipate any inquiry or discovery by him. He must know at once that no secrecy of any kind is intended. From this moment it is certain that no power of man shall prevent me from making Lilla Lyndon my wife; and he shall know the full truth. No idle feeling of pride or mortified self-love shall restrain me from making every effort to avert discord and disunion. Nothing shall prevent my acting toward Lilla

Lyndon's father as her love deserves that I should act. He could no longer offend me. I had lost the right to complain.

I lighted my lamp and wrote a letter. It was to him, and ran thus :

"SIR,—Not long since I endeavored to see you, and I was not successful. My object then was to pledge you my word as a man of honor that I would never place myself again in the way of meeting Miss Lilla Lyndon, or willingly be the cause of any disunion, however slight and passing, between her and you. I was not favored with an interview. You believed me guilty of conduct you had reason to resent. I do not deny it, or defend myself. The promise, however, which I could not make to you I made to myself, and I would have kept it.

"Chance—I am superstitious enough to think it Providence—ordered otherwise. I have just seen Miss Lyndon in Westmoreland. I declare that I had not the slightest idea that she was in that part of England. I declare too that I deliberately refused to know where she was, when I might (without knowledge or consent of hers) have learned it. Our meeting was as much a surprise to her as to me. This, however, I need not tell you. You know that she is incapable of deceit.

"I write now to ask you, as Lilla Lyndon's father, for your permission to me to become a suitor for her hand. I will not affect to doubt that this proposal will displease you. I say sincerely I am not surprised that you should have wished another husband for your daughter. But I say too that I am worthy of her thus far—that she has honored me frankly with her affection. For myself, I have but lately learned to the full how deep and devoted is my love for her. I stand amazed, and indeed humbled, by the thought of her affection for me—humbled because I have nothing to give in return.

"You are doubtless a rich man; your favorite daughter would in the ordinary course bring a fortune to her husband. Not so in my case. If Lilla Lyndon honors me with her love, and you give your consent, I receive her, and her alone. I will not consent to receive one penny's-worth of pecuniary advantage. Even you shall at least have no reason to suspect me of a mercenary motive. I can myself maintain my wife at least in comfort, though not in splendor; and I think Lilla Lyndon does not care for splendor.

"I wait your reply, and add nothing else. Nothing that I could say could honestly put my appeal in any better light to you. It should never have been made, did it only concern my own happiness. I make it believing that it also concerns the happiness of her whom I am sure you love.

"I have the honor to be

"Your obedient servant,

"EMANUEL TEMPLE.

"GEORGE STAMFORD LYNDON, Esq., M.P."

I had hardly finished this letter when I heard the rattle of wheels in the street, and presently my landlady herself came up and told me, with rather a significant twinkle in her eye, that a lady wished to speak to me very particular.

"Where is she?"

"I have shown her into the drawing-room. She said it didn't matter about her name, but she must see you."

I hastened to the drawing-room, and found Christina Reichstein standing there. Her veil was down, but I could see through it that her face was very pale, and that her eyes sparkled.

"Where is my husband, Emanuel?" she said, without any introductory word.

"I can not tell you, Christina. I have told you nearly all that I know. He left me, and bade me tell you that you should hear from him soon."

"Where did he leave you? Where was he going? Who came for him? When did he say he would return?"

"Christina, I am not deeply in his confidence. He did not tell me where he was going, nor did I ask any such question. He did say there was nothing to be alarmed at—immediately."

"Who came for him—Benoni?"

I described the emissary.

"Yes; Benoni. I thought so—I feared so; I hate that man."

"Is he not true?"

"True? Oh yes, too true. True to his wretched plots and plans. But there can be nothing to alarm me," she went on, reassuring herself. "I have not heard a syllable of any thing. Is it not very hot?"

I opened the window near her. She threw back her veil. She looked pale as a ghost.

"No; there can be nothing of any moment," she said, looking at me anxiously for confirmation of her hopes. "I believe — is still in town, and has not heard of any thing?"

And she named an Italian name known of all men; a name identified with revolutionary movement for more than a quarter of a century.

"I can satisfy you as to his being in town, Christina. I passed him at Knightsbridge as I came along, not an hour ago. He was walking very quietly and slowly—quite unconcernedly, to all appearance."

"Then there can be nothing. It must be only some one of those ordinary journeyings."

"But don't people say," I asked, malignantly, "that the Chief prefers stirring up rebellions with the long arm of the lever—that he generally directs an Italian insurrection from a safe stand-point here in London?"

"People do say it, I believe," she replied, coldly, "who know nothing of him, and have no sympathy with his cause, or perhaps with any thing that is noble and high. You ought not to say it."

I felt a little ashamed and penitent.

"I am sure," I said, after a short pause,

"that I heard Benoni, if it was he, speak to Salaris about the necessity of being in Paris at once."

"In Paris? Oh, come, this is the only important word you have let fall yet. In Paris? If you had only mentioned that before, I should have felt greatly relieved. It is nothing definite, then? It is only some organizing affair: to seek for aid, or advice, or friends, or something."

"Yes. I don't see how they can well fight for Italian liberty in Paris. Indeed, Madame Reichstein, I don't believe there is much cause for alarm. Perhaps the battle won't come off just yet: threatened governments live long."

"You are in a sneering humor, Emanuel, and I don't like to meet people in such humor; but I am a good deal relieved by what you tell me. And now, before I go, let me scold you for having left me this evening so hastily. Why did you not wait, and tell me all you knew?"

"In fact, I had nothing to tell; and you had other people with you."

"They all left very soon. You might have waited a little; I have no one to confide in but you."

"No one?"

"No one, now that my husband is away. I don't know why you look at me with such an expression; I think you ought to explain what you mean."

"Christina, I don't ask explanations, or offer any. I have nothing to explain."

"Yes, you have something," she replied, with energy. "You have to explain your manner to me—your suspicious manner, and your looks, which seem to insinuate something that I do not understand—that I will not understand."

"Ay, will not understand!" I said, with emphasis.

"Will not understand, then, if you like to have it so. What have I done that you, my oldest friend, look on me so coldly? Have I not now enough to distract and torment me without that? There is nothing I am ashamed of, although there is much I am sorry for. You are changed toward me; why—why?"

"Christina, I don't like your way of life; I tell you that frankly—indeed, you know it already. I don't like to see that man Lyndon hanging about you in the way he does—now too, when, for aught you and I can tell, your husband may be in some serious danger. I don't like to hear your name coupled with his in a way that—well, in the way that people do couple it."

Christina blushed, or flushed rather.

"My husband knows of Mr. Lyndon's visits. What right has any one else to—"

"No right, Christina. I claim no right. You insisted on knowing why I seemed surprised, or cold, or something of that kind; I have told you the reason."

"I didn't mean you, Emanuel; I meant the idle people whose babble and malignant trash you repeat—people who babble malignant trash

about yourself, let me tell you, as well as about me. How do you know what things are being said of you and of me? How do you know what vile gossip may have reached my husband's ear—which he scorns to believe? Who can tell what people might say, if they knew, for example, that I have come in this way to visit you at night alone?"

There was much of her old winning way about this, which, coming as it did now, brought a vague, subtle sense of deceit to my mind.

"Come, Emanuel, dear old friend, have faith in me. Let there be one at least who thinks well of me—one *here* I mean—for my husband thinks well of me, better, far better than I could ever deserve of him. If you knew him well, and knew how he trusts me, you would not, and could not, believe me capable of deceiving him. He knows that Mr. Lyndon visits me; and he knows why. It is his doing altogether; that is all I can tell you now; but you shall know more before long. He is all confidence and trust. My dear friend, you and I are very good people in our way, but we are not like him."

She spoke now with a dash of sarcasm in her tone, and with a quivering lip.

"Christina, I do believe I have done you wrong."

She sprang up and caught my hand in a wild way.

"Yes, I do fully believe I have been suspecting you wrongfully. I don't pretend to account for what I have certainly observed—"

She smiled half maliciously.

"Although perhaps even now a conjecture does start up in my mind which seems to explain it—but I will not ask you for any explanation—"

"No, Emanuel. Believe me without asking for any explanation now."

"And I do. I am sorry for having wronged you; and I am more sorry still for the circumstances that have entangled you in what I can not help thinking a sort of humiliation; and which will end, I fear, in the wreck of your happiness."

"My happiness is wrecked, Emanuel! It went down long, long ago. I would give all to be young again, to begin again. The old immemorial vain regret! To be young again, Emanuel—to have the chance of beginning again, and doing something better! I sold my soul, and I have got a heap of fairy gold in exchange; and it has turned into withered old leaves."

My heart was deeply moved by the state of almost abject despair into which she had worked herself. I endeavored to say something in the way of commonplace reassurance; but she cut me short impetuously, petulantly.

"Don't, Emanuel; I want no condolence. I dare say every thing is for the best, and all right, and all that: that sort of stuff never made any one feel any the happier. If I were to ask you, Don't I look pale, and wretched, and ugly, at this very moment? you would say something

complimentary, I dare say. It would not reassure me. I have had compliments enough in my day, and they have done me much good! I have cried my eyes quite red, and my cheeks quite pale: mock tears on the stage, and real tears at home, make sad work of one's beauty, Emanuel. You find the world well enough, no doubt; you were always a patient, contented kind of being, and did not trouble yourself about any thing, as women do. Besides, you have special reason for happiness now. You have seen Lilla Lyndon."

"How do you know?"

"I heard, only an hour since, that she was in the Lake country; and I knew by your air of brightness and triumph, and—oh, something wholly unspeakable—that you had seen the little girl."

"Yes, I have seen her."

"And you will persevere, then; and you will not be warned; and you will take this child away from her father and her family? Oh, don't protest and look angry; she will go if you ask her; and you think you can break all the bonds of association thus, and yet find the woman you tear away from friends and family and habits happy in the end? You know nothing of women, Emanuel; you never did. She will plunge into any gulf with you now; she will awake with a shiver some day, and turn a pale face of silent reproach on you. I don't think the poor girl would scold."

"You are a prophet of evil omen, Christina."

"A screech-owl, am I not?"

"But I am not dismayed."

"You believe in this girl's firmness and constancy, and knowledge of her own mind?"

"I do, as fully as I believe in Heaven; far more fully, very likely. I know Lilla Lyndon; I don't know Heaven."

"You think the bonds of love will prove stronger with her than the bonds of habit?"

"I do."

Christina shrugged her shoulders; but returned to the charge.

"She lives now in Connaught Place?"

"She does."

"And you propose to live—?"

"In a small house in Brompton or Kensington, say."

"She has carriages and horses, grooms and maids without stint?"

"Yes; and it will try my resources, probably, to keep a miniature brougham, a couple of maids, and a boy in buttons. *Conna, Christina.* All that I know, and have thought of."

"And she will sit at home of nights and do crochet, while you sing at the Opera with some Finola?"

"No, Christina. I mean to give up the Opera—I am sick of it. Any thing I can do is better done in the concert-room. I will at all events try to make her happy, if she will have me."

"Happy—after she has quarreled with her father, and been discarded by him?"

"She will not quarrel with her father."

"Emanuel, you are out of your senses."

"No, Christina. I am coming to my senses—at last!"

I do not know why I made this reply. I suppose I was merely carried away by antagonism and her last words. She flushed as if she had been smitten on the cheek, and her bosom heaved up and down like little waves, and she indulged in her familiar action of throwing back that hair from her brow and shoulder. She turned away for a moment; and then laying her hand gently on my arm, she said in a softened tone:

"You do not think I wish you not to be happy?"

"Oh no, Christina!"

"Oh, do not, do not! I wish you to be happy, most sincerely. I only feared and doubted; but all that is nonsense. Indeed, I long to see you happy. I shall feel when I see it that my expiation is out, and my penance removed. I only feared that perhaps you did not know her, or she you. I suppose a woman always feels jealous of another who—I don't know really what I am saying! Emanuel, remember I was the first who told you Lilla Lyndon loved you! My dear, I read it in the child's eyes before she knew it herself. But you—you do love her—now?"

"Yes, Christina, I do. I know her now, and I love her."

"Then I hope and pray that you may be happy, and that the future may recompense for any waste of the past. I will pray for you, Emanuel, and for her. Do you know I am a Catholic now?"

"A Roman Catholic?"

"A Roman Catholic, if you will," she said, with a faint smile. "Yes, I have been so for some time. What would my brother and his pious Lutheran wife in Königsberg—you remember them, Emanuel?—say, if they knew? Yes, I sought peace; and I trust I have found it. You do not know—no man could know—how empty and blank my life has been. I have none of the true joys of life, and I shall never have. Other women, whatever their disappointments, have some comfort to cheer them, to look forward to, when they cease to be young; but I! Ah! a man can't know."

Yet I did know. I knew what she thought of, at least. What woman will not mourn over the quiver that is empty of arrows?

"Come," she said, "I must go. It is almost midnight; and this is a mad escapade. I am wasting my own time and yours."

As she rose to go her eyes glanced at the looking-glass, which, in the true style of a Brompton lodging, adorned my chimney-piece.

"Emanuel," she asked, quite seriously, "have I not greatly changed for the worse? But you won't tell me. And then—don't say any thing—so changed since I used to watch for you in the window every evening, long ago! Ah, those were pleasant days! I too shall soon leave the stage. I must in any case. I am

resolved to go in my full prime of voice. We will go and live somewhere quietly in Switzerland, I think, if my poor Salaris can be persuaded to give up his dreams, and if he comes safely out of this present business. I don't well know what I shall do without the excitement of applause. It is a fearful thing for a woman who has nothing but excitement to live on. But I made my bed, and must lie on it."

"Christina, my dearest, earliest friend, it grieves my heart to see you so unhappy. Is there nothing that can be done? Do confide in me. Is there nothing?"

"Nothing, oh, nothing," she answered, with a sad wan smile. "I have now, oh, thank Heaven, a true and warm religion to fill my heart. Then, Emanuel, you forgive me all?"

"Dear Christina, what is there to forgive?"

"Yes, yes, there is. I left you for the sake of my own career and my own ambition. I went forth on my fool's errand and left you, and it was long before you recovered wholly, and—and ceased to think about me."

"It was indeed."

"But you are now free again, and happy, and hopeful; and all the past is sponged out, and I am forgiven?"

"Oh, surely, surely; if you will have it that I have any cause or right—"

"There, that will do. And we are friends?"

"Friends, Christina, forever."

She leaned toward me, and kissed me on the forehead.

"We may not meet again," she said, "except before many eyes; and besides," she added, with a wild, sweet smile, "it is no wrong now."

With that kiss of peace she left me; that was the funeral ceremony of a long, long, vain love now dead.

I went down with her to her brougham. Her German "familiar" was waiting for her, and they drove away.

She was, then, a Roman Catholic. I afterward learned that she had been formally so only a few months. I was not sorry for it. I was of no particular creed, and could never animate my mind, though in my blank and lonely years I often tried, into any warm interest in the differences of denominations, and the narrow theological questions on the solution of which so many good people are content to rest their hopes of heaven. I could never believe in the power of any faith to monopolize the right of granting passports into heaven. Many people, I often thought, seem to liken heaven practically to that famous cave in the "Arabian Nights," the doors of which opened at the utterance of a few cabalistic words, equally powerful in their operation whether he who pronounced them understood what he was saying, or comprehended no syllable of its meaning. But I was glad, somehow, to think of Christina kneeling at a Roman Catholic altar. She seemed the kind of being destined specially to be a Roman Catholic. Born to be sustained after every spring of impulse, passionate, warm-

hearted, and yet in some sense egotistical and subjective; strong and bold in impulse, yet feeble in purpose, and especially lacking that steadfast, stony patience, which, indeed, is almost exclusively a man's quality—that proud, inexorable patience which, even in great natures, as Macaulay truly says, is often mistaken for the patience of stupidity; hers was a nature thoroughly suited to lean for support on the arm of a faith rich in consolations for every mood, in appliances to soothe every impatience and strengthen every weakness. I could easily understand how that heart, so passionate and loving, yet so fitful and ambitious, warmed toward a faith among the very ceremonials of whose ministry are sympathy and confidence and ready pardon. She, the disappointed wife, the childless mother, the ambitious artist who had won success and found it barren, what was left for her but such ready and sensuous consolations as are found in the religion of Rome?

At last I had begun to understand Christina Braun. I have written to little purpose if the reader does not already understand her. She was not the kind of being I had once imagined. Hers was not the clear, strong, self-reliant, self-contained soul I had once believed it. How, indeed, I now asked myself, could I ever have thought so? Did not a word, a mood, a chance decide almost every successive chapter of her life? Was not strength of sudden impulse shining in those dark and glittering eyes? was not instability of purpose shown in those fair, soft, tremulous outlines? Vivacity of emotion was indicated in the sensitive lips, weakness of purpose in that rounded cheek and chin. All those years she had been looking for happiness in many paths, and had not found it, because she gave up too soon each place of search and sought anew. She had always been seeking an object in our darkling life, but had never gazed long or steadfastly enough through the darkness in order that the way and the end might become clear to her. It was natural that she should take to the stage-life and to music—music, that most bewitching of delusions, that intoxication of the soul, in which a nature like hers would find all that the Oriental finds in his *haschesh*. She had sold her soul to the unreal: they who do so soon find themselves but shadowless ghosts among the real.

Easy to understand how Christina Braun could believe herself accomplishing a high destiny when first enraptured by the success of a career where the honors follow so quickly on the victory that they are in fact its very echo. No success in life is so intoxicating as that of a great *prima donna*. Think of the patient author laboring for years at some work on which he stakes his fame and his happiness, and the fame never perhaps in his lifetime spreads beyond the appreciation of a few reviews and the admiration of one or two coteries. Think of the inventor wasting away his brains to make perfect some great scheme, which an-

other man at the other end of the country may be all the while forestalling, or which may in the end only bring money to the capitalist who buys it, and whose name it is destined to bear. Think of the gray old soldier, whose terribly-earned honors only come in time to decorate his corpse. And then think of the successful singer adorned with the gifts of emperors, and greeted in turn with the plaudits of every civilized capital. Who in St. Petersburg cares for the great English *savant*? What London audience thrills at the entrance of the Italian poet? But the great singer goes from state to state, and is the idol and delight of every people she visits, and the fame which precedes and follows her is like the language of the music she interprets—cosmopolitan and universal.

But when all this has been tasted, and the delight exhales, what remains for the sated and sickened heart? The joy of the Art itself? Yes, if one has loved the art only, and for the art's sake; but what remains for one whose joy was only in the intoxication of the false emotions and the meretricious successes which the art can be made the instrument to procure? What earthly reality can sustain and nourish the nature which has lived in the delusion of music and the delusion of fame? I know of nothing. I thought it but natural that, awakened from those delusions, Christina should seek repose in that most fascinating and sublime of all delusions which exhales from the perfumed incense of the Church of Rome.

Thus I remained for some time, thinking over Christina and the change that had come upon her. For a long time, even before I knew it, the witchery of her influence over me had been fading. Her nature seemed to have been lowered somehow, and unidealized. Sometimes, indeed, the old influence awoke again, and her fascination, her ardor, her generous impulses quite conquered me; but if I had been given to self-analysis, I might have found that her influence over me was most powerful when I was not near her. When lately I still believed that I loved her, it was the memory of my own youth and hers that I truly loved. I believe that a man who has been badly wounded in a limb, and suffers great agony, and at last has the limb amputated, is long haunted by the echo of the pain, which he now can not really feel any more. And so it was with my feelings toward Christina Braun of late. They were the echo of a passionate love and a bitter agony.

I thought of her so sadly that, for the time, I almost forgot myself and what I had to do, and the letter that lay written on my desk.

I sealed my letter, and went with it myself to the post. Next evening I received the following answer:

“CONNAUGHT PLACE.

“SIR,—I do not stop to express any surprise at the nature of the proposal contained in your letter. I give it the reply which you appear to anticipate. I utterly decline to give my con-

sent to your becoming a suitor to Miss Lilla Lyndon. I do not believe that such a course could possibly conduce to my daughter's happiness, of which I still consider myself the most competent judge, and of which, at all events, I am the natural and legal guardian.

“You are good enough to say that you would accept my daughter without any fortune. This offer probably seems to you magnanimous and romantic. It might possibly impress my daughter in the same way. She is still, as you know, very young. You will allow me, however, as a man of the world, to remark that such an offer, while very easily made, could in no case be followed by any result. Were I willing to accept your proposal to marry Miss Lilla Lyndon, you will, of course, perceive that common regard for her interest and her happiness would compel me to take care that she was provided with such means as I could contribute toward maintaining her in the station to which she has been accustomed.

“You will perhaps, for the future, see the propriety of withholding attentions which are in every way unwelcome, and of refraining from making proposals which can only meet with emphatic rejection.

“I have the honor to remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

“GEORGE STAMFORD LYNDON.

“EMANUEL TEMPLE, Esq.”

I had expected nothing better. I was not surprised. I could not be angry. Having Lilla's love, I could afford to bear the cold rebuffs of Lilla's father. I was not discouraged. It would not in any case be long until Lilla came of age and could do as she pleased; and if her love for me could stand the test of that delay—as I now fully believed it could—no power on earth should prevent me from making her my wife.

I wrote to Lilla, telling her what I had done, and the purport of her father's answer, but softening as far as I could the tone and temper of it. I wrote full of love and confidence; bade her wait but a little, and all would be well; pledged her my earnest, unalterable affection, and my full faith in hers. In the conviction of her love I seemed to myself to move in an atmosphere of purple and rose-color.

Days and days passed away, and I received no answer. I grew restless, but hardly uneasy. She doubtless found it difficult to write; perhaps she was not willing even to pen a few clandestine lines, but preferred nobly and patiently to wait. I did not for a moment doubt of her love, or fear lest she might have repented, or drawn back, or been talked into acquiescence with her father's wishes.

Suddenly I heard a rumor which startled me, and which gradually deepened into certainty.*

Lilla Lyndon had been brought by her father from Westmoreland to his country seat in Leicestershire. The very first day of her removal there she left his house; she came to

London by the train, and thence disappeared, no one could tell whither.

I had a stormy interview with Mr. Lyndon, who came, excited and furious, to my lodgings. I could tell him nothing; and I am bound to say he came rather to denounce me as the original cause of the disunion in his family than out of any suspicion that Lilla's flight had been concerted between her and me. He knew his daughter too well to suspect any thing of the kind. He could only suppose that she had fled to take refuge in the bosom of some wild and romantic school-friend, who would regard the whole thing as a delightful chapter of romance in real life. He had gone or written or sent to every one he could think of, and he was waiting in agony of expectancy to hear of her arrival somewhere.

Characteristically, he never thought of yielding to her love.

"I can not be civil to you, Sir," he said, as he left me. "There was happiness in my house until, in a cursed hour, you saw my foolish daughter. I will take good care when she comes back that you never see her again until she has recovered her senses."

"You have driven your daughter from your house," I answered, "and you know it in your heart. You can never change my feelings or hers."

"Then you still mean to pursue this foolish, romantic girl—this—this child, Sir?" he asked, with a scowl.

"Until Lilla Lyndon herself asks me to release her from such engagement as we have made," I said, "I shall never change."

Characteristically, too, he never thought of his poor relations in Paris. He had ransacked his brain not to omit one of the families and friends Lilla might have sought refuge with; but they were all West End people with country houses. His suspicions principally turned to two old school-fellows of Lilla's lately married; one in Scotland, one in Florence. Nay, he even thought of the maid who had lost her place for being too faithful to Lilla, and he had had her hunted up to no purpose. It was quite possible, he thought, that a romantic and headstrong young lady might take refuge in the family of a favorite servant. That would be like something in a novel, and, after all, would not be quite unladylike; the lady and the servant would still hold their relative places. It never occurred to him as possible that his daughter could condescend to fly for shelter and expose her family quarrels to a pair of poor relations who now taught a school and had lately let lodgings.

CHAPTER XXX.

A YEAR'S TRIAL.

I HAD thought of the poor relations very soon. Nothing seemed to me more probable than that Lilla, having resolved to leave her father's

house, would go to the lately-found relatives to whom she had been kind, and who had known me, rather than to any of the friends of her father.

I was hardly surprised when, the very day after I had seen Mr. Lyndon, I received a letter addressed in a woman's hand which I knew—the hand of Lilla, the elder Lilla, Lyndon. This was what it contained:

"MY DEAR OLD EMANUEL,—Do you know whom we have got with us, sheltered here—a little dear white pigeon—not at all trembling or weak though, but full of pluck? My cousin Lilla. She is the sweetest girl I ever knew, and so fresh and green that I feel like her mother.

"Now you know why she is here. My uncle worried her to death with his pompous old nonsense. But you know that, after all, she must go back to him or come to some terms; and perhaps her plucky conduct this time may convince him that she is not a silly little child. I can tell you she has a spirit which rather amazed me.

"Well, I have written to her father; of course I must, you know. Mamma would have it so, and, indeed, I knew it must be done. But this goes to you by the same post. I made up my mind not to give the flinty-hearted parent any advantage that he is not entitled to; and if I were you, and you are really the true and firm Emanuel I knew, then I think you had better—I have confused this sentence, but no matter—come over here and *have it out with him*. She is worth making a fight for; and if I were a man, and such a girl were good enough to bestow a thought on me, I should like to see the father, mother, or grandmother that could get her away from me.

"I have written this in nonsensical style, but you won't mind. I am heart and soul with her and you.

"Always your friend, dear Emanuel,

"LILLA LYNDON."

Of course I crossed the Channel at once. There was, I found, a steamer for Dieppe from Newhaven leaving rather earlier than the Dover mail-boat. I chose it for two reasons: first, there was the less delay, and it was something to be on the move; next, there was the less chance of my finding myself a fellow-passenger of Mr. Lyndon.

When I got into Paris it was not yet seven o'clock in the morning. I went to one of the hotels in the Rue de Rivoli, bathed and dressed, and went through some attempt at breakfast, and then started to walk through the Champs Elysées and by the Elysée Palace to that part of the Faubourg St. Honoré where the Lyndons lived. I calculated that I should reach it by nine o'clock, which seemed as early as I could possibly venture to present myself.

It was Sunday morning, and already the place was flooded with holiday-makers.

Somewhere by one of the great ministerial

offices near the Rue Royale I felt a hand laid firmly on my arm, and looking round I saw the black, peering eyes of my hated acquaintance, Stephen Lyndon, fixed on me. He was dressed quite in French fashion, and looked thoroughly like a Frenchman.

What an interruption! What a delay!

At first I began to think that he really had gone mad; for he talked loudly in French to me, rejoiced to see me in town, asked when I had come back from Russia, and other such nonsense, meanwhile keeping his arm firmly in mine, and walking by my side with his head as high in air as he could manage to raise it. At last, when we got to a quiet spot in the Champs Elysées under a clump of trees, where by some chance there then was a deserted space around us, he dropped his jabber and began:

"So you are in this business too, you most deluded Temple! Go back again, if you have an ounce of brains in your head! Look here, Temple; I told you lately I had come rather to like you, that is, not absolutely to detest you. Now I give you the greatest possible proof of my friendship. I doubt if Damon would have done as much for Pythias—I do, on my soul! Leave Paris by the next train; and laugh at the fools who brought you here. They won't echo the laugh, I promise you."

"I don't know what you mean; and I am in no humor for foolery."

"Are you not? To see you here one would not think so. But the affectation of innocence is lost on me, Temple. Man, I know all about it; I know who are here; I know Goodboy is coming; I know they are duping him too, and not giving the old idiot the faintest notion of what they are at! But here he is, thank God! The *dies iræ* has come, Temple; and I shall give a few of my enemies something. But of all men else, I had avoided thee, Temple! How on earth they got you into this, or what possible use they thought they could make of you, I can't for the life of me imagine. But get back. *Vade retro!* Take my advice. I had always a genius for advising others. Leave Paris. Don't be found here to-night. A nod is as good as a wink, you know! Adieu; and remember, if you are concerned hereafter in writing my biography, that once in my life I did a good turn when I had positively nothing to gain by it!"

He withdrew his hand from my arm, became a Frenchman again, saluted me in Parisian style, and turned back in the direction whence he had come.

Another time I dare say I should have discerned quickly enough a gleam of meaning in his words. But now I was so glad to find I had really got rid of him without loss of time, and that he evidently knew nothing of what had brought me to Paris, that no other impression whatever was left upon my mind.

Not far from the Palace of the Elysée, in a little avenue running at right angles with the street of the Faubourg St. Honoré, was the old-

fashioned house, with a small court, in which the lady who had entered into a sort of combination with Lilla Lyndon the elder kept her modest school for the education of French and English demoiselles. A carriage was at the door when I came up, and I assumed that Mr. Lyndon had forestalled me.

Yes, Mademoiselle Lyndon was at home, the concierge told me; and the bell for mademoiselle's apartment was rung.

In a moment my old friend came running down, looking very plump and healthy, her dark eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Oh, you dear old Emanuel!" exclaimed this impetuous young lady, and she kissed me twice before I had time to speak. "You are just in time! Haven't you been creating a pretty disturbance in a well-regulated family! Come on; no time to be lost."

She led me up stairs; then into a small dark room with floor gleaming in wax; then opened a pair of folding-doors which divided us from a larger room; led me into this, and announced, "Mr. Temple."

This room was brighter than the other, and had windows opening upon a little garden where there were vines. A sofa was near the window, and there Lilla Lyndon—my Lilla—was seated, looking pale and distressed, but very beautiful, and calm, and resolute.

She was dressed in some dark color, very plainly; she always dressed plainly, and looked for that very reason all the more remarkable in her beauty. The most careless glance must have seen that her face was of exquisite shape; that her complexion was singularly pure, transparent, colorless. Her habitual expression of something akin to melancholy gave the greater charm to the sudden flashes of bright happiness which were called up with ease by any glad-some thought or word, and which lighted her face like that of a joyous child. This moment, as I saw her first, she looked wholly sad. One of her hands held a vine leaf, which she had plucked from the stems that trailed in through the open window.

I saw in an instant her face pass through its most sudden and beautiful change. When I looked on her first her eyes were downcast, and she was, as I have said, all melancholy and pale. Her eyes flashed light on me when my name was spoken, and something like a color came into her cheek.

On a chair close to the sofa sat her father. He had had her other hand in his; he dropped it suddenly and sharply when I came in, and wheeled round to confront me, and his face flushed a deeper tint, and his teeth clicked together at the sight of me.

Standing at a little distance, and looking wretchedly alarmed and uncomfortable, was my old landlady, Mrs. Lyndon. I am bound to say that her expression of countenance seemed to ask me if I didn't think things were bad enough already, without thus coming to complicate them.

A mirror was over the chimney-piece straight before me, and in it I could see the face of the elder Lilla, who had introduced me. She looked quite delighted and triumphant. Her very curls spoke saucy triumph.

"Lilla," said her uncle, in his harsh, cold voice, "this is not fair; I did not expect this." "Oh, Lilla, my dear! Good gracious!" murmured Mrs. Lyndon.

Meanwhile I crossed the room and approached my Lilla. Her father made a gesture as if he would interpose, but controlled himself. Lilla gave me her hand without speaking. I kissed it. Her eyes met mine fearlessly, and they told me of a generous confiding love, for one glance of which a man might be glad to die. When she gave her hand to me she dropped the vine leaf she had plucked. I took up the leaf and kept it.

All this, of course, occupied not an instant of time.

Then Mr. Lyndon addressed me.

"Mr. Temple, I certainly did not expect to see you here to-day. I do not see what right you had to come—no, pray excuse me for one moment. A man in my position might naturally and properly decline to see you, or permit your interference in any way, where you certainly have in fact no—well, no—ah—*locus standi*. But I have a great objection to scenes of all sorts in private life, and we are not now rehearsing *Lucia di Lammermoor*; therefore, to save argument and scenes, and all that, I consent to admit you for the time to this agreeable family conference. Well, then, Mr. Temple, I have come to take home my daughter. I suppose I have a right to do so? Have you, who honor me by showing such an interest in my affairs, any objection to urge?"

All this was said, of course, in a tone of cold grating sarcasm, intended to offend, and yet to stop short of being directly offensive. I was certainly not in the least likely to heed his tone or manner. Why should I? Had not Lilla's silent face told me enough?

"Yes, Mr. Lyndon, I have an objection to urge."

"Ha, indeed! I propose to take home my daughter, who is a minor; and you, who are an entire stranger, have an objection to urge. Hum, the objection?"

"That I am not certain whether Miss Lyndon is satisfied to go."

"I am not satisfied to go," Lilla said.

These were the first words she had spoken. They were pronounced in a low, sweet, melancholy tone.

Mr. Lyndon frowned and bit his lip. An explosion would evidently have relieved him immensely; but he seemed to have made up his mind not to explode.

"Why not, Lilla?" he asked. "You used to love your home."

"I never loved my home much, papa; but I loved you very much, and I do still, and I always will, if you will let me. But I have been

very miserable lately, and I do not wish to go back on the conditions you have spoken of. I don't think we could be happy together. I know I could not be happy."

"What childish folly! Why can we not live as happily as before?"

"Oh, papa," she said, with a faint crimson now even on her forehead, and tears in her eyes, "I have told you already; I have told you many times; and here to-day, even before my aunt and my cousin, I will tell you again, if you like. I am not ashamed, no, not in the least; but you might spare me. You know the reason."

"In other words, Mr. Temple, my daughter admits that you have enticed her into a clandestine engagement."

"I do not, papa; I could not admit anything of the kind, for it would not be true. There is no clandestine engagement. Mr. Temple has never enticed me into anything. He has held back from me, he has avoided me, like a man of honor, like a gentleman. But you ask me to promise never to see him again. I will not promise that; I can not promise it."

"He offered to promise as much the other day," Mr. Lyndon said. "He offered it, for his part."

"I did, Mr. Lyndon, because I was willing to make any sacrifice whatever of my own feelings for Miss Lyndon's sake. I would have done any thing, promised any thing, and kept my promise, that you and she might not be brought into disunion through me. But I did not then know—Oh, forgive me, Lilla, if I speak too plainly—I did not then feel sure that your daughter's feelings toward me were as deep and lasting as I now believe they are. Providence threw us together, and I learned my own happiness. I will not give it up for any consideration upon earth. Miss Lyndon honors me with her affection; that gives me a claim and a right beyond anything any other living being can have. No power under heaven shall induce me to resign it."

Mr. Lyndon's eyes flashed fire. I must say that all this time he was a marvel of self-control and of good-breeding—good-breeding covering a bitter anger.

"Mr. Temple, I believe you consider that you owe me some ill-will for having slighted you once or twice. If that is so, even you must admit that you see me in a position of sufficient humiliation, brought about by your means, to atone for all wrongs. Now let me speak plainly to you, and let this extraordinary conference, which I certainly never invited, have some practical conclusion. You come here, I assume, to offer yourself as a husband for my daughter?"

I bowed my head.

"Then, so far as I am concerned, I absolutely, and for the second—I hope the last—time, refuse my consent. If my daughter chooses you, she loses me."

"Oh, uncle, for shame!" broke in the elder Lilla.

"Lilla, my dear! Lilla, my own child!" re-monstrated her mother.

"Stuff, mamma! it is a shame."

Mr. Lyndon looked at her silently for a moment. I am compelled to say that his niece in no way flinched. He turned away, giving her up apparently as hopeless, and went on:

"Now that is my decision; and I distinctly say it is not to be altered. Of course I can not control my daughter's actions after she comes of age; and in real life the days of coercing young women and locking them up in towers have passed away. My daughter must choose. I don't know whether Mr. Temple considers it the best way of proving his chivalrous affection for my daughter to induce her to separate herself from her family, and give up her father and her place in society."

"Papa, I have told you that Mr. Temple never did endeavor to induce me. I endeavored to induce him. He kept back because he was only too considerate for me. Please don't pain me uselessly by speaking in such a manner of him: it pains me; and indeed, indeed it is useless; it can not change me."

"My daughter thinks more of Mr. Temple's feelings than she does of her father's."

"No, papa. Mr. Temple has never said a word of you which was unkind. It is ungenerous of you to speak so of him. You know he will not resent it, or defend himself."

Lyndon looked at his daughter with eyes of positive wonder. Such demonstrations on her part were perfectly new to him. I thought there was, with all his anger, a certain expression of admiration in his face. He leaned his chin upon his hands, and his hands upon the head of his cane, and looked at her quietly, contemplatively.

"Lilla, my dear," he said, after a moment's pause, "you are a generous child. Before you decide, you ought at least to know all. You are not, I believe, the first of our family whom Mr. Temple has honored with his affection: you are not even the first Lilla Lyndon."

Lilla turned her eyes on me with an expression which only seemed to say, "This is a mistake, is it not?" I think my looks replied.

"I believe Mr. Temple was once engaged to my niece yonder?"

"Never, uncle; never in his life," calmly replied Lilla the elder. "Mr. Temple never spoke a word of love to me, nor I to him. He was no more engaged to me than to mamma."

"Oh, Lilly dear!" interposed her mother, shocked at the apparent levity of the comparison.

"But you gave me to understand—you did yourself—" said Lyndon, wheeling round and sternly confronting his niece.

"A pious fraud, uncle," replied the young lady, quite unabashed. "And not so much of a fraud either, for it was rather implied than expressed."

"A deceit, then, was practiced on me—for what purpose?"

"A sort of deceit; but Mr. Temple had nothing to do with it; never heard of it until it was done, and then was horribly ashamed and amazed. I had no reason to be flattered, I can tell you; and I was very sorry for it, because the purpose—a stupid idea of mine, uncle, to get your interest and influence—wholly failed. I had my shame for my pains, that's all."

"Perhaps it was also by some delusion or deception of the kind that I have been led to believe Mr. Temple was engaged to another lady at one time—a lady whom I know—a lady, in fact, who belongs to his own profession." Mr. Lyndon was now growing very intense in his manner, and he kept his lips closely together. "I don't care to mention the lady's name; but Mr. Temple will hardly say he does not know whom I mean."

"I know perfectly well, Mr. Lyndon."

"I believe I am not wrong in saying that you endeavored to induce that lady to marry you?"

"You are not wrong."

A flush of triumph came into Mr. Lyndon's face, and he looked eagerly round at his daughter. She had been listening with an expression of quiet, confident, half-smiling contempt to all this cross-examination, and when the final question came she glanced up toward me as before. When I gave my answer the color rushed to her cheeks, and a hurt and startled expression came over her. She half rose from the sofa, and an exclamation of surprise and pain broke from her.

"*Habes!*" observed Mr. Lyndon, in a quiet under-tone.

Lilla the elder raised her eyebrows in wonder.

"You are not wrong, Mr. Lyndon," I said quite calmly; and then I turned to his daughter. "Listen, Lilla; you have a right to a full explanation, and there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, or for you to condemn. If there was, I should not now be here. Lilla, some dozen years ago, when I was hardly more than a boy, I loved the woman your father speaks of. She was then a poor girl; I loved her dearly; we thought to have been married; but we were both poor, and she looked for some brighter career than I could give her; and I don't blame her. She left me, and for ten years I never even saw her. I loved her passionately all that time; I wasted the remainder of my youth and much of my manhood in fruitless love for her. When at last we met again she was married. I think, or I then thought, that I loved her still—at least I loved her memory. I saw you, Lilla—and I came to know, not all at once, but gradually and surely, that I loved her no more. I loved you. That is the whole story, as true as light. Twelve years ago, when you were a little child, I loved that woman. She is still my dear friend, and always, please God, shall be. I love you now better than all

the world—better than memory, or youth, or hope, or, I believe, than Heaven!”

Tears were in Lilla's eyes. She made no answer, but quietly, confidently put her small white tender hand in mine, and with the lightest, faintest, dearest pressure of faith and affection told me I was believed and loved.

Mr. Lyndon's shot had wholly missed; in fact his piece had burst, and wounded him with the splinters. He soon recovered himself, however, and he never failed to remember that he was a gentleman.

“Well,” he said, “I am sure there is nothing to Mr. Temple's discredit in what he has told us. He has no reason apparently to complain of my having brought out this explanation. He will of course understand my natural anxiety to see that, if my daughter chooses to make what I consider an utterly unsuitable marriage, it is at least with somebody whose protestations of affection are likely to be sincere. I think, however, we have had quite enough of discussion now, and had better bring this very singular conference to an end. I have made up my mind, and have mentioned my decision. From that I shall not depart. If my daughter chooses you, Mr. Temple, she has done with me. That being so, I ask you, Sir, what you propose to do?”

“First, to speak for a few minutes with Miss Lyndon alone.”

“That you shall not, by God!” exclaimed Mr. Lyndon, losing for the first time his self-control and the hard iciness of his manner. “Never, while she is under any control of mine. Too much of that already; but for that, we never should have been brought to this outrageous state of things. No, Sir, if you have any thing to say to my daughter, it must be said in her father's presence, or not at all. She is still my daughter.”

“Then in your presence, Mr. Lyndon, if you please. I desire to take no advantage even of you; you shall hear every word.”

He frowned and assented.

Lilla the elder and her mother quietly left the room and closed the folding-doors behind them. Mr. Lyndon stood up; his daughter remained seated on the sofa, pale still, with tears in her eyes, but undismayed.

“Now, Sir,” Mr. Lyndon said, harshly, “say what you will; and to the point, please.”

He took out his watch and glanced at it.

I sat beside Lilla and took her hand. He chafed, and looked for an instant as if he would have interfered; but he again controlled himself, and shrugged his shoulders as one who would say, “Better let this fooling have its way; it must finish soon.”

“Lilla my dearest—Lilla my love,” I said, “you have heard your father's decision; he says he will not change.”

She looked up with a faint sad smile, and said in a low firm voice:

“Nor I, unless you bid me.”

“That I never, never will; but I will not

allow you to sacrifice yourself for me—for it will be a sacrifice, Lilla—without full and long consideration. You are very young, dearest; you are only twenty years old—to me almost a child—you do not perhaps even yet know what you are doing. Your father loves you, even now when he seems most angry with you. Let us think of him too; go back with your father, my love.”

She started, and so did he.

“Oh, don't think I ask you to give me up; I am not capable of such a sacrifice. But I do ask you, Lilla, to wait; to go home with your father, to be his daughter again until you are of age and can rightfully decide for yourself. Live with him, and do not even see me in the mean time, if he exacts that condition. Dear Lilla, it will be a bitter condition to me to fulfill, if he demands it; but I will fulfill it, and you will be guided by me, and fulfill it too. And then when that time is out, I will come to you openly, and under your father's eyes, if he will, and ask you to be my wife; and if you are still of the same mind as now, I will accept your sacrifice without scruple, and recognize no right under heaven to interpose between you and me. Let us do this, my dearest, and I shall then have no fear that I have taken advantage of the tenderness of a young heart, and beguiled you into a sacrifice.”

Lilla's hand clung to mine all the closer.

Her father said:

“Mr. Temple, I can not help saying that your proposal seems that of a man of honor, and—and, in fact, of a—of a—gentleman. I do not attempt to induce my daughter to accept it; I fear my influence now would be of little avail. It is only fair to you to say that there is not the slightest chance of my views with regard to your proposal undergoing any change in the mean time. But I promise you that no pressure shall be brought to bear upon Lilla, either by me or my other daughters, to distress her in any way. The subject shall, if she wishes, never be alluded to. I would ask you, perhaps, in the interval, occasionally to honor me with your company at my house; yet, all things considered—”

“Spare yourself any such consideration, Mr. Lyndon; I could not accept your invitation.”

Then I turned to Lilla and pleaded my arguments against myself, against my own heart, once more. Heaven knows what it cost me to plead for that year of separation and silence. Heaven knows the agony of the pang that occasionally shot through me as I thought of the possibility that a year of severance might change the heart of even a girl so loving and noble as Lilla, who, after all, was yet in the light sunshine of her twentieth summer. But I ordered my soul and hers to bear it. Believing that for her sake—for her, who was so young and trustful and innocent—it was but right and just, I stamped my selfish emotions under my feet, and pleaded for my own sentence of banishment.

Mr. Lyndon meanwhile looked on with a queer, puzzled, half-humorous expression. I believe in his heart he thought for a while that I was trying a mere *coup de théâtre*, making a grand display of self-sacrifice, in the hope that he might start up, as the father in a well-constructed domestic drama would naturally be expected to do, declare that he was not to be conquered in generosity, and place his daughter's hand in mine. He was, as I have already mentioned, a quiet, interested, admiring student of the selfishnesses and frauds of human nature. He studied them and delighted in them as a naturalist does in watching the habits of some kind of insect; and he believed he had discovered the secret spring of all the impulses of man and woman. I had reason to know that the very women at whose skirts he ostentatiously hung, and on whom he spent his money, he thus studied as if they were rabbits or bees, and smiled to himself whenever he found, or thought he found, some new little meanness. He therefore listened with an expression of whimsical interest while I pleaded with Lilla, and the corner of his mouth played with a quiet humor, as if he smiled in anticipation over the certain failure of this my melodramatic artifice. I saw the look, I understood it, and I despised him.

"Now then, Lilla," he said at last, "your decision, my dear?"

"I know it already," I said.

"I will go with papa," Lilla murmured.

Mr. Lyndon smiled a triumphant smile.

"And I will do as you tell me, Emanuel, because I believe in you, and because you ask me in the name of your own feelings and your own sense of honor. You shall be satisfied that I have not acted like a child. Let us wait; it will not be very long, and then we can have nothing to repent. You will not change, Emanuel."

"No, by Heaven—not I!"

"And for me—if you doubt me—oh, wait and see. You have talked of a sacrifice. This is the sacrifice, and I agree to it for your sake. Papa, you have not understood Mr. Temple. If he were to ask me this moment—yes, this moment—I would leave all on earth to go to him and be his wife, and be happy, or suffer, or die with him. He asks me to wait; and I do so for his sake, and because he asks me, and I too wish to show and prove to all the world that he is what I know him to be. For a year, then, Emanuel, good-by. Let us not see each other any more until that time, that long time, is out. Then come to me. You will find me unchanged—or dead. Papa, you lose your daughter either way."

She was rising with a proud, firm air. But her soul was stronger than her frame, and she pressed her hand to her forehead, gave a deep-drawn sigh, and fainted.

I caught her and held her in my arms. Her father made a step forward; but I peremptorily signed to him to keep back. I would, if needs

were, at that moment have held him back with one arm, while I sustained her with the other. Then, after one long, sad, delightful, maddening moment, during which I kissed her lips, her cheek, her forehead, her eyes, I laid her softly on the pillow of the sofa, whereon she had been about to fall when I caught her; and I said to Mr. Lyndon:

"She will revive in a moment: and she will go with you, Sir. Be kind to her."

"Damn it, Sir!" he said, angrily; "I know how to take care of my own daughter. She always loved me and obeyed me until now."

So I left the father and the daughter.

I glanced back as I passed through the folding-doors, and saw that he was bending tenderly over her, and touching her hair with hands that trembled and looked hot; and I do believe that I saw a tear fall from his eyes. The cynical student of human nature had found out a new weakness—in himself! Make him laugh at that!

ISMAIL PACHA OF EGYPT.

"CALL no man happy until after his death!"

was the admonition of an ancient sage; and the truth of the warning was verified in the case of Said Pacha, whose name in Arabic signified "the Happy." If the early morn of Said Pacha's reign broke forth with the brilliancy of a cloudless and sunny day, and smiled with hope, its close was dark and dreary enough to add another to those examples cited by the moralist from "Macedonia's Madman to the Swede" to prove the vanity of human hopes and the nothingness of human grandeur. He mounted the throne of Egypt in 1854, a gay, hopeful, ardent man, full of enthusiasm, with boundless power and almost inexhaustible wealth. He quitted it nine years later for a premature grave, bowed and broken down by disease; his magnificent physical strength wasted into childish weakness, and with a soul as sick as his body; hope, fortune, friends, all lost. Even his last dying wish as to his place of burial scornfully disregarded by his successor, Ismail, who allotted to his remains a different resting-place from that on which Said, with a sad prevision, had already erected a sumptuous mausoleum for his rest.

Of all the courtiers and flatterers he had enriched among the natives, and chiefly among the foreigners resident in Egypt, there seemed to have been few left to do him reverence after that inexorable democrat, Death, had reduced the king to the level of one of his own dead fellows. Not only was his death-chamber deserted by all but a few faithful servants and friends, but when, with indecent haste, three hours after the breath had left his frame, and a private funeral was ordered by his nephew and successor, for fear of his possible revival, in the little burial-place at Alexandria, where his mother's remains rested—not in the old burying-place near Cairo appropriated to the Viceroy—

but few were found to follow the remains of him whose ante-rooms had always been crowded until an hour before his dissolution.

One notable exception there was in the person of M. François Bravay, a Frenchman, who owed his fortune to the dead man, and who was faithful to him up to and after death, though he well knew how this manifestation of it would displease and alienate his successor. And yet, so strangely constituted is human nature (and even Turkish nature is human), although this evidence of his loyalty to his dead benefactor did at first give serious offense to the new Viceroy and exclude him from his confidence and councils, yet only one year after he was sought for and confided in, as one on whom the Viceroy could rely; and I believe that to-day he is as potential as any foreigner in Egypt.

This treatment of the remains of his predecessor, who certainly was a marked man and a great one in his day and generation, both in Egypt and Europe, short as was the term of his reign, marks two salient characteristics of the present Viceroy, Ismail: his jealousy and distrust of his own family; and his dislike to Said, his predecessor, whom he never pretended to love even in life, and from whom he ever kept sullenly aloof, devoting his sole attention to agriculture, in which he had great success.

During the reign of Said, when that prince sought to surround himself with the members of his own family, and share the high posts among them, he and his brother Achmet, who perished in the tragic manner detailed in a previous paper, obstinately refused to take any part in the government, to the great mortification of Said, who was, however, too generous and forgiving to resent it. Up to the hour of the death of Said, Ismail kept aloof from him, and was never reconciled; surrounding him, however, with spies anxious and eager to watch and report every symptom which indicated the ebbing away of the life of that kinsman, whose seat he longed for. The only parallel in history is that afforded by the last hours of the lion-hearted Elizabeth of England, around whose dying couch hung the courtly parasites who had fawned and fed upon her, and who now only watched and waited round the dying woman in the hope that each might be the first to hear the tidings of her dissolution to her successor, the son of the woman who in her mad jealousy she slew.

The more Eastern instance of King Darius, as painted in the vigorous verse of Dryden, must also occur to the mind, when that great monarch was

"Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed."

A similar scene was enacted in that Egyptian palace where Said Pacha lay gasping out his life, with few but spies around him; powerless now to reward or punish; feeble and more impotent than the meanest fellah at his gate; while around his brow, damp with the death

agony, still hovered the prestige of his former power.

The ties of kindred with that fated house have ever been the links of hatred. The Eastern prince ever has no more implacable enemies than those of his own blood and lineage. The sole exception I have known was the affection which linked Said with his younger brother, Halim Pacha—like Said, a large-hearted and noble nature. Whether he was there to soothe the poor Viceroy's last hours I know not; but if so, he performed that pious duty unaided by any other of that numerous family; and, as far as I can learn, M. Bravay was the only foreigner of the many whose fortunes the Viceroy made who sat by his dying couch. The very slaves deserted the dead body of the late ruler, plundering as they fled; and when the soul had winged its way to its Creator—our God, his Allah—the corpse was less cared for than even more common clay.

Said had selected for his own last abumbers a spot near the Barrage, where he had founded a city, and given the grand fête described in a previous Number of this Magazine. There he had caused a splendid mausoleum to be erected on the banks of the Nile, in readiness for his coming, which he knew would not be long delayed. But this mansion was destined to remain untenanted; for, by a special order, he was privately interred at Alexandria.

So anxious was Ismail to learn, and his budding courtiers to communicate the tidings of the last breath drawn by the dying man, whose shadow yet filled the almost vacant throne, that a high official under Said's administration (an Englishman) sat all night, by order of the expectant Ismail, by the telegraph operator, to send the news by lightning to the coming ruler the instant the breath had left the body of the old one. But Said, with his powerful organization, died slow, and tasked the patience of these watchers. So the high official, wearied out, summoned a trusted native clerk of the telegraph devoted to his service, promising him a handsome present when he brought him the expected telegram, should it come in his absence. He then went to his house to snatch a little sleep. But the faithful employé, knowing well the custom of the country, which conferred rank and gold on the first bearer of such tidings to a new Viceroy, and selfish as his patron, when the news did come hastened to take it himself to Ismail, and received the anticipated promotion and reward. Then, with the malicious cunning and avarice of his class, and further to outwit his superior, he hurried to awaken him and impart the news, giving a copy of the telegram.

Full of hope and joy, the official proceeded also to the palace of Ismail with his telegram; but, to his infinite disgust, was contemptuously dismissed without reward as the bearer of stale news. His adroit subordinate had exacted from him, on giving the telegram, the reward which had been promised him; thus doubly selling

him. This incident is characteristic of all the actors, and of the country too.

The subordinate was quite proud of his cleverness, made a boast of it, and received further promotion in consequence of the mingled zeal and ability he had displayed in the matter. His superior had nothing to do but submit to this double loss, but lost caste as not being wide awake enough.

And further still, to mark the intention of the new Viceroy to prevent any public demonstration of grief for his predecessor, to whom he denied even a public funeral, the day for his own inauguration at Cairo was made the same as that fixed for the funeral of Said at Alexandria. All the native and foreign courtiers were thus compelled to choose between the worship of the rising sun or that which had set, and it can not be doubted to which that choice inclined. And so, spurning the dead body of his uncle, but a few hours before his king, Ismail mounted the vacant throne, which he fills to this day, though his own failing health would seem to presage another vacancy very soon.

Lest, however, an unduly harsh judgment should be formed of Ismail's humanity from his want of natural affection, as we would deem it, it may be only just to say, that the constitution of "the family" in the East, among its other wide differences from ours, accounts for this conduct, and partially explains it too. The Eastern man has many children by different wives, who share his inheritance, the mothers of whom love not each other, and the children are rivals, as their mothers are, for the father's affection and his gifts. There is no common family knit together by a common tie, as in the West, but several separate households under one roof, even when all live under the same roof, though not in the same apartments.

In the case of the princes of the blood, and of the high magnates, their different wives occupy separate palaces, and the families only visit each other rarely. Hence even fraternal affection is rare in the East. Though the father is ever revered and respected, the mother alone is loved. The "brethren" do not "dwell in amity," nor live together at all. Their lives, as their interests, are separate. In the old story of Abraham and Lot quarreling over their inheritance, and agreeing to disagree after the division, is the moral of Eastern family life.

But Said, on his accession, had summoned together all the members of his family—all, in fact, of the blood of Mehemet Ali—recalling some from banishment, into which Abbas had sent them, and offered them places and power under his reign. In this he but imitated Ibrahim Pacha, his half-brother, and the father of Ismail, who did the same when made Regent; excluding only Abbas Pacha from that grace, because he knew his wickedness.

But this example the son of Ibrahim did not imitate, and his reign has been marked by greater discord among the brethren than be-

fore. From his brother, Mustapha, he has not only wrested the succession to the throne (securing it for his own son), which was his lawful due under the treaties, he being only his senior by about two months, but has also made Egypt too hot to hold him. Halim too, his uncle, he has just banished from Egypt, after annoying and harassing him in every possible manner. Not a man of his own blood, or that of Mehemet Ali, stands now near his person or throne; but, as substitutes for his own family, he is surrounded, as were all his predecessors, by any number of native and foreign courtiers and flatterers, who enrich themselves at his expense, and who care as little for him as he does for them. Among them are many of the old followers of Abbas and Said, who will doubtless be as faithful to the present as they were to the past Viceroys!

I knew Ismail Pacha very well, and saw him often when he was only Prince, before he had hope of the succession; and after the death of Achmet, his elder brother, when the road was open to him. He was then a very agreeable person; better instructed than most Orientals; of a pleasing presence, with polished manners; speaking French with great ease and fluency, and presenting in appearance, dress, manners, and conversation the externals of a polished and educated French gentleman. He wore the European costume exclusively. From the tips of his polished leather boots, up his well-cut pantaloons, and well-fitting frock-coat buttoned over his chest, he would have passed muster on the Bois de Boulogne or in Regent's Park as to the manner born. The only indication of Eastern origin in his apparel was the red *tarbouch* or Fez cap which he wore; but his head was not shaven in the Turkish fashion. In his palace he frequently took off the cap, and then you saw his closely-cut reddish hair, which with his fresh complexion gave him a decidedly European look.

He had roved much in Europe, and was fond of relating his experiences of travel there. Among other incidents he related to me an expedient he had adopted while traveling from Naples to Rome, which was thoroughly Eastern, and which he was very proud of. He told me that, fearing the brigands on that route, who were then very troublesome, might overhaul his party, and carrying, as all Easterns will do on all occasions, much valuable jewelry with him, he caused a false bottom to be made to his trunk, in which he secreted his valuables to the amount of several thousand pounds. The brigands did not chance to stop them; but he seemed thoroughly persuaded of the success of this precautionary measure had they done so; not knowing how easily detected so simple an artifice would have been by such experts in the art of "appropriation" without a government license! This short-sighted cunning I thought then, and think now, was characteristic of the man's intellect, which is of the vulpine kind, as classified by Thomas Carlyle.

Had Providence assigned him to another sphere than that of Viceroy of Egypt, he would undoubtedly have made a shrewd cotton speculator at New Orleans, a leading operator on Wall Street, a great railroad director and manipulator of stocks and opera-houses conjointly, as well as a speculator in produce. For even as Viceroy of Egypt, in each and all of these rôles he has successively figured; and in the magnitude and profit of these operations has paled our lesser lights, who are constellations here.

If ever there was a merchant prince Ismail Pacha of Egypt is entitled to that denomination, and the doctrine of "Protection" has found in him its most efficient and potential advocate. For being at once agriculturist, producer, exporter, law-maker, and controller of the railroad and water communication, he has been able to regulate production, transport, and price according to his own interest, and to reduce monopoly to a mathematical certainty, to the utter confusion of all theoretical free-traders in Egypt. Thus, owning one-fourth of all the productive land in Egypt, chiefly cotton and sugar lands, and commanding the labor at his own price—or none at all, if it so pleases him—he can produce cheaper than any competitor. Then the transit, whether by railroad or canal, is under his control; and he could, and did, forestall the market—his products ever having the preference in transmission, those of his rivals being stopped in transit by obsequious employés at a hint from his Highness. Furthermore, he is the owner of a large fleet of steam-vessels, and can never have any difficulty of exporting his produce, and can supply any place that needs it. The taxation and duties levied on common mortals, and all the other nameless expenditures to facilitate shipment, are not imposed on the monarch of the country, whose goods go on velvet always; and he is above the laws which hamper others.

So when it is explained that Ismail Pacha is the great producer and exporter from Egypt, effectually the Merchant Prince of the Period, his profits may be imagined, but may not be accurately estimated. An idea of the enormous harvest he thus reaps may be formed by a glance at the immense development of Egyptian exports during his reign, of which he gets the lion's share. This increase is chiefly owing to the impetus given to the production and price of Egyptian cotton and rice, due to the stoppage of the American supply during our war, from 1861 to the present year. For the exportations of Egypt, which in 1862 amounted to but 204,000,000 francs in value, had attained to 445,000,000 in 1865, showing an increase of more than one milliard and a half in four years' time—two of which belonged to the reign of Said, and two to that of Ismail Pacha. Of this large income the cotton alone constituted in value 405,000,000 francs. The importations of the country for the same year (1865) amounted only to 134,000,000 francs, leaving a clear

balance of trade in favor of Egypt of 310,000,000 francs, equal to about \$80,000,000, from this source alone. The same rapid march has taken place in population as in production and revenue. Thus Alexandria, which, when Said mounted the throne in 1854, numbered a population of not more than 80,000, of whom about 20,000 only were Europeans, in 1865 could boast at least 200,000, of whom 100,000 were foreigners.

This foreign population is thus computed :

Greeks	25,000
Italians	20,000
French	15,000
English (including Maltese)	12,000
Syrians or Levantines	12,000
Germans and Swiss	8,000
Other foreign nationalities	8,000

The balance are native Arabs, some of whom are employés of government, some merchants, but the great bulk laborers. Each of these different races, although in constant intercourse with each other, jealously preserves its own peculiar nationality, habits of life, language, and modes of thought in private. At a glance it can easily be determined to what nation the Egyptian resident belongs. Each foreigner is independent of the local or Egyptian Government, both as to criminal and civil jurisdiction, which rests in the hands of the Consul-General of his own nationality, with the exception of the Syrians, rayahs (or native Christians), who are subject to Egyptian authority, unless protégés or employés of some foreign consulate. The magnificent work of Monsieur Ferdinand de Lesseps (the Suez Canal), now near its completion, has introduced and settled a large French colony in Egypt during the last eight years; and the French influence has now become paramount in Egypt.

When Ismail mounted the throne, animated by the usual impulse—in all things to reverse the policy of his predecessor—he for a short time made head against French influence, and, like Abbas, sought to countervail it by seeking English support. He surrounded himself with the influences most hostile to France, because jealous, as he himself was, of the *imperium in imperio* founded by M. De Lesseps, under the countenance of Napoleon III., ever anxious to restore the lost prestige of France in the Orient, and with his dull, penetrating eye looking beyond it to India, China, and Japan.

Cairo has equally increased, both in its native and its foreign population—most notably the latter. In 1854 its population did not exceed 300,000. Now it numbers fully 400,000. Then there were not more than 5000 resident Europeans to be found within its limits. Now, with the Greeks included (15,000), they rise to the figure of 55,000; and of Arabs or Egyptians alone there are 260,000. The rest of the population is made up of Armenians, Copts, Turks of pure or mixed blood, Jews, Syrians, Abyssinians, Nubians, and Berberies (blacks); making 85,000 more.

The other towns of Egypt and Upper Egypt

have felt much of this impulsion or progress. The agricultural laborer, or fellah, has not improved either in condition, comfort, cultivation, or wealth in this great onward movement of which he has been made the instrument. While the improvement in the two great cities, in the erection of fine buildings, the introduction of gas, water-works, and all the other appliances of civilization, resembles on a small scale what has taken place in Paris during the same time, the condition of the interior towns and of the great mass of the people—the 3,500,000 of native Egyptians—remains unaltered.

But, as before remarked, the great enterprise of M. De Lesseps in his maritime canal has planted a French colony on the previously sterile sands of the Suez desert, and literally caused it to blossom as the rose. The traveler in Egypt, in these later days, sees the trim new towns, evoked by this new Aladdin, who seems to have transplanted pieces of the Bois de Boulogne or of Passy and Anteuil into the desert, and on the hitherto solitary shores of the Mediterranean and Red Sea at each *embouchure* of the new canal.

Thus an entirely new creation within the last eight years is Port Said, at the Mediterranean end of the Suez Canal, now a well-built town numbering 10,000 inhabitants, composed chiefly of French, Austrians, Greeks, and Italians, with a few Egyptians. Here are to be seen the immense work-shops and the enormous machines which do the work on the jetties, the greatest labor on the canal. Kantara, with 2000 inhabitants, is next on the line. Ismaila, embowered in gardens of orange-trees and blooming with roses, contains the Aladdin's palace of M. De Lesseps. Intermediate between Suez and Port Said, and named after Ismail Pacha, it is an entirely French town, situated on the border of Lake Timsah, the great lake through which the Suez Canal passes from each side. Suez, under the same impulse, from a small Arab village of a few hundred Arabs and a dozen Europeans (of whom no three were on speaking terms with each other when I was last there), in 1856, has become a thriving place, with a native population of 20,000, and a European population of 4500.

But this Suez Canal and its creations may merit notice in another place. It is a project to which Ismail has never been friendly; and some of the chief embarrassments of his reign, and possibly the preference exhibited by him for the English over the French, may have their root in that great enterprise, which makes another almost equally the ruler of the country with himself.

Ismail, as before stated, is the son of Ibrahim Pacha, and resembles his father slightly in appearance, but not at all in character. The bold, blunt soldier went always straight to his end. His son, both in ambition and cunning, seems to have inherited the mental and moral traits of his grandfather, Mehemet Ali; for no

prince of that blood has reigned in Egypt whose policy reminds one more of its founder. Ismail is a man of medium height, inclining to corpulency as he grows older, with brown, or rather reddish beard, florid complexion, and clear brown eyes; and to the stranger who saw him casually he seemed as little of a Turk as might be. But a more intimate acquaintance with him revealed the fact that the form and the manners, not the nature of the prince, had been changed by the foreign culture he had received. He has the sense and sagacity to perceive that it is impossible to roll back, or even stop, the rushing tide of European civilization which poured like a flood-tide into Egypt through the sluices which Mehemet Ali first, and Said Pacha afterward, had opened; but he has sought to turn them to his own personal profit, rather than to the prosperity of his people and his country. Even the relaxations in commercial restrictions, and the improvements in the condition of the fellahs, which Said instituted, have been done away with practically by Ismail, who as the great cotton-grower, and at the same time merchant-prince of Egypt, has given his own produce the preference in the home and foreign markets, to the detriment of his rivals.

Laws in Egypt, as elsewhere, can be made as elastic as the rulers please in the way of executing them; and Ismail the cotton-grower find that Ismail the cotton-seller can always get his produce to market at the proper time, and regulate its price, while private individuals can not. On his accession to power he made glowing promises, in a few words addressed to the by-standers, that he would occupy himself most diligently in the improvement of the country and the happiness of his people. The first part of his promise he has kept, in as far as the development and increase of its riches and material prosperity may be so considered. The second he certainly has not kept; for the condition of the great mass of the Egyptian people is to-day far worse than in the time of his predecessor. They are bitterly discontented, and murmur loudly at their lot. Said had sought to make the fellah landed proprietor on a small scale. Ismail has a passion for monopolizing land, and has forced the small proprietors to sell out to him, until it is estimated that he actually owns one-fourth of the cultivable land of the country.

In order to cripple the labor on the Suez Canal he issued an edict abolishing the *corvée*, or system of compulsory labor, and insisted on its being rigorously applied to the public works, which provoked a fierce struggle between Lesseps, backed by the French Government, and himself. It was stated during the controversy that the *corvée*, while stopped on the public works, in contravention of contract, was diligently enforced on his Highness's private plantations! The French Government naturally complained of a rule which did not work both ways, but only to their detriment, even though

it wore the mask of humanity, and their protest proved successful.

The *corvée*, though abolished in theory, exists in practice to this day. The fellahs greatly prefer the *corvée*, or compulsory labor, as applied to the Suez Canal works, to the same system when applied to the Viceroy's private benefit; because, in the first instance, they are paid their wages at a fixed rate per day; and in the latter instance, if they ask for it, are rewarded by so many strokes of the *courbash*, or Egyptian cat-o'-nine-tails. That this may arise from the roguery of the overseers, and not with the knowledge of the Viceroy, is more than probable. Yet my own experience convinces me that such is the practical working of the system—the poor fellahs being often compelled by their cruel task-masters even to furnish their own bread.

A thoroughly practical man, the new Viceroy has proved much harder to deal with than his more impetuous and less reflective predecessor. In some of his controversies with the European powers he has had decidedly the better of them in argument. A notable instance of this was given during the visit he made to the Great Exposition at Paris, when a deputation from the French and English anti-slavery societies presented an address to him, calling his attention to the White Nile slave-trade, of which Said Pacha had decreed the abolition. The address was signed by Joseph Cooper and A. Chamerovezow on behalf of the English committee, and by E. Laboulaye and Augustin Cochin for the French. The deputation was introduced and presented to the Viceroy by Nubar Pacha, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, who acted as interpreter, and translated his Highness's reply, according to Oriental etiquette, though the prince spoke French as well and fluently as any man present. The reply of the Viceroy was as follows—and it would be difficult to find, even among the happiest responses of Talleyrand or his school, a more cutting, cool, and contemptuous rejoinder, couched in the language of perfect courtesy, and unfortunately conveying most unpalatable truths as well. Nubar Pacha, acting as the mouth-piece of the Viceroy, said:

"The Viceroy felt gratified to receive the deputation, and was much pleased this step had been taken, for he was most anxious to put down the slave-trade. He had adopted the strongest measures for that purpose. But although he could act against his own people, he was powerless to do so against Europeans, who were the chief delinquents. They carried on a trade in ivory; but this was a mere pretext, their real article of merchandise being slaves, who were conveyed down the river in boats. If these boats had no flag, or sailed under Egyptian colors, they were liable to be overhauled, and if slaves were found on board, boat and cargo were confiscated and the traders punished. Within the last six months he had caused to be shot a commandant and a colonel who had disobeyed his orders and favored the slave-traders. But the slave-trading boats generally hoist European colors of some sort, because their owners are Europeans, and if any question respecting the cargo arises, the answer is, that the men are part of the crew, the women their

wives or concubines, and the young persons their children. The Egyptian authorities could not do any thing under these circumstances, as they were debarred from the right of search. Within the last thirty years European influence had transformed Egypt, and if he were free to act against European slave-traders the slave-trade should soon disappear. The European powers should give him the necessary authority to exercise the right of search as regards boats sailing under European colors.

"The extinction of slavery was another and distinct question. Slavery had existed in the country for twelve hundred and eighty-three years, and was mixed up with its religion. It was a horrible institution, and he desired to see it extinguished. But it was not to be done in a day. He considered that the civilization and progress of Egypt depended on its abolition, and were the slave-trade stopped, slavery would disappear in fifteen or twenty years, or very few traces of it would remain, because it would not be recruited from without. Of the actual slave population many would die in that time, many would be manumitted, and others adopted into families.

"He held the opinion—contrary to the views of his visitors—that the slave-trade was the root of slavery in his country, and must be stopped before slavery could cease. The abolition of the British consulate at Khartoum had certainly enabled him to act more efficiently against the slave-traders, but the only effective mode of dealing with the traffic was to arm him with power to prevent Europeans from prosecuting it."

The leading ideas in this really remarkable reply, considering the source from which it came, were doubtless suggested by the Viceroy himself, and the facts stated were not new to residents in Egypt. But the manipulation of the material, and the polished irony of the language, concealing under words of seeming courtesy bitter insult, which could not be resented, were due to the ready pen and fertile brain of Nubar Pacha, who is to Egypt and its Viceroy what Reschid Pacha was to the Sultan in his palmy day. An Armenian Christian by birth, and therefore struggling ever against that disability, Nubar Pacha, by the force of superior talent and varied accomplishments, has been, though still a young man, a necessity both to Said and to Ismail in their delicate negotiations with European powers, or with their agents in Egypt. Speaking and thoroughly understanding all modern languages, and versed in state craft from early childhood, Nubar has been and is the very soul and brain of the Egyptian Government in all its external relations, as well as in the delicate and difficult questions of internal government. He has rapidly risen from a subordinate position in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under Abbas, to be its head under Said, which post he holds under Ismail.

His appearance is very prepossessing. A round full face, regular features, olive complexion, and bright black eyes make up his ensemble. To look upon that smooth smiling face and unwrinkled brow, no one would ever suspect the craft and energy which they conceal; for, like all high officials in the East, he assumes an indolence and an apathy of manner alien to his real nature. His gift of tongues almost equals that of the famous Cardinal Mezzofanti; for he speaks one foreign language almost as well as another, having been educated

partly in Europe and partly at Constantinople. The inheritor of a large fortune, he has greatly increased it, and is probably now one of the wealthiest of the Egyptian pachas. To his honor let it be said that he has never apostatized to gain the royal favor, but in his life, as in his faith, has always conformed to the Christian standard. Great and overpowering indeed must have been the merits of that man who has been taken as the confidential and trusted adviser of one Viceroy, after having filled the same position with his predecessors. Yet such has been the case with Nubar Pacha; and a higher eulogium on his tact and talent could not be paid.

There are two sides to the character of Ismail Pacha, which makes his conduct often contradictory: his love of wealth on the one side; his ambition on the other. To pamper the first he has made himself the great planter and the merchant prince of Egypt, and has figured by turns as banker, speculator, monopolist; and instead of lavishing his wealth in princely entertainments, as did Said, has been so careful of its collection and distribution of it in Egypt as even to rest under the imputation of avarice. In the sale of his cotton and sugar he has displayed superior skill; and has availed himself of every advantage his position gives him as absolute controller of transport by land or water so as to forestall the market.

When the cattle-plague destroyed all the beasts of burden in Egypt, the Viceroy imported and sold immense numbers at large profit, all his importation coming in without quarantine, and free of duty or tax of any kind, which rendered foreign competition impossible, and gave him a monopoly in furnishing those animals. He is also said to have speculated successfully in coal brought from England in government vessels free, on which immense profits could be realized, for the quantity annually imported into Egypt from England amounts to 400,000 tons.

The labor from the fellahs on his immense properties is exacted with merciless severity by his managers; and the wealth of the Viceroy and of Egypt—his farm—is literally wrung out of their sweat and blood; but they are not called slaves; therefore the sentimental abolitionists are not interested in their lot, but, like Mrs. Jellaby, "turn their fine eyes in Africa" farther away up the White Nile, where the color is black, and send solemn deputations to be sneered at by the Viceroy about those over whom he has no control.

The other side of his character—the intense ambition, which comes by hereditary transmission from Mehemet Ali, and which with Said assumed the grander proportions of patriotism and love of fame, burns like a fire in the more selfish soul of Ismail; and the craft and courage with which he has worked for the single end of securing the succession to the throne of Egypt in perpetuity for his own line remind one of the career of Mehemet Ali. In this,

which has been the dream of each successive Viceroy, and on which all have lavished much treasure, to be fooled only by false hopes, or by promises never meant to be kept after the price was paid, Ismail Pacha has succeeded, though at a cost in bribes beyond computation.

How immense must have been the sop which has finally satisfied the Cerberus at the Sublime Porte, and obtained the concession for which his predecessors squandered their millions in vain, may only be vaguely guessed at. Yet how strangely inconsistent this lavish expenditure of gold for an object of ambition with the avarice which is imputed to him, and his known love of money, which rises almost to the dignity of a passion! Though that master passion—Napoleon's as well as his—to see his son sit on his throne hereafter, has swallowed up all others in the souls of both these monarchs.

At Paris the Sultan, Abdul Aziz, coming to the Grand Exposition, met his powerful vassal, Ismail of Egypt, and after his return to Stamboul received his visit there. Shortly afterward the world was notified that a change was to be made in the succession of the Egyptian Viceroys; that Ismail himself, instead of the old title of Governor-General, was to assume another and higher title, and to obtain a quasi independence of the Sultan for himself and his own immediate line, who are decreed his successors, in contravention of the old treaty and the rights of the other branches of the family. The story circulated at the time, that he was made king, was erroneous; for there is no such title known at Stamboul. The title Viceroy, usually given him, is confined to Europeans. The natives call him *Efendina* (high lord), or *Altesse* (Highness) in French; while firmans or orders from Constantinople give him only the title of Governor-General. He has probably now received the title of Vizier, or its equivalent; the Sultan's only being *Padishah*, or Grand Pacha.

The setting aside of the succession in the usual line—which in Egypt, as in Turkey, passed not to the eldest son of the ruling monarch, but to "the eldest male of the blood" of the founder of the dynasty—was a daring act, both on the part of the Sultan and the Viceroy; for in the *firman* which made Egypt an hereditary pachalic the order of succession in the family was fixed according to the Turkish law and usage, and never deviated from since the treaty between the Sublime Porte and his powerful vassal was guaranteed by the great powers of Europe, in fact forced on Mehemet Ali by them.

The *firman* of investiture of Mehemet Ali, wrested by him at the point of the sword from the Sublime Porte, bearing date May 22, 1841, contains the following clause, which regulates the succession:

"Henceforth, when the post shall be vacant, the government of Egypt shall descend in direct line from the elder of the elder in the male race among thy sons and grandsons. As regards their nomination, that shall be made by my Sublime Porte."

Vainly, therefore, did Abbas intrigue, plot, and plan, and even meditate a general massacre of the Christians in Egypt, to carry out his darling project, as was ascertained by papers found in his palace after his violent taking off. Equally vain was the fidelity of Elfy Bey, his right hand in the plot, to secure by force the succession of El Hami, to the exclusion of Said. Equally futile were all the open efforts of Said Pacha to buy a like change in favor of his son at Constantinople; for the Sublime Porte feared not only the intervention of European powers, but shrunk from provoking the other members of that powerful family by the perpetration of so glaring an injustice.

But the persuasive powers of the other Viceroy must have been less, or the Sultan's needs greater at this time, for he has accorded that to Ismail which he denied to previous Viceroy, and thus far no formal protest nor appeal to the foreign powers guaranteeing the treaty has been made by the princes, whose right of succession has thus been set aside by an arbitrary act of authority on the part of the Sublime Porte.

But silence does not ever signify consent—especially in the East, where the lion's skin, when too short, is habitually eked out with the fox's. The next two in succession, under the old rule, are Mustapha Pacha, the brother, and Halim Pacha, the uncle of Ismail, the former but six weeks, the latter but two months the juniors of the reigning Viceroy, whose son and proposed successor is now not more than ten years of age.

Both these princes are men of ability, both are much beloved in the country, and have the support of a powerful party—silent now only through fear of the consequences. Mustapha Pacha is a man who has enjoyed the advantages of foreign culture and European travel to a greater degree than any of his family. He spends much of his time at Paris, where he is well known in society, and in artistic and literary circles, being a patron of art and artists, and a man of more than princely liberality in the lavish expenditure of his wealth. He has also lived much at Constantinople, where he has held high posts under the Turkish Government, and wielded great influence. But he is a reformer, and the acknowledged head of the party of "Young Turkey," which seeks to remodel the administration of the Sublime Porte in conformity with modern usages, and has thus incurred the displeasure of the Sultan, who loves reform only on paper, and has been deprived of his offices, and lost much of his influence at Constantinople. So great was the irritation against him in the mind of the Sultan and the old Turkish party which surround that weak monarch, that it was probably as much due to this feeling against Mustapha Pacha as to the bribes of Ismail that the change in the succession was effected. When I last saw the Prince Mustapha, in 1864, he was in honorable exile at Paris, enjoying himself apparently very

much as a looker-on in fashionable society and at public places; but at that time, though out of favor both in Turkey and Egypt on account of his liberal principles, he had not yet been deprived of his inheritance by his kinsman and his sovereign.

In French society his face and red tarbouh were as familiar as those of Djemil Pacha, the Turkish Ambassador, who is a noted favorite of the Parisian dames; and his conversational talent did not bear a bad comparison even with that of the most charming *causeurs* in those *salons* where congregate the wit and the beauty of the New Empire. He has always been famed, too, for his love of intrigue and his finesse, and his audacity and courage are as indomitable as his will. A man like this, although he may dissemble, and watch his opportunity, is not apt tamely to submit to unlawful exclusion from a throne to which he has looked as his inheritance from the hour of his birth; and the young inheritor, when his father dies, will find some difficulty in keeping his seat, even should he be permitted to mount it. The very silence and apparent submission of the Prince Mustapha, to all who know his character and nature, indicate the formation of a settled plan and purpose, to be developed when the hour for action arrives.

Nor can the Prince Halim Pacha be expected to be more patient or submissive, for in his veins runs the untamable blood of the Bedouins of the Desert, to whom his mother (one of the wives of Mehemet Ali's old age) belonged. He has inherited, with the peculiar characteristics of that wild race in face and figure, their moral traits also, their wild independence of spirit, their fidelity in friendship and implacability in hate. Like Nimrod—a mighty hunter—he is famed throughout Egypt and Syria for his skill in the chase and his accomplishments as a horseman, even among those born centaurs the Bedouins. The ruling passion of Prince Halim is for the chase, and his chief pastimes are the games of the *djerrid*, in which those wonderful Arab horsemen, equaled only by our Comanche Indians, hurl the *djerrid* at each other from horses at full speed, in which few can match him, or in the chase after the fleet gazelle over the desert, with hawk and hound, like the cavaliers of the Middle Ages. To the quickness of thought and action and the perfect mastery of sinew and muscle which this training has given him he owes the preservation of his life, when his nephew Achmet and so many others found their doom in the slimy bed of the Nile, as related in a previous number of this Magazine. He has been so thoroughly impregnated with European ideas as to have procured for his daughter a French governess; and on one occasion introduced both at a dinner given by him when many Europeans were present, in defiance of all the notions of the East. But the daring innovation was premature—did not succeed—and only entailed on the liberal-minded prince that penalty which ever is visited on those who

venture to brave the prejudices of their compatriots. Bold, frank, and open of heart and hand, he is greatly beloved by a corps of devoted friends and by the masses of the people; and probably the persecutions of this prince by his nephew Ismail, the Viceroy, have done as much to increase the unpopularity of the latter as any other single cause.

Ismail Pacha has, in various ways, shown his bad feeling toward Halim, by minor annoyances, culminating in his banishment from Egypt on the charge of conspiracy. The great acacia-trees, planted by the hand of Mehemet Ali, under whose grateful shade the traveler has journeyed the four miles which lead from Cairo to those lovely gardens of Shoubra, were cut down by order of Ismail to annoy Halim, who persisted in refusing the Viceroy's offers to purchase Shoubra, which he coveted, and which Mehemet Ali had given to his son. Harassed also in the management of his properties by the local officials, who declared they acted under orders from the Viceroy, Halim took the imprudent step of appealing to the foreign Consuls-General for protection against the proceedings of his nephew. This settled the dispute, for the Consuls-General were powerless, and probably indisposed to act in the affair, which they regarded as a family quarrel; and Halim was banished from the country, on the strength of some letter of a treasonable character said to have been intercepted on the person of a Syrian.

So stands the reigning Viceroy now—unlike his more prudent prototype at the Tuileries, having alienated from his person and throne all the members of his family, instead of adopting the wiser policy of conciliating and consolidating the family interests. If ever house was "divided against itself," that of Mehemet Ali is now; whether it must fall or not a few years now will prove; but a fierce conflict for the possession of the government of Egypt must take place, as surely in Egypt on Ismail's demise as men look for in France when Napoleon's son ascends his seat.

At this distance, and with the imperfect information which alone filters to Europe or America through the mass of falsehood, it may be unjust to judge Ismail Pacha's acts too harshly by the statements which have been made by those who love him not. The "truth of history," proverbially hard to settle any where, is harder still to determine in a country like Egypt, the echoes from which are more delusive than those from other countries. But certain it is that the verdict of his own people is decidedly against the Viceroy, according to the testimony of the most intelligent European residents in the country, and that all look for chaos to come again when his strong hand holds the helm of state no longer.

My own personal impressions of Prince Ismail, while our intercourse lasted, were all favorable, both as to his mind, his manners, and his morals; but they date back to a period

anterior to his coming to the throne. What changes in his character or temper the possession of unlimited power and the enjoyment of almost boundless wealth may have wrought I have had no means of watching in his case, as in those of his predecessors. But if, as is charged upon him, he has made Egypt only his farm, he certainly has made it a very productive one; and if in his treatment of the fellahs he has not been so kind or so liberal as Said, he certainly has given them equal privileges—on paper! For, in imitation of European models, he has constituted an Egyptian Parliament! a new thing under that sun at last, of which even Solomon never dreamed, and it actually holds solemn sessions at Cairo at this day! That it is a mere sham, and only eager to register the decrees of its august master who created it, is an objection that might be urged against more civilized bodies of the same character and higher pretensions to independence. That its legislation is less than its consumption of pipes and coffee will also cause it to be contrasted favorably with other bodies, which, in a rage for legislation for class or individual interests, oppress a free people with onerous taxation and unequal laws.

An amusing incident is related of the organization of this Egyptian Parliament. Following the forms of their European model, the presiding officer of the Chamber of Deputies instructed the members, on their being first convened, that the seats on his right hand were to be taken by those who supported the Government policy—those on his left by the Opposition. Immediately the entire assemblage of notables made a general rush to scramble for the seats on the right; and when the presiding officer again repeated his explanation, a universal cry of deprecation rose from every throat in chorus: "What! we oppose his Highness's Government! We make opposition! Never, never! the very thought is treasonable!" The simplicity which characterized this incident is only equaled by the certainty of the conclusion to be drawn from it as to the deliberations of the Assembly thus constituted.

But the Viceroy has introduced many other new things into Egypt, the last of which is no less than the musical sovereign now reigning both in Europe and America. He has just caused to be erected on the Ezbekieh at Cairo a stately temple for the new Goddess of Unreason enthroned in France, and now domiciled here—Opera Bouffe—and tempted Schneider, its high-priestess, by most liberal subsidies, to install Offenbach's sprightly operas in Egypt for his own amusement, if not for that of his people. For to the ear of the Oriental our music is discord, as theirs is to us; and even Schneider, fit interpreter as she is of the melodious indecencies of Offenbach, can not amuse a population which, from prince to peasant, has ever been accustomed to the greater levities and licenses of its own Ghawazee or Almehs, who outstrip any civilized competition however

daring. But this is only a small specimen of the expensive whims in which this prince indulges, costing full as much as the creation of a new railway line would in this country—all Congressional subsidies and "legal fees" included, as in the Alaska business. On the shadowy crown which, like Banquo, he sees descending on the heads of a long line of his children's children, Ismail has also spent untold millions, which have gone into that safe bank of deposit, the Sultan's treasury. But meanwhile, in spite of all these extravagant follies, real permanent improvements have been made in Egypt during the past eight years, which are unparalleled elsewhere. The whole area of the country, where it is habitable and cultivable, has been spread over by a net-work of railways and of telegraph lines, extending into regions in the interior hitherto almost a terra incognita, except to the native trader or Greek merchant.

Steam machinery of various kinds has been introduced into the country, and Father Nile himself has found his control over his own waters disputed by these modern monsters, who compel him to irrigate when and where they will. Sugar refineries are to be seen high up the Nile, and the crocodile has been driven by the splash of the steamer's paddles from his old haunts on the Lower Nile to seek peace and quiet above the second cataract. Alexandria and Cairo, especially the former, have begun to look like European cities, and the smoke arising from numerous engines blackens that formerly translucent air; though at Cairo, owing to the Eastern usage of confining each nationality to its separate quarter of the town, the city still preserves much of its old Eastern look outside of the Frank quarter or *Mooské* and *Ezbekieh* neighborhoods. As the best models of the Oriental city left—outside of Stamboul, now half Europeanized—Cairo and Damascus have ever taken precedence; but the palm will soon have to be accorded to the latter, if the march of improvement, which has already supplied Cairo with gas and water works, is pushed much further. But, as before observed, with all these external evidences of "progress," as we call it—with all these material improvements for the supply of physical wants which characterize our era—no corresponding improvement has been made, either in the moral or mental instruction, or even in the social condition of the great masses of the Egyptian people—the fellahs—numbering more than 8,600,000 out of the total population of 4,500,000 souls now to be found in the land of Egypt. As happens in other communities, the rich are daily growing richer, the poor poorer; there is great national prosperity, and equally great and far more general individual misery among the toiling millions, whose taxes increase in far greater ratio than their earnings, for the benefit of a privileged few, at once their rulers and their lawgivers.

Egypt's place in the world's history at this

moment arises from three causes principally, in two of which we are directly interested:

The first is political, and concerns us on this side of the Atlantic not at all. In the solution of the ever-unsettled and ever-recurring Eastern question Egypt ever has played, and ever must play, an important part, owing to her geographical position, and the link she forms between Europe and Asia.

The second is a matter involving a revolution in the commerce of the world, the success or failure of the Suez Canal, after its completion, to divert the trade of the East into new channels, reviving all the ports of the Mediterranean into more than their former activity, tapping the far East for France, and thus drawing away the life-blood of *perfidie Albion*, at the same time working an immense change both in the political and commercial control of India, China, Cochin China, and the fertile islands of the Eastern Archipelago. But a new and more vigorous rival than England—unthought of by M. De Lesseps or the Emperor Napoleon, whose eyes were only fixed on that ancient rival of France—has suddenly stretched out a hand and bridged the path over the tranquil waters of the Pacific Ocean from the new American El Dorado, California, to the remotest East.

The Suez Canal will find its most dangerous and encroaching rival in the intercourse between China and the East across those Western waters, accompanied by the increasing emigration of that overcrowded people to those virgin fields strewn with gold dust. So that, in the very hour of his fancied triumph, M. De Lesseps sees looming up before him a new and more dangerous rival to his canal than British gold or diplomacy could ever evoke, and one as threatening to them as to him.

As an adjunct to this, the piercing of the Isthmus of Darien, now seriously projected, would tend to divert the stream westward which the projectors of the Suez Canal fondly hoped to pour with Pactolean sands through the Suez Desert to enrich France and Trieste. But on the solution of this great question the future of Egypt must depend; for if the hopes of M. De Lesseps be realized, much of its old prosperity and population will be restored to it, as the door to the "wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

The third is an agricultural question, which equally interests Europe and ourselves. Can Egypt compete with our Southern States in the cotton supply? and if so, to what extent? The last few years have satisfactorily solved that question in the negative, under exceptional circumstances both as to its production and price. When competition on our part was strangled by blockade, the experiment was fairly tested by Said Pacha first, more strenuously and intelligently by Ismail Pacha afterward. The issue proved that neither in quality nor quantity of cotton could Egypt begin to compete with America as a cotton-grower when competition was left open.

The area on which the cultivation was possi-

ble, the quantity produced, the cost of its production, the superior profits of other cultures, chiefly of grain, and, finally, the entire quantity which could under the greatest possible pressure, and under the stimulus of highest prices, be produced, all combined to settle this question in favor of America. The largest yield ever made in Egypt, or which under all the favorable circumstances indicated could be made, amounted to but 560,000 bales of the average weight of our own; while our Southern States, under all their disadvantages as to capital and labor, last season made 2,500,000 bales, and next year will probably increase that yield to upward of 3,000,000.

The best English authorities also now admit the superiority of the American medium staple cotton over all others for their mills, in the proportion of four to one in quantity. So this dream of supplanting American with Egyptian cotton must be discarded now and forever.

Yet many persons who are interested in this matter, and who ought to know, still labor under this groundless apprehension. Apart from these three causes—political, commercial, and agricultural—great interest must ever centre in Egypt and her people from the wonderful remains of her ancient civilization, which to this day frown on the traveler at Luxor, Karnak, Philæ, or the Pyramids, and furnish food for thought, and speculation, and endless labor of savans and historians.

Modern Egypt dwarfs under the shadow of her own mighty and colossal past, even as her modern Pharaohs dwindle down into insignificance compared with their ancient prototypes, after whose lives and government, however, their own seem to have been copied. Ismail can not justly be made responsible for all the evils which prevail in Egypt, many of which are incrustations from old habits of thought, life, and faith, which even an Alfred or a Solon could not legislate away. The lives and possessions of his subjects are far more secure under his reign than under that of the tiger Abbas, who never spared man in his anger or his avarice, nor woman in his desire.

Selfishness seems to be the besetting sin of the Viceroy, wedded to an ambition which overleaps all impediments to the perpetuation of his dynasty.

FIDO.

HERBERT BROWN was about to take a step that to himself, his mother, and sister, was one of the most momentous he had ever taken—he was going to Philadelphia on a visit of a week, and *perhaps* in that time would find an occupation for life. His mother, a widow, had but two children, Herbert and Bertha, and thought them, without exception, the finest creatures in the world. *She* had no doubts as to Herbert's success—not at all. Herbert himself was not so sanguine; and pretty Bertha was so filled with hopes and fears that she could

not tell which predominated. Herbert had had a good education, though it did not include much knowledge of a city; but that he knew would come with experience. His mother had written letters of introduction to two friends of his deceased father, and on these depended his hopes of a situation.

It was the morning of his departure. Mrs. Brown and Bertha were busily engaged packing the last articles and hovering around their darling; Mrs. Brown regarding him with fond pride and hope, that sometimes gave way to the pang of separation. Bertha was one moment radiant with the thought of her brother's bright future, the next as despondent at the idea of his failure as she had before been joyful. In the midst of it all came in a worthy farmer, Squire Manning.

"Well, Herbert," said he, with a hearty shake of the hand, "you're about off, I see. I've brought you my brother's direction, 1218 Blank Street. He has done right well in Philadelphia since he went there twenty years ago. You must be sure to go to see him as soon as you can; I've sent him a letter about you, and told him you would take tea with him the first night you got there."

The three poured out thanks, and Herbert, taking the slip of paper, put it in his pocket. The stage at that moment drove up, and amidst whispered blessings, charges to take care of himself, and kind wishes, he hurried off, feeling that he was indeed starting out in life for himself. We will leave him to continue his journey, and turn to some residents of the city to which he was hastening, and with whom he was destined to form a speedy acquaintance.

Mr. Fanning lived at 1319 Blank Street. His household consisted of himself, Mrs. Fanning, two domestics, and a small black-and-tan King Charles spaniel called Fido, which small dog was at the beginning of a chain of circumstances that influenced Herbert Brown's whole life. Fido and the cook were both exceedingly important personages in the family, and mortally opposed to each other. She was a diminutive a specimen in her way as he was in his, but there the resemblance ceased; she was brisk and active in her movements—he waddled slowly; Betty's tresses were so scant that it was difficult to ascertain their hue—Fido rejoiced in a mass of curly hair that made his plump little body appear still plumper; in fact, he was a model "King Charles"—long ears that touched the ground, a waving tail, and a round little nose so very snub that one could have scarce laid a sixpence on it, were among his marks of birth. Betty had been in the family for years, and would have thought it time for the Republic to end had she left it; Fido, for his part, ran away as often as he had an opportunity, thereby calling forth a large reward and the promise, "no questions asked," from his distressed mistress, who was much attached to the perfidious little animal. As he wore a handsome collar with street and number on it, as

well as the name of his owner, the stipulation regarding indiscreet curiosity was quite necessary. Betty looked upon Fido as an unmitigated nuisance—a trouble in the house and an anxiety out of it. She called him Feed-Ho! and always uttered the name with a sniff of disdain; but neither Mrs. Fanning nor Mary, the chamber-maid, agreed with her. Both considered him “a little darling;” and when the little darling, sitting on his hind-legs, placed a fore-paw on each side of his comical nose, solemnly gazing over it, he was pronounced irresistible by his delighted mistress. This performance constituted his only accomplishment, and he never condescended to it excepting at times when he wished to be very agreeable.

Mrs. Fanning had resolved to give a small entertainment. She decided to invite a social number to tea—which was to be handed about in the parlor—and then increase the number of guests later in the evening. Mary was to open the door and escort the ladies to the dressing-room; and was also to act as chief waitress, a cousin of hers having been engaged to assist her; while to Betty was committed the department which naturally fell to her share—that of preparing the wherewithal to hand about.

The day had arrived, and Mrs. Fanning, a bright, well-developed lady of forty, who feared no one but Betty, surveyed her preparations with satisfaction, and announced to her husband at the dinner-table that all was as she wished it to be. Mr. Fanning, a thin, nervous man subject to headaches, congratulated her on her success, and then said:

“My dear, I had a letter this morning from a correspondent of mine in New York, Mr. Brown, saying his son would be on to-day on some business—suppose I invite him up.”

Mrs. Fanning smilingly assented.

“But, my dear,” continued he, “my head aches quite badly, and, really, if it grows worse to-night I think I will slip in the back way and go quietly to bed; so if he comes you must excuse me to him.”

Mr. Fanning rather shrank from society, though he never objected to Mrs. Fanning's indulging in it; therefore he frequently retired on the plea of a nervous headache when there was a “festive gathering.” So Mrs. Fanning, being accustomed to the procedure, said naught against it on this occasion; and accordingly, on his return home in the evening, Mr. Fanning carried out his arrangement, Mrs. Fanning taking care to have a comfortable little supper for him in his room; for, though not standing in the least awe of Mr. Fanning, she was very fond of him.

But although the family sky was serene in the morning, it became overcast in the afternoon. Just as Mrs. Fanning was about to commence her toilet, thinking it safer to be dressed at an early hour, a tumbling sound was heard on the cellar stairs, then a series of bumps, accompanied by screams and canine yells; these subsided into groans and whines. Mrs. Fanning

and Mary rushed to the scene of disaster. There they beheld Betty prostrate on the cellar floor, and Fido beside her on his back, with his paws in the air. On picking him up he was found to be unhurt; but having fallen in that position he remained in it, waiting for some one to turn him over, it being a fixed principle of Fido's never to do any thing for himself if he could possibly avoid it.

Poor Betty, however, had not escaped so easily—one arm was much bruised, an eye blackened, and, on getting her up into the kitchen, it was discovered that she had a cut on the back of her head.

“Her hair must be cut and a plaster put on,” said Mrs. Fanning, promptly.

Then arose a wail. “Oh, ma'am, don't cut my hair! don't do that, ma'am—please, Mrs. Fanning, ma'am!”

Betty must have been much shattered by her fall, or she would never have descended to entreaties. She even wept, and finally commenced a lament upon the subject of six linen sheets left in a chest in England. Whenever Betty began this doleful ditty Mrs. Fanning invariably gave way. So, although the plaster was put on, the hair was not taken off—in fact, the sacrifice was unnecessary; Betty's locks were so very thin that there would have been no difficulty in plastering her whole head without cutting a single hair.

On investigating the cause of the accident it was found that Fido, intent on some delicacy that Betty was about placing in the cellar, determined to patter down before her, probably contemplating a raid upon the article when alone. Betty did not see him, stepped on his tail, and then lost her footing altogether; she was triumphant in one respect, however, for both dish and delicacy were preserved entire.

A grave consultation was now held—even Betty was forced to acknowledge that she could not attend to the cooking; but as Mary was also a proficient in the art, that matter was settled by the culinary department being transferred to her. Betty then announced to her interested listeners that *she* would attend to the door; now as Betty had her right arm in a sling and her left eye bandaged, to say nothing of a plaster on her cranium, a protest arose, even Fido giving a faint bark of disapproval, as though aware that her decision would eventuate in sorrow to himself; but Betty stood firm—do it she would; and at last—seeing the threatening sheets waving in the distance—Mrs. Fanning gave way.

The guests on arriving politely concealed their wonder as well as they could, on finding as an usher a neatly arrayed little woman who presented to their astonished sight a bandaged eye and arm in the front, and a plastered head in the rear. The more intimate friends of the family, who had already made Betty's acquaintance, were entertained with an account of the wounds of which Feed-Ho! was the cause, and were properly sympathetic.

Betty's left arm answered tolerably well for admitting people; but presently the bell was rung by a man who handed her a handsome bouquet which Mr. Fanning had gallantly ordered for his wife: this filled Betty's available hand. She stood a moment on the door-step admiring the flowers by the light of a lamp that stood in front of the house; but just as she was going to step back and close the door she saw, to her horror, Fido waddling away as fast as his little legs could carry him. She called frantically; he evidently heard, for he waddled the faster. Betty, forgetting the open door, set out in pursuit, her uninjured hand stiffly extended before her and tightly clutching the flowers; various small boys danced with delight on beholding this apparition, and listened with joy to her agitated cries of Feed-Ho! Feed-Ho! All was in vain. Fido disappeared in the distance—a feat he could perform much better by lamp-light than daylight; in fact, when Betty halted in the chase he was not more than half a square from her.

Betty returned disconsolate. She decided that she would not tell her mistress of the loss of the dog till later in the evening, sagely reflecting that it would "flustercate" her. On reaching the house she herself was "fluster-cated" by finding the door still open and a stranger standing on the threshold. This was our young friend Herbert Brown, who had arrived that morning, and was now in search of Mr. Manning, his friend's brother. The direction that was given him was written with a soft lead-pencil, and the rubbing it received in Herbert's vest pocket had made it rather illegible. Of course Herbert knew the name, the street he could make out, but was in great doubt about the number, and at last decided that the 1218 was 1319, which decision brought him to Mr. Fanning's house instead of Mr. Manning's—a mistake that was a turning-point in his life.

On arriving and finding the door open he was surprised, but rang the bell. He heard voices in the parlor, but saw no one, as Mary and her cousin were busily engaged in the kitchen, and paid no attention to the ringing of the bell, supposing that Betty was at her post. He gazed in amazement when that personage came trotting up the steps; but, seeing that she had an air of belonging to the house, asked:

"Is this Mr. Manning's?"

Betty, being much disturbed in her mind, did not notice that it was not the right name, and said, hurriedly, "Yes, Sir, yes; walk in, walk in, Sir."

Herbert was not a little embarrassed by being shown into an assembly that to him seemed quite large, by a person who had the appearance of an escaped hospital patient that had been robbing a florist.

"What name?" said Betty.

"Brown," replied he.

By this time Mrs. Fanning advanced, resplendent in light silk.

"Mr. Brown," announced Betty, handing the flowers to the lady as though *they* were Mr. Brown.

Mrs. Fanning expected the bouquet, and taking it without any questions, cordially welcomed the blushing Herbert, saying:

"My husband told me to expect you, Mr. Brown, but desired me to ask you to excuse him, as he is suffering from a severe headache."

Then, after a few words more, she conveyed him to the other side of the room, where she introduced him to some young ladies. Occasionally through the evening she talked to him for a few moments, but their conversations were not long enough for them to discover the mistake.

Toward the close of the evening Mrs. Fanning slipped away to see Mr. Fanning. She found him comfortably fixed in an easy-chair reading a paper, and arrayed in a dressing-gown so much too large for him that he was nearly lost to view. He always persisted in wearing one that would have fitted a man three times his size.

Mrs. Fanning chatted a few minutes, and then said:

"Your New York friend, Mr. Brown, came, and is talking away to the girls. They seem to think him quite pleasant."

"Who, my dear?" asked her husband, with a bewildered air.

She repeated her remark.

"My dear," he exclaimed, "it is impossible! I saw Mr. Brown this morning, but I forgot to invite him. That man down stairs, representing himself as Mr. Brown, is an impostor, and perhaps a burglar!"

"The great horror of Mr. Fanning's life was a burglar, or, worse still, burglars; and now, after watching for one for years, he thought the time had arrived for Mrs. Fanning and himself to be rapped over the head, and then be robbed of their silver."

A hasty consultation was held, the result of which was that Mrs. Fanning returned to the parlor and requested Herbert to follow Betty, who escorted him to the sitting-room, where Mr. Fanning awaited him with a poker concealed under the chair on which he sat. Herbert was astounded when introduced into the presence of a little man engulfed in a wrapper, who assailed him in violent language, told him point-blank that he was not Mr. Brown, and positively refused to listen to any explanation whatever. At last the young man hurried from the house, burning with rage, and thinking, as he strode down the street, that Philadelphia was a detestable place; and that if Squire Manning's brother was so changed by living in it, he did not wish to run the risk of such demoralization.

While thus stalking on, full of fire and fury, his ear caught the sound of a dog's moan. Herbert was especially tender-hearted. He halted at once, and heard more clearly the

stified, panting cries of the animal mingled with boys' voices. Knowing the naturally cruel inclinations of the juvenile male sex, Herbert lost no time in ascertaining the cause of the trouble, and following the sounds, turned the corner of an alley, and found two young wretches busily engaged in fearfully tormenting a shuddering creature who was no less a dog than Fido. Herbert thrust the boys aside and took up the quivering little mass. He poured forth a volley of wrath that made one boy draw back. The other said, impudently:

"It's none of your business; the dog ain't yourn."

"Neither is it yours," retorted Herbert, at a venture. The shot told, for the boy only answered with an oath, and did not assert any right to the animal.

"And if it was," continued Herbert, "I would not permit you to abuse it so."

Before the boys could reply a policeman hove in sight, and as he showed a disposition to bear down upon the scene, the urchins decamped, and Herbert was left master of the field with the dog in his arms. The little thing uttered a plaintive moan, and feebly licked his hand. That settled the matter, and Herbert carried him with him to the hotel. Arrived there he examined him, and soon saw that he was much battered, but not seriously injured. The name on the collar attracted his attention, and he read it without an idea that it was that of the man who had told him he was *not* Mr. Brown.

In the morning, after he and Fido had partaken of an early breakfast—Fido, by-the-by, testifying more fondness for Herbert than he had ever shown for any being in his life—Herbert set off to find the owner of the dog and collar; Fido trotting closely at his heels and not manifesting the slightest desire to run away; on the contrary, the sight of a boy made him fairly jump with anxiety to keep as close as possible to his new friend. In all his other escapades Fido had fallen into the hands of those who understood his value and treated him accordingly; never before had he had such an experience; he never forgot the lesson, and was a much more home-loving dog ever after.

On reaching the house the door was opened by Mary, who had not seen Herbert the previous night; Fido she recognized with a scream of joy, and wished to carry him at once to his mistress; but no, he obstinately refused to leave his beloved protector; so Mary opened the parlor door for Herbert to walk in, and then ran to the dining-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Fanning were just finishing breakfast, to impart the joyful intelligence.

Mrs. Fanning had been much troubled by the loss of her curly treasure, and had already sent advertisements to several papers; Mr. Fanning, for his part, had at first insisted upon it that Fido had been stolen by the burglar, but

as Betty's story so plainly disproved that idea, he contented himself by asserting that the villain would have done it if the dog had not already taken himself off.

As soon as Mary had communicated the fact of Fido's safe return, Mrs. Fanning hurried to the parlor to welcome him back and thank the gentleman who had brought him home. To her amazement, she found the stranger of the night before. Herbert, on his side, had been utterly confounded when, on entering the parlor, he saw the same room in which he had spent the previous evening; and when Mrs. Fanning came in he was standing in the centre of the apartment with a fixed and stern countenance, while Fido, sitting by him on his hind-legs, gazed affectionately in his face.

An explanation followed. Fortunately Mrs. Fanning could listen with more coolness than her husband had done, and soon understood the manner in which the mistake occurred. She endeavored to reassure poor Herbert, who was overwhelmed with confusion on finding that he had actually introduced himself into a strange house without any invitation or warrant for the act; but Mrs. Fanning liked the young man all the better for his candid expressions of dismay. Hearing her husband at the door, she stopped him before he entered and told him all. Mr. Fanning was horrified at the error into which he had fallen. He went quickly into the parlor, and hastened to make an ample apology, which quite soothed the young man's troubled feelings; and after talking the matter over for a while all parties began to laugh heartily at the whole affair, Fido joining in with an attempt at a frisk. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Fanning would let Herbert go till he had promised to dine with them the next day. During the intermediate time Mr. Fanning, knowing the friends to whom Herbert had letters, informed himself as to the character of the young man. A further acquaintance proved so satisfactory—and Fido's extreme and remarkable fondness for Herbert so won upon Mrs. Fanning, and she upon Mr. Fanning—that at the end of the week Herbert had the happiness of writing home that he had been offered, and had accepted, a very desirable situation in the wholesale house of which Mr. Fanning was head partner.

Time proved that Mr. Fanning had made no mistake in his judgment of Mr. Brown, after he knew that he *was* Mr. Brown, and in a few years Herbert rose to the position of junior partner. Fido's affection for him continued unabated. Mrs. Fanning and Herbert always insisted that Fido was the prime cause of his starting well in life, as, had he not run away, Betty would have been composed enough to have paid attention to the name when Herbert asked her; and, had he not found Fido and brought him back, he would never have become intimate with Mr. Fanning, who loved him as his own son and treated him as one.

PUBLIC LODGERS.

A GENTLEMAN of great wealth and high social position, now residing in Philadelphia, lately wrote a letter to Mr. Kennedy, Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police of New York. In that letter he says that one cold, stormy night in the fall of 1854 he crossed the ferry and landed in New York, with exactly one penny in his pocket. With that penny he bought a "bolivar"—as the huge molasses-cake was called in those days—and he was then penniless in a city where he had not an acquaintance. Casting the "bolivar" as a peace-offering to a rapacious stomach, he took up his tramp through the cheerless streets. He met thousands of human beings hurrying through the crowded thoroughfares, and he realized, as many had done before him, that no solitude is so absolute as the streets of a strange city. He was alone with his wrecked life and bitter thoughts, and, trudging on for hours, was at last driven by exhaustion to seek a refuge somewhere—and he found his way to the old Fourth Ward police-station, where he asked for a night's lodging. It was accorded him, and he was shown down stairs to a cell in the damp basement, which was already occupied by two wretches, homeless and penniless like himself. He crouched down on the stone floor, and brooded on the ruin that he was and promised to be, for the future showed him then nothing but a beggar's life and a pauper's grave. He courted the sweet oblivion of sleep, but the blasphemous uproar of the prisoners in the adjoining cells stung him into wakefulness and madness. Despair then came on him, and he walked out of his cell with the intention of going to one of the piers, and end it all by one plunge beneath the waters that were not so cold as the world's charity. But his was a strong, earnest, honest nature, and he thrust the cowardly purpose from him. He went back into the cell, and kneeling down prayed fervently for strength to bear the burdens God had given him to carry. Then he lay down on the damp stone floor and slept the calm, profound sleep engendered by content.

In the morning he went out into the streets determined to get the better of fate, if constant hard endeavor could do it. Carrying a trunk on board a steamer furnished him with food for the day, and put him miles from the city on his southward journey. Struggling on to Philadelphia, he there met and seized the tide that led him on to fortune. But he had the memory of that night always with him. He grew great and rich and honored, but about his splendid home flitted always the apparitions of those two companions of his misery in the Fourth Ward station-house. He struggled long with a natural pride, but at last yielded to the dictates of his heart and wrote to Mr. Kennedy, giving the details narrated, and closing with a request that these two men might be searched for, with the design of sharing with

them the fortune that had been vouchsafed him. But his wish could not be gratified. The old station-house had been demolished and its records destroyed, and nothing remained by which the authorities could trace these wayfarers of a night. He had himself evoked some of that long ago suffering from its tomb, but all his memory could not summon forth was sepulchred forever.

This letter has again called attention to the New York station-house lodgers, and should induce a searching scrutiny of an eleemosynary system more remarkable, in many respects, than any other on the continent. It stands alone in the character of its dependents, and in the plentiful lack of sensible method with which it is administered. In considering it the dregs of the earth must be passed in review, with each dreg a mute, squalid reflection upon the common-sense and Christianity of a community that has dealt so much better with so many other difficult problems that it should be thoroughly ashamed of its ill success in managing the lowest and most helpless class of its population. And it is a class worthy of the most thoughtful attention. It has produced many thousands of such incidents as that told in the letter. It has embraced many thousands of pearls of great price which the community has unthinkingly trampled in the mire and lost forever. It has had in it all that is great and noble and creative in human nature. But the community has seen only the rags, and has passed by on the other side. It has had, too, all that is vile and worthless in human character; but the community has never taken the trouble to sift it, and never has known its capabilities for good and evil.

The community does know that an army of homeless people are constantly roaming the streets of New York and besieging its station-houses for shelter; that during the last seven years the number of lodgings granted to vagrants has averaged 86,214 per annum; and could have known that the number of these outcasts is increasing at a frightful rate, and that during the past winter one single station-house, of the thirty in the city, granted lodging to 6000 casuals during the months of December, January, February, and March, and turned away as many more for lack of room to accommodate them. With these statements of the grand totals of the wrecks floating about the streets the community has been content, and no proper official effort nor any private attempt has ever been made to secure all possible salvage. A little knowledge on this matter will hurt no one, and may benefit every body.

The New York lodgers are the natural products of metropolitan life, and that the police department of the city has been charged with such care as they obtain is the result of necessity and usage, and not of any requirement of the law. The hundreds of lodgers who nightly repair to our station-houses for warmth and shelter do so because the ancestral lodger did it with measurable success, and not from any

conviction among them that they have a legal right to the charity they receive. In truth, the system of relief that has now become the perplexity of the Police Commissioners is the outgrowth of the overflowing humanity of the primitive watchmen who belonged to a force so pervaded with the spirit of Dogberry that its time lives in municipal tradition as the "Leatherhead days."

Old residents can remember the "Battery Bed," one of the chief sights of the then young metropolis. The vagrants of the period went regularly every summer night to the Battery and took lodgings on the sward, provided by the bounty of nature, and allowed by the grace of the watchman. Thus it happened that hundreds of them were huddled every night upon the grass, and the citizen proudly showed them to the stranger as an evidence of the metropolitan character of New York, which could even then boast of a lazaroni as abject as any on earth. But the Battery then, as now, was not habitable, even for casuals, in winter, and when the cold winds came sweeping from the ice-floes in the bay the poor creatures sought a more hospitable refuge. Many roamed the streets, stopping occasionally in some liquor shop for warmth and rest; others crawled into cellars, or vacant houses, or the sheltered nooks of lumber-yards, but a fortunate few fell into the good graces of the Leatherhead watchmen. The capacity of these functionaries, however, to extend succor was limited. There were then but four watch-houses in the city, and these were of the smallest dimensions and most primitive arrangement. Prisoners and officers were crowded in one room, and the utmost that could be done for the casuals was to give them places to stand around the office stove. But to them even this was an earthly paradise, and the news of the good fortune of these favored few so spread through the homeless community that it was not long before the hospitable watch-houses were overcrowded, and scores of applicants were turned away every night for want of room to accommodate them. In 1845 the Leatherheads gave way to the Municipal Police, and a station-house was established in each ward. But the casuals multiplied faster than the police, and the seventeen station-houses proved no more able to give room to the applicants than had the four watch-houses. They had already become an intolerable nuisance in the offices, and the prisoners and officers having, by the new arrangements, separate apartments, the casuals were placed among the prisoners, where some of them were lucky enough to obtain space upon the floor to lie down.

When the Metropolitan Police Act went into operation in 1857 the Commissioners were confronted at once with the casuals. They had grown in numbers with the growth of the city, and a humane usage had given them a vested right to a night's lodging in the station-houses that it was impossible to deny. Therefore the Commissioners were forced to take them into

consideration, and in remodeling the station-houses, but more especially in building new ones, attention was paid to their needs. There are now in the city thirty police station-houses scattered all over the island, and in the great majority of them the cells for prisoners are in the basements, and are cheerless, damp, and unwholesome; but such of them as may not happen to be needed for prisoners, together with the dank corridor upon which they open, are the only places that can be offered the casuals.

In the more recently constructed station-houses, however, especial provision has been made for this class. The cells here occupy the ground-floor of a rear building, and the second-floor is divided into two rooms of about twenty feet square each. Separate apartments are thus obtained for the accommodation of male and female lodgers. In equipment these rooms are essentially primitive. Not a chair, or stool, or bench, or other appliance of civilized life adorns them, except that they contain an immense stove standing in the centre, and a large bunk placed slightly inclined against one of the walls. The stove gives the coveted warmth to all, and the bunk will accommodate about twenty; and the laggard lodgers coming in late must be content with an exactly horizontal bed upon the stone floor. But it is not much of a worm that the early bird manages to secure. He can merely assert his choice between the inclined and horizontal, and decide upon the relative softness of stone and wood. There are no mattresses to quarrel over, and no bed-clothing to be a vexation. In one respect the rooms are luxuriously accoutred. By dint of constant attention they are kept scrupulously clean. The floors and bunks are daily washed out with a hose, and the walls are kept fresh and glaring by frequent whitewashing. Any thing less palatial than the New York lodgings for vagrants can not be imagined; but there is not a cold night but men and women are turned away from nearly every station-house, because the accommodations are already overtasked.

Every such night, as soon as darkness sets in, the lodgers begin to arrive. They come singly, in pairs, and sometimes in groups. They are of both sexes, all ages, nationalities, and, it might almost be said, of all conditions. Very few are actually and obtrusively ragged, but are dressed in clothes that evidently had seen long service before they reached the last wearers. The men generally are devoid of shirts and socks, with the glazed and threadbare coat fastened tightly across the breast, and the nude ankles, blue with cold, showing above the dilapidated shoes. The women have the faded remnant of a cheap shawl wrapped about the shoulders, and a single skirt and a thin calico dress the only protections of the lower limbs. The children are the saddest sights of all. They have not learned the art of securing the cast-off vestments of their betters; and little

girls sometimes enter the station-houses with no apparel save the remnant of a summer dress, and so nearly frozen that they can not express their requests for lodgings in words. But all of the comers are not of the abject class. Decayed gentility very frequently pushes back the swinging doors; and during the past winter it often happened that gentility itself was an applicant for relief. Scores and scores of men then walked Broadway with the outward semblance of prosperity, but maintaining a ghastly conflict with absolute destitution, and sleeping in the station-houses. Very often, too, among the applicants are persons from the country who have fallen among the thieves and been robbed of their all; and it not unfrequently happens that men hobble in on crutches or dangling an empty sleeve who have given their country an arm or a leg, and have received in return the cold charity of the streets.

The police captain or sergeant in charge of the station very seldom takes the trouble to investigate any of the cases presented. The applicant merely comes before the desk in the office, and prefers the request for a lodging for the night, sometimes supplementing it with a mumbled and incoherent statement of the causes that have necessitated it. The officer hears nothing of it, and cares nothing, but only glances at the applicant to make sure of the proper degree of sobriety, and then orders the doorman—as the janitor is absurdly called—to “show him back.” In case the house is already full, the applicant is told to go to some other house; and arriving there, is often met by the same reply, and so spends the entire night tramping from house to house. In some precincts it is the custom not to admit the male applicants until a certain hour of the night, by which time as many as thirty or forty have often gathered in the street before the house; and when the doors are at last opened to them they have been duly and unnecessarily chilled through by official caprice, and tramp to their room in a long single file of numbed misery.

When they have reached their room, and have taken up positions for the night, they provide the most horrible sights and smells of the metropolis. In one of these rooms, not more than twenty feet square, as many as eighty-three have been packed at once. The first comers occupied the bunks and covered the floor, while the laggards, who, generally, are the most deserving, were forced to stand bolt upright during the entire night, or seat themselves on the prostrate bodies of the sleepers. The stench arising from this mass of unclean humanity are all devoured by the lodgers, who will not under any pretense allow any openings of the windows for the purposes of ventilation. They get enough of the chilly air when tramping the streets by day, and will have none of it with their sleep, no matter how strenuously the authorities insist to the contrary. If the doorman opens the windows a dozen times during the night, some one of the lodgers is

certain to close them again as soon as the official is gone. They thus manage to wallow in the foul effluvia despite the care taken to prevent them, and at daylight in the morning, when they are turned into the streets, they have subtracted something from the term of their miserable lives, and have so added to their personal filth that they would be much the better for the drenching with clean water to which their vacated apartment is immediately subjected. The London lodging-houses insist upon this personal ablution before the casual goes to his rest; but they also furnish a bed; and more than that, further temper the wash with a very plain, but substantial meal; so that the casual does not reject the prescribed scrubbing of his person as an unmitigated hardship. But our station-houses do not prescribe the hydropathy, and are not obliged to extend the bed or the meal as a compensation. Our forlorn wretches would doubtless accept the cold water, if it should be accompanied by a meal or a bed; but the authorities have never tried the experiment, except partially in one instance, which will be noted.

Our station-house lodgers have never been called “casuals.” The term is foreign, and it does not exactly describe a portion of them, who belong to classes known in police parlance as “regulars,” “repeaters,” and “rounders.” The casual proper is only an occasional applicant for relief; but the others the authorities have always with them. The “regulars” are invariably women, who are permitted by the inattention of the captains and sergeants, and the interest of the doormen, to make a permanent home of the station-house. It is the doorman’s business to scrub out the house twice or three times a week, and if some woman shows a willingness to assume this duty, he is willing to allow her indefinite lodgings without calling the attention of his superior officers to her permanency. There are many regulars known to the traditions of the police force. Only a few days since, when the books of a station-house were being culled for facts for this article, the name of “Bess Higgins” was found in the list of lodgers every day. The doorman was appealed to for information concerning her. He knew nothing, however, but that she came to the house every night for more than a year, and was a “bully scrubber.” Her feats in this line seemed to have been something marvelous, and it was plain that she had rather more than earned the scanty accommodations she received in that house. But there are more notable cases. Some years ago, when a new captain took command in the Seventeenth Precinct, he found in the station-house a woman who had been there four years, doing the doorman’s work and rearing in the midst of the vilest associations her bright, beautiful daughter, then seventeen years of age. The captain immediately forced her to obtain a more suitable home, which it turned out she was abundantly able to do. But such cases might be multiplied to

any extent, as nearly every station-house has, or has had, these "regulars."

"Repeaters" or "rounders"—for the terms are synonymous—are those who are known to make the rounds of all the station-houses, and who repeat their applications for lodging at each house at regular and invariable intervals. They are chiefly men, but, men or women, they are poor, miserable wretches from choice rather than necessity. Too lazy to work, they have not even energy enough to become thieves, as it might involve the necessity of running away sometimes. At any rate, thievery would be a pretense of doing something, which is so foreign to their inclinations that they are thus forced to be honest. They spend their days in lounging upon the benches in the squares, or on the piers, or wherever the police will allow them to loiter, and obtain their scanty supplies of food and raiment by just sufficient area-begging to obtain them. No rounder ever does any superfluous begging. When imperative needs have been satisfied he instantly ceases from further exertions. His story of extreme want told at the basement door is always literally true; for he will never undertake the labor of telling it until it is an absolute truth. There are, however, classes among them, as in all tribes; and there are rounders who will do extra begging, or even perform some such slight task as carrying a parcel for the sake of a glass of liquor. In the Sixth Precinct, according to local dicta, they are "saturated with rum;" but it must be remembered that in Baxter Street the article is very cheap, and a very little of it goes a great way, so that the saturation, after all, is not conclusive evidence of an industrious rounder. His aversion to labor is asserted in every station-house, and there is not an officer who can not cite cases in proof from his own personal experience. It is clear from all the evidence at hand that the rounder suffers no injustice when it is said that he has succeeded in evading the primal law, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," and in the task has employed enough of perseverance, and sometimes of genius, to have made him rich and honored had industry been added to his gifts. But he is a drone no exigency can sting into exertion. The lazaroni of Naples are often seen picking the vermin from their bodies; but the genuine New York rounder has sunk below the possibility of even such ambitious efforts.

Our public lodgers can be best comprehended by the presentation of a few types of classes and instances of remarkable lodgers. To give all that could be garnered from the police traditions would require a volume; and care has therefore been taken to present only the more notable and distinctive cases.

The deceptive lodger was, and perhaps is, one of the most remarkable sights of the metropolis. Tall, and with a splendid physique, he was stately and even impressive in his rags, and he was ragged in the extreme. His shoes were so far gone as to be sandals rather than

shoes, and he wore a napless and brimless hat of long obsolete pattern. But this hat surmounted a head grand in its outline and massive in its proportions, and shaded a face chiseled on the exact model of manly beauty. His long, white hair fell in abundant curls upon his shoulders, and his beard, of the same venerable hue, swept with its silken luxuriance the tattered coat pinned tightly over his breast. He had an expression of patient, almost godlike, resignation, as though he was conscious of a full measure of sorrows, and looked out beyond them to the eternal joy. His seemed a stalwart nature, and a vigorous old age, for want had not quenched the brightness of his eye, nor had years left a wrinkle on his face. The stranger always implicitly believed his story of sudden poverty through the treachery of a friend; but he was an unmitigated lie—one of the most useless of mankind, incorrigible of beggars, and persistent of rounders. He had probably never earned an honest penny in his life, and had doubtless sat, a hale young vagrant, by the office stove in the old Leatherhead days, and had been content through all these years to bow that stately head at basement doors in grateful obeisance for a stale loaf or a cast-off coat.

The decayed lodger is the result of the mutations of time and the changes in industrial pursuits. He was a body-snatcher, and has long outlived his calling. In the days of the Barclay Street Medical College he was a wild, roistering fellow, earning more than a sufficiency by his ghastly work; but not seeing the future with a clear vision, he thought science must always depend on the meanest and most horrible theft, and spent his money freely. He is now eighty years of age, and for many of the last of them he has been a lodger and a rounder, but not one of the droning class. He has sought such light tasks as his waning strength would permit him to assume, and by these and begging has eked out his existence for all the time he has trespassed beyond the limit of human life. He is a little withered man, with a wizened face and a bald, shining pate fringed at the base of the crown with a few thin locks of gray, and apparently mildewed hair. He never, probably, had any beard to speak of, for during all of his lodging years no one has noticed that the white fuzz upon his face ever reached a more advanced stage. The ex-snatcher has had remarkable success in securing his wardrobe; for, while his garments are always of the kind known as "seedy," they are never ragged. He is generally garnished with a paper collar which is evidently the refuse of some hotel sweepings. He must have been in his youth and prosperity a rather "natty" person, and the desire has outlasted the power for its indulgence. But he does not repine. He accepts the fate that has overtaken him entirely as a matter of course, and the station-houses' lodging-rooms do not contain a more orderly, contented inmate.

The crushed lodger has been sent with light-

ning speed from the top to the bottom of fortune's ladder. He often made his appearance last winter, and was a man prematurely old, bent almost double, and shaking in every limb. His clothing was glazed from long use, but was clean and whole by reason of constant care. His whole appearance, and every action, and every intonation of his voice, was a feeble protest against the invasion of his person by that ruin that had already overtaken his fortunes. Not long before his first appearance as a lodger he was possessed of a princely fortune, and surrounded by all the comforts that wealth could procure. Nor did his ruin come from his vices; but he was one of those against whom fate sometimes takes a spite, and in a few short months he was stripped of his fortune by business reverses, and of his family by death. Thus left penniless and heart-broken, he was too courageous to die by his own hand, but too crushed to ever attempt to rise again. He disappeared from the station-houses months ago; and no one ever looked upon him with knowledge of his history but hopes he has reached the last lodging-house of earth.

The hopeful lodger is sometimes a repeater, but never a rounder. One of them appeared some time since at a station-house. He was a robust man in the prime of life and decently clad, but there was little promise of energy or thrift in his appearance. When he first applied for lodging he told a plausible story of the disastrous issue of a small speculation in paper boxes, and of how he could retrieve his fortunes with five dollars, if he only had the amount. A gentleman present, who was desirous of trying an experiment, loaned him the money without any decided expectation that it would ever be returned. For a week the man was regular in his applications for lodging, and at the end of that time returned the loan. During the succeeding week he still appeared at the station-house every night, and professing to have met with another mishap, borrowed the five dollars again; but two days afterward he repaid the debt a second time, and declaring himself to be "on his pins again," ceased to be a lodger.

The dissolute lodger is most notable in the female form. One was lately encountered. It was early in the day, and she was sober, but at the station-house begging in advance for the official indulgence she knew she would require in the afternoon when drunk. Her face was seamed and scarred by her years of dissipation, but was still handsome, and in her days of purity she must have been supremely beautiful. Her form still preserved all of its graceful symmetry, and her long, golden, silken hair was still the glory of her small, shapely head. Her language was choice and chaste, and her every word and action showed her to be one whose culture had been of the highest, and whose instincts were of the purest. Five years ago she was an adored wife, and the petted ornament of the first circles of society; but she had never been taught what ruin lurks in wine, and had

become an outcast, and more frequently a dead-drunk prisoner than a half-sober lodger.

The robbed lodgers have many illustrations. A recent case was that of a lady residing in Dutchess County, who came to the city with forty dollars to make a few purchases. She had not been in town more than an hour before her pocket was picked in a street-car, and she was penniless among strangers. By communicating with her friends she could readily obtain all needed funds; but that would require two days, and meantime she could not walk the streets. In this extremity she could do nothing else than appeal to a policeman, who, in turn, could do nothing more than direct her to his station-house, which was one of the comfortless affairs with the cells in the basements; and to one of these the sergeant sent her as the only refuge he had to offer. There she staid that night and the next day, and it was not until the second evening that she mustered courage to crawl timidly to the office desk and say she had eaten nothing for forty-eight hours. The sergeant was perplexed, but finally assumed the responsibility of sending her to a neighboring restaurant, and of charging the bill to the police contingent fund.

The beastly lodger can be seen any cold night at any station-house. He is the genuine rounder, is always ragged, always filthy to the last degree of being infested with all manner of foul creeping things. His hair is always matted, his eyes bloodshot and protruding, his face unshaven, his hands unclean. He has been already sufficiently described, and extended research has failed to develop any thing remarkable about him except his squalor, his filth, and his laziness.

It would be valuable and interesting to know exactly how many different persons become station-house lodgers in the course of a year; but a labored investigation has only produced estimates, which, however, probably approximate to the truth. The various police precincts are required to include the number of lodgers accommodated in their daily reports to Police Head-quarters, and these figures are incorporated in the reports of the Commissioners; but they are liable to lead the searcher for truth astray. As an illustration we can take the case of Beas Higgins. Regularly every night her name appeared on the books of the station-house; and, figures alone being reported, she was multiplied thirty-one times in the monthly consolidation at head-quarters; and as there are many such cases, the number of lodgers is really but a proportion of the number of lodgings granted. The reports of the Police Commissioners declare the number of lodgers in 1867 to have been 105,460, and for the first three quarters of 1868, 120,835; and taking the years from 1861 to 1867, both inclusive, the average per year is stated to be 86,214. This is the total information in the general reports, and a search of the station-house records adds but little to the desired knowledge. Taking

into consideration all the obtainable data to assist in reaching the truth, it is safe to say that there are in New York 5000 persons habitually houseless, penniless, friendless. But they are by no means constant in their attendance at the station-houses. Taking the figures of one station-house for two months will best tell the story. At this house in January last there were 939 males and 316 females accommodated, and in the succeeding July the numbers were 101 males and 241 females. It will thus be seen that the males outnumbered the females about three to one in winter; but that in summer it was reversed, and the females were in a majority of about two to one. The explanation is found in the fact that the females are regulars, and the figures are indicating the same individuals summer and winter.

While all nationalities are represented among the lodgers, it appears, from the very imperfect records which are kept, that the Irish slightly predominate, the natives very nearly approach them, and that there is comparatively but a slight sprinkling of other races. Since the influx of negroes from the South there have been some of them lodgers, and they appear to have been classed on the books as natives. But all these matters, which should be definitely ascertained and recorded facts, are unsatisfactory surmises. In many of the station-houses not even the names of the lodgers are taken, but the doorman simply counts his sleepers, male and female, and the figures only are put upon the blotter and reported. In these houses, of course, only the totals of lodgings granted can be ascertained; and in the houses where the names are taken but little more can be gleaned. It is a sufficient example of the carelessness with which this subject is officially treated that, in the same station-house, one of the four sergeants alternately in charge of the desk appended the nationalities of the lodgers, while the other three did not. And the fact was no discredit to them. In recording the names they had already gone beyond the strict requirements of their duty, and can not be censured for failing to do what they have never been asked to perform.

While dealing with statistics it is proper to add that the marked increase in the number of lodgers during the first three quarters of 1868 over previous years is due to the fact that, during the latter part of the past winter, the Commissioners of Public Charities became conscious that there were great numbers of persons lodging in the station-houses who had nothing to eat, and they provided one hearty meal per day at the police prisons for such of the lodgers as should be provided with tickets by the captains of the precincts. The effect was an immediate and great increase in the number of lodgers. The requisite to obtain that meal was to be a station-house lodger, and hundreds braved the horrors of the rooms who had always before shrunk from them with mortal terror. The meals were discontinued

with the first blush of spring, and the lodgers instantly dwindled in numbers to the average.

What shall be done with these thousands of homeless men and women? The question has been repeatedly asked, but has never had any satisfactory reply. It is plain that the present arrangements for their care, which are purely the results of accident and usage, are a disgrace to the city, a positive damage to a portion of the recipients of the charity, and an unnecessary hardship to others. The Police Commissioners have done the best they could; but it is not their duty to do any thing at all, unless they are authorized by law to do something a great deal better. In their last annual Report to the Governor of the State the Commissioners said in reference to the lodgers:

"They are supplied with a place to sleep upon naked wooden platforms, without beds or bed-clothing, in rooms kept sufficiently warm to secure them from suffering, or danger from cold. Separate apartments for men and women are provided. Though this accommodation is of the plainest and cheapest possible character, it is of great value to the miserable persons who, in great numbers, resort to them. Perhaps no equal expenditure of the public money, in any department, confers a larger benefit upon those who are considered proper subjects of the care of the government. This department is informed, by the observations of its members in all parts of the city, that already the number of persons suffering from extreme destitution is large beyond example; and it is expected that, as the cold season progresses, the sufferings of the poor will demand for their relief all the energies of the organized charities, both official and voluntary."

In suggesting a remedy the Commissioners can only say:

"It would be a charity well bestowed to provide, independent of the station-houses, auxiliary lodging-houses, under the charge of the police, to be located in different portions of the city where the population is dense, of sufficient dimensions to receive all those wretched people who can not be accommodated in the existing lodging-rooms."

The city of New York is certainly able to do much more than this. It is certainly able to banish the lodgers from the station-houses altogether, where these outcasts should never be allowed to come. It is bad for them; it is worse for the police force. Instances have been known where police-officers have sickened and died of diseases engendered by these lodgers, and the city assuredly has not the right to compel its guardians to undergo these extra hazardous and unnecessary risks. Properly managed, the lodging-houses suggested by the Commissioners could be made to relieve the station-houses entirely, and at the same time furnish accommodations for the inmates more in consonance with the Christianity of the age. To furnish a pauper with a place to stand all night in a warm room, or, at the utmost, space to lie upon a stone floor, is perhaps doing much for him, but it is questionable whether it is all that the community owes him. These lodging-houses should be sufficiently numerous and commodious to receive all proper applicants, and should be established on some plan similar to that adopted in London. The expense would of course be considerable at the outset; but with labor agencies

connected with the houses to assist the lodgers in becoming self-helpful the number of applicants would rapidly diminish, and the cost would soon become comparatively insignificant. But, be the cost what it might, it is a burning shame to this city that the present system has been permitted to exist so long. The community has no right to treat any pauper with unnecessary cruelty, and this matter must be reformed if New York desires to be considered a Christian city.

The rounders are considered the great stumbling-blocks in the way of reform. Nine out of ten of the persons familiar with the subject will say that it is impossible to do any thing better so long as the rounders exist, and that it is impossible to get rid of them. But the tenth man, being practical, sees no insuperable difficulty. The able-bodied man who can get work and will not work is no longer a pauper, but a criminal, and the rounders are not so numerous but that they can be committed to the semi-penal charitable institutions of the State. No legislation whatever is needed to extinguish the class, as the present vagrancy act is amply sufficient, and was used to commit the rounders as vagrants years ago. A premium upon idleness will, in every large city, always produce an overflowing abundance of the article, and it is a mock philanthropy that hesitates to extinguish the rounders entirely. When they no longer exist the lodging-houses, which must sooner or later be provided, can be few in number, and yet amply sufficient to succor the casual poor.

The rounders must be exterminated by the law. That done, the station-house lodgers are the most deserving, as they are the most needy, of the city poor. The great field of benevolent effort here opened to official or private enterprise is entirely unworked, and in none can the tillers hope for more abundant reward.

A SEA OF TROUBLES.

SHE was only an old woman, with white hair, toil-hardened hands, and curiously wrinkled face, who washed for a living. Her story, as she truly said, was neither strange nor uncommon; yet it impressed me strangely, and I have written it down, as nearly as I can recollect, in her own words:

Will I tell you my story? Certainly, if you wish. Not that there is any thing uncommon in it. Heaven knows it is but a common everyday tale; but it may teach you how light, comparatively, is the trouble which you now think will shadow your whole future.

We were very poor when we were first married, John and I; so poor that when our first baby died we were unable to buy for him either shroud or coffin. We would not be indebted to charity, and I robbed him in a little white slip which he had almost outgrown, while John made a plain pine box. Having placed him in it ourselves—no stranger hands desecrated our

darling—the old sexton took the box under his arm and we followed it to the grave with breaking hearts—the only mourners. For ten happy years the death of that child was the only shadow on our hearts. We prospered in every thing; so much so that at the end of these ten years we had a pleasant, comfortable home of our own, and no man could say we owed him a dollar. We had to work hard, to be sure; but what cared we for that, when we had health and strength? Our children too, were healthy, intelligent, and noted throughout the village for their remarkable beauty. And in all those happy years no words of bitterness or wrath had ever broken the harmony that existed between my husband and myself. Our love was as warm, our faith in each other as strong, as when, with scarcely a dollar between us, we had vowed before God to be faithful to each other in health or sickness, in poverty or wealth. Both early left orphans, with neither brother nor sister, we were alone in the world, with none to come between us; and our children as they came, instead of dividing our hearts, but drew the tie stronger and closer with each one.

But for all this happiness there was no gratitude to Him whose gracious gift alone it was. The incense of prayer and thanksgiving arose not, morning or evening, from our dwelling. Our happiness, our prosperity, all the blessings we enjoyed, we arrogantly claimed had been won by our own exertions; and when I looked on the lovely faces of my children, instead of thanking God for those He had given me, I murmured against Him in bitterness and wrath that He had taken *one* to be always with Him. I never forgot the sorrow that had left such a cold pain at my heart, and with a mother's fond fancy, I often pictured to myself what he would have been like now; how superior, even to my other children in beauty, cleverness, and all loving ways.

Bitterly have I been punished for my sinful rebellion. With light afflictions first, and then with the sunshine of uninterrupted prosperity, God had tried my soul. But the time came when a sterner discipline was enforced. A cloud arose suddenly; at first scarce larger than a man's hand, but soon it overspread the heavens.

There had been an exciting political campaign, and my husband was keenly interested. As usual in country towns, the tavern had been the rallying place of all parties; strong drink—the curse of our country—flowed freely, and without stint; men were drawn in to drink who had never drank before, and I was not the only wife who dated the beginning of her misery from that time. It came on me like a thunder-bolt. I had always had such perfect faith in John that I seldom questioned him as to his coming and going, as wives sometimes do; and before I had even begun to dream of danger the fatal habit was fixed; its shackles no power on earth could break; and I awoke

to the awful truth, that my husband was a drunkard! Oh, the misery of those days! I could not describe them if I would; I can not think of them without a shudder. And still my heart was untouched, and I murmured loudly at my fate, believing that never any woman had suffered as I was suffering.

But there came a dreadful day, when John came home from the tavern where he had been drinking all day. He was more savage even than usual when in that condition, for he had been worsted in a quarrel with one of his associates. With blows and curses he drove the children from the scanty fire out into the bitter cold. I tried to save them, but only received a blow for my pains.

In my arms I held my little Mary, then not quite two years old. She had been ailing for several days, and her ceaseless moaning and fretting did not tend to soothe her father's irritation. Finding his threats and curses of no avail, he approached me with purpose of inflicting chastisement on her. I strove to escape; I was resolved I would not yield her to his brutality; but he seized me before I could reach the door. I resisted; a desperate struggle ensued; and between us the child fell, her back striking on the edge of a wooden bucket which stood near. A sharp cry, a moaning sob, a convulsive shudder, and then a sudden stillness, which I believed was death. It was not to be; she was spared for more suffering; and a less selfish mother, witnessing the agonizing pains that racked her little frame, would have welcomed the death which would have released her from the torture that she endured. But, unreasonable as ever, I would not give her up; I raved like a madwoman when the doctor tried gently to prepare me for what he feared would be the end. But when, after many weeks, he gave me the assurance that she would live, stranger though I was to prayer or thanksgiving, I thanked God with all my heart. But this was not all the good doctor had to say, and the rest of his communication changed my thanksgiving into curses so bitter that all fled from me in horror. My baby, my darling, was a helpless, hopeless cripple!

The weeks dragged wearily on, and, absorbed in my poor child, I paid but little attention to my husband. Wholly given up to drink, he staggered out and in, how and when he pleased; but since Mary's accident he had ceased to abuse his family as he had done; in fact, he seldom spoke. In the first heat of my passion I had said I hated him and wished he was dead; and when I said this I really believed I meant it. But when a time came that he was missing from his usual haunts, I grew restless and uneasy; and as the days lengthened into weeks and still he did not return, my anxiety grew almost insupportable. My harshness, I thought, had driven him forever from his home. He was found at last, frozen to death, in a deep ravine, not far from the tavern where he had last been seen, and from

which he had staggered at a late hour of a bitter cold night.

It was not for the husband of later years I sorrowed, but for the man with whom I had joined hands in early youth, and who had left me, but not, as I had still hoped, forever. Now this hope was dead as the cold, rigid figure that lay before me, and I grieved deeply. It was little time I could spare to grief, however. With four helpless children and no means of support, save the labor of my own hands, I could not afford to fold those hands in idle sorrow.

I have not time to tell you of the struggles of the next few years, nor yet of the noble qualities of my oldest child—my brave, handsome Charley. He was scarcely ten years old when his father died; yet he put his shoulder to the wheel, and strove with all the earnestness of manhood to help us all. Patient, persevering, energetic, and spirited, he could not fail to win friends; and when the railroad was brought through our little town, Charley, though only nineteen, obtained a responsible and important position at the dépôt, with a salary sufficient to maintain us all comfortably. Catherine, my next child, was the acknowledged beauty of the village. Louis was handsome, intelligent, and obedient; and once more my heart swelled with pride, only slightly subdued as I looked on my poor Mary, now more helpless than ever, but in her daily life teaching a lesson of patient submission and saint-like resignation that might have reached a heart less hardened than mine.

Catherine was in her eighteenth year when a stranger, who had been staying in the town for some weeks, met her as she was coming from church. He seemed quite struck with her appearance, and, with ready tact, soon obtained an introduction. He was a handsome, dashing man, with all the polish and glitter of city breeding; just the kind of man to take the heart of an innocent, simply-raised girl by storm. Her companions greatly envied her good fortune in securing such a prize; and even I, who ought to have known better, was so dazzled by his smooth, plausible manner and seeming brilliance that I looked no deeper than the surface. It was little wonder that Catherine was completely ensnared, yielding every pulse of her heart to George Winters with all the lavish generosity of a woman's first love.

Only Charley was not deceived. He regarded our new friend with suspicion from the first; and when he could not induce either Catherine or me to share his distrust, he wrote to some friends in the city. The answers he received convinced even me that his distrust was only too well founded. "Dissipated, reckless, and unprincipled:" this was the report of those who knew George Winters well. His own family had long since cast him off, while his vices and excesses of all kinds had banished him from any thing like decent society.

Bitterly mortified, as well as angry, I told Catherine of the reports, never doubting but that she would, of her own will, drop all farther intimacy, or even acquaintance with him.

Catherine had always been a gentle, obedient child. Judge of my astonishment, then, when she answered me by a passionate avowal of her love for him, and utter disbelief in all reports to his discredit. My temper was never gentle, and this excited it to fury. With harsh words and bitter reproaches I forbade her to see him, write to him, or hold any communion whatever with him. She made no answer to this; and, mistaking her silence for submission, I believed I had conquered. A few weeks had passed in seeming quiet, when, one afternoon, Charley hastily entered the house and asked for Catherine. His manner was excited; and startled and alarmed, I scarcely knew why, I said:

"She went down street to get trimming for her dress. But what is the matter, Charley?"

"Then it is true," he exclaimed. "That she should be so foolish, so mad! But I will follow them at once; I may catch them before it is too late."

"Follow whom, Charley?" I cried out, in an agony of fear, as a glimmering of his meaning broke in upon me. "Where is Catherine? and what do you mean?"

"Catherine is gone with George Winters. Tom Gill saw them get on the train together. But I will bring her back if possible."

The next moment he was gone, leaving me standing on the floor almost paralyzed. Very long the afternoon and evening seemed. I hurried Mary and Louis to bed, evading their questions as well as I could. Left alone, I tried in vain to read or sew; but as the suspense grew unbearable, I gave up the attempt, and betook myself to pacing the floor, trying to decide in my own mind what kind of a reception I would give my runaway daughter; for that Charley would bring her home I did not permit myself to doubt even for a moment. At first my anger was hot and fierce; and I coned over, as though it had been a lesson, the stern, bitter words with which I would greet her. But as the night wore on my mood changed, and I could not but pity the poor child, as my thoughts went back to my own youth, and the love that glorified all things, however mean or common. "After all," I thought, "she was not so much to blame; George Winters was very taking; and I was to blame myself, for I had encouraged his attentions at first." So thinking, I resolved I would not be hard on her, but receive her kindly. Perhaps gentle measures would win her to our views.

Longer and longer grew the hours. Would the night never come to an end? But when the morning came it brought no repentant daughter; but my boy—my noble, darling boy—was borne to my door a lifeless, mangled

corpse. There had been a frightful collision, and he was only one of many victims.

I can not bear to speak or even think of that time. I buried my dead out of sight, and then, refusing every offer of help or sympathy from well-meaning friends or neighbors, I took my two remaining children and turned my back upon the place, where I had known so much of joy and sorrow, forever. We came to this city, where, I thought, Louis—now a well-grown lad of fifteen—would easily get work. I would again turn to the needle, and, at least, every neighbor would not know of our troubles.

I found it hard enough to get work for either Louis or myself; but at last he obtained a situation in a printing-office, and about the same time I got work from a tailor—poorly paid, it is true, but I could do no better. Mary, though unable to move from her chair, tried to help—knitting tidies, making tatting, and crocheting many fanciful little articles, which sold readily.

For the next three years nothing disturbed the monotony of our lives. I know now it was a mistake as well as a grievous sin, the letting the dark shadow that enveloped my own soul brood over my home. To Mary, fast ripening for heaven, it could do little harm; but to a boy like Louis, with all the wild spirits and eager desire for pleasure natural to his age, the influence of a home such as ours could be only evil. It was little wonder that he gladly escaped from it to any resort, however questionable, where he found the light and brightness denied him at home. I was criminally culpable, I confess it before God. Absorbed in selfish grief for the children I had lost, I took no heed of those who were left except for their bodily comforts; and Louis came and went as he pleased. When he was out late at night, or even all night, I supposed his work kept him, and asked no questions. When his weekly wages were short—as grew to be a common occurrence—he had still some plausible excuse to offer, and I accepted it without a word. Mary was quicker sighted. She saw the evil long before I had even guessed it; and it was pitiful to see how she plotted and schemed to keep him with us in the evenings, and how she tried to brighten the home her mother's gloom had darkened. Her efforts were in vain. My own influence and authority, tardily exerted, availed as little. As it had been with my husband, so it was with my son. I could only fold my hands and look on, dumb with despair, while he rushed madly on to shame, despair, and death.

One evening he came home for supper earlier than usual, saying he did not feel very well. After he had eaten he put on his hat, and saying he had some work to finish at the office, but would be home early, went out. He had been unusually steady for a week or two, and I had no presentiment of evil. At the usual time I assisted Mary to bed, and, leaving a lunch on the table for Louis, I lay down beside her. It was long past midnight when, aroused by his knock, I rose and opened the door. As he

staggered in I saw that his face was bleeding, his clothes torn, his right hand bruised, as though he had struck a violent blow. Altogether he was a pitiable object; and with a sickening sense of impotent grief and despair, I helped him to a lounge, washing off the blood, which I found proceeded from a slight cut in his forehead, and drawing off his boots, I left him, already buried in drunken sleep.

I had no need to tell Mary why he had not come home early; she heard enough to enlighten her, and I found her sobbing bitterly. I had no words of comfort for her. I lay down in perfect silence; but the bitter thoughts that were in my own heart, banishing all sleep, only God may know. It was almost morning before I fell into a disturbed sleep, from which I was suddenly startled by a loud and continuous knocking. I sprang from the bed, and dressing hastily I went into the other room, where, to my astonishment, I found Louis sitting up, his face ghastly with the pallor of mortal terror. With trembling hands he was trying to pull on his boots; and as I put my hand to the door, he said, in a hoarse whisper, "For God's sake don't open the door, mother! Let me get away, or hide me first."

I withdrew my hand, a sudden fear shooting like an ice-bolt to my heart; but as I looked at him again I said to myself, "He is hardly more than half awake; certainly not half sober. He don't know what he is frightened at." Even as the thought passed through my mind, the persons outside, with a sudden rush, burst the door from its hinges, and two policemen entered the room. Louis started up; but before he could take a single step, one of the men laid his hand on the wretched boy's collar, with the words,

"Louis King, you are my prisoner."

"Your prisoner?" said Louis, with a poor show of bravado; "why, old fellow, what's the row?"

Before the words were fairly spoken the second officer had slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, saying, as he did so,

"Best not say any thing, King. We don't want to report your words. This is your hat, I suppose?" lifting it from the floor. "Come along quietly, now—it will be best for yourself."

I had stood like one thunder-struck; but now, as they were taking him out of the door, I interposed.

"At least," I said, "before you take him away you will tell me what he has done?"

The men hesitated, but finally one spoke:

"Well, you see, ma'am, it will have to be proved; but the charge is murder."

"Murder!" A wild cry from the inner room echoed the word, while Louis, with a look of genuine horror, faltered out,

"Why—why—you don't mean to say the fellow is dead?"

They allowed him no further words, but hurried him away, and I was left alone with Mary, almost mad with this new horror which had come so suddenly upon us.

As soon as I could leave Mary I hurried to the magistrate's office, but only got there in time to see Louis taken away to prison, fully committed on the charge of murder. It was the old story. A crowd of half-grown boys, all drunk together; they had fallen out among themselves; slung-shots, knuckles, and tumblers had been freely used. The bar-keeper—for it happened in a tavern—interposed to make peace, and, as a reward for his well-meant efforts, received a blow on the head from a tumbler which caused his death in two or three hours; and there were plenty of witnesses to prove that Louis King's hand threw the tumbler.

A few weeks brought the day of trial, and Louis stood at the bar to answer for his crime. The prosecution had few witnesses, but their evidence was clear and positive. With every word they spoke my boy's case grew darker and more hopeless. His lawyer labored faithfully, making the most of the only line of defense possible, that Louis was mad with drink, not knowing what he was doing. The judge ruled that this could not be admitted in palliation of his crime, yet I could not but think the jury—many of them fathers—would consider it, as well as his youth, when rendering their verdict.

I never knew how I lived through these terrible days; but they came to an end all too soon. The jury gave in a verdict of murder in the second degree, and, like one in a dream, I heard the sentence which consigned my boy for ten years to the State Prison. I saw him led out of the court-room, and then, without a word to any one, I turned my face homeward. In cold, curt words I told Mary of the sentence, and that night, for the first time in weeks, I slept soundly.

Early the next morning, in the same curious, half-dazed way, I went to the jail to see him for the last time before he was taken to the prison. For the first time I realized the bitter truth, that death is but a light trial. It was over at last, and slowly, almost reluctantly, I returned home.

In all these years I had never seen my daughter Catherine; but for some time I had known that she was in the same city. A few months before Louis had met her in the street, but when he began to tell me of this meeting all the old wrath and bitterness flamed up in my heart, and I forbade him to mention her name or speak to her if he met her again. Unknown to me, however, she had visited him in the jail; she had left the cell just before I entered it that morning, and when I reached home I found her by Mary's bedside. At first I scarcely recognized my blooming Catherine in the wasted, haggard spectre that lifted a pale, frightened face to mine; but when I knew it for herself, I felt no pity for the suffering so plainly written on her face. I must have been mad, I think: in no other way can I excuse the torrent of fierce, wrathful words which, without a mo-

ment's hesitation, I greeted her with. How dared she, I asked, show her face in the home she had shamed and desolated? I bade her think of Charley in his grave, Louis in prison, brought there by her. I said, if I ever forgave her I hoped God would send death on me that moment; and I bid her begone, and take my curse along with her.

Catherine's face grew ghastly white, and once she cried out, beseechingly:

"Oh, mother, have you no pity?"

"Pity!" I screamed; "and who pities me? Who has pity on Louis, brought to prison by his sister's fault? Had we still been in our quiet home in the village, away from the vices and temptations of city life, would this have happened? Pity! how dare you ask it? Out of my sight, I tell you, before I am tempted to do you a mischief!"

Without another word Catherine rose, and, leaving a kiss on Mary's lips, passed out of the door; and—grant me pity, Lord, though I had none on her!—I never saw her face again.

It was after this time I began to go out washing. I could not make enough with the needle to support us, and there was nothing else I could do. As the weary months went by Mary grew weaker and weaker, till at last she was confined to bed all the time. It was very hard to go away in the morning, to be gone from her all day; but the poor must work, and the neighbors were very kind. I knew at last that she would soon leave me. A little while before, this would have well-nigh maddened me; but, thank God, she had not lived in vain!

Late though it was, I at length learned from her where to look for comfort. Her hand led me to the Cross, where—I speak with humility—Christ's hand lifted the burden from my heart. His voice spoke peace to my troubled soul. Not at first did I find the blessing; there were many days and weeks of almost despairing agony; but beside the dying bed of my child peace came, and in sincere submission I could say, "Thy will be done!"

A few nights before she died Mary spoke of Catherine. I had not seen or heard of her since the day I had treated her so harshly; but I now learned that she had come to see Mary several times when she knew I was absent. It was several weeks now, Mary said, since she had been there last; and Mary's desire to see her was so strong that she even urged me to seek her out and bring her to the house.

"And you will forgive her, mother?" she said: "you will not talk to her as you did that

wretched day; for if she has sinned, she has also suffered. I can read it in her face, though she never complains. I fear her husband is not kind to her, and I know his relatives will not receive them."

It was very hard for me to give up what I considered my righteous indignation; but how could I resist such a pleader? Early the next morning, leaving a kind neighbor to sit with Mary, I set out for the street where Catherine had told Mary she lived. I found the number easily enough; but a strange woman opened the door, who, in answer to my inquiries, informed me that the Winters had left the city. "And it was time for him, the scoundrel, to be going," she added; "but God help his poor wife!"

I know nothing of George Winters; but I live in daily dread of hearing his name linked with some deed of guilt. It may be I have already so heard of him, for he would be very apt to change his name: and so it is that I am left in such terrible suspense as you can not even imagine. Whenever I hear of a crime committed by some one who is not immediately known, my thoughts fly to Louis; when I hear of some woman who has suffered, perhaps died, from her husband's brutality, a horrible fear that it may be Catherine fills my heart. They may be at the other end of the world, or they may be in the same city with me; and often, when I go home in the evening, I think "one of them may have come;" and, when I open the door, I almost look to see one come forward to meet me. Where they are, or what they have been driven to, only God knows. I try to trust Him, but the way is very dark, and my old eyes are dim with tears—tears shed, not for the dead, but for the living. But God is good; and, though their living faces may never bless my longing eyes, yet I can but hope that Mary's love and prayers will not be lost, but that they may yet be brought to that sole refuge for the hopeless—the Cross of Christ—"saved even as by fire."

I have told you my story, child; and now, if you ever feel like challenging the justice and mercy of God, because He has taken some you have loved from the evil that is in this world, think of me in my lonely room, praying not for the life but for the death of my children, and then thank God it is only for the dead you sorrow. Bitterer, a thousand times bitterer, is the living sorrow. This it is that whitens the hair, that bows the frame, that fills the heart with anguish and mourning all the days of our life.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE publication of Mrs. Stowe's late disclosure in regard to Lord Byron was a public shock, as the sudden allegation of great crime always is. Those whose hearts never cease to throb with the passionate music of

"Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever, fare thee well,"

and with the exquisite sadness of the lines to Augusta—

"Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,"

repelled the story as the foulest and most unpardonable of calumnies. Did they also reflect that at the very time that Byron was writing these verses, so mournful, so tender, so musical, his debauched life was the scandal of Europe, and he was publishing the most ribald caricatures of the wife to whom he sang that fond farewell?

On the 15th of January, 1816, Lady Byron left her husband's house in London, and never returned to it. Lord Byron was the most famous man of his time, and every incident of his life was discussed, as every line that he wrote was read, with passionate eagerness. The separation became the gossip of the world. In the midst of the excitement the poet left England forever, and after living in Italy and Greece, died at Missolonghi on the 19th of April, 1824. Lady Byron, from the moment of the separation, was silent. Through all the tempest of rumor, of suspicion, of assertion, she declined to speak. Her life was thenceforth veiled from the public eye, and dedicated to the noblest charities. "Since that time," says Miss Martineau, one of her friends, and a woman amply qualified to speak of so devoted and lofty a life—"since that time there have been many who have believed and said that no one person in England was doing so much good as Lady Byron. It was not done, as her husband gave out, by attending charity balls, or dispensing soups and blankets and mandarin sentiment. Among the multitude of ways in which she did good, the chief and the best was by instituting and encouraging popular education." Lady Byron lived forty-four years after the separation, and the long silence that she had maintained to the world still unbroken, she died on the 16th of May, 1860; and, as was supposed, the secret of the separation died with her. "Her life began with sunshine," says Miss Martineau; "then it was shaken by a fearful storm, which clouded the rest of her life; but she, sitting in the shade, sent a multitude into the sunshine, and patiently wore away the last two-thirds of her life in making others happier than she could be herself."

The relation of Swift and Stella was not more mysterious than the separation of Lord and Lady Byron. From the moment it became plain, after the consultation with Dr. Lushington and Sir Samuel Romilly, that it was not an ordinary case of incompatibility, there was a curiosity which has been always unsatisfied. Of course, as Lady Byron was absolutely silent, the received explanation came from her husband alone; and

it is substantially that she was cold and he was wild, and so they parted. His story, indeed, was not consistent. In his poetry he sneeringly ridiculed her as a stiff Puritan, while in private letters he declared that a better, brighter, kinder, more amiable and agreeable woman never lived. Moreover, his final departure from England, the character of what he wrote afterward, and the defiantly reckless life that he led in Italy, all imply something more than an ordinary separation from incompatibility. They imply, indeed, some unusual occasion of separation. The received explanation rests solely upon his word—the word of a man who, having proved that nothing could disturb the silence of his wife, and that he might do what he would without question, did not hesitate to devote his dazzling power to ridiculing and insulting her to a fascinated world; while he lived the most notoriously debauched life at her expense, supporting his mistresses upon her money, and leaving away from her in his will every shilling of her fortune which the law authorized him to control. Such a man's story of his separation from that wife does not necessarily command either respect or belief: but apparently there was to be no other.

Yet now, more than fifty years after the event, and nearly ten after the death of Lady Byron, we have her story. Certainly, if she chose, she was entitled to speak. The presumption of offense in the separation was not against her. The extraordinary assertion of the *New York Times*, that Lady Byron "pursued the poet with a systematic malignity which was sometimes scarcely compatible with the theory of her sanity," is so wholly unfounded as to perplex an intelligent reader. Two or three years after Lord Byron's death, Lady Byron, at the request of Moore when he was preparing his *Life of Byron*, wrote a brief statement in regard to the separation, the substance of which was, that she believed her husband to be deranged at the time, but she says not a word of the occasion of her departure. Again, in 1836, a kind of disclosure was offered in the name of Lady Byron in Thomas Campbell's *New Monthly Magazine*. But she knew nothing of it whatever, and Campbell was obliged to own that he did not know what he was about when he published the paper. About this, also, Lady Byron declined to make any explanation or complaint; but many years afterward, in a private letter, she said to a friend who was similarly slandered: "I am grieved for you as regards the actual position. But it will come right. I was myself made to appear responsible for a publication by Campbell, most unfairly, some years ago; so that, if I had not imagination enough to enter into your case, experience would have taught me to do so." If there were ever a woman whose life and character, as known by her most intimate and faithful friends as well as by common report, attested her perfect truthfulness, it was Lady Byron; and of her deep and unflinching affection for her husband there is equally no question. That she should invent an unspeakably horrible slander upon him after he had been thirty years dead is simply incredible. Her story must, therefore, be considered true,

or it must be rejected upon the ground that Lady Byron was honestly self-deceived; that she was of unsound mind when she told it, or that it has been incorrectly reported.

Is it incorrectly reported? Mrs. Stowe tells us that, upon her first visit to England, she became a friend and correspondent of Lady Byron. When she was again in England, in 1856, Lady Byron, supposing that she was soon to die, asked a confidential interview, in which she told Mrs. Stowe that many friends declared it to be a religious duty for her to break her long silence, and tell the truth in regard to her separation from Lord Byron; and this was further urged upon her as a means of obviating the ill effects of a cheap edition of his poems, which was about to be published. She therefore wished to tell the story to a friend of another country, who was wholly beyond the personal and local influences which necessarily prevail in England, and have the benefit of that friend's judgment as to her duty. Lady Byron then told Mrs. Stowe the secret history of her parting with her husband, stating that she had become aware of an incestuous intrigue between Lord Byron and his half-sister. Profoundly impressed with the interview, Mrs. Stowe asked time for reflection, and returned to her lodging with a brief memorandum with dates which Lady Byron gave her. After two or three days Mrs. Stowe wrote to Lady Byron that, as the disclosure must necessarily involve so much that was painful to her, it would be better to leave the facts with some person to be published after her death. Whether Lady Byron followed her advice Mrs. Stowe does not say, and probably does not know. She states, however, that the facts have "long been perfectly understood in many circles in England;" and that after Lady Byron's death she looked anxiously for a memoir, but none appeared. Mrs. Stowe does not say that Lady Byron, although she told her the story, authorized her to make it public. But evidently regarding herself as a discretionary depository of the secret, and the only one in America, she resolved that, whatever might be done in England by those who knew all the facts, the long controversy should not end in America by a handful of dirt, thrown by Lord Byron's mistress upon the silent grave of his wife; but that the truth of history, and the fair fame of a most injured woman, should be simultaneously vindicated.

This is Mrs. Stowe's story; and this, at least, will not be doubted. Whether she actually had authority to publish the statement of Lady Byron—whether she should not have consulted the feelings of Lady Byron's grandchildren—whether she does not altogether overestimate the influence of a work of such a notorious person as the Countess Guiccioli; and whether any personal revelations about Byron can affect the influence of his works, are questions irrelevant to the main inquiry of the truth of Lady Byron's narrative. Mrs. Stowe may very probably know, from the nature of her intimacy with Lady Byron, that the confidence was left in her discretion; and she may also know that those whose knowledge of the truth might be most painful to the grandchildren of Lady Byron are already aware of it. She may further be persuaded that, whatever tends to perpetuate the impression that Lord Byron might have been redeemed but for

his wife's unreasonable Puritanic severity, immeasurably increases his morbid influence, and represents her in a light as odious as it is false. And as there could be no reason whatever for not telling the exact truth, however revolting, about Swift and Stella—if any body knew it—so Mrs. Stowe is probably of opinion that there can be none for further concealing the truth of the separation of Lord and Lady Byron.

If, then, it can not be doubted that Mrs. Stowe has accurately reported what Lady Byron told her, did Lady Byron probably tell her the truth? Can there, indeed, be any motive suggested, assuming Lady Byron to have been of sound mind, why she should have invented so foul an aspersion upon her husband's memory, or why she should have wantonly smitten with so terrible a blow the grandchildren whom she tenderly loved? None whatever, except upon the theory to which we have alluded of her habitual malignant persecution of Byron's memory—a theory which has not a single fact for its support, and which her whole life and her confessed character contradict. But, again, if no bad motive can be presumed, is it likely that a woman like Lady Byron, who loved her husband deeply—who had kept silence for nearly forty years, not thinking it necessary during that time, when the influence of his works was most universal and powerful, to attempt to counteract it by telling the ghastly truth—is it likely that for no other reason than the publication of a new edition of his works, which she had so long seen multiplied without remonstrance, she would tell so hideous a tale, unless her mind were so seriously weakened as to impair her moral responsibility? When Lady Byron told this story she was sixty-four years old, and although supposing herself to be near her death, she lived for four years. She had been for many years an invalid, but her illness had not been such as to abate the force of her mind, nor in any manner to obscure her perceptions; nor was it remarked, of the years after the story was privately told to Mrs. Stowe, that her faculties were impaired. Indeed, without expressly stating the fact, Miss Martineau implies that Lady Byron was mistress of herself to the last. She was certainly not a woman to be terrified by the approach of death, but one who would carefully consider every duty, and satisfy every claim. Moreover, Mrs. Stowe is quite capable of weighing the circumstances of the interview, and is little more likely than the shrewdest of her readers to be deluded by the maunderings of a fading brain.

If, then, Lady Byron's story can not be supposed a dream of disease, how can it be reconciled with her unquestionable love for her husband? Is it not inconceivable that she should so blast his memory? In considering this question we must remember that she was a religious woman, to whose mind the spiritual world was constantly present; and believing, as such a mind necessarily does, that one so dearly loved was now of a heavenly and clearer vision, it is easy to understand that she would incline to believe him to prefer that the truth should be told rather than that his earthly name should be brighter at the cost of falsehood, and especially as she believed him not to have been fully responsible for the offense. This is the intelligible action of a mind religiously exalted; and with

such a mind the earnest representation that an actual, measurable good influence would be exerted by publishing the truth, would be persuasive in a degree that might seem unreasonable to other minds. If it be asked why such reasoning was not as conclusive twenty years ago, it is enough to answer that the same arguments affect the same mind differently at different times and under different circumstances.

There is, then, no fair reason to doubt that Mrs. Stowe has faithfully reported what Lady Byron honestly believed; nor until we have some evidence of the decay of her faculties have we any right to question upon that ground the truth of Lady Byron's story. But the narration, as Mrs. Stowe repeats it, contains no specific proof. Lady Byron, so far as appears in the report, did not say whether she were personally cognizant of the truth of her allegation, or whether she inferred the facts from her observation of the general relations between Lord Byron and his half-sister. But it is clear that a woman of the character which has been always attributed to Lady Byron, by those who knew her best, would not naturally or easily suspect in her husband so unusual and odious an offense. The theory that she loved him passionately, and that the sister took her brother's part when his wife jealously reproached him for his infidelities, and that consequently Lady Byron conceived a hatred for the sister so bitter as to suppose the reason of her sympathy with her brother to be an incestuous intrigue, is wholly untenable upon any of the facts. Only to a woman of the fiercest and most ill-regulated nature and passions would her rage suggest so horrible a suspicion, and it is impossible to believe Lady Byron to have been such a woman.

If, then, Lady Byron did not malignantly invent the story, and if there be no fair reason in what is known of her character to suppose her to be self-deceived, what countenance do the known facts give to her story? Lord Byron was the son of Captain John Byron of the Guards, a man whose conduct, with that of his uncle, from whom the poet inherited his title, had tarnished the name of an ancient family. Byron's father was a man so recklessly debauched that he was called mad Jack Byron; and it was a disgrace for any honorable woman to be seen with him. In his twenty-seventh year Jack Byron seduced the Marchioness of Carmarthen and eloped with her to the Continent, where a daughter, Augusta, was born. The Marchioness was divorced and was married to Jack Byron, but died in two years; and her husband then married Miss Gordon, whose fortune he spent, and died in 1791, leaving her destitute with one son, the poet—a weakly child of three years, whom his mother indulged and spoiled. In 1798 he succeeded his great-uncle in the title and estates, and grew up a wayward, brilliant, morbid, passionate, and totally undisciplined man. His half-sister Augusta, meanwhile, was educated upon the Continent, and they were unknown to each other.

As a young man Lord Byron was notoriously dissipated, and his excesses seriously impaired his constitution and involved his fortune before he was of age. He traveled for three years, and in 1812 published the first two Cantos of "Childe Harold." The immense renown and

admiration that followed utterly intoxicated him, and the licentiousness of his life was notorious; nor does any biographer seek to conceal it. He offered himself to Miss Milbanke, an heiress, and was refused. After two years more of the same wild life he offered himself to her again, and was accepted. She was rash; but she had loved him from the first, as he knew. They were married on the 2d of January, 1815; and in the carriage, on the way from the church to the home in which their married life was to begin, Lord Byron made some disclosure to his wife, which, whatever it was, was enough to apprise her that she was betrayed. The pitiful story of the arrival of the carriage at the door—of the bridegroom jumping out and walking away—of the pale bride stepping from the carriage alone and coming slowly up the steps of her new home "with a countenance and frame agonized and listless with evident horror and despair"—and of the old servant longing to offer his supporting arm to the hapless young girl—this tragical story is familiar. What Byron said was never known, until now we have Lady Byron's statement that when they were alone in the carriage, after the marriage ceremony, he reproached her for not accepting him when he first offered himself; and added, "Then you might have made me what you pleased; but now you will find that you have married a devil."

She lived with him for a year. In the following December a daughter was born, and on the 6th of January Lord Byron, in writing, desired his wife to leave his house. On the 8th, with the concurrence of his family, she consulted Dr. Baillie as to her husband's sanity. He could not pronounce an opinion, having no opportunity of personal knowledge, but recommended a cheerful tone in her correspondence. On the 15th of January she left London, and returned to her father's house. She wrote her husband one letter in a pleasant strain. Her mother wrote to ask him to come to Kirkby Mallory, Sir Ralph Milbanke's estate; and Sir Ralph himself then wrote to inform Lord Byron that his wife had decided not to return. The case was submitted anonymously, of course upon her representation, to Dr. Lushington and Sir Samuel Romilly, and they advised a permanent separation. Dr. Lushington, indeed, as an ecclesiastical lawyer, gave an opinion, from which it must be inferred, as a writer in the *Temple Bar Magazine* remarks, that Lady Byron's duty to God and man forbade her to return.

Dr. Lushington and Sir Samuel Romilly then, like the rest of the world now, have only Lady Byron's assertion. But, horrible as the charge may be, it is only essentially improbable, as all monstrous offenses are. There is certainly nothing in Lord Byron's character and career to make it especially unlikely. He was a man of the most intense and ungovernable passions. His half-sister, with whom he did not grow up, but whom he met as a stranger, was born of an adulterous amour, and in the veins of both ran a family blood tainted with insanity. He was palled with ordinary vice, and was unrestrained by the code or the customs of ordinary morality. With all his brilliant genius and generous impulses and resistless fascinations, this is undoubtedly true; and if the alleged offense can be supposed possible in the case of any Englishman

then living, of none could it be more plausibly asserted than of Lord Byron.

Byron, indeed, always denied that he knew the cause of the separation. This he could safely do, for he must have known that his wife would never publicly reveal it during her life unless compelled to do so in self-defense. Therefore he made no very serious attempt at reconciliation, nor did he ever claim any authority over his child. He left England forever, and went first by the Rhine to Switzerland. Upon the banks of that river, in the month of May, Moore says that he wrote the lines, "The castled Crag of Drachenfels," and that they were addressed to his sister. They were afterward introduced into the third canto of "Childe Harold," preceded by the familiar stanza:

"And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
Than the church links withal; and, though unwed,
That love was pure and far above disguise;
Had stood the test of mortal enmities
Still undivided, and cemented more
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
Well to that heart might his these absent greet-
ings pour."

This is not the tone in which a brother naturally addresses a sister. And although the poetic license usually removes poetry from the domain of positive evidence, yet, in the case of Byron, under the alleged circumstances, this is at least remarkable.

But still more so is the tone and character of Manfred, of which incest is really the horrible *motif*. Why was the image of a misanthrope dwelling upon the memory of an unhallowed passion so vividly present to the mind of Lord Byron, just at this time, that his delineation of it is one of the most powerful and memorable of all his works? Why did the image and the thought perpetually haunt him, as appears from the tragedy of Cain, published in 1820, and in which Adah urges the most subtle plea for the incestuous connection of brother and sister? A strain that might be explained by the generally voluptuous uncleanness of his imagination becomes strangely significant when interpreted by this key.

To the obvious inquiry why Lady Byron did not at once leave her husband when she had discovered his offense, Mrs. Stowe's answer is not satisfactory. It is that Lady Byron was deeply attached to him, and hoped by her presence and influence to help him in his contest with the evil spirit. If such a hope be a delusion it is as old and as immortal as love, but under such circumstances as these it inspires a different conduct. Probably Mrs. Stowe would urge that in this case the offense was palliated in Lady Byron's feeling by the conviction that her husband, and, for the same reason, his sister, were not wholly responsible. That conviction and the advice of the physician would in this view explain the tone of the letter which she wrote to him after leaving London, and, with a thousand other obvious reasons, the profound silence of her life. That conviction also would make her the more willing to break the silence when it should seem to her a moral duty to speak.

The indignation with which Mrs. Stowe's disclosure has been generally received in this country may be regarded as a pleasant tribute to

human nature—as evidence of the universal unwillingness to believe any man guilty of so hideous an offense. But, for all that, the reception of her statement has not been candid. There has been an evident disposition to insist that it is too horrible to be true, and that that is the end of it. It has been declared to be against all the facts—the facts being chiefly the assertions and insinuations of Lord Byron and his friends. It has been denounced as a mere noisome scandal, as if the testimony of immediate parties to historical events were to be rejected because public opinion is already decided upon suspicion, hearsay, and *ex parte* allegations. It has been claimed that Lord Byron's misdeeds ought now to be removed from discussion, as if there were an outlawry which forbade those whom a popular poet has slandered from pleading the truth after a generation has passed away. It has been asserted that Lady Byron was malignant, implacable, relentless, base, and slanderous, because her story of the separation shocked those who refuse to believe that poetry which so dazzles and fascinates them could have been written by a man capable of such conduct. Again the line is applied to Lady Byron, "The moral Clytemnestra of her lord," as if she upon whom suspicion never breathed may properly be called an adulteress and murderer because, after forty years which have proved her word to be at least as trust-worthy as her lord's, she says that the most confessed and flagrant of adulterers went one step further.

If those in England who are of competent authority shall declare Lady Byron to have been of unsound mind at the time she made these disclosures to Mrs. Stowe, it will of course effectually dispose of them, provided that those authorities can also establish that she was equally deranged fifty years ago, when she made the same statement to Dr. Lushington. If this can not be done Lady Byron's assertion is not answered by accusing her of unspeakable malice, and by denouncing her story as an outrage upon the dead in their graves. Evidence must be carefully considered, and if the mystery still remains, if no further facts, as of the child of the sister who is said to have lived for four years, appear, then, at least, we have in explanation of an event which has always interested the English and American world, the representation of each of the chief parties; and this has been gained—that the blameless woman concerning whom honor should have made Lord Byron silent, but whom he did not hesitate wantonly to stigmatize in verse that would immortalize the calumny as a cold, calculating prude, has at last, not in anger nor in revenge, but from a sober conviction of duty, told her story and left the world to judge its truth.

ONE of the most comical sights which the last month has displayed to the goodly fraternity of Easy Chairs is an incident which occurred in the cars near Boston, and which has become notorious by much repetition in the newspapers amidst general laughter. A gentleman returning to his country residence at the usual hour takes his place in the car, and, expecting a friend, mentally reserves for him the seat next his own. Another gentleman proceeding in the same direction, with bags, children's wagons, and other

impediments, gets into the car and offers to take the unoccupied seat. Gentleman No. 1 remarks that he is keeping it for a friend. Gentleman No. 2, undoubtedly weary with many bundles, says that he will, then, occupy it until the friend arrives. Thereupon, whether Gentleman No. 1 doubts that Gentleman No. 2 will retire at the proper time, or is offended that his evident wish to keep the seat unoccupied is not respected, No. 1 finds the bags and wagons of No. 2 very disagreeable, and apparently expresses that opinion by little shoves and exclamations, if not by actual kicks at the unconscious causes of offense. The wheels and tongues of the wagons doubtless obtrude upon the domain of Gentleman No. 1, and the bags bulge beyond reason, and he is by no means in a frame of mind to tolerate even the appearance of imposition.

Presently the friend appears, and Gentleman No. 2, true to his word, rises and is about to withdraw. But just as he does so he may be said to give Gentleman No. 1 a receipt in full by observing that if he is a gentleman he has never had the pleasure of seeing one before. In reply to which observation Gentleman No. 1, as he afterward stated in court, "turned" the nose of Gentleman No. 2 "moderately and quietly." In fact, there was no rough and unhandsome tweaking, but a tranquil and gentlemanly turning of that member. This little turn was the argumentum ad hominem. It was to remove all doubt from the mind of Gentleman No. 2, and to certify to him that Gentleman No. 1 *was* a gentleman. Now one good turn deserves another, and Gentleman No. 1 was therefore summoned by Gentleman No. 2 to explain himself in court. But despite the moderate and quiet explanation, which we have already mentioned, awful Justice was not satisfied, and decreed a moderate and quiet two months in the common jail, from which Gentleman No. 1 recoiled and appealed in vain to a higher tribunal.

It is plain that if the Court had established as a precedent that accommodations by the superfluous luggage of fellow-travelers were to be settled by a gentle turning of their noses at parting, the consequences would have been very confusing. In moments of great haste, for instance, as in leaving a car, in cases where the punishable nose was to stay, there would be manifest danger of excess in the manipulation, so that, instead of the authorized moderate and quiet turn, there might be a positive tweak, if not an actual wrench—processes which could not be lawfully permitted. Or, in such cases, might it be provided that the incommoded person should appoint an hour when the offender should call upon him, and when there should be leisure enough to insure the necessary moderation and tranquillity in the turning of the nose? Moreover, should the determination of moderation be left exclusively to the turner, or should the turner be consulted upon that point? And if he were dissatisfied, might it be allowed him to turn in return with sufficient warmth to restore the just balance of moderation as to the deflection of his own nose? In fact, might not the Court have been justly of opinion that it was hardly practicable to constitute the turner sole judge of the character of the turning?

It is evident, also, that travel would be seriously delayed if every train and every other

public conveyance were to be detained until the noses of all offenders had been properly turned. In the course of a short journey, indeed, it oftentimes chances to the same traveler to be incommoded by the bags, bundles, and boxes of many fellow-travelers, and with due moderation to turn all their noses as they left, would very gravely endanger the connection of trains. Thus a child hastening to the bedside of a sick or dying parent, or a lover proceeding by express to the appointed hour, or a merchant, upon whose punctual arrival incalculable money results depended, might all be disappointed, not from any fault of their own, but because of the universal nose-turning at the end of the journey, in settlement of the incommodations of luggage. Perhaps, indeed, a method could be devised by the ingenious by which the accounts could be settled as the train proceeded. When, for instance, the bags and baby-wagons of Gentleman No. 2 had jammed and jostled Gentleman No. 1 to the proper degree, he might turn his own body and then turn the nose of his neighbor with circumspection, and every other incommoded passenger doing the same, the ends of justice could be attained with satisfaction and without inconvenient delays. The car meanwhile would offer an edifying spectacle of adjusted justice, and the heart would indeed be callous that was not touched with extraordinary emotion. Still, obvious difficulties present themselves even in this view. For when a gentleman with bags and baby-wagons has incommoded many, and has been by many incommoded, there might be a confusing conflict of efforts to turn, which would result in less than that fraternal concord which the operation seeks to establish.

It must be allowed, therefore, that the decision of the Court was, upon the whole, judicious; and that it is better that gentlemen should not turn each other's noses, however moderately and tranquilly, because of the irritation or even abrasion of their skins by wagons or the punching of their knees by bulky bags. Indeed, in case of any other decision, what could be done if the offender were not a gentleman but a lady? It does unfortunately happen that intrusive luggage often belongs to the other sex. Indeed in the street cars, say in those of the Third Avenue, the baskets and bundles of the ladies are oft disagreeably expansive, and many a passenger's knees and elbows are as ruthlessly invaded by them as Boston Gentleman No. 1 could have been by the bags and baby-wagons of Boston Gentleman No. 2. Is the remedy to be the same? Humanity shudders at the suggestion. As for this Easy Chair, it is very sure that if it should attempt the most moderate, even conciliatory, turning of the nose of one of the ample ladies who travel in those cars with basket and bundle, it would not only fall under the irrepressible displeasure of all its masculine fellow-passengers, but there would probably be a mighty retort in kind which would be neither moderate nor tranquil nor in the least degree conciliatory. The Court would really seem to have had no alternative. However reluctant to abridge the privileges of gentlemen, it could not avoid acknowledging a man's rights in his own nose.

The Easy Chair is here reminded that it was not the obtrusion of luggage which produced the

adjustment by nose in the celebrated Boston case, but the insult of the receipt in full of which mention was made in narrating the facts. When Gentleman No. 2 said, "If you are a gentleman I never saw one before," it was evident that as he had eyes he was either insulting every other person in the car, or he was insulting Gentleman No. 1, and there could be no doubt which was the fact. It was merely a way of saying, "You are no gentleman." Now for this, which is considered a vast insult, the courts offer no remedy. Laws are as silent in a time of insult as in a time of war. If a man should ascend Trinity spire, and proclaim from the top, through a speaking-trumpet, toward the four corners of the earth, that the artificer of the Easy Chair was a gorilla or a rib-nosed baboon, or that the Easy Chair was made of old refuse blocks—if he should even sonorously announce that the Easy Chair was no Easy Chair at all, and unworthy to be recognized in that capacity by other Easy Chairs—this Chair would appeal in vain even to the lights of jurisprudence, justice, honor, and honesty which now decorate the bench of this happy city. Not even an injunction could it lawfully obtain against that loud blowing; and if it could, the blower would merely enjoin the injunction. And what, meanwhile, would become of the honor of the Easy Chair?

To insinuate that law, even when administered by a M'Cunn, could salve wounded honor would be to insult the whole fraternity of insultable gentlemen. Insults, it is universally held by them, are not remediable at law, but are consolable by turning the nose of the offender, by horsewhipping him in public, by posting him as a liar and a coward, and by killing him. These are the canons—there is no reason in them, so you need not argue against them. It is obvious that no reason can be shown why the most valuable and honored citizen should be killed, and his family beggared, because he has been called no gentleman by somebody who is evidently not one, nor because a bully has tossed a glass of wine in his face. The code of honor is a code which puts gentlemen at the mercy of bullies. In the most plausible case that can be suggested it does this; and as the feeling which justifies it is wholly morbid, you might as well reason with a miasm.

Still, this may not seem to dispose of the question. In the present state of feeling you insist that it is a very serious injury to a man to acquiesce in an insult. If at a public table, say at Saratoga, at Newport, wherever it may be, a person suddenly arrests attention by loudly exclaiming to you across the table, "Sir, you lie; you are no gentleman," and then swashes a bumper of port into your face and over your most miraculous shirt-front, what is to be done? You declare that if the insulted person merely changes his shirt the stain remains, honor cries aloud for vengeance, and he will find that he had better leave the place if he intends to do nothing. Very well; what ought to be done? Let the opponent be of his own circle, and not a recognized adventurer or black-leg—and still, what shall be done? Shall he demand an apology, and, if it be refused, blow out the brains of the offender; or take any of the milder measures, such as turning his nose with some vehemence, or caning him in the street; or shall he

offer the person who has insulted him a chance to kill him also?

And if you, who are the insulted person, as it is called, do any of these things, why do you do it? If, indeed, in hot blood, you fly at him across the table, or fling a decanter at him as a Roland for his Oliver, you do as all men do who lose their tempers. But that is quite another affair. If, however, you proceed in any of the manners we have mentioned, you do it because of a certain public opinion. The real question for you, then, is whether it is a right or wrong public opinion, whether you ought to yield to it or protest against it. That is a question upon which it should seem that few gentlemen ought to differ. The business of gentlemen is obviously to elevate and purify public opinion; and this is done in many ways, but in none more effectively than in guarding their own conduct. Boston Gentleman No. 1 is perhaps generally supposed to have resented an insult in an amusing and appropriate manner. But why was not his behavior, in irritably pishing and pushing at the bags and baby-wagons of a passenger who had stated his intention to vacate the seat, quite as insulting as the remark which that passenger made upon rising?

Upon a fair review of this leading case, then, ought not a gentleman to decide that his duty is not to assert his gentility by turning the nose of the doubtful Thomas, but by quietly despising the public opinion which requires him to turn it?

It was bravely dared and bravely rowed, and six seconds is not a long time to be behind. But those little six seconds were fuller of sore disappointment to thousands and thousands of hearts than can easily be conceived. Every son of Harvard—and they are legion—and every wife, sister, son, daughter, father, mother, uncle, and aunt of every son of Harvard, could not help a secret belief that somehow Harvard must win, and the pride of Oxford, courteously, fairly, but none the less surely, be brought low. If the English papers prophesied the triumph of Oxford—it was but natural. If Mr. "G. W. S." in the *Tribune* telegraphed his doubts—he was a Yalensian. If it was whispered that the contest was on unfamiliar water, and with the unaccustomed weight of a coxswain—so much greater would be the glory of the triumph. Harvard must win. It was as essential as that Wellington should win at Waterloo. And when victory was safe, and the continent was rocking and ringing with enthusiasm, it would be in order to consider the torso question.

Upon all this hope and faith how fatally fell those six seconds! Only six seconds! The triumph of a continent lost by the tenth of a minute! Six seconds—six centuries! It was amusing, it was natural, it was absurd, that we all betook ourselves to speculation. Why was Harvard six seconds behind? Were the crew overtrained? Was it Simmons's illness? Was it Loring's? Was it the coxswain? Was it the wrong curve of the river? Was it the wash of Oxford? Alas! when the wrong candidate is elected, after all the speculation, it usually turns out that the right one had not votes enough.

But the race was bravely dared and bravely rowed, and six seconds behind is no disgrace. The difference does not establish the superiority

of the English style, and it is so small as to destroy the argument founded upon the advantage of immemorial traditions of rowing. The merest chance would have turned the scale the other way. The brave boys maintained the honor of

Harvard and the national good name. They did not win, indeed; but they showed the power to win. From the sharp nettle Disappointment they may gayly pluck the flower Confidence.

Editor's Book Table.

POETRY.

AMONG the books of the season are half a score of volumes of poetry. None of them contain any thing of special note. A very few words will suffice to introduce them all to our readers.

Prominent among the volumes whose popularity the critic finds it difficult to explain is *Hans Breitmann's Ballads*, by CHARLES G. LE LAND (T. B. Peterson and Brothers). The author has certainly caught the spirit, as well as the language, of the big, burly, beer-drinking Dutchman. He draws his portrait quite as successfully in the ballad as the artist has done on the title-page. And if the big, burly, beer-drinking Dutchman is funny, then the portrait is. But we confess ourselves unable to appreciate this kind of fun. We have laughed, till the tears came, over "Sam Slick," and enjoyed quite as much the quieter humor of Lowell's "Biglow Papers." We have suffered considerably from side-ache at the hands both of Artemus Ward and of Petroleum V. Nasby. But in all these cases a real humor shines and scintillates through the murdered English, and converts the tragedy into a farce. The thought itself is funny, and the grotesque dress helps its humorous effect. But in Hans Breitmann there is nothing funny but the grotesque dress. Take away his pipe and his lager-beer and he is as stupid a dolt as you can find of a Sunday afternoon in any beer-garden. Translate his poetry into English and it is, with here and there a solitary exception, the baldest of all possible commonplaces. The wit of the clown may be helped a little—we are rather doubtful about it—by the cap and bells and striped pantaloons. But a clown whose fun is all in his dress is the stupidest of all dotards. A genuine negro melody or a genuine negro story is considerably helped if sung or told by a grinning darkey, with his coal-black face and his curly head. And so the original Christy's Minstrels were really popular among people who appreciated a good joke. But the black skin and curly head and white teeth do nothing to relieve a poor joke, or give point to a meaningless story, or help a dull song. And so not a few of the imitators of Christy have been miserable abortions. We confess ourselves unable to see how a stupid story is made humorous by being translated from good English into a mongrel Dutch-English. The fact that Matilda Jane

"Vayed pout dwo hundred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de windows sound,"

does not summon to our face the least glimmer of a smile; nor are we able to see how there is any thing more humorous in the statement that

"Hans Breitmann gife a party,
Dey had blano-blayin,"

than it would be if rendered in good English:

Hans Breitmann gave a party,
They had piano-playing.

We had already, as a nation, carried the doubtful humor of perverted grammar and bad spelling to the utmost verge which a reasonable regard to literary refinement could permit. Hans Breitmann carries it beyond that bound into the realm of clownish vulgarity.

Minor Chords, by SOPHIA MAY ECKLEY (E. P. Dutton and Co.), is the very pretty title of a volume of poems which are smooth rather than strong, pleasant rather than powerful. They are songs such as one might sing with the guitar upon a placid lake of a moonlight night. They are restful, not stimulating; interpreters of the voices of bird and flower, not of the sea, the mountain, or the storm; utterances of a heart that has fallen asleep, and in its dreams seen the angels ascending and descending on the heavenly ladder, but has never known what it is to wrestle in agony through the long night. She sings, says an appreciative English critic, "lovingly, believably, sweetly." It would be difficult to describe her characteristics more truthfully even in a description more ample. The storms of passion, the clouds of doubt, are alike foreign to her nature. Some of her sacred lyrics are admirable, and will find their way in time, we trust, into our church collections. A single verse suffices to give a glimpse of her experience, and an illustration of her expression:

"To God I lift my heart in praise,
To God I wing my prayer;
No hour is sad, no day is dark,
If Thou, my Christ, art there."

One might suppose that imagination would find in the Bible a rare field from which to gather material for the drama and for romance. Certainly no history affords episodes more singularly romantic. But for some reason novelists and play-writers have never succeeded in their attempts to utilize the materials thus afforded them. Even sacred poems are rarely more than mediocre when they attempt to take Biblical stories out of the realm of history and transport them into that of imagination. Perhaps, in the theological controversies which have been waged about the Bible, the popular feeling resents every thing which looks like an attempt to convert it from a book of history to one of fiction. Perhaps the popular imagination invests it with a certain mystic halo which it is reluctant to have dissipated or supplanted. Perhaps the miraculous element, which gives to the Bible its peculiar character, puts it beyond the reach of any imagination less grand than that of Milton. Whatever may be the explanation, the fact remains; and Professor JOHN M. LEAVITT, whose "Afranius" and "Idumean" we have had occasion to commend, only affords another illustration of it in *The Siege of Baby-*

Ion (Hurd and Houghton). To the real tragedy of that siege, to the wonderful drama, with its strange transitions, its midnight feast, its supernatural handwriting, its startled king, its sudden consummation, in the capture of the court in the midst of its fancied security, the author adds nothing of real force or grandeur by intermixing an improbable love story, or by the addition of some supernatural appearances and some cheap stage fire. To our thought the tragedy is more tragic in its old Hebrew form than in this new English dress—as it actually occurred than as Professor Leavitt has imagined it.

Poems, by THEOPHILUS H. HILL (Hurd and Houghton), should be entitled *Rhymes*. Mr. Hill exhibits some descriptive power, no power of feeling. A few of his pieces are pleasantly rhythmical, others are, simply, jingling; few, if any, rise above mediocrity. As effusions offered in a select circle of uncritical friends they would doubtless receive applause. As modest offerings to the poet's corner of a country newspaper they would doubtless be acceptable. But they contain nothing worthy of note, except a pretty frank utterance of the author's secession sympathies, which will probably secure for his volume a welcome in certain quarters where its poetic merits would not obtain for it any consideration whatever.

Perhaps no modern writer has created more controversy among the critics than George Eliot (Mrs. LEWIS). For ourselves, we have always inclined to regard her as overrated; a writer whose best reputation is her first reputation; whose name will not long survive her; who is sensational rather than truly strong; whose literary virtues are mated to such literary vices that the product can not be designated as first-rate, or even be put in the first class of second-rate productions. Not inclined to acknowledge her in romance as at all the peer of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, nor even the equal in power of Charlotte Brontë, or in permanent worth of Miss Mulock, we are still less inclined to assent to the verdict which awards her the name of a great poet, and designates the "Spanish Gipsy" as the "greatest poem of the century." Even her most ardent admirers admit that she has not added to her reputation in the unassuming little poem, *How Lisa Loved the King* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.). Neither, on the other hand, has she done aught to diminish it. She has told a pretty, but meaningless and improbable story, in verse, that, despite some wonderful blemishes, is generally pleasing. Its chief charm lies in tasteful conceits wrought here and there into the texture like embroideries on the border of a garment. Such fanciful figures make a pleasant poet, but do not constitute a great one. Clear appreciation of character, vivid portraiture of passion, artistic pictures of natural scenery, either grand or beautiful—these elements of the higher forms of poetry are almost wholly wanting.

It would require more poetic power than HENRY ABBEY possesses to redeem *Stories in Verse* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.). The first one is a sufficient sample of the whole. There is a rich, iniquitous uncle, and a poor boy robbed by him of his lawful inheritance, and a young girl stolen in her infancy from the house of the rich

uncle, and discovered, and of course loved, by the poor young man, and identified by the "strawberry mark on the left arm;" and there is a rival, and a very vigorous effort on the part of the stony uncle to break off the engagement between the two young hearts; and there is a furious runaway, and the stony uncle is saved by the poor young man at the hazard of his life; whereupon he relents, of course, and we are given to understand, in some mysterious verses about Heliotrope, that the poor young man and the fair maiden are married, and the stony uncle gives his blessing, on which affecting tableau the curtain falls. *Exeunt omnes*. Of one unfounded imputation justice demands, however, that we defend Mr. Abbey. He is accused of imitating Tennyson! We fail to discover the remotest indication that he has ever even read the poet-laureate.

A good translation is at once one of the rarest and most difficult of literary achievements. This assertion we make notwithstanding the fact that every Sophomore in college imagines himself quite capable of turning the verses of Virgil and Horace and Homer into English; and that there are so many *literati* who imagine themselves quite competent to translate French and German works that one publishing house prints a circular letter declining such "translations, with the somewhat discouraging statement that "not one translation out of twenty that are made is ever published, and not one out of twenty that are published ever pays more than its mere cost." True, to get the gist of a French or German story into an English form requires no great scholarship. Novel readers are not very exacting critics; and so that they get a readable story, well told, they care very little whether it correctly interprets the foreign author or not. But when we come to poetry it is another matter. To appreciate the delicacy of thought and sentiment which, like the dew on the fresh flower, gives it its true beauty; to transfer it from the idiom of one language into that of another, and to preserve, in the transfer, the rhythmical form and melodious measure—this is so difficult as to be practically impossible. Even the greatest poets have not succeeded in this task. The translations of Longfellow and of Coleridge are not comparable to their original compositions. The "Odyssey" of Pope is a very different poem from that of Homer. No man ever read "Faust" who has not read it in the original. Considerable allowance is therefore to be made for Mr. HENRY D. WISEMAN'S *Gems of German Lyrics, translated into English Verse* (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger). That he has failed in an undertaking in which few men have ever really succeeded is not surprising. Now and then, as in "Refuge" (page 3), we find a bit of really pleasing versification. But for the most part it is uncouth and jagged, with sentences misplaced and involved, for the evident purpose of preserving a rhyme or following literally the language of the original lyric. Such twisting and torturing of sentences into gnarled and entangled forms does not make poetry, though it may make rhyme. Mr. Wiseman, with a self-sacrificing honesty that disarms us, gives on one page the original German. The translation which accompanies it will serve the imperfect German scholar in lieu of a dictionary. As a "pony," it will help one to

read the author's sentiments in his native tongue. But if one really wishes to enjoy those sentiments, to the German page he will find himself compelled to turn.

A very good companion volume to this, and a worthy addition to the Sunday Library for Household Reading, of which it forms the sixth volume, is the *Christian Singers of Germany*, by CATHERINE WINKWORTH (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). It traces the history of religious song in that cradle of religious freedom, from 800 A.D. to the present day, with pictures—glimpses only, of course, yet glimpses that are valuable—of the Minnesingers of the age of the Crusades; of the hymns of the Mystics, which were often better than their philosophy; of the grand chorals of the Reformation, which wrought in Germany with power quite as great and more lasting than the Marseillaise in France; and of later song-writers, among whom the names of Gerhardt, Bogatzky, and Klopstock are almost as familiar in the Christian households of America as in those of their native land. For song has no nationality, and the Church of Christ claims as its own whatever offering of love and praise has, in any land or in any tongue, been laid upon His altar.

No Sects in Heaven; and other Poems, by Mrs. E. H. J. CLEVELAND (Clark and Maynard), and *Poems of Rural Life in Common English*, by WILLIAM BARNES (Roberts Brothers), are both republications. The poem which gives to the former little volume its title was published first as a fugitive piece in the columns of the *Congregationalist*, of Boston, and struck the popular sympathy so well that in England, where it was republished, over a hundred thousand copies were sold. "Shibboleth," which closes the volume, is almost if not quite as good. The sentiment of these poems is admirable, and the poetic merit is very considerable. Mr. Barnes's poems have already attained a considerable popularity. The present form, that of one of the Handy-volume Series, is eminently "handy" to carry in the pocket and read on your piazza, looking down upon the meadows; or in the meadows, lying on the grass and looking up into the blue above, where such poems should be read to be truly appreciated.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

"DEAR me," said an intelligent and cultured young lady, seeing on our table three or four books recently published on this subject—"Dear me, more books about Woman's Rights! Haven't they got through discussing that yet?" No, Madam, not yet; nor will they get through discussing it for a long time to come; hardly in your time, though many be the years before your bright eyes dim and your waving curls turn to gray or hide their thinness beneath a cap. For of all questions that have ever agitated society this Woman Question is at once the most perplexing and, in not a few respects, the most important. Unquestionably the relation which woman bears or should bear to society and to government has never been carefully considered, or with deliberation adjusted. She has fallen into her present place by accident, by the operation of natural causes, if you please by the ordinance of God operating in providential ways. But that Providence has never been studied, that ordinance

never deciphered, that law never investigated. How much of her present status is natural and necessary, how much conventional and factitious, how much inheres in the constitution of things, and how much is the product of a false education, running through centuries of error and of sin, no man can now tell. And since society has once begun the sifting process we may all rest well-assured that the sieve will not cease its shaking till we have separated the gold from the soil. It is quite as clear that the process is going to be a long one; that the truth in this matter is not easy to be got at. Other reforms have been comparatively simple and comparatively superficial. That both slavery and drunkenness are evils no sane man ever doubted; and the only, though always difficult, question was, how to deal with them. But probably only a small proportion of mankind would concede that the "subjection of women" designated a fact, and of those who recognize it as a fact a large proportion, both of men and women, would accept it as a fact essentially and intrinsically beneficial. How radical is the difference between thinkers in this matter is indicated very curiously in the fact that, while Mr. Mill indignantly denounces "the subjection of women," Dr. Bushnell discovers "an aspect of privilege in this matter of subordination." The one pronounces it as "a single relic of an old world of thought and practice exploded in every thing else;" the other commends it as giving to woman "the truest and highest conditions of ascendancy." This movement is as complicated as it is fundamental. It involves not isolated reforms in legislation, but a breaking up of society and a recasting of it. What is the nature, and what are the relations of the sexes, physiological and psychological? What, in the household, are the true relations of husband and wife, and their respective authority? Are they equal partners, supreme in their respective departments, or is one the lord and the other the subject? What are their places in government? Is woman a citizen, or is her citizenship merged in that of her husband? What are woman's true relations to society and her rights therein, of employment and of compensation? By what methods are those manifest inequities under which she confessedly now suffers to be removed without endangering the perpetuity of the marriage relations, the sanctity of the family, and so the very organization of the state? These are some of the questions which are involved in the woman's movement, and which must be carefully considered and wisely settled in order to solve the problem it presents. Consider, too, the fact that other reforms proceed tentatively. We feel our way, ready to modify our course or to retrace our steps, if practical experience does not justify our theories. But in this movement there is no opportunity for experiments. The polls can not be opened for women and closed again. Marriage can not be converted into an equal partnership, and afterward restored to its old condition of sovereignty and obedience. This revolution, if it proves a harmful one, can only go backward by some terrible reaction, the evil influences of which are the more to be dreaded because they can not be distinctly depicted. It is in our day and upon our country too that the discussion and solution of these problems have fallen. We possess peculiar advantages for considering them,

not only in our freedom of thought, not only in the progressive character of our civilization, not only in the courtesy which is nowhere shown toward woman in a higher measure than in America, not only in the fact that her education is farther advanced with us than in any other community, but also in the fact that we are not one but many; that one State may modify the divorce laws, another those relating to the property and civil status of married women, a third may open to her increased avenues of employment, a fourth may give her the ballot; and the step thus taken may serve as an example or as a warning to others, according to its results. The women then, who, notwithstanding they are most interested in this discussion, are most impatient of it, must be content to hear it and to take part in it for many years to come.

Looking upon the question as one thus complicated and perplexing, we confess to have read with some disappointment both JOHN STUART MILL's treatise, *The Subjection of Women* (republished by both J. B. Lippincott and Co. and D. Appleton and Co.), and Dr. HORACE BUSHNELL's *Women's Suffrage; the Reform against Nature* (Charles Scribner and Co.). Both write as advocates. Both are impatient of doubt or dissent. Neither of them seems able to recognize the real difficulties which hedge about this most perplexing of problems. To Mr. Mill the present status of woman is one of most abject servitude. It has nothing to excuse it but the invincible prejudices of mankind. To Dr. Bushnell the attempt to change her status, to emancipate her from this subjection, is a "Reform against Nature," "an attempt to make trumpets out of flutes and sunflowers out of violets."

Dr. Bushnell's argument may be very briefly epitomized. There is, he says in substance, what Coleridge has well called a "sex in our souls." In consequence, different functions are allotted to man and woman, not by any conventional rules of society, not by any deliberate canvassing and formal legislation of mankind, but by a law of nature, whose behests society obeys unconsciously. Doubtless we have sometimes misinterpreted this law. But this is poor reason for annulling it. We may well open more avocations to women. But we are to consider in so doing to what she is fitted. In the profession of the law there is a department for women of "silent, indoor, office work;" but the outdoor work, the advocacies and public litigations, these are "only for men." "What is allowable or not allowable to women as regards the clerical profession it may not be easy to determine;" a much larger liberty "is permissible," doubtless, but not the liberty of becoming an executive head, a bishop, whether over a local church or a diocese. She may administer medicine, but not essay surgery; may "take a more forward part in the trades;" but "the great departments of agriculture, engineering, and war.....all the heaviest, roughest, tensest forms of creative labor are reserved for men." In short, nature has set apart certain special functions for women. These belong to her; but she is on no account to be permitted to overstep them. Among these functions is not that of government. The right of suffrage is not a natural right. It is to be bestowed upon those most worthy and capable of exercising it, and with reference to the highest interests of so-

ciety; though who is to bestow it, or adjudge how those interests shall be best subserved, is not made to appear. Government is the manifestation of force. And to woman the exercise of force does not belong. This is not in any wise cognate to her. "Force, authority, decision, self-asserting, counsel, victory," belong to man. To woman it belongs to "trust and be cherished, and give sympathy and take ownership in the victor." His is "the force principle;" hers "the beauty principle." His "the forward, pioneering mastery, the outdoor battle-axe of public war and family providence;" hers "the indoor faculty, covert, as the law would say, and complementary, mistress and dispenser of the enjoyabilities." Such is in brief Dr. Bushnell's argument, supported by some buttresses more or less strong—from history not always accurately read, from Scripture not always accurately interpreted, and from imagined probable effects of which neither Dr. Bushnell nor any one else is sufficient prophet to tell us any thing with accuracy.

Now the difficulty with all such argument as this—and it is the common argument somewhat vigorously pushed—is, not that it assumes that there are social functions peculiar to woman, but that it assumes to assert what they are without experimenting to ascertain. Who has authorized Dr. Bushnell to declare "what is allowable or not allowable?" Doubtless God has laws—which we call laws of nature—on this subject; but, if so, we may safely leave nature to execute them. If Dr. Bushnell assumes to be the Moses to promulgate them, he must at least present his credentials. It may be that women are not adapted to the farm. But a friend of ours happens to have a gigantic woman on his place, as strong as any two ordinary farm hands. If she fancies shouldering a trunk or lifting a barrel of flour into the wagon, by what authority does any man say her nay, because his wife has less strength and more grace? It may be that "in cases of surgery the steady and firm hand of a man is indispensable." If Dr. Bushnell thinks so, that is an excellent reason why he should call a man to set the broken limb or amputate the inflamed one. But by what right does he refuse a diploma to a woman otherwise competent, and so debar his neighbor from the privilege of summoning her, if he prefers her delicacy to her husband's strength? If my wife happens to have a steadier hand than I, must I open the fester on Charlie's finger and take out the splinter because I am a man and she is a woman? Has not man his "sphere" too? But it was never proposed to shut him up to it by legislation or by social prohibitions.

A hen of ours a few weeks since hatched out some ducks and some chickens in the same brood. A few days after their birth a great cackling in the hen-yard called us from our rural sanctum to see what was the trouble. It seems that the little ducklings were clamoring for permission to visit a neighboring pond, and great was the commotion which the request produced. The mother insisted that if they were suffered to go her chickens would inevitably be drowned, for they could not swim; the father as vigorously insisted that they must be permitted to go, for without water the ducklings would die; while two or three hens, in a great state of excitement, were endeavoring to separate the brood, so that

the one might go and the other remain. At length a wise and matronly old hen, the grandmother of a numerous progeny, interfered. "Cluck! cluck!" said she; "let them all go. They will take care of themselves. Those that can swim will go in; those that can not will stay on the shore." We commend the view of our philosophic hen to Dr. Bushnell. It is not necessary for us to worry ourselves in determining the sphere and functions of the sexes. Give to both absolute freedom. They will then readily determine for themselves their own place and work.

For the partialism of Mr. Mill's book some allowance must be made by Americans in consideration of the fact that it is written by an Englishman and for English readers. Until very lately the legal condition of woman in England was one of absolute subjection. She could exercise no active control over her own property, and had no right to her own earnings, no legal capacity to carry on any separate business or make a binding contract. The law has altered much of this, and society, by its unrecorded legislation, more. In this country the changes in legislation have been still greater. The woman no longer loses her identity in her marriage. The evil influences which were anticipated from her enfranchisement have not been felt. Where the relations of mutual confidence and affection are maintained the wife gladly leaves her separate property to be managed by her husband, has no ambition to leave her fireside to carry on a separate business, is never jealous about his disposition of her separate earnings (if she chance to have any), rarely enters into contracts without his counsel. At the same time, when that mutual confidence is gone, the woman is no longer a serf, and is protected, in some measure at least, from those grosser forms of cruelty and oppression which the law can recognize. It is not easy in a paragraph to epitomize Mr. Mill's treatise, nor in a few words to point out, what Mr. Ruskin has so ably shown to be the fatal defect of all writers on political economy, the failure to recognize any higher motives in the human soul than those of self-interest. Marriage, according to Mr. Mill, must be either a copartnership or a bondage. The wife must either have equal authority with the husband or be his slave. Men have "put every thing in practice to enslave their minds." As a consequence of these influences the object of being attractive to men has "become the polar star of feminine education and formation of character." Husbands are conscious or unconscious despots—though they may not be unkind ones. It is the love of power which makes them masters. Wives are conscious or unconscious slaves. It is interest or fear that keeps them in bondage. So Mr. Mill, who makes no account of, who scarcely recognizes, that there is a subjection of love.

We remember being once in the police court of an American city when a big, burly Irishman was brought up for beating his wife. It was the third or fourth offense. The man was just coming to himself after his drunken debauch. The woman, her eyes swollen with weeping, her face bruised and battered, came, not to prosecute her husband, but to plead for him. She begged hard for his release, secured it by her rude but pathetic eloquence, and marched off with her hus-

band as happy in her achievement as on their wedding-day. She was in subjection, but it was to love, though he was as red-faced, bleared-eyed an animal as one would care to see in any grog-shop, and she as muscular and brawny a Biddy as ever worked at the wash-tub. Of the woman's movement no philosopher can give the key who does not make good account of this master passion of love, the most potent element in all the complex forces which rule humanity and make society what it is.

That there is a radical difference between the sexes, and that it is fundamental, extending even to the inanimate world, LEOPOLD HARTLEY GRINDON has conclusively shown in his unpretending but really significant little treatise, *Sex in Nature* (Nichols and Noyes). Some of his analogies are poetical rather than philosophical; but there are enough of indubitable facts gathered in his pages to make good the assertion of the title-page, that "sex and the marriage union are universal principles, fundamental alike in physics, physiology, and psychology." Mr. Mill recognizes what is certainly true, that the "woman's movement" must commence at the household, since if woman is a serf at home she will not be an independent citizen at the polls. But he makes very little account of this radical fact of sex and marriage, and none whatever of love, which, despite political philosophy, is, and ever will be, more powerful than fear, than interest, or than desire of power. He thus leaves the problem which he discusses unsolved, and can be awarded no higher credit than that of having produced by far the ablest plea for the Woman's Rights movement—a book which is nevertheless the plea of an advocate too indignant at wrongs, against which his chivalric nature revolts, to see very clearly their source, or be trusted implicitly with the task of remedying them. Dr. Bushnell bases his whole argument on the difference of the sexes, and in so far is profounder than his antagonist. But when he attempts to assert dogmatically what are the characteristics and functions of each, he undertakes to philosophize without facts, and makes but sorry work of it. The absurdity of all such attempts is curiously and even comically, though quite unconsciously, illustrated by Mr. S. R. WELLS in his *Wedlock; or, the Right Relations of the Sexes* (Samuel R. Wells), which establishes the difference by a comparison of craniums, gives the data to the husband for a selection of his wife by dogmatically declaring the "laws of conjugal selection," and tells the young and bashful lover just when and how to "make a declaration," all of which is made clear to the dullest intellect by illustrious examples both of success and failure in courtship, and greatly enriched by samples of love-letters, which the ardent youth might, if inclined, cut out and send to his beloved, so saving himself the trouble of writing, which, as Sam Weller discovered when he wrote his famous valentine to Mary, the house-maid, is a very serious piece of business.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOME very curious illustrations of the "subjection of women," as it has existed in times past, are given in *The Wedding-Day in All Ages and Countries*, by EDWARD J. WOOD (Harper and Brothers). The custom, still extant among

the lower classes in England, of throwing a slipper after the bridal party grows out of an old Eastern practice, in accordance with which the bride presented a slipper to her lord in token of her subjugation—a lesson which he sometimes enforced by striking her with it in return. In Russia the present was a whip instead of a slipper, and the husband's right to chastise his wife was one he often exercised. Mr. Wells might get from this book some hints for a new edition of his "Wedlock," in its account of ancient forms of courtship. In Australia, for example, the lover knocked the maiden down whom he chose for his wife, and bade her follow him. In Sparta the lover pursued the woman on horseback, and the fashion of seizing wives and carrying them off by force, as the daughters of Shiloh were courted by the children of Benjamin, is hardly a century out of date in Ireland. To follow Mr. Wood further would take us beyond our limits. His industry in collecting has certainly been very great; and he has produced a book which is not only entertaining reading, but is really valuable to one who is interested in tracing in various ceremonies a common origin, and, through them all, the gradual emancipation of the wife from the bondage which in barbaric ages made her the most abject of slaves.

In our March Number we called attention to G. P. Putnam and Son's republication of Madame Cavé's admirable little treatise on drawing. It is, perhaps, sufficient for us, in calling attention to the second part of the same work—*Cavé's Manual of Color*—to refer to the commendations which we uttered then, without repeating them. Really to receive the benefit of the authoress's full but minute instructions, months of obedient following in painstaking practice would be necessary. But the reader, though he never attempt to follow the directions these letters contain, will nevertheless find them entertaining, not only because they are written in that playful and spirited manner which we designate as "Frenchy," but also because, intermixed with directions for the art student, are opinions and utterances on other subjects whose relation to art is not very evident.

Mental Photographs: an Album for Confessions of Tastes, Habits, and Convictions, edited by ROBERT SAXTON (Leypoldt and Holt), is not a book amenable to literary criticism. It is a pretty quarto, handsomely printed with russet-colored ink, and is based on the idea that though a picture may suffice to bring a friend to your remembrance, something more is wanted to introduce him to a stranger. Accordingly, accompanying a place for a *carte de visite*, are two pages containing forty questions, with blanks for answers. These being written in are supposed to afford a key to the character of the writer. The book not only affords a very pleasant source of enjoyment in the family circle, but also combines, with some new elements, the advantages of both the photograph and the autograph albums.

Despite the arguments in behalf of his art with which Dr. E. O. HAYEN introduces his *Rhetoric: a Text-Book designed for Use in Schools and Colleges, and for Private Study* (Harper and Brothers), we confess to sharing that skepticism which Macaulay has so well expressed as to the use of this study as it is ordinarily pursued. That a

mastery of the art so thorough that its rules are forgotten, and the influence of its principles alone remains, will aid in making a good writer, even though it is unavailing to produce an orator, we should not indeed deny. But such a mastery is never afforded in school or college. Most students slip on the harness and slip it off again. They suffer but little from their study, because they forget it so speedily. The few that are so unfortunate as to wear that harness all their lives lose in freedom more than they gain in elegance. "It took me," said a clergyman to us once, "five years of preaching to get the strait-jacket off which they put on me in the Theological Seminary." We very much doubt whether those writers most abound in trope, metaphor, metonymy, who are most facile in the recitation-room in defining them. It is not by the study of Marx's "Musical Composition" that a man is made an original composer, but by familiarity with the works of the great masters, and by having his soul thrilled by their musical utterances. The study of Ruskin will not make the student an artist. But if his art faculties have been stimulated by companionship with the works of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, or with the best products of Church and Bierstadt, or with an æsthetic study of the great picture-gallery in which they found their models—life and nature—then he may correct errors by the aid of Ruskin into which he would otherwise be liable to fall. If the young man's soul is alive with thought and feeling; if by long companionship with the masters of the English language he has instinctively and unconsciously imbibed their forms of expression, and drunk in their spirit, then the study of rhetoric will doubtless aid him to correct faults, both in others and in himself, of which he would otherwise be unconscious. It may make a critic. It can never make an orator. The armor of Saul is only an encumbrance to David, unless with the armor he receives an endowment of royal strength.

Dr. Haven's "Text-Book" has some great excellences and some real defects. Its characteristics may be summed up by saying that it is admirable as a text-book, but is only that. It is valuable for "use in schools and colleges," but unsatisfactory for "private study." It is too exclusively a compendium of rules. It gives too little a discussion of the principles which underlie them. It treats rhetoric as an art, not as a science. It affords a capital foundation for the teacher, but it needs his amplification. For private study we should value far more highly the fragmentary but more suggestive critiques of De Quincey, Coleridge, and Goethe. The young speaker or writer might find in it a good many hints for the correction of errors, but little or nothing in it to inspire him with new ambitions, or to afford him comprehensive principles of universal application. As a text-book its chief, at least its peculiar, merit lies in the fact that it is thoroughly American, that it recognizes American wants, that it acknowledges the peculiarity of American thought, that it quotes largely from American authors, and that thus, recognizing the fact that there is a peculiar American oratory, the specific characteristics of which are different from those of Rome, of France, or even of England, it prepares the American student not to imitate Cicero, Demosthenes, Massillon, Burke, Pitt, or Erskine,

but, appreciating those characteristics of oratory which are universal, to imbibe his thoughts and style rather from those models which already America has produced. An index of citations and of authors cited would add materially to the value of the book.

Mr. Buckle, who is thought to have expressed some heterodox opinions, was certainly orthodox in saying that America has made far more rapid advances in the science of jurisprudence than England. Without asserting that the American bench and bar rival the English in technical learning or professional training, we can safely assert that American law, as a system of equitable justice readily administered, is fully equal to the English law; and, what is more important, our law, as a system of popularly recognized regulations and limitations, facilitating business transactions and commercial intercourse, is far in advance of the English. It has been pruned of antiquities, and is fast outgrowing unnecessary tech-

nicalities. Professor PARSONS, in his *Laws of Business for all the States of the Union; with Forms and Directions for all Transactions*, has undertaken to bring a knowledge of the laws which are applicable to ordinary business within the reach of all persons of ordinary intelligence. The author does not propose to make "every man his own lawyer," but to make every trader understand the *general principles* by which the law governs the transactions of his trade. Without doubt his book is the best of its kind. Its deficiencies arise from the fact that it is mainly compiled from the law-books of the author, omitting, of course, citations of authorities and technical terms. It is not, as such a book should be, written originally for the *business mind*. No lawyer or law student could read it without advantage. No intelligent business man could read it without puzzling and pondering, perhaps unsuccessfully, to grasp and master some of its statements.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 31st of August.

The month presents few things which require to be placed upon permanent record. As far as domestic politics are concerned the main event is the election in Tennessee. A Governor and Members of the Legislature were to be chosen. As was the case in Virginia, the candidates for Governor were both nominally Republicans: one, Mr. Senter, being denominated "Conservative;" the other, Mr. Stokes, "Radical." The former was elected by a majority of about 70,000. The Legislature is "Conservative" by a large majority. A United States Senator is to be chosen by this Legislature, and Andrew Johnson is a prominent candidate for the office.

Much interest is excited as to the course which will be taken by the military authorities in Virginia. The Legislature of the State is soon to convene, and upon it will devolve the choice of two United States Senators. If all the members elected to the Legislature are allowed to take their seats, the Senators chosen will beyond doubt rank themselves with the Opposition. It is affirmed that General Canby, the Military Commander in the District, will decide that every member-elect must take the oath declaring that he has not voluntarily given aid to the rebellion; and in cases where this is not done, the seat will be awarded to the person who received the next highest vote.

In Alabama an election has been held for Members of Congress. Out of six members the Democrats have elected two, and perhaps three. In Mobile the colored persons held a meeting on the 5th of August to celebrate the election in that district of the Republican candidate. A quarrel arose between them and a party of whites, which resulted in a riot, during which three negroes were killed and five wounded; five whites were wounded.

More important than any mere political operations is a general "labor movement," which ap-

pears to be gradually gaining ground. Hitherto it has mainly taken the shape of organized "strikes" among working-men of various trades in the large centres of industry. Although these strikes have generally ended in a compromise, they have shown that the workers in almost every branch of industry are forming themselves into "Unions," disposed to make common cause with each other. They claim not only that the employed shall have an equal voice with the employers in regulating the price of labor, but that they shall have an almost potential voice in deciding who shall be employed; that no persons shall receive employment excepting those who have gone through a regular apprenticeship; and that the Unions shall have the power to prescribe the numbers of apprentices to be taken by any employer. These Unions claim that they can hold the balance of power between the political parties; and a strenuous effort is now making to consolidate this power so as to render it available. Some of the "strikes" have occasioned much general inconvenience. Thus, that of the coal-miners in Pennsylvania has, for the time, advanced the price of coal by almost a hundred per cent. In consequence of this a strong effort will probably be made during the approaching session of Congress to abolish the tariff upon coal imported from foreign countries.—Two large bank-note companies in New York had contracted to print the "fractional currency." The printers struck for higher wages, and ceased work. The result was that the currency could not be supplied, and great inconvenience was experienced for the want of it in almost every department of business.

Closely connected with the general labor question is that of "Coolie immigration." For some years the number of emigrants from China has been considerable, and within two years it has largely increased. Upon the Pacific coast they have been looked upon with great disfavor, and have been subjected to many disabilities. Notwithstanding these, they have prospered, accord-

ing to their ideas; and have certainly aided much in the development of the resources of that region. They work profitably mines which others have abandoned as worthless; and without them the Pacific Railroad could not have been completed within less than three additional years. There can be no doubt that the emigration from China will soon be greatly increased. Now the great present want of the South is labor; and it is seriously proposed to introduce Chinese into the rice and cotton fields. This project seems to meet with much favor with the Southern planters.

Very large sections of the country have been afflicted with extreme drought; but, notwithstanding this, the general prospect of the crops is exceedingly good. We shall probably be able, besides supplying our own wants, to send a considerable amount of breadstuffs to Europe, where the present indications lead us to expect a somewhat deficient harvest.

The eclipse of the sun on the 7th of August, total in the United States over a belt of 140 miles in width from Alaska to North Carolina, and very sensible over a much wider zone, has been most thoroughly observed, mainly under very favorable circumstances. When all the reports of the different observers have been collected and arranged, we propose to furnish a full account of the eclipse from the person best qualified to speak on the subject.

During the month of September elections will have been held in California, Vermont, and Maine. In these States there is little doubt as to the result. In October the great fall elections will be fairly opened in Ohio and Pennsylvania. General Rosecrans was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio. He declined, mainly on the ground of the exigency of his private affairs; and Mr. George H. Pendleton was nominated in his place.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The condition of *Mexico* is, as usual, greatly disturbed. An extensive conspiracy has been detected, having for its immediate object the assassination of President Juarez. Several persons who have occupied high positions are apparently implicated. Revolutionary movements are rife in some of the States; and in others the Indians are in open, and, to all appearance, successful insurrection. It seems hardly possible that the Central Government will long be able to maintain the unity of the Mexican Republic.

The reports from *Cuba* are still so utterly contradictory that we are not fairly warranted in giving any positive opinion respecting the progress of affairs. If we could place any reliance upon the majority of the reports which reach us, we should conclude that the revolution was an accomplished fact. Most of the reports which reach us come through Cuban sources. According to them the insurgents have met with an almost uniform series of successes. They enumerate actions which rise almost to the rank of battles, in which the forces commanded by the ex-Confederate General Jordan have gained decided advantages. The Spanish reports, on the other hand, say that the insurgents have been every where worsted, and that their cause is desperate. Comparing all the reports, we think

the truth to be, that on the whole the insurgents have gained a little ground. They have won, and hold, some points on the coast, which give them means of ready communication with their friends in the United States; and that by these means they receive occasional supplies of arms and ammunition, with small reinforcements of men. In our judgment nothing has occurred during the month which bears greatly upon the issue of the contest.

EUROPE.

The one prominent feature of our European news is this: There seems no immediate prospect of a general war. All the Great Powers of the Continent—Great Britain being tacitly left out of the account—are so thoroughly armed and equipped that no one dares to assail another except upon good grounds; and now there seem to be no good grounds for assault upon any side. The peace of Europe now seems mainly to depend upon the action of the Emperor of France. His health is the burden of half the important telegraphic reports. Balancing all these, we think there is no reasonable ground to doubt that his tenure of life is very precarious. No one would at any day be surprised to learn that he was dead. Meanwhile the Emperor has proposed several most important modifications in the French Constitution. These were set forth at length in a speech by the Minister of Justice.

The British Parliament was prorogued on the 11th of August. The Queen's speech, delivered by commission, furnishes a brief resumé of the main proceedings of the session. The Queen says that the negotiations with the United States have been suspended by mutual consent; she hopes that this delay "may tend to maintain relations between the two countries on a durable basis of friendship." She thinks that the bill passed for the disfranchisement of the Irish Church will have a favorable result, and will show that "this important measure may hereafter be remembered as conclusive proof of the paramount anxiety of Parliament to pay reasonable regard, in legislating for each of the three kingdoms, to the special circumstances by which it may be distinguished, and to deal on principles of impartial justice with all interests and all portions of the nation." The Queen congratulates Parliament upon several further measures, among which are laws on the subject of bankruptcy and imprisonment for debt; a law for the better government of unendowed schools; the removal of the duty upon corn; the management of telegraphs by the state.

From *Spain* the reports are on the whole quite unfavorable. The Carlist movement has assumed considerable importance. An order has been issued by General Prim directing that all insurgents captured in arms should at once be shot. It seems to be clear that within a few weeks the present Spanish Government must give place to a monarchy. General Sickle, our ambassador to Spain, presented his credentials to the present Regency. The ordinary exchange of compliments was made; but nothing further has been officially declared. The great question whether Spain is ready, for any reasonable consideration, to part with the sovereignty of Cuba, remains in abeyance.

Editor's Drawer.

LEIGH HUNT says that "Spenser, in marching his months before great Nature, drew his descriptions of them from the world and its customs in general; but turn his October wine-vats into cider-presses and brewing-tubs and it will do as well." Exactly what Spenser did say is this:

"Then came October, full of merry glee,
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading, in the wine-fat's see,
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolick, and so full of lust.
Upon a dreadfull scorplon he did ride,
The same which by Diana's doom unjust
Slew great Orion; and eke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coultter ready tyde."

So much for the poetry. And now a word from grand old Christopher North:

"Having made our peace with Summer, can we allow the sun to go down on our wrath toward the Autumn, whose back we yet see on the horizon, before he turn about to bow adieu to our hemisphere? Hallo! meet us half-way in yonder immense field of potatoes, our worthy Season, and among these peace-makers, the Mealies and the Waxies, shall we two smoke together the calumet or cigar of reconciliation. The floods fell, and the folk feared famine. The people whined over the smut in wheat, and pored pale on the monthly agricultural report. Grain grew greener and greener—reapers stood at the crosses of villages, towns, and cities, passing from one to another comfortless quechs o' sma' yill, with their straw-bound sickles hanging idle across their shoulders, and with unhired-looking faces, as ragged a company as if you were to dream of a Symposium of Scarecrows. Alarmed imagination beheld harvest treading on the heels of Christmas—when, whew! to dash the dismal predictions of foolish and false prophets, came rustling from all the airs, far and wide over the rain-drenched kingdom, the great armament of the Autumnal Winds! Groaned the grain, as in sudden resurrection it lifted up its head, and knew that again the Sun was in Heaven. Death became Life; and the hearts of the husbandmen sang aloud for joy. Passengers on a thousand coaches see stooks rising like stacks, and far and wide, over the tree-spreckled champaign, rejoice in the sun-given promise of a glorious harvest-home.....Up go the sheaves, tost from sinewy arms like feathers, and the stack grows before your eyes, fairly-proportioned as a bee-hive, without look or measure, but shaped by the look and the feel, true almost as the spring-instinct of the nest-building bird. And are we not heartily ashamed of ourselves, amidst the general din of working mirthfulness, for having, not many hours ago, abused the jovial and generous Autumn, and thanked Heaven that he was dead? Let us retire into the byre with Shoosy, and hide our blushes."

We have it from an Ohio citizen that the precise definition of a "legal doubt" in the mind of a jurymen has been authoritatively settled by a Milesian Judge in that State, who, in charging a jury, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, you must find that the defendant is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. A reasonable doubt, gentlemen,

is such a doubt as will convince a reasonable man that the defendant is not guilty." Which seems to be about right.

A GOOD auntie, of Brockport, N. Y., having a few pine-apples to preserve, and noticing them on Sunday morning, said: "These will not keep until to-morrow; I must put them up to-day."

While paring them a four-year-old member of the household looked gravely on, and finally felt moved to ask, "Auntie, isn't to-day Sunday?"

"Yes, my dear."

The little one thought a moment, and then repeated, with great gravity:

"You must not work, you must not play,
On God's holy Sabbath-day."

But *business is business!*"—So thought auntie.

NOTICING the other day the reply of Washington Irving to a gentleman who declined to take refuge under a tree during a thunder-storm, that it was prudent so to do "provided lightning run in the family," reminds us of a case somewhat similar, where a person of the genus *bore*, in company with a plain citizen, were out in the woods and chanced to be overtaken by a heavy shower. Supposing it would be of brief duration, they too took refuge under an oak, where our bore button-holed the citizen and renewed his attack. The rain, however, did not cease, and the citizen, becoming quite wet, expressed a wish to flee to the nearest house. "Oh, no!" replied bore, "don't go yet; there are plenty more trees around here; let's go under another!" Our artist, Mr. Bush, seems to have comprehended the situation.



A CONTRIBUTOR to *Harper's Magazine* has favored us with the following quartette of literary curiosities collected in Dutchess County, New York, by the late William Wilson, a well-known poet and publisher, of Poughkeepsie. Two of these gems emanate from schoolmasters, who, it is to be hoped, are not prototypes of Dutchess County teachers of the present day. The first specimen is a letter addressed to Potter and Wilson, dated Pawlings, August 10, 1839:

Dear Sirs I have examined Willetts Improved Geography and atlas and do believe them to be well constructed Systems. Sirs you must excuse me for not writing sooner. I have been very busy in the farming and shoemaking business likewise excuse my rough writing for my hand is trembling. I remain yours Respectfully
Lyman Thacker.

The following, also a genuine letter, dated Northeast, May 28, 1846, was sent to the drug and medicine establishment of Grant and Bockee. We give it verbatim as received by them:

I having seen in an advertisement that you were the agents of the patent galvanic rings and christies magnetic fluids & myself being afflicted for nearly two years with the dyspepsia & suffering much for want of indigestion & find no relief I feel disposed to try the rings or belts either of which you may think best in such cases. Please send me the prices of belt ring & fluid by the market man from the above Place. Send this week & next I'll send the money by him & you can send me those article
Peter Halsted.

Our next curiosity is a notice taken from the door of a Dutchess County school-house, in the town of Hyde Park, and is transcribed verbatim from the original, now before us:

Notice That tha will be a meaton Held on the 4 of sprill at the Lancaster shool house on friday evnieng. like wise tha will Be a debate by 4 onered Gentlemen
Wm Jennings Secatary All ar invited To attend on Friday evnieng
Luis Birk, President

The fourth and last of these literary gems is an acrostic, written by a schoolmaster on a fair friend whose favorable smiles he was bent on winning. Among his other flights of fancy he misspells the lady's name, whom, although in the bloom of youth, and all for the sake of the jingle, he terms an "old maid." If any of our readers can find even the *paring* of an idea in this desperate inroad on the domains of Parnassus we should like to hear it. The lines are perfectly genuine and verbatim as sent to the Chloe of this rustic Apollo:

AN ACROSTIC.

Silence shocks the venerable scene!
And over the fountains rages,
Runs through the minds of kings and queens,
And never does it leave old ages;
Hence through the deep it oft is heard
With that still voice of Lord and aid,
It is the voice which all have need,
Listen to that voice O old maid!
Kings and queens shall receive their doom
Except to that still voice they give heed,
Receiving it and giving to it room,
So from that still voice wisdom doth bleed!
O I be obedient to that silent voice of all that's good,
Now and then it draws the man from wood to wood.

As a pendant to the above quartette of curiosities, we will add one that we have recently received from a friend in the "Garden City," as the citizens of Chicago are fond of calling the Northwestern metropolis. The resident of a small raw town in Minnesota, who lived in a contracted, unpainted shanty, and picked up a precarious living by keeping a small variety store,

having received a somewhat peppery demand to settle his account, considerably over-due, replied as follows:

"SHIKAGO Meers ———
"Looke heare, Money is scass in this digins, jest att this tim—that's a fak an I cant stunn up narry a redd sent, butt when thee picker mann come with hisa Kerravan—an I gess he will bee heare sun—I will send you my doggartip.
"Yours with respek
ELIAS TOMPKINS."

TALKING the other evening with a gentleman who had enjoyed many a social chat with the late Edward Everett, the following little anecdote was related: The distinguished orator, while affecting not to be overmuch elated at praise, was known to be exceedingly sensitive to the shafts of ridicule. A man in Boston town named William Schouler, at the time of which we write, was editor of the Boston *Atlas*. It was not in Mr. Schouler's line to be laudatory of Mr. Everett. Quite the reverse. The "short, sharp, and decisive" little shots which the *Atlas* from time to time leveled at Mr. Everett were so annoying that a friend of both gentlemen went to Colonel Schouler and said: "Now, Colonel, this is too bad; you ought to stop it. Mr. Everett, you know, is not in good health, and this sort of thing troubles him."

"Why, what's the matter?—is he sick?"
"Not exactly sick, but under the weather."
"Sorry for that; what's the trouble?"
"Well, Colonel, he's greatly affected with the gravel."

"Really?" said the Colonel.
"Yes."
"Well, old fellow, all I've got to say is, that for a man who has so much gravel, he has less grit than any man I know of."

A smile seemed to come naturally to the colloquists, and the dialogue ceased.

As a specimen of fine old Arkansas legislation we submit the following, put in type from a leaf of the original printed journal of the Senate of that State:

WEDNESDAY, December 6, 1848.

The Senate met pursuant to adjournment.
Prayer by Rev. Mr. Green.
The Journal of yesterday was read and approved.
Mr. Shaw introduced a bill to be entitled an act to change the name of Van Buren county to Buchanan, as a substitute for the bill introduced by Mr. Dickson.
Mr. Flanagan offered the following amendment:
Be it further enacted, That this body, holding in utter detestation the course pursued by Martin Van Buren during the five years last past, touching politics, it is hereby enacted that all male children whose Christian name is Martin or Martin Van Buren, shall be called and known hereafter by the name of Lewis or Lewis Cass, as the case may be.

Oddly enough, the foregoing comes to us from Van Buren, Arkansas, sent by Mr. Martin Van Buren H—.

In a work recently published in London, entitled "Mirabeau's Letters during his Residence in England," we met with the following remarks on the English language, which are introduced here chiefly for the anecdote, to which we are surprised to find that we can furnish an exact counterpart:

But what is particularly vexatious is, says the great orator and enemy of Marie Antoinette, that, having learned English tolerably well with your eyes, it is very possible that your ear may

not comprehend a syllable. Not only I do not know a language the orthography of which agrees less with its pronunciation, but I know of none the pronunciation of which is so difficult, so capricious, so uncertain. One would feel inclined to believe that the writing and the pronunciation of this language are separated by the lapse of many centuries. "You write *bread*," said Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece, to her English master—"you pronounce *bred*; why don't you simply say *du pain*?"

A French teacher, lately resident at Edinburgh, but now practicing his profession (in which he is very eminent) in this country, one evening gave a *petit souper* to some of his friends in the Scottish metropolis. Among those present was a simple-minded, honest Scotch matron, whose claims to be of the party arose, we believe, from her having some children under the professor's charge. During the supper she heard a great deal of French talked, which affected her with much surprise. "It was sic a daft-like language," she thought, "whan ane heard it yattered away at that gate. And, dear sake, Professor," she added, taking up a slice of a loaf, "just let me ask what ye ca' this in that queer language o' yours?"

"*Pain*, Madame," answered the polite Frenchman.

"*Peng!*" she cried; "sic a like word! Dear me, Professor, wad it no be far viser like, and mair to the purpose, just to ca' it *breede*?"

The good, simple-hearted old lady little thought how her wit was jumping with that of a more distinguished person.

"I suppose the want of the Frenchman's language would be your greatest difficulty," said an Aberdeen alderman to a neighbor recently returned from a visit to France.

"Oh, I dinna ken," replied the tourist; "they were just as bad wi' us."

This little incident recalls the reply of George Buchanan, the celebrated poet and historian of Scotland, to King James the Sixth, who asked the pedagogue what was the most wonderful thing he had seen in Paris.

"Sire," said Buchanan, "I saw and heard many marvelous things; but none more truly so than the fact of little urchins scarce out of their clouts speaking French better than either your gracious Majesty or myself."

That missionary life is susceptible of more or less variety seems to be illustrated by the following incident from a Chicago correspondent:

As we were sitting in front of our house on Sunday evening we were accosted by an intelligent-looking man, who asked for alms. Struck by his appearance, we inquired why he was a mendicant. He answered that he was an old sea-captain, and had once been in affluent circumstances; but he had committed one foolish act which brought him to the condition in which we now saw him. In the course of his travels he had noticed that the scope of missionary influence was very limited. So long as a missionary remained in a heathen country he had a colony of Christians about him, but the moment he left it, outside influences would entirely eradicate the Christianity, and the colony would relapse into its former heathenism. He had therefore con-

ceived the idea of taking up the "poor heathen" and dropping them at the foot of the cross—that is to say, to take them from their native land and bring them to a Christian community, where they would be entirely surrounded by Christian influences, so that they could not help becoming Christians. Actuated by this idea he fitted out a vessel, and undertook to bring six hundred of the "poor heathen" within the pale of Christianity; but was stopped by one of Uncle Sam's cruisers, who could not see it in the same light that he did. On asking him where he was taking the "poor heathen," he replied, "From Africa to Brazil!"

In the Magazine for January, 1868, the Easy Chair discoursed upon white cravats, and could not account for them satisfactorily to himself. A Chicago correspondent thinks that the following may throw some light on the subject:

In one of our Methodist churches was an active member, whose sobriquet, "Simple Sammy," will give his mental calibre and add to the point of the story. Sammy thought he had a call to preach, and made his application in due form. It was rejected; but, to let him down easily, the Quarterly Conference gave him an exhorter's license, and next morning Sammy came out with a white cravat. He was met by an old acquaintance, something of a wag, who stepped up and took hold of the cravat, saying, "What is this?—what have you got on, Sammy?" Sammy gave a dignified reply, pronouncing slowly each word: "Did you not know that I am a regularly licensed exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church?" The reply was, "No, I did not, but I understand it all now—one talent tied up in a napkin!"

An instance of the force of habit comes from a Waukegan, Wisconsin, correspondent:

One of the early settlers of Milwaukee, who had always professed himself, though in less polished language than Eugene Aram's, to be "equal to either fortune," was taken so seriously ill that his case admitted no hope of recovery. The physician in charge was desired to communicate this fact to the patient, which he did by saying: "Mr. —, it is my duty to tell you that your disease is such that a fatal result is inevitable. I doubt if you can survive through the day." The sick man opened his eyes inquiringly, and having apparently satisfied himself that no "sell" was intended, growled faintly, "Let her rip!" and thenceforth ceased to articulate.

In the same town that was honored by being the residence of the gentleman whose quiet decease is recorded in the preceding paragraph dwelt a luminary who had at a certain period of his career held the office of Judge of Probate. This person had noted that his old brethren of the bench and bar spent their vacation with the rod and gun, and he accordingly thought it would be becoming in him to do the same. He accordingly invested a modicum of his revenues in the requisite ammunition, and sallied forth in pursuit of prairie chickens. While industriously seeking those toothsome birds he journeyed into the fields of a farmer, whose "hired man" peremptorily ordered him off the premises.

"It is probable," expostulated the jurist, "that

you don't know who I am; I am Judge —, of —."

"I don't care who you are—not even if you're the whole *Book of Judges*. One of two things you will do mighty quick: either git out of that ar medder, or I'll give you a 'rise' with the toe of my boot."

The alternative was graciously avoided.

COMING from Sunday morning service, after hearing one of those sermons that come under the description "powerful weak," we were reminded of Herder's definition of a sermon: "An animal, with an emaciated body, stretching out two heads one after another, displaying two or three teeth, and dragging after it a four, three, or two fold tail, which feebly wags."

Speaking of sermons, there lies before us an extract of a sermon preached two hundred years ago by a member of the order of Barefooted Augustine Monks, who at the time happened to be preacher to the Court of Bavaria. His subject is the Prodigal Son, and he thus commences:

"Of what country the prodigal son was is not precisely known; but I believe he was an Irishman. This chap traveled with well-larded purse through various countries and provinces, and returned no better, but rather worse. What credit is it to the noble river Danube that it travels through Suabia, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, and at last unites with a sow?.....So the prodigal son learned but little good in foreign lands. His doing was wooing; his thinking was drinking; his Latin was *Proficiat*, his Italian *Brindisi*, his Bohemian *Sasdravi*, his German *Ucsegnets Gott*. In one word, he was a goodly fellow, always mellow, a vagrant, a *bacchant*, an *amant*, a *turbant*, a *distillant*, etc.....And now, when the chap had got sick of the swine-diet, more wholesome thoughts came into his mind, and he would go straight home to his old father and seek a favorable hearing, in which he succeeded according to his wish, was introduced with a special joy and jubilee into the paternal dwelling.....Away with the rags and tatters! and hurrah for the velvet coat, and the pinked-up hat, and a gold ring! Bring on your fiddlers! *allegro!*"

How would that do in old Trinity or in Dr. Adams's?

THERE are certain times when the labors of the legal profession are relieved by an episode, which for the time has a tendency to make lawyers forget their troubles and annoyances. An incident of this kind occurred at the last term of the — County (Iowa) District Court, which shows that while lawyers are usually well posted in the law, they sometimes go astray when attempting to quote Scripture. Brother Atkinson, a member of the M. E. Church, and much given to quoting from the sacred Word in his speeches, and who, report says, left the ministry for the bar, was designated by the Court to defend a man charged with some crime. The clerk had called up twelve men to be examined touching their qualifications to sit as jurors in the case. Among them were two of the name of Brown, who, in answer to questions propounded by Brother Atkinson, had expressed grave doubts of his client's entire innocence. Their opinions were not of such a character, however, as to subject them to a challenge for cause. When it came

Brother Atkinson's turn to challenge peremptorily he, without looking toward the jury-box, said, "We excuse Mr. Brown."

The prosecuting attorney remarked that there were two Mr. Browns, and asked the counsel which one he meant. By this time Mr. Abihu Brown, whose expression of opinion against the accused had been the stronger, arose, and stepping out of the jury-box, remarked, "I am the man he means."

Brother Atkinson turned to him, and in his blandest manner, and with a graceful wave of the hand, said: "*Yes, Sir; as David said unto Jonathan, Thou art the man!*"

The explosion that followed may be imagined, but it did not save the other Mr. Brown. As soon as Brother Atkinson got another chance he was excused, and not one Brown was left upon that jury.

IN nearly every Christian family there is a little variation in the words used as "grace before and after meat;" but we had not heard until quite recently the concluding one mentioned in a discussion on that subject between three boys as to whose father said the shortest grace. The first boy said:

"My father says, Thank God."

"Oh!" said the second, "mine says, Amen."

The third said: "Ah, but mine's the best of all; he just pushes his plate away and says, *There!*"

A GOVERNMENT official on board the United States Survey Steamer *Ada*, while cruising around the upper lakes, found himself at Bayfield, Wisconsin, where there is a very old burial-ground, in which many of the graves are sheltered by little houses not unlike dog-kennels. On one of these houses is nailed a small wooden cross, bearing the following inscription:

BASIL, child of JOS. DAVIS
& FLEUVIS DAVIS Died
on August 1864 aged 4 yrs & 4 mths & 18 dys
Struck
by
Thunder.

A FEW paces in front of the above is a neat marble slab, bearing an inscription which, though devoid of drollery, is not without interest:

BUFFALO,
Principal Chief of
the Chippewas of
Lake Superior.
DIED
Sept. 7th, 1855.
Aged 90 years.

How brief! how simple! how grand! And what a fine old age—ninety-six! Ah, if the old fellow could have lived four years more, and *touched par!*

COLONEL UTLEY, a well-known Wisconsin editor, is the hero of more than one good thing in printed as well as military life. In command of a Wisconsin regiment stationed in Kentucky, while the war was on, the Colonel attained something of notoriety by allowing his men to harbor "a God-forsaken nigger boy" that had escaped from his master. The boy coming North the master brought suit for his value against Colonel Utley, and the case is now in the courts. Recently the Colonel went from his home to Mil-

waukee, and while at the latter place a friend asked him how his case was progressing.

"Very well," said the Colonel; "I think I shall win it, although I have the smartest lawyer at the Milwaukee bar against me."

"Why, he isn't our smartest lawyer by any means," innocently replied his friend.

"Certainly he is."

"How do you know?"

"Know!" replied the Colonel, in his serio-comic manner; "confound it, man alive, *he acknowledged it himself!*"

THE popular subject now agitating the general mind of New England, especially that of Massachusetts (it has had its run through Maine), is the prohibitory liquor law. In a little hamlet at the outlet of Long Lake, in the latter State, called Indian Village, resides a bad Indian known as Lying Joe, who regards practical opposition to temperance as the chief end of man; and by way of illustrating his successful evasion of legal pains and penalties the following anecdote is related.

On one mid-winter night he gained an underground entrance to the floor of the railway station at Princeton, and boring through the floor of the freight department, also bored at the same time, intentionally and as he had planned, into a barrel of clear whisky which was temporarily stored there. Having thus gained access to it, he held a wooden pail at the aperture until it was filled with the coveted prize; then, departing by the way he came, and pushing up the lake, he hid the confiscated liquor in a snow-drift. The discovery of the theft was soon made; and not long after, suspicion resting upon the right party (part of the lost "Bourbon" having been discovered), Joe was arrested and held for trial. On being asked to obtain counsel his only reply was, "Me plead um my own case;" and when the Court came in, true for once at least to what he had said, Joe appeared not only as the prisoner at the bar, but also as the counsel for the defense. The chances seemed against him, as a swift witness in the centre of the room appeared, the wooden pail half full of the stolen whisky; and against such testimony the plea of innocence, as all supposed, could not be sustained. When his opportunity to be heard had come Joe arose, and, with a look of magnificent scorn, pointing to the half-filled pail, he inquired of the Judge,

"What you call um?"

"That," was the reply, "is the whisky which was stolen."

"No," said Joe, "that's not it. What you call um in law—pail and whisky?"

"Call them?" said the Judge; "property, Joe, property; and you are held charged with stealing that property."

"Then," said Joe, "you no hold me. Law says whisky no property; so me no steal um property."

This was a point in the trial not looked for, but nevertheless a valid one; for by the State law whisky was not acknowledged valuable or merchandise.

"True, Joe," said the Judge; "whisky is not property, but the pail containing the whisky, that is property."

"Yes," said the Indian, still filled with confidence of success, "that is right; but me no

steal um that—me *borrowed* pail from Rolfe's store"—mentioning the name of the owner of one of the principal stores in the village—and so Joe was released from custody.

FUNNY things do happen in war times. In '61, in Missouri, it was determined one fine day by General P—— to have a review. As it was expected to be quite a fine thing, says our informant, our regiment turned out in full. Soon the roll of a snare-drum, and the music of "the ear-piercing fife" was heard; but the fifer, who could "blow plenty," couldn't manufacture the music to meet the sticks of the rub-a-dubber, nor could the rub-a-dubber drum any thing to meet the musical requirements of the fifer. This conflict of sound rather annoyed the colonel, who, as the column approached the reviewing officer, turned and ordered the drummer to play the same tune the fifer was playing.

"*That can't be did,*" replied that performer.

"Then play something he can drum," addressing the fifer.

"*I don't know how,*" answered that artist.

"Then, each play on his own hook," replied the colonel, and boldly pranced forward at the head of his sanguinary cohorts.

The repertoire of the two musicians seemed to consist of but one tune known to each, which was rather a scant stock to go to war with. Nevertheless each "done his level best," as "in thick and serried order" they moved past the reviewer. The words of command of the officers were also somewhat unique: "March in four strings like regulars!" And one captain, whose company was disposed to straggle a little, imperiously commanded them to "git up to the crowd." But they fought well.

THERE flourishes in a flourishing village of Western New York a Mrs. —, one of those good-natured people who have a generous score of details, and believe on all occasions in giving a good effect to their conversation. At one of the periodic tea-parties to which the village is subject she was entertaining the company with an account of a most astonishing hog which her father had fattened to the enormous weight of *six thousand pounds!* Quite a murmur of surprise went round the room, during which her husband suggested,

"Oh no, my dear, it was *six hundred* pounds."

"Why, Jeremiah," said she, in disgust, "*the skin weighed that!*"

THE Rev. Sydney Smith was blessed with a son more deeply versed in horse-flesh than theology, and withal of so unprepossessing a physiognomy as to be familiarly known as "Assassin" Smith, to distinguish him from the other Smiths, Smythes, and Smighths. On one occasion Assassin was reluctantly compelled to dine at the Deanery with a number of eminent churchmen, and his father admonished him of the necessity of suiting his conversation to the clerical tastes of his guests. Young Smith was discreetly silent until after the cloth was removed, when he suddenly turned to his neighbor, Doctor Blomfield, Bishop of London, and said, "My lord, there is one statement in the book of Daniel which has puzzled me very much, and I should like you to explain it to me." "Why, Mr. Smith," replied

the courtly prelate, "I am sure your father would be happy to solve any question that may arise in your mind when perusing the Scriptures." "Oh!" said Assassin, "the old man does not care for such points as worry me; but I know you are a good judge of a horse, and must take an interest in all that concerns them; and I want you to tell me how they ever got Nebuchadnezzar into condition again after, as the Prophet Daniel says, *he was turned out to grass for ten years?*"

THAT WAS a truly paternal tribute to a deceased son, paid by a good old Indiana farmer, who ordered from a marble dealer a slab upon which he directed that the following inscription should be cut. The thing, he said, "was writ by the family, and he wanted it cut on there just that way." Thus:

"He died at Nashville: Tennessee
he died of kronic diaree
it trooly paneful must of bin
to die so far away from home."

"EXCELSIOR" IN "PIGEON ENGLISH."

MY DEAR DRAWER—writes an officer of the Navy from Nagasaki, Japan—"Pigeon English" is the language which is constantly in use in communicating with Chinese, both in business transactions and for all other purposes. It is said "pigeon" is the nearest approach a Chinaman can make to *business*, and that "Pigeon English" really means *business English*. It is quite puzzling to one not accustomed to hearing it, and one can not imagine how it was ever got up. Yet it is now a complete dialect, which one must learn before he can communicate with the Chinese merchants, etc. Most of the words are English, more or less distorted; a few, however, are Chinese Anglicized. For instance: you call on a lady and inquire of the Chinese servant, "Missee have got?" He will reply, if she is at home, "Missee hab got topside;" if asleep in the afternoon, "Missee hab got, makee sleepee." Not wishing to wake the lady, you turn away with, "Maskee, maskee, no makee bobbory," leave your card, and go. I send you "Excelsior" done into Pigeon English by some one whom I do not know, and illustrated by Lieutenant R. C. HOOKER, of the Flag-ship *Piscataqua*. I do not think there are any words which will bother you much, with the original in your mind; however, I will vocabularize a few: *Chop chop*, "very fast;" *maskee*, "don't mind;" *chop b'long*, "of a kind;" *topside galah*, "excelsior (hurrah for topside)!" The Chinese always use *l* for *r*—thus, *lice* for "rice;" *loom* for "room;" *mi*, "I;" *chin chin*, "good-by" (used on meeting and parting, really meaning "worship," or "having a talk with the gods"); *Joss*, "gods;" *Joss pidgin man*, "priest."

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye, beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

TOPSIDE GALAH.

That nightee teem he come chop chop
One young man walkee, no can stop;
Colo maskee, icee maskee;
He got flag; chop b'long welly cullo, see—
Topside Galah!

He too muchee solly: one peecee eye
Lookee sharp—so fashion—alla same mi:
He talkee largee, talkee stlong,
Too muchee cullo; alla same gong—
Topside Galah!

Inside any housee he can see light,
Any peecee loom got fire all light;
He look see plenty ice more high,
Inside he mouf he plenty, cly—
Topside Galah!

"No can walkee!" olo man speakee he:
"Bimeby lain come, no can see;
Hab got water, welly wide!"
Maskee, mi must go topside—
Topside Galah!

"Man-man," one galo talkee he:
"What for you go topside look-see?"
"Nother teem," he makee plenty cly,
Maskee, alla teem walkee plenty high—
Topside Galah!

"Take care that spilum lee, young man,
Take care that icee!" he no man man.
That coolie chin-chin he good night;
He talkee, "mi can go all light!"—
Topside Galah!

Joss pidgin man chop chop begin,
Morning teem that Joss chin chin,
No see any man, he plenty fear,
Cause some man talkee, he can hear—
Topside Galah!

Young man makee die: one largee dog see
Too muchee bobbory, findes he.
Hand too muchee colo, inside can stop
Alla same peecee flag, got cullo chop—
Topside Galah!



THAT NIGHTER TERM HE COME CHOP CHOP
ONE YOUNG MAN WALKER, NO CAN STOP.



"TAKE CARE THAT SPIRIT TALK, YOUNG MAN,
TAKE CARE THAT IORE!" HE NO MAN MAN.



"MAN-MAN," ONE GALO TALKER HE:
"WHAT FOR YOU GO TOPSIDE LOOK-SEE?"



YOUNG MAN MAKEE DIE: ONE LARGER DOG SEE
TOO MUCHER DOUBERT, FINDES HE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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BEAST, BIRD, AND FISH.

[First Paper.]

EARTH, AIR, AND WATER.

IF to the six substantives named in our titles we add three verbs, *to walk, to fly, to swim*, we seem to include all that can be said of the animals with which we are most familiar. For to the question, "What is it?" the answer is, *Beast, or Bird, or Fish*. To the question, "How does it act?" the answer is, *It walks, it flies, or it swims*; and to the question, "Where does it live?" the answer is, *On the earth, in the air, or in the water*.

And if the inquirer has been more devout than scientific, and if he has accepted the groupings of the literal Mosaic record of the creation; or if he has been strictly brought up and duly impressed with the wickedness of asking inconvenient questions, he may rest satisfied with the above answers, and base his further investigations into Natural History upon the creed that Beasts are animals that walk upon the earth; Birds are animals that fly in the air; and Fish are animals that swim in the sea.

But if he be at the same time disposed to respect the opinions of Cuvier and Agassiz, and if, still better, he be encouraged to use his own eyes and his own brains concerning the living things about him, it will occur to him that there are a good many Walkers on the earth which are not beasts, some Flyers in the air which certainly are not birds, and a few Swimmers in the sea which he would much scruple to consider as fish. He has heard of the bitter dispute between



FIG. 1.—Osprey, or Fish-hawk, bearing off a Weak-fish. (From Audubon.)—Wild-cat, with a bird in its mouth. (From Schinz, *Saugethiere*.)

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Linnæus and one of his former pupils, Klein, as to whether the whale should be called a fish: the former, like nearly every one at that day, thought it was a fish; while the latter, who had an opportunity to examine one, discovered that it was warm-blooded, had lungs and other organs, like those of a seal, and could not, therefore, be a fish; and though the controversy once appeared to our student very trivial, yet he now begins to appreciate the whale's situation; for he may swim himself occasionally, but he would by no means, on that account, see his nearest relations among the finny tribes.

He goes shooting at dusk and brings down what he thinks to be a bird; but it has very

most in despair, even if there are beasts which fly and birds which do not, even if there are both beasts and birds that swim, yet the fish at least are orderly and regular in their habits. "As wet as a fish" surely implies that they are always in the water; and "As uneasy as a fish out of water" is proverbial testimony to the necessities of their organization. Fish, then, do swim in the sea.

But stop. Have we not read of flying-fish, which, to escape their enemies, leap into the air and skim over the waves for a distance of seventy or eighty yards? And, worse yet for the believer in piscine proprieties, for seventy-five years there has been on record the description and history of a fish that climbed a tree in Tranquebar; while at various times since then accounts more or less reliable have reached us concerning the killing of fish in a tree by shot aimed at birds.

Whether the effect of this series of disappointments will be to disgust the inquirer with the whole science of zoology, which



FIG. 2.—Bat. (From Schinz.)

sharp teeth, as he learns to his cost; it is covered with fur, which no stretch of imagination can convert into feathers; and its wing, bird-like as it seemed at first, is really four very long fingers with a thin skin between them; and altogether, but for those fingers, the creature more nearly resembles a mole or a mouse than a bird; it is, in fact, a bat, which is a true mammal, bringing forth its young alive, and suckling them with milk like the cow and other beasts, and so differing widely from the birds, which lay eggs and have no milk.

To still further impair his faith in the ancient subdivisions of animals, he remembers that many indubitable birds spend most of their time upon the water; that even the hens are unable to remain long in the air; that the ostrich flaps its broad wings with no greater effect than to hasten its pace upon the earth; and that in New Zealand are found remains of a gigantic feathered biped whose egg would fill a man's hat, which had two long hind-legs, and a bill, and every thing else like a bird, but was utterly destitute of wings, and could no more fly than the ponderous mammal for which it is named.

But, he exclaims, al-

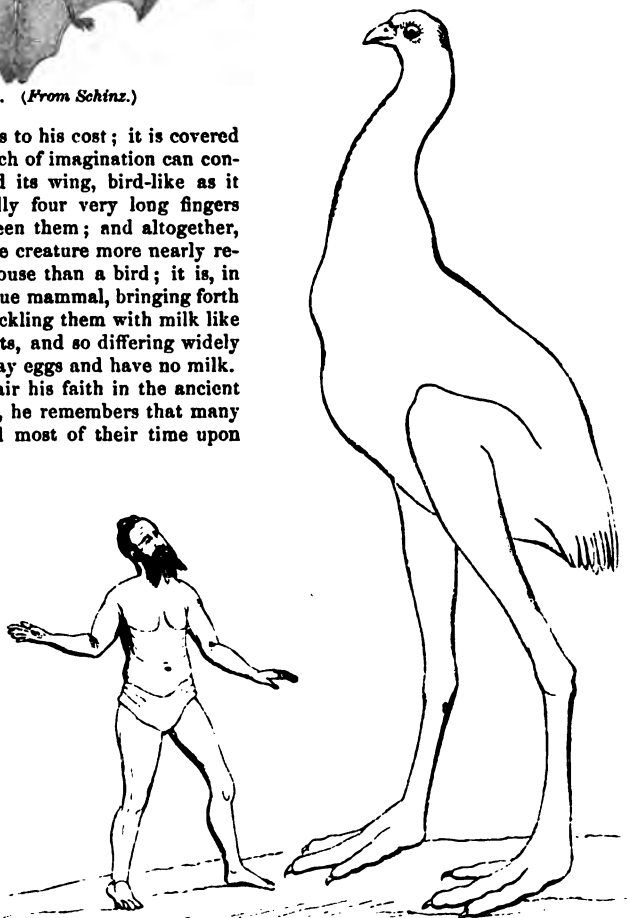


FIG. 3.—Dinornis Elephantopus; a gigantic fossil bird of New Zealand, fourteen feet in height. (From Page.)

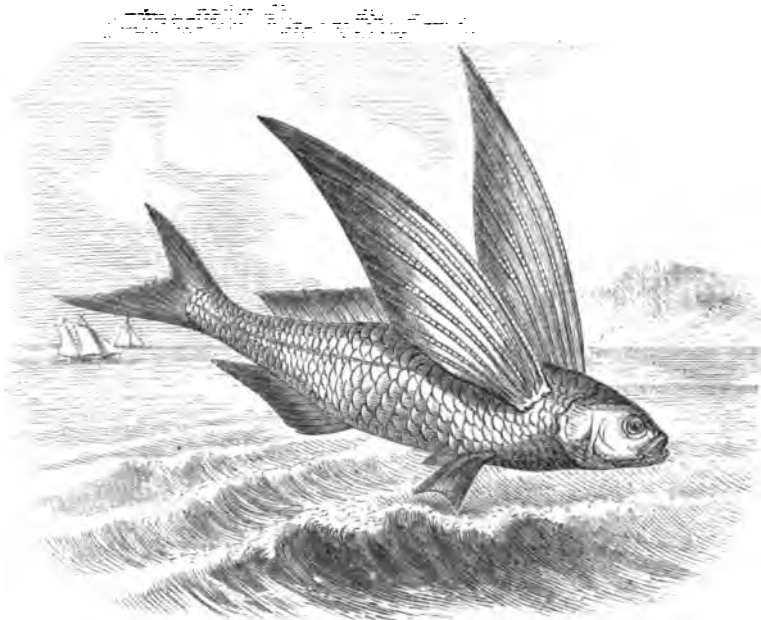


FIG. 4.—Flying-fish in the act of descending to the water. The fins are raised in order to show their form and extent.

seems to contradict not only the Bible but all ancient and honorable tradition, and even at times itself, or to stimulate him to broader and more careful views of the habits and groupings of animals, will depend upon his general character. But let us at any rate follow out the latter course as far as our present space will admit, and learn whether Beast, Bird, and Fish really mean any thing in a scientific point of view; whether Walking and Flying and Swimming are the only three kinds of locomotion; and whether Earth, Air, and Water are the only media in which animals may live and move.

"Live" and "move;"—they are pregnant words; for what is life without motion? and what is motion but the manifestation of life? the means by which we gain our subsistence, cultivate friendship, and perpetuate our kind; by which also we avoid danger and mental or bodily discomfort of all kinds; and, finally, by which we communicate ideas and feelings to others?

Conscious sensation and voluntary motion are held to be the functions peculiar to animal life; but we can study the *sensations* of an animal only through the motion of some part or the locomotion of the whole. So that, narrow as the subject may seem at first, the locomotion of animals includes all that we mean by their habits when moving from place to place for any motive.

The motives or purposes of locomotion are of two kinds, which may be mathematically represented by the signs + (*plus*) and — (*mi-*

nus); since the one kind leads us to seek, the other leads us to avoid. Each of these kinds again contains three special motives, as follows:

1. Hunger, which is the appetite for food.
2. The sexual instinct, which is a kind of appetite.
3. Gregality, which leads animals to associate together in flocks or herds for mutual enjoyment, food, or protection.

These three are motives of the first kind. Those of the second are:

1. Fear of injury by other animals.
2. Fear of injury or discomfort from the elements.

3. Eremitism, or unsociableness, the reverse of gregality; which leads certain species, or the males, always or at certain epochs to shun the company of all and to wander alone.

But all these motives, with all their infinite variations in different species, end in the one act, *locomotion*.

Now we may study locomotion in several different ways, which, however, for simplicity, may be combined under three heads: the *What*, the *How*, and the *Where*. That is: the organism which is to be moved; the apparatus by which the action is performed; and the medium in which it takes place.

We have not yet ascertained how many different kinds of organisms are to be distinguished, and we dismissed that subject a little while ago, with a dim consciousness of a serious discrepancy between tradition and science. We should have found, had we approached the subject, that an equally broad and unfamiliar

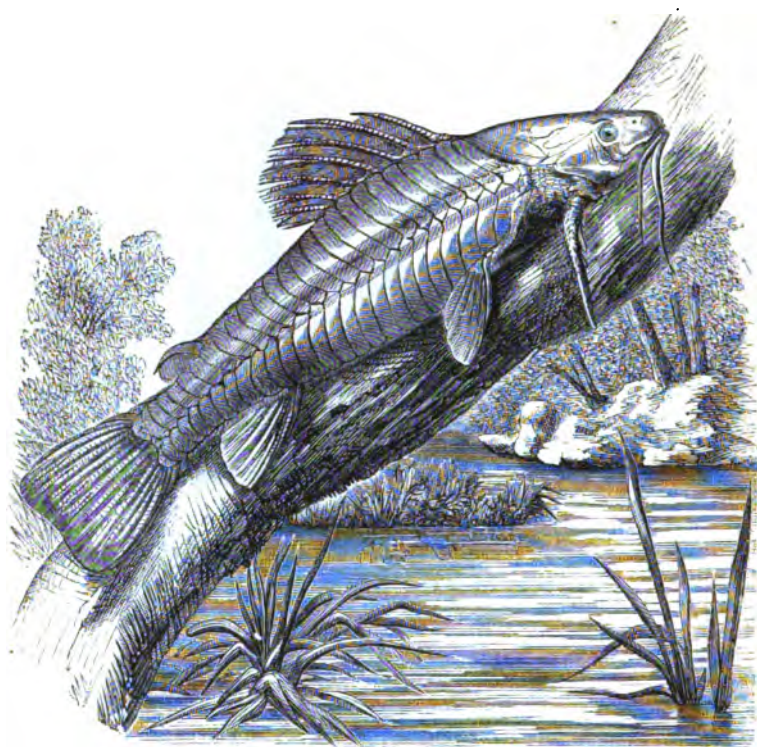


FIG. 5.—Climbing-fish, from Brazil. (From a specimen in the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass.)

field is opened by the examination of a few varieties of limbs, tails, and heads, and that the swimming of a fish is a very different thing from that of a duck. Both these matters may be advantageously deferred for the present.

But as to the third aspect of locomotion: the *Where*.

There can be but three places in which animals move: the Air, the Earth, and the Water. Granted; but it is not quite so simple as it seems; for though a bird flies *in* the air, and a fish swims *in* the sea, and the mole burrows *in* the earth, we by no means include all modes of locomotion within these three categories. The duck moves upon the water and through the air; and the heron, wading through the pool for shell-fish, has its feet upon the earth, its legs in the water, and its body in the air; while all beasts are supported by the earth, but may have their bodies in the air, or, as with the wallowing hippopotamus, in the water.

There are fresh-water fish, too, and salt-water fish; there are animals which live high up on the sides of mountains, and others which thrive in the valleys; and the sandy desert and boggy morass have each its appropriate denizens. So, although Earth, Air, and Water seems a homely and familiar subject, we will now approach it with all due respect and deliberation.

THE AIR.

How easy it is to forget the immense extent, the tremendous weight, the vital importance of the vast sea of air at the bottom of which we move, and into which we can mount but a few miles at the most! A sea whose depth is fifty miles, and whose area at the bottom is equal to the surface of the globe—nearly two hundred millions of square miles; which, light as it seems, and readily as it yields before us, nevertheless presses upon each square inch of our bodies with a weight of fifteen pounds, or fourteen tons and a half upon the whole surface; and as the pressure is exerted equally upon the inside as well as upon the outside of bodies, very serious effects follow its removal from the surface. Upon great mountain heights and upon the high table-lands of Peru the ears feel ready to burst, and blood flows from the eyelids; balloonists experience great discomfort in the loftier regions of the atmosphere; the poor little mouse under the exhausted receiver of the air-pump swells almost to bursting with the information that there is a terrible lack of equilibrium between the inner and outer atmospheric pressures; and the miserable fish suddenly dragged up from deep waters has sometimes its stomach forced out through its mouth by the expansion of the air in its swim-bladder, relieved of its accustomed pressure

from without. So that "trifles light as air" may be heavy enough under certain circumstances.

Air is commonly described as a mechanical mixture of the two gases oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportion of four parts by bulk of the latter to one of the former. The oxygen alone is the essential and life-giving element, and it is diluted by the nitrogen in order to prevent its too energetic action in the lungs. But, in point of fact, pure air does not exist; there is always mingled with it a variable amount of other matters, which, although hardly appreciable in a moderate bulk of air, exert an aggregate influence of great importance. In every two thousand parts of air is about one part of carbonic acid gas, which is the food of plants; there is generally a trace of nitric acid and of ammonia; and there are in even the clearest air very minute particles which the housekeeper stigmatizes as dust, but which the microscopist finds to be not merely fine particles of earth, but scales of insects' wings, scales of our own skin, hairs, spores of plants, and minute germs which, in a proper fluid, give rise to the living organisms which have been, and by some are still, supposed to be spontaneously generated.

And besides all that, the air contains water in the form of vapor to the extent of about two-fifths of a pint in a thousand cubic feet; which, if condensed at once all over the earth, would cover it to a depth of five inches; it is this watery vapor which, in masses, forms clouds, among which the artist has portrayed man crouching, appalled, at the awful immensity of space. In this, as in all the other pictures of the Mad Painter, as he is lightly called, there is a "method," which is always devout and suggestive, if at times obscure.



FIG. 6.—Air. (From William Blake.)

THE WATER.

Like the air, water is a fluid, but it is in the next condition of matter, the liquid; and though it also is composed of two gases, yet they are combined chemically, and not merely mixed. A mechanical mixture of eight pounds of oxygen and one pound of hydrogen is not water until chemical action is induced by fire; and this water would be, what we never find in nature, absolutely pure. For in the clearest spring-water each gallon contains from one-twentieth of a grain to 38 grains of salts; the ocean holds from 2200 to 2800 grains per gallon; the Dead Sea from 11,000 to 21,000; and the waters of a little salt lake east of the steppes of the Volga, in Russia, contain three-fifths of their weight of salts. Both these, like our own Great Salt Lake, have become what they are by a process which is going on all the time with the ocean; every stream that runs to the sea carries to it a certain amount of salts; and as this can never leave it, evaporation taking up only fresh water, there is the chance of an ultimate confirmation of the fears of the man who, according to fable, lost in the sea the mill which forever turned out salt, since he had forgotten the magic words by which its operations could be suspended. Practically, however, we need not fear the premature salting of our fish.

Boundless as the ocean appears, it is limited compared with the air. It is five or six miles in depth, and covers about three-fourths of the surface of the globe. But its presence is not confined to the ocean. As we have seen, it is a constant part of the atmosphere; it presents itself to us as snow and ice; it percolates through soils, and forms a part of the hardest rocks. Into our bodies it enters so largely that they have been described as a few pounds of charcoal, etc., mixed with several pailfuls of water. In fact, a man of one hundred and fifty pounds weight consists of one hundred pounds of water and fifty of solid matter. Of the tears and perspiration it forms about ninety-nine parts in a hundred; of the blood, seventy-eight; of the bones, thirteen; and even of the dense enamel of teeth, two parts in a thousand.

"Water, water, every where," is in the distressed expression of the face on the next page.

As said above, both air and water are fluids, and readily yield to the movements of bodies; both serve as media in which locomotion is performed; but the conditions of aerial locomotion are very different from those of aquatic, on account of the difference in their density, and so in their power of resistance and of support. The lightest bird must make an ef-

fort to rise into or remain in the air; but upon the water birds float; and it nearly buoys up the fish which inhabit its depths. The difference in their weights and densities is as 1000 of water to $1\frac{1}{2}$ of air; which means that if a certain quantity of water weighs a thousand ounces, an equal quantity of air will weigh only one and two-ninths ounces.

THE EARTH.

From both Air and Water the Earth is very different. It is a solid; it is almost inelastic, unyielding, and incompressible; it is composed of at least sixty-two different elements, whose relations are neither exclusively mechanical nor exclusively chemical, but both; since we find sulphur and iron and lead and gold and silver as such; and we may find them and most other elements in a state of combination with each other.

How many miles thick is the crust of our globe is not fully agreed among physicists; but even the largest number is uncomfortably small for nervous people; and it is of more practical importance to know that it occupies the remaining fourth of the visible surface of the globe—about forty-nine and a half millions of square miles.

Fifteen of the earth's elements find their way into the human body: oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, chlorine, fluorine, sulphur, phosphorus, sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesia, iron, silicon, and manganese.

So far we have looked upon Earth, Water, and Air in a purely physical, chemical, and mechanical light. We have learned what they are, where they are, and how extensive they are. We have also seen that they all enter into the composition of our bodies, and must therefore be taken in as food—solid, liquid, and gaseous. This, too, is the order of their necessity to us, for the ordinary intervals of eating are six or eight hours, and may be four times that; we crave water every three or four hours, and an abstinence of twelve is distressing; but our lungs demand their respiratory food twenty times in a minute, and will hardly be deprived of it for three or four minutes.

Physiologically, then, as well as physically, the order of sequence is Solid, Liquid, Gas—Earth, Water, Air; and in any diagram we should arrange them one above another, thus:

AIR.....	Gas.....	Sp. grav. $1\frac{1}{2}$
WATER.....	Liquid.....	" " 1000
EARTH (Silicon).....	Solid.....	" " 2490

But does this hold good when we consider the creatures which inhabit them? Let us see:

Whatever may be the exceptions to which we have already and shall hereafter allude, each of



FIG. 7.—Water. (Altered from William Blake.)

the three media is typically inhabited by one of the three lower types of the animal kingdom. The *Radiates* (star-fish, jelly-fish, etc.) live only in the sea. The *Mollusks* (clams, oysters, etc.) inhabit both the sea and the land; but the large majority are more or less closely attached to the earth, and do not swim free like the jelly-fish: their bodies, also, are heavy; earthy matter is accumulated in their calcareous shells; and they have no means of performing even the simplest kind of aerial locomotion. The *Articulates*, on the other hand, contain one group, the *Insects*, most numerous in both species and individuals, which almost live in the air; and even the *Crustacea* and *Worms* are more lightly and loosely built and more rapid of motion than the sluggish snail and clam.

At any rate, few will refuse to acknowledge that if we associate the elements at all with these three groups the *Radiates* must go to the water, the *Mollusks* to the land, the *Articulates* to the air.

Now there is no doubt respecting the position of the *Radiates* as the lowest of the three: and water must, zoologically, stand at the bottom. Shall now the aerial *Articulates* be placed next above, and then the terrestrial *Mollusks*? or the reverse? After much discussion and consideration of the rival claims to superiority, most zoologists now agree to consider them as equal in rank, but as representing different and opposite tendencies in nature—the *Mollusks*, concentration and solidity, and, physiologically, the viscera, the organs of nutrition; but the *Articulates*, expansion, lightness, and flexibility, and the organs of motion and sensation. There is with them what Agassiz terms a tendency to "outward display" in their colors, their spreading wings, and many-jointed limbs, as well as in their elongated and seg-

mented body—all which are in strong contrast with the compact, fleshy, and undivided mass of an oyster or a snail, with its sombre hues and sluggish movements.

The three groups, then, arranged according to their respective elements and organizations, would stand as follows :

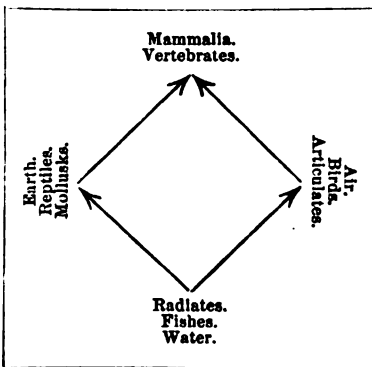
Vertebrates.
Mollusks. Articulatcs.
Radiates.

And we may place above them the Vertebrates as being not only the highest in structure, and as containing the class to which man himself belongs, but also because in its members the two antagonistic systems of organs, vegetative or visceral, and animal, or motive and sensitive, are equally combined; and, finally, because some of its members swim, some walk, some fly, and it seems to have the range of the whole earth in a higher way than either of the other groups.

On similar principles we may arrange the four old-fashioned classes of the Vertebrates alone—I say old-fashioned because very high authorities are now inclined to subdivide the Fishes alone into four classes, the Reptiles into two, and the Mammalia perhaps also into two; the adoption of which groups would render impossible any attempt to make the three media respectively the typical homes of the three lower classes, leaving the Mammalia, like the Vertebrates, to occupy the highest point in the series.

But so long as there is doubt of the propriety of the further subdivisions, let us notice the analogy which exists between the aquatic Vertebrates, the Fishes, and the Radiates; between the terrestrial, heavy-bodied, crawling Reptiles and the Mollusks; between the aerial, buoyant, and quickly-moving Birds and the Articulatcs; and, finally, between the class of Mammalia, which not only includes man, but which possesses the freedom of the earth, the air, and the water in the fullest degree.

The three elements, then, the four types of the animal kingdom, and the four commonly accepted classes of the vertebrate type, may be arranged together thus—not to teach strict classification, but to indicate analogies and resemblances which are suggestive :



Strictly speaking, then, if we confine our studies to the Vertebrates, the fish are the Fish of the Sea; the birds are the Birds of the Air, and the reptiles are the Beasts of the Field. But as the Mammalia are free to all three media, there are among them those which, moving in water almost exclusively, may be described as Fish of the Sea; such are the whales, the seals, the manatee and dugong, and the ornithorynchus. There are also among them some which are capable of aerial locomotion, as the bats and the flying-squirrel, and which come under our heading, Birds of the Air; while the majority of them live and move upon the earth, but in a different way from the reptiles; for the latter are either wholly prone, as the serpents; or drag themselves along upon legs, with the belly nevertheless touching the earth, as the turtles, the salamanders, the lizards, and the alligators; or, sitting upon it, like the frogs, they can only leave it by forced leaps. But the quadrupeds all stand upon legs which keep their bodies from contact with the earth; and many of them have the power of leaving the surface still farther by ascending trees.

But again we shall find, as was stated at the beginning of this paper, that among the fish, too, are some which enter the air, and some which move upon the earth; that among the birds are some which can not fly at all, but which both walk and swim; and that among the reptiles are some which both fly and swim.

Now the summing up of all this is, that if we group and separate animals according to their *structure*, we shall find in each of the groups some which live and move in each of the three media—Air, Water, and Earth; and that if we group and arrange them according to their modes of life and of locomotion, we shall have to place together members of groups which are as anatomically distinct as whales and fishes, as bats and birds, as cows and ostriches.

Now although one may readily mistake a bat for a bird, and although Linnæus did think the whale to be a fish, yet it has long been admitted that the higher and more comprehensive groups of the animal kingdom, such as types and classes and orders, must be founded upon *structure*, and not upon mere *form* or external appearance, or voice, or mode of locomotion; and that these latter characters are such as associate animals together in families: as, for instance, the cat family, which, from the lion to the puss, all prowl and spring and *miao*; the dog family, which all run and bark; the seal family, which all have an elongated, fish-like form and swim well; the horse and cow families, which have each its own form and vocal sound, modified slightly in the different species, and in each of which the movements are peculiar and characteristic.

Among the birds the same is true; for who that studies them carefully does not at once detect the family to which a bird belongs by its flight or walk?—"the soaring of the birds of prey; the heavy flapping of the wings of the

gallinaceous birds; the floating of the swallows, with their short cuts and angular turns; the hopping of the sparrows; the deliberate walk of the hens and the strut of the cocks; the waddle of the ducks and geese; and the quivering poise of the humming-bird." All these are indications of the family to which the creature belongs; and all the members of one family move in the same way and in the same element.

But the converse of this is not equally true; for, as we have seen, animals may live in the same element and move in nearly the same

way, and yet be so unlike as to structure as to belong to wholly different orders or even classes. But upon closer examination we shall always find that they do not move in exactly the same way, or at any rate by not the same means; thus, that the tail of a whale is a very different organ from that of a fish, and that both differ still more widely from the swimming organ of a seal.

In the three following papers we will take up the Fish of the Sea, the Beasts of the Earth, and the Birds of the Air, and give examples in illustration of all the principles here laid down.

OCCIDENT AND ORIENT.

OPEN the gate, O Land of Ancient Story,
 To thy Sisters' greeting;
 They have waited long to look at thine inner glory:
 Come forth to the meeting.

Open to us the traditions of former days
 That thy wise men held;
 Let us look back from our ever-changing ways
 To thy works of Eld.

"Come!" says Albion, girding her armor on—
 (Great Isle of the Sea,
 Over whose children the bright sun never goes down)—
 "Smile first on me!"

"Come to me," says sunny-featured France,
 Across the waters;
 "Let thy children's almond eyes first glance
 On my sons and daughters."

And the Monarch of the North, and each distant land,
 Seeing the stir
 Of the ancient Chinese Empire, stretch forth the hand,
 And call to her.

But the youngest of them all, she too has heard,
 With beating heart;
 She too looks longing, yet utters not a word,
 Sitting apart.

Slow she arises—the Celestial Land—
 At her Sisters' call;
 With timid mien she stretches forth her hand
 To the youngest of all.

The East and the West are met. The word is spoken:
 China is risen!
 The ancient wall that kept her so long is broken;
 She steps from her prison.

She looks with awe on the changes Time has wrought—
 Old forms o'erpast.
 The last of the nations first unto Liberty brought:
 And the First is Last.

Fling wide thy gates, O Land of Ancient Story!
 And it may be
 Thou shalt behold the dawn of a brighter glory
 Break over thee!

When the light of Freedom, flashing from shore to shore,
 On thy soil shall burst,
 It may be the First shall become the Last once more,
 And the Last be First.

MOUNTAINEERING ON THE PACIFIC.



MOUNT BAKER, FROM CEDAR HILL, NEAR VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

IN these times of volcanic activity, when from all quarters we have accounts of the heaving and rending of the earth's surface, and the whole Pacific slope is agitated with the throes of earthquake, some account of the first ascent of Mount Baker, which has been active within the memory of man, may not be uninteresting. At a time, too, when the Alpine Club finds its occupation gone, the opening out of a new field for exploration deserves attention. For though Mounts Shasta and Hood have been several times ascended, they do not present the peculiar difficulties encountered in scaling the great peaks of Switzerland. Both of these are easy of approach, and almost devoid of glaciers.

Mount Baker is the most northerly of those great cones which dot the Cascade range, and is only fourteen miles south of the great boundary line cut through the forests which divide the American and English possessions. It forms the most striking feature in the attractive scenery around the Fuca Straits and the Puget

Sound. Amidst numerous groups of islands (the Western Cyclades) and pine-clad heights, like another "Snowy Olympus," it towers above, the silent sentinel of a solitary land.

The author, having satisfied himself with Mont Blanc and the surrounding scenery,* determined to leave the beaten paths of the European ice-fields for the unexplored heights of the West. He took residence in Victoria, Vancouver Island, with this object in view. Although it is eighty miles distant, a very fine view of the mountain is here presented; and the recollection of peaks and passes overcome in the Alps stimulated him to the ascent. This account is, therefore, the result of observations made in two previous attempts and the final success.

The mountain may be approached on the southeastern side by the Skadgett River, tak-

* "Scenes from the Snowfields," by Edmund T. Coleman. Longman and Co., London, 1868.

ing Utsalady, on Puget Sound, as the starting-point; on the western side by the river Lummi, which flows into Bellingham Bay, taking Seahome as the starting-point; and on the northern side by a trail from Fraser River, taking Fort Hope as the starting-point. The first approach was chosen for the initial attempt, which was made in company with Charles B. Darwin, Judge of the District Court of the United States, and Dr. Robert Brown, of Edinburgh. We then arrived at a point about fifty miles up the Skadgett, when, owing to the opposition offered by an unfriendly tribe of Indians, the journey was abandoned. For the next attempt the second approach, by the Lummi River, was selected, at the suggestion of the Hon. Edward Elbridge, late Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Washington Territory. On this occasion Messrs. Tennent and Bennett, enterprising settlers in the district, joined in, and we reached a point near the summit; but were compelled to return by reason of an overhanging cornice of ice which barred the way, and the fact that we had neither sufficient time nor provisions to make another attempt. In the following year the utmost exertions were unable to get up a party; but next year the author was encouraged to proceed by the willingness of Mr. Thomas Stratton, Inspector of Customs at Port Townsend, Mr. Tennent, and Mr. David Ogilvy, of Victoria, to accompany him, when the approach by the Lummi was again chosen. General McKenny, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory, kindly placed four trustworthy Indians at my command. These were selected by Mr. C. E. Finkboner, who has charge of the Lummi Reservation. To the official sanction thus given, and the fitness of our dusky companions for their duties, were we indebted for our security in ascending the river. We can not forget the expertness displayed in many difficulties by Squock and Talum. Squock is son-in-law of Umpitulum, the principal chief of the Nootsak Indians. Though a Flat-head, Squock is very handsome, and, with his swarthy face and long thin limbs, resembles an Arab.

Sure of such good company, I determined to start from Victoria on 4th August, 1868. On the occasion of the second attempt I took the steamer which runs between Victoria and Port Townsend, forty miles distant, and went thence to Bellingham Bay, sixty miles more. But as this was traveling the two sides of the triangle, I now made the journey direct by canoe. This route leads by the island of San Juan, the famous bone of contention between England and America, each end of which is held by a garrison representing these countries. I had engaged some Indians to come from Bellingham Bay for me, but discovered that they had traveled by the ship channel farther to the south, in their dread of the northern Indians, with whom the Lummi have an old feud. Indeed, these Northerners, and particularly the Hydahs, are the pirates of these parts. Of late they

boldly attempted higher game, and have

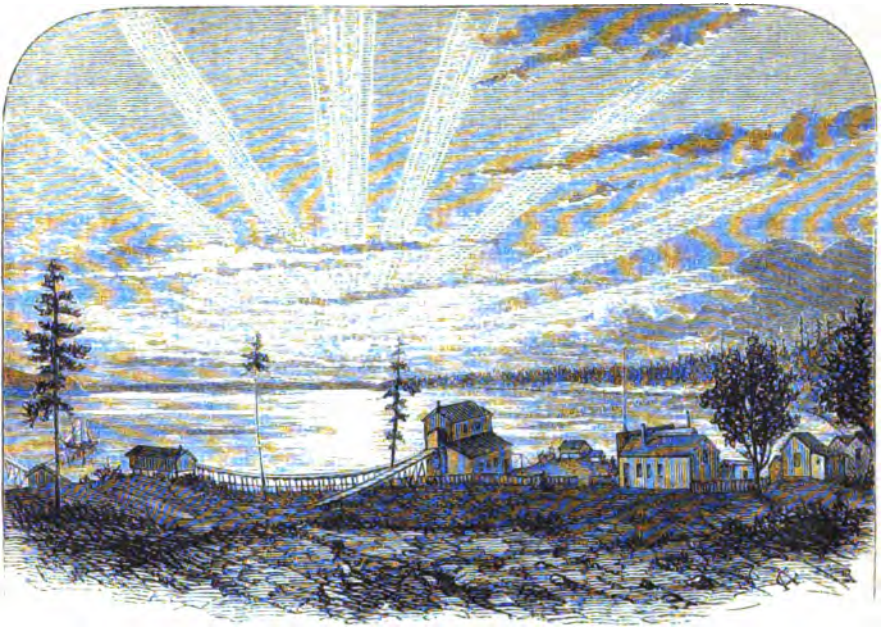
attacked schooners and trading-vessels. In one instance the *Growler*, of Port Townsend, was entirely destroyed by their ravages in search of "possissee" and "skookum chuck"—blankets and whisky—which form their ideal of the chief good. In another the sloop *Thornton* was set upon by three canoes, and the master and crew were only saved through the good services of a Henry rifle. The *Black Diamond* also came in for a share of their black deeds; and others have been frightened, if not hurt.

Apart from such casualties, traveling is very enjoyable in these inland waters. The bottom of the canoe is spread with small branches and twigs, and then covered with matting of native manufacture. One's blankets are placed against the thwarts and form a soft cushion, against which he can recline and be as comfortable as in a first-class railway carriage. When camping on shore at night the mats are spread out on the beach, and with one's blankets make a soft bed. Gliding along in our canoe, away from the noise and bustle of the busy world, the spirit revels amidst the beautiful scenery of the archipelago. Island after island is passed, all wooded to the water's edge with the cedar, the fir, and the tender green of the arbutus. The mossy banks are here covered with bushes, and there relieved with bold groupings of rocks in picturesque forms. As we look down through the clear and limpid waters, the silvery fish are discerned sporting themselves among the most beautiful forms of sea-weed and shell; while away in the distance, bounding the horizon, are the snow-capped mountain ranges of British Columbia and Washington Territory. All these combine to form a succession of charming pictures, and tempt one to exclaim with the poet—

"Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister."

In passing along we noticed the camp of the English garrison on San Juan Island, and were struck with the singular beauty of the scenery around it. In the fore-ground is the level green-sward with a noble tree rising from its centre, and fringed with spreading maples. Up through these there are winding walks to the officers' quarters, and beyond, a lofty hill, on which a summer-house has been erected, where the surrounding shores are seen to advantage. Between this and the American camp, seven miles off, lie farms in a high state of cultivation, the proprietors of which declare it to be the "best land they have struck," since there are no rents, no sheriff's officers, no taxes, and no prisons.

Having passed San Juan, and steering through a narrow passage near to Orcas Island, we observed a long pole with a cross-piece to it at the top. It is the native arrangement for catching wild-fowl. A net is spread on the cross-poles, fires are lighted at night, the wild-fowl seeking at this time their food, and not seeing the net, fly against it with such



SEAHOME.

force that they drop down, and are seized by the Indians before they have time to recover themselves. Vancouver gives a plate of similar poles in his work, and was unable to discover the use of them.

Another interesting method of securing game is practiced by the settlers. They go at night with torches and armed with shot-guns to hunt the deer. These animals then come down to the shore to lick the salt off the stones, and are so thoroughly spell-bound by the lights that they easily fall victims to the hunters. I also observed that our Indians had each a pole armed with prongs, lying by their side while they paddled, with which they occasionally transfixed the fish as it darted along. When skirting Orcas Island a curious instance of superstition was manifested. I noticed a shining marine plant floating in the water; endeavoring to seize it, but missing my grasp, I motioned to the Indians to catch it. They firmly refused, alleging that if they touched it warts would spring out upon their hands. I could not but respect such a particular care of the person, especially on the part of Davy, surnamed Crockett, who to his tribe is king, priest, and judge. He is the theocratic head of the Lummis, and very exemplary he is in the performance of his multifarious duties—ringing a bell, calling his flock twice a day to prayers, and continually enforcing upon them the inferiority of all other tribes, and the great privileges they enjoy from condescending to be born under his own administration—the peculiar year of grace.

Before leaving these islands we can not but refer to the peculiar features of civilization

manifested within them. So plentiful is game that an hour's hunting suffices to catch a deer weighing from 75 to 150 pounds. Their skins are sufficient to keep the settlers in tobacco and flour until they have cleared the ground for potatoes and grain. Thus the necessities of life are easily gained; in fact, no man need starve in Washington Territory. Many of these settlers live with Indian women, and find a charm in this free and independent life which reconciles them to the discomforts of roughing it in a new country. These attachments generally last for life, and the question is surrounded with peculiar difficulties. The alliance secures immunity from the savage tribes around; the position is one which the more tenderly nurtured maidens would not accept, but I have often had occasion to ask whether the term squalid might not appropriately be spelled "squaw-led."

We now enter Bellingham Bay, thus named by Vancouver. The bay proper is a noble sheet of water, and is an irregular circle of about six or seven miles in diameter. It is the finest natural harbor of the Puget Sound district, and there the fleets of the world might ride in safety and manœuvre with ease. If the Northern Pacific Railway should be constructed through any of the passes in the Cascade range, this bay would be the best terminus. Already two towns have been located upon its shore—Seahome and Whatcom. Seahome is the outpost of American civilization, being the most northerly town in Washington Territory. Coal was discovered in its neighborhood by Captain Pattle in 1852, having been employed

by the Hudson Bay Company to get out spars and lumber. While thus engaged he saw coal-seams at Unionville, two miles off. A company attempted to work the seam, but without success. More recently another company was formed to work a seam disclosed by the uprooting of a tree during a storm at Seahome. The seams run north and south, and are inexhaustible. Indeed, they underlie the bay, and stretch away to the Fraser River and the hills beyond. The vein is a solid one of fifteen feet, with two clay divisions, and lies in the sandstone formation—the predominant one in this section of the country. Miners say that it is one of the most regular seams in existence. The yield is above 12,000 tons a month, and it finds a ready market in San Francisco. A. Hayward, Esq., the enterprising capitalist of San Francisco, is the principal shareholder; and the system of working reflects great credit on R. E. Meyer, Esq., the courteous and energetic Superintendent. A tram-way has been made which extends about three-fourths of a mile, and is, as the Superintendent humorously observed, the first link of the Northern Pacific Railroad. In making the excavations for this I observed the finest instances of fluting and grooving, evidences of glacial action, that I have seen on this coast; they were 90 feet in length, running north and south, according to the theory of Professor Agassiz. Altogether, when completed, these will be the most substantial works on this coast, and unsurpassed in permanence and strength. They reflect great credit on Mr. Meyer, as well as on the spirit displayed by the Company. I was provided with an introduction to Mr. Meyer, and those who are equally fortunate will not readily forget this home in the wilderness, nor the skill of "Jim," the Chinese cook. Jim gabbles away in a lingo which is one-tenth English and nine-tenths Chinese and Chinook, and grins with delight if you only nod your head occasionally and say, *Cumtux*—"I understand."

About a mile from Seahome is Whatcom, famous for the expectations formerly entertained of its speedy greatness. Its history is a striking instance of the readiness with which cities rise and fall in a mining country. During the excitement in 1858, when gold was discovered on Fraser River, it was expected that it would become the great *dépot* and forwarding place for supplies to the mines. A town was rapidly laid out, two piers were commenced, intended to be one mile long. For about three months there were 10,000 people camped around, and it was quite a common occurrence for half a dozen ocean steamers, and over a dozen square-rigged vessels, to arrive from San Francisco. Surveyors might be seen with theodolites and tapes in hand, up to their waists in water, marking off the lots of the future city, and capitalists eager to exchange their bags of gold for the sites laid down. Among others the California Navigation Company offered \$5000 for a plot to build

a wharf on, but finding that they were unable to come to terms with the land-owners, took their money to Victoria and invested it there. About the same time Sir James Douglas, Governor of British Columbia, gave an order that no miner should work on Fraser River without a license, which could be only taken out in Victoria. This, in conjunction with the high rates charged for the sites, occasioned the downfall of Whatcom. The lumber trade around is reviving, and if the terminus of the North Pacific Railroad be located here, the winter of its discontent may soon become glorious summer, and Whatcom, now deserted and forlorn, arise like a phoenix from its ashes. And certainly it has many advantages, the bay abounds with dog-fish, the oil of which can be sold to the mills around for 50 cents a gallon; the country contains more good farming land than any other west of the Cascade range; there are numerous streams, in one of which I know that mountain trout, weighing from two to three pounds, can be caught as fast as the fly can be thrown; the climate is mild and salubrious, having the sea-breezes and westerly winds from the Gulf of Georgia by day, and at night gentle land airs from the snow-capped mountains which refrigerate and purify the atmosphere. The winters are not severe, and sickness is almost unknown. The creek on which the mill is situated has a character of its own, tumbling over huge boulders in a succession of leaps, and overhung by bushes and by ferns, strongly reminding one of a Welsh mountain stream. Indeed, the scenery around has many and varied elements of the beautiful. When standing here at early morn, looking out upon the tranquil scene, in the distance the Olympian Mountains bathed in mist, and nearer the grand outline of Orcas Island looming up like some great fortification, imagination pictures the future, not perhaps far-distant, when these silent shores shall be lined with wharves and resonant with the throng of busy multitudes.

Before leaving Whatcom we must not omit to notice a block-house, or old fort, which may be seen on the brow of the hill. It was erected for purposes of defense during the Indian war of 1856. At that time great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the place, as it was exposed to the attacks of the Indians. All the able-bodied men, being entered as volunteers, were organized into companies, and sent up Snohomish River; but a detachment of fourteen was reserved to guard the settlement, with Mr. Eldridge as lieutenant in charge. About one mile distant is the residence of the Hon. Mr. Roeder, member of the Legislature.

We made direct for Squalicum, the residence of the Hon. Mr. Eldridge already mentioned, who has always taken a warm interest in the Mount Baker exploration, and whose house, remembering former hospitalities, we had appointed the rendezvous for the present start. We found that Stratton had anticipated Ogilvy

and myself, and that Mr. Eldridge had assembled a party to witness our departure. Like the hero of *Excelsior*, fain would we have lingered; but duty urged us on. When the maidens fair bade "good-by," I asked them to pray for us; but one, more lively than the others, observed that we should be so much nearer heaven we ought to pray for them. Starting in company with our dusky friends, under the command of "Squock," and our canoe loaded with a month's provisions, it appeared that the fates had combined to render our journey interesting, for the spectacle that burst upon our view that night was grand in the extreme. For miles around the forests were on fire. No illuminations ever kindled for crowning of king or news of victory could be more brilliant. From numberless pines the coruscations darted up to heaven, their refulgence reflected in the gleaming waters.

In making our way to the Reservation we observed an old fort, which was garrisoned after the Indian war in 1855, but forsaken when the difficulty occurred relative to San Juan in 1859, the troops being ordered thither. The Reservation is at the mouth of the Lummi, around which a delta is gradually being formed. Washington Territory is parceled out into five reservations, at each of which there must be a resident agent, a schoolmaster, a doctor, a blacksmith, and a farmer. In consideration of the Indians giving up their land the Government provides these reservations for their use, besides paying them for their land. These payments cover a period of twenty years, being greater at first, when they are more helpless, regularly diminishing, and ceasing in the twentieth year, when they are supposed to be able to provide for themselves. Very wisely they do not give them the money, but lay out the amount stipulated in agricultural implements, blankets, dresses, medicines, etc. This Reservation is a branch of one at Tulalip, below Seattle, on Puget Sound, to which 5000 Indians belong. Owing to its distance from Tulalip—about sixty miles—this branch was formed here, with a farmer in charge, as being more convenient for the Lummi, who are a hunting and fishing tribe, and taking into consideration their attachment to the place of their birth, which often prevents those living at a distance from availing themselves of the advantages offered them. The land reserved for them is about eight miles long and from two to four wide, and contains from 15,000 to 20,000 acres, most of which is fertile and valuable for lumber and agricultural purposes. It is, in fact, one of the best reservations in the Territory, and sufficiently isolated to prevent the encroachments of white settlers. The Indian town is in the form of a triangle, built around a large wooden crucifix and flag-staff, with an ensign bearing temperance mottoes, and contains forty-eight good, substantial board dwellings, as well as a church, and a number of the old Indian "rancheries" for smoking and cur-

ing salmon. The Indians here are very orderly, and have improved in mechanical skill. This is very much owing to the good influence of Mr. C. E. Finkboner, for many years the farmer in charge of the Reservation, and the Catholic priests who occasionally visit them. Indeed, the Indians conduct morning and evening service in a commendable manner, old Davy Crockett being their leader.

They have already abandoned their ancient barbarous habits, and have adopted those of civilization, temperance, and religion. They have also given up the practice of polygamy, flattening heads, holding slaves, and gambling, as well as their belief in "Tomanusos," or medicine men. Mr. Finkboner, who is with them and for them, believes that in time they will become civilized like white men, if looked after. The priests make an annual visitation for the purpose of confirming, exhorting, and otherwise keeping them in the straight path. On these occasions Mr. Finkboner sends up and down the river for the Indians, and they pour in from all quarters. Two years ago, on leaving Mr. Eldridge's for Victoria, I could not get Indians to take me, as Bishop Blanchet, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Idaho, Oregon, and Washington Territories, with Father Baudre, of the Tulalip Reservation, was making a visitation; and the Indians would not do any work until the Bishop had left. Indeed, Father Baudre had scarcely time to eat his meals, so anxious were the poor creatures to confess to him. The following exemplifies the religious teaching of the priests: Mr. Stratton was one day walking along the shore of Lummi Island, and met an Indian woman quite alone. There were steep banks, so that she could not turn back or get away into the woods. She showed some signs of alarm, and as Stratton drew near pulled out a crucifix, and held it up as he passed. It was evident she had been taught that this was a symbol the white man would respect, and that the possessor of it should come to no harm. I observed that the Indians detached for our expeditions regularly retired every night, and kneeling in a row, said their prayers. I could not but contrast their condition favorably with the poor of my own and other densely populated countries. The loveliness of the scenery around, the comfort and ease with which they gain a subsistence, the gentleness and dignity of their manner, nurtured amidst the freedom of their native haunts, all combine to remind one of that pastoral life of the olden time which painters have delighted to illustrate and poets to sing.

Our journey was henceforth up the Lummi into the bosom of the forest. Its banks are adorned with several species of willow, alder, the crab-apple, grasses, English clover, the daisy, the cocksaur thorn, the sweet-brier, the wild rose, and the beautiful festoons of the wild pea. There is plenty of open lands, and half a mile up we observed the telegraph wires crossing the river—a silent prophecy of their



MAKING A PORTAGE.

speedy settlement. Five miles on our way was blocked up by a "drift," and a portage had to be made. This consists in carrying the canoe and provisions along the bank. For this we were prepared, having shortly before exchanged our "Chinook," or salt-water canoe, for two small shovel-nosed canoes. Leaving our Indians to manage this, we struck off on a trail to visit the "ranch" of Mr. John Tennent, half a mile distant. He consented to join us, and was constituted our geographer and interpreter in chief. Scarcely had we rejoined our Indians when they hailed a couple of passing canoes, and had a "wah-wah," or friendly chat, which they commenced by shaking hands all round in a grave, business-like manner. Our canoe was propelled against the stream at times by paddles, and at times by poles, and made about three miles an hour. This was slow progress, but we did not regret it, as the scenery became surpassingly beautiful. There were long rows of lofty cotton-wood trees, which at first sight reminded one of the English elm. The cotton-wood is sometimes called the balsam poplar. In spring when the buds are breaking the air is filled with the scent of it. Then there would be successive rows of pines in serried ranks, mingled with the cedar and broad-leaved maple, and relieved with the gorgeous crimson and Indian yellow tints of the vine-maple and the hazel. The scene would then change; there would be next long reaches of alder and willow, indicating good bottom-lands. Now and then the stately ranks of pines would be broken by

some tall fir gracefully leaning forward with its arms, and sweeping the stream like some di-sheveled beauty. Conspicuous among the ar-borage is the Menzies spruce (*Abies Menzii*), so called from its discoverer, Dr. Menzies, the surgeon of Vancouver's expedition. Its feathery foliage hangs down in delicate clusters like lace upon a lady's jeweled arm. Coleridge said the birch was the "Lady of the Woods;" and we would certainly rank the Menzies spruce as the "Queen of the Forest."

We found in Germany that the peasantry around the Harz Mountain lived in perpetual dread of the "Brocken," or demon of the forest. Of his mighty acts they told many wonderful tales, although it is now well known that his demonship is simply the reflection of the ascending traveler in weird-like shape. At a sharp bend of the river we came upon the scene of a similar legend. The Indians formerly believed that here dwelt a terrible spirit that sucked down their canoes, and bore them away to the Gulf of Georgia. Near this we made our first encampment, and discovered sundry defects in our culinary arrangements. For a company of twelve we had only one plate and one spoon. Here, however, in the presence of savage scenes and savage life, we easily laid aside our secondary habits, and fell back upon first principles. We may as well give the bill of fare adopted for the journey:

Breakfast.—Tea, bread, bacon.

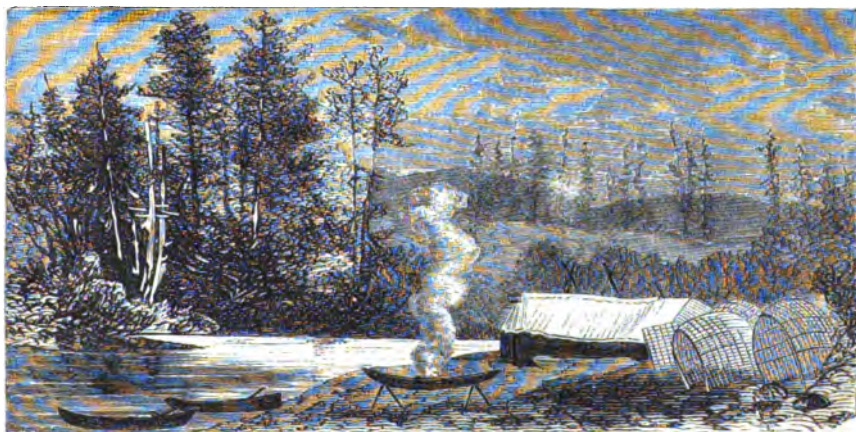
Dinner.—Bread, bacon, tea.

Supper.—Bacon, tea, bread.

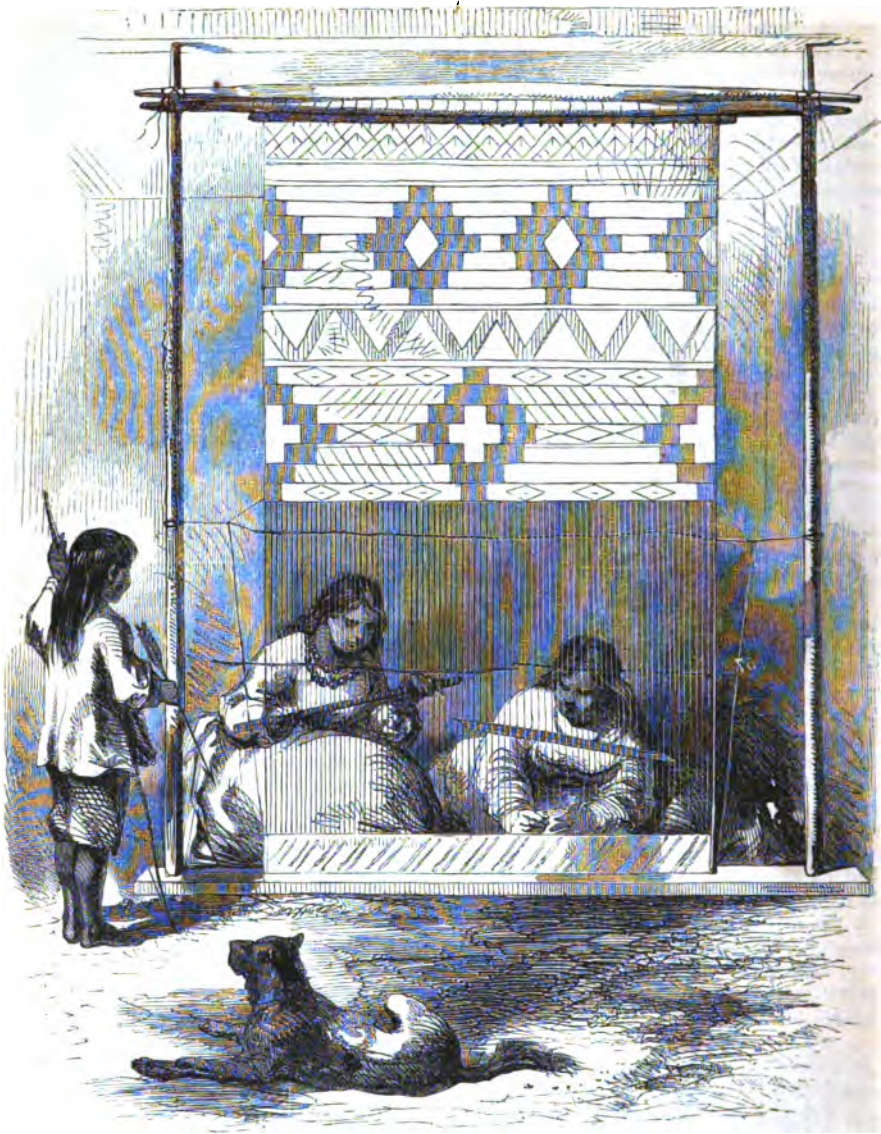
The cheerful supper ended, we found grateful rest on the bosom of mother earth, and shelter under the canopy of heaven. Next morning we struck camp at five, and reached the "ranch" of Colonel Patterson about seven. Here, on my first attempt, we had a "wah-wah" with his Indian Jim, who had been in pursuit of elk to the foot of Mount Baker. To explain the different routes he drew the forks of the river with his finger on the sand, and made a pile for the mountain, on which he placed two stones for the peaks, which we afterward named as "Lincoln" and "Colfax." I copied this in a sketch, but he could make nothing of it, saying "he could not understand such Boston ways." In these parts an American is termed a Boston man, while an Englishman is a King George man. I afterward found that Squock had so far improved by association that he was able to draw a pencil-sketch of the route. After leaving Colonel Patterson's we made another portage. These portages are the heaviest part of the journey up river. On these occasions every one is expected to give a helping hand. Putting their dignity in their pockets, one will shoulder his pack, another a sack of flour or a frying-pan, another the inevitable bacon, and all troop off to some spot on the river above the drift. Leaving there the several "iktas," they return for the canoes, which are dragged across on rollers. To these all are harnessed, and pull away like animals.

On one occasion, when making my way to the Bernese Alps, I supped in London and breakfasted in Paris; but this day must be regarded as signally notable, for we breakfasted with a colonel of the American army, and supped at a Nootsak rancherie. Here we had an opportunity of witnessing civilization in its earliest stages, for there were represented the arts of ship-building, weaving, and wicker-work, by some men fashioning canoes, two women making a blanket with hair of mountain sheep from the east side of Mount Baker, and the youths constructing salmon-

traps from the willow for use in the adjoining weir. Having spent the night in the neighborhood of this interesting manufactory, we spread our sail to the breeze, or rather bent our backs to the paddles, and very soon entered a district which, though still densely wooded, yet presented rock cropping out from the banks. At first the high hills were perceived to close in upon the river, and as we advanced to lie behind us. Farther on we reached an island. The right bank of the river was blocked up, so we chose the left. The channel of this river, at many spots, changes five times its width in the course of a single winter. Here, for instance, I observed the stakes of an old salmon weir more than sixty feet inland, which had been used in a former season. Shortly after this we were cheered by our first view of Mount Baker, at a point where the river divides into two forks. This seemed a favorable opportunity for calling a halt—all the more so as here was established the mansion of Umptlalum, the chief of the Nootsaks. Like many mightier kings he possesses a winter and summer residence. The permanent encampment is a little below the forks, while the Nootsak Versailles is on an island, where his majesty may enjoy immunity from the mosquito race. These Nootsaks are a distinct tribe from the Lummis, and differ considerably in language, manners, and modes of life. They occupy the territory from the base of Mount Baker down to within five miles of the mouth of the Lummi. Like all inland tribes they subsist principally by the chase, whereas the Lummis depend on fish and clams. Father Chirouse, who is so well known in connection with the Indian mission at Tulalip, and Mr. Finkboner, suppose that they originally came as a hunting party from the Clallam country to San Juan and Shaw's Island, and thence they fought their way up to their present location, and that the original inhabitants of the Lummi district are extinct. They have a tradition that they are all descended from one original pair. Umptlalum is a venerable-looking man, and



MAKING A CANOE.



WEAVING A BLANKET.

though somewhat short in stature, looks every inch a chief. He is benign and intelligent in aspect. His snow-white hair was parted in the middle and combed down behind his ears. He wore a tuft on his chin, and his complexion was tanned by long exposure to the sun. Having paid our respects to him we took into consideration our final approach to the mountain. We had here to choose between the three forks of the river. The north fork is a whitish stream, showing that it is glacier-fed. By this we could have gone forty miles further; but owing to the numerous rapids in its upper part and the difficult nature of the country beyond, as discovered

on my first journey, it was rejected. The south fork, which emerges from a sequestered leafy nook, looked very tempting. Its waters are gentle and limpid until they mingle with the turbulent main stream, and were suggestive of the peaceful current of youth before entering upon the toils and trials of manhood. It promised grateful repose after the difficulties of our previous journey. It seemed as if upon its easy surface we would have a breathing space before plunging into the desolate scenery around the base of the mountain. The south fork, however, would have led us out of the way; besides, Squock and Talum recommended the



UMPTALUM'S PALACE.

middle fork, alleging that a day's journey would bring us to the head of navigation, and that in the three days' land travel be- tween that and the snow line we would find occasional elk trails, and reach a point where the ascent was more easy. This was the route



ASCENDING THE RAPIDS.



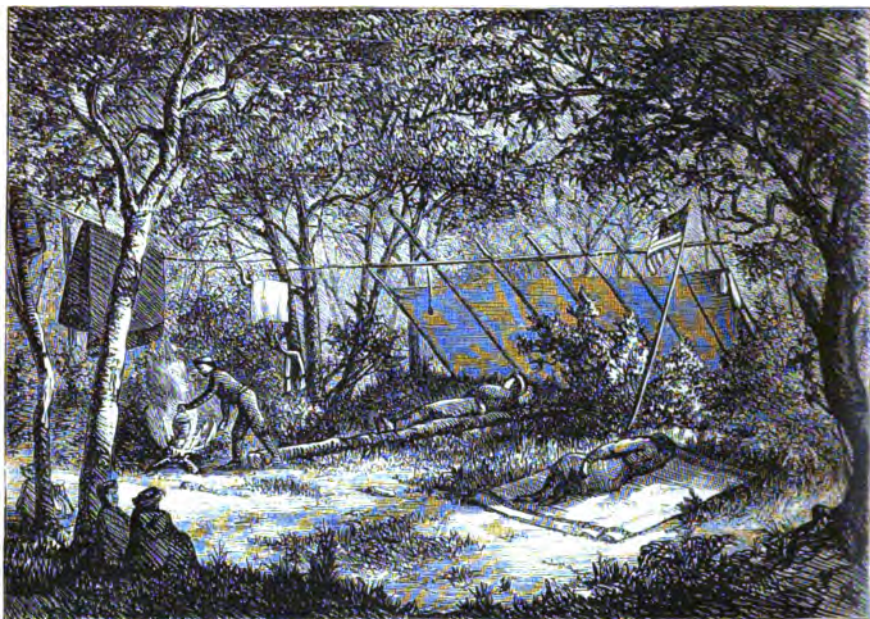
THE CACHE.

chosen. Here we leave the outskirts of civilization; our path henceforward will be through a howling wilderness tenanted by wild animals, through dense and trackless forests where the light of the sun never enters, across maddening torrents and precipitous rapids, and along overhanging precipices. We have to deal with nature in her sternest aspects—torn and convulsed, at war with herself—bearing on her face the scars of countless ages of desolating power, of the flood of the avalanche, and of the burning tempest. Starting next morning at ten our company was unexpectedly strengthened by one of Umptlalum's hunters. The toilsome fifteen miles beyond made us not sorry to quit the river. We had first three heavy portages, and afterward twenty-seven riffles or rapids. Many hitches occurred, where the Indians got out and lifted the canoes from the rocks on which they grounded. Our difficulties may be conceived when it is remembered that the river rises 285 feet for the fifteen miles. Here we prepared for our land travel. Having taken out provisions for ten days, we stowed the canoes and their contents in a "cache." Cutting down some young alders we fastened them

across the trees to form a frame-work. On this the provisions and other "iklas" were laid and covered with matting, while the canoes were thrust underneath. Care must be taken that the frame-work is fastened upon young trees that will not sustain the weight of a bear. Having made our packs as light as possible, we plunged into the forest along the bank of the river in order to reach a ford some twelve miles up. With difficulty we made about a mile an hour, over fallen trees, under old logs, down steep ravines, over high rough rocks, and through close-set jungle. After reeling under our packs, knocking our feet against stones, and twisting our limbs among opposing obstacles, we came at last to a spot on the bank which we named "Camp Fatigue." Stratton gloriously signalized himself during this difficult march. From the elasticity of his spirits we all derived life and strength. His motto seemed to be,

"Jog on, jog on! and merrily bent the stile—a;
Your merry heart goes all the day, your sad trees
in a mile—a."

Around the camp-fire he would give us many a yarn of mining life in California, which ever provoked anecdotes from Tennent. We need-



CAMP DOUBTFUL.

on my savage companions. They explained that the Thompson River Indians had evidently been poaching on their hunting-ground. They were all the more exasperated as the same had been done two years ago, when one was killed by the hunter who had joined us at the forks. No lord in England guards his preserve more jealously; no Highland laird could be more irate against deer-stalking than was this same Indian. Looking at the peculiarly silent and harmless-looking hunter, we could never have attributed to him such a violent deed. By-and-by, Ogilvy, Tennent, and Stratton came in and stated that the region was a perfect chaos of rocks, thrown up in all conceivable shapes and sizes, consisting principally of lava, cement, and sandstone—no granite nor quartz, and no stratified rocks—nothing but loose gravel and dirt mixed with huge boulders, and every thing seeming to be on the move when the heavy freshets come down from the mountains. Stratton said that the river resembled a mining stream rushing madly along, and as muddy as the Yuba River in California during the excitement; but, though they tried several pans, did not get even a color—they did not expect it. They would as soon prospect in a haystack for gold; for, so far as the indications went, the “bed rock” must be hundreds of feet below the surface. There were very few berries, and not a bird to be seen. In fact, the country was never made for any thing but a lot of men from Maine with Collins’s best axes—two boxes to each man.

The day passed by, and we were anxiously concerned in regard to Squock and Talum; but

they returned late in the evening, and reported that they had reached a spot above the snow line by a path that was comparatively easy to find. They brought in a couple of marmots, which they demolished at supper. Wearied with fatigue my companions sought their blankets, and “left the world to darkness and to me.” Wakeful and anxious, my thoughts reverted to the events of our journey through this far-off, silent wilderness, and anticipated the dangers of the desired victory over the defiant peak. The expectation of five years’ solitude and exile was about to be realized, or else delayed until another season had wearily come round. The struggle maintained in the land of the stranger approached its *dénouement*. Was I to stand a conqueror upon the mountain summit, or return with the memory of defeat to behold it from the shore of my island home? Sleep at last came to my weary eyelids, but the stream of thought ran on. In a dream of the night I was wafted away to snowy ridges where falling avalanches made perpetual thunder. In the midst of fancied dangers I suddenly awoke, and the experience of that hour will never be forgotten. My companions were sunk in sleep around me, the camp-fire had died out, the night was cold and chilly. The noise of the river, deafening during the day, was like thunder in the stillness of the night. The thought that it had thus fought its course, night and day, throughout the rolling centuries, filled me with awe. It seemed like some remorseless being madly bent on destruction, and was to me an emblem of unrelenting power and inexorable will.

As foemen eager for the fight we started

early on the 18th, and if our path was steep and full of toil we were cheered by noting our progress through the different zones of vegetation corresponding to the varied seasons. Passing from summer, a few hours brought us to the region of eternal snow. The camp behind us was 1916 feet above the sea level, as determined by the aneroid. From that to 8900 feet was the temperate region, where berries were found and the salal plant. At this elevation ground vegetation ceased, although the hemlock, the spruce, and the fir remained. Indeed, we here passed through a magnificent forest of firs, extending as far as the eye could reach. They ran up a hundred feet without a limb, and on the northern sides were covered with moss. The indications showed us that the snow in winter reached eight feet above their base. We began to experience cold whenever we rested. The day was foggy, and the gloom, added to the labor of "packing," made it very depressing. As we continued up, the trees diminished to half their size, and the ridge became narrower and narrower. In making our toilsome way up the steep these words of Carlyle came vividly to mind: "Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes—of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only."

The ridge became at last only five yards broad. Here there is a vast basin about a mile and a half in diameter. It descends precipitously in a succession of benches to a depth of perhaps 2000 feet. The sides of the basin were lined with limestone and slate, with outcroppings of a cement rock—a mixture of sandstone and limestone, the latter predominating. These were strewn with pebbles, showing that the country had been submerged to this point in some former age. On the sloping sides of the basin were patches of snow, the first we had observed. This spot, which may be taken as the snow line, was 5175 feet above the sea level. We had intended to make our encampment at the summit of this ridge, close to the ice-fields, opposite the Lincoln Peak; but the fog increasing, and all being fatigued, we halted and sent the Indians forward to look for water, having been in a state of extreme thirst for several hours. In half an hour they reported the discovery of water. We followed up, and found an admirable camping spot, where there was an open space covered with grass and clumps of small balsam firs. In one of these clumps, where we found traces of the elk and the bear, there was a snug nook, sheltered all round, save an opening to the north. Across this we placed a large ground-sheet that I had fortunately brought along, and lighted our fire within. This corner, which was only just large enough

to accommodate the party, looked very pleasant, and received the name of Camp Hope. But, alas! the water of which the Indians had boasted proved to be a muddy mixture from a marshy spot in the vicinity. Thirsty as we were, we could not drink it. After waiting a while the fog partially cleared, and we dispatched the Indians down into the basin beneath us with every available pot and pan; and at a depth of 500 feet they found a stream formed by the melting patches of snow. During this delay we were cheered by observing that the clearing of the fog had revealed two magnificent rocky peaks or "aiguilles," as they are termed in Switzerland, to which we gave the names of "Lincoln" and "Colfax." While walking around we saw large patches of Scotch heather and blue-bell still in bloom, and plenty of lupins. The Indians having brought in the supplies of water, we had our tea made, and turned into our blankets, being, like Mohammed's coffin, between earth and heaven. In the night the noise of the falling avalanches frightened the Indians, and ever and anon they crossed themselves.

Next day, 15th August, the fog was still dense; so, acting on the proverb that we might go farther and fare worse than at Camp Hope, we remained there. Ogilvy, Tennent, and three Indians went out shooting, while Stratton and myself kept camp, doing sundry repairs, posting our diaries, etc. About five o'clock they returned, with four marmots, as they are termed in Switzerland, but known in these parts by the name of ground-hog or wood-chuck. While sketching I often heard their squeak, and saw them lurking around. They are grayish in color, about 1½ feet long, and have two long incisors in front of each jaw. The largest secured on this occasion weighed twenty pounds. They had also shot a species of rabbit. At the sight of the marmots Stratton undertook to be "chef de cuisine," and was busily engaged for an hour. I, who had been in ignorance of these operations, was invited to partake of some "dog." I had heard of the Sandwich Islanders being kunophagists, but never imagined that I should make my dinner upon "dog." The "dawg," as Stratton called it, was pronounced to be excellent. He had managed to get up a stew, which was christened "Oodar de pocar." It was made all the more palatable by half a bottle of sauce, which with marvelous foresight he had pounced upon in Mrs. Eldridge's larder at Whatcom, and produced in triumph upon this occasion. It was consumed with a relish which none but hungry mountaineers can experience.

On the morning of the 16th we found the fog had cleared away. The summit was now seen for the first time, lying to the north of the two peaks already mentioned. I called my companions, and directed their attention to the path I proposed to take. From this point it looked fearfully precipitous, and they doubtfully shook their heads. They followed up, however, and



THE LINCOLN AND COLFAX PEAKS.

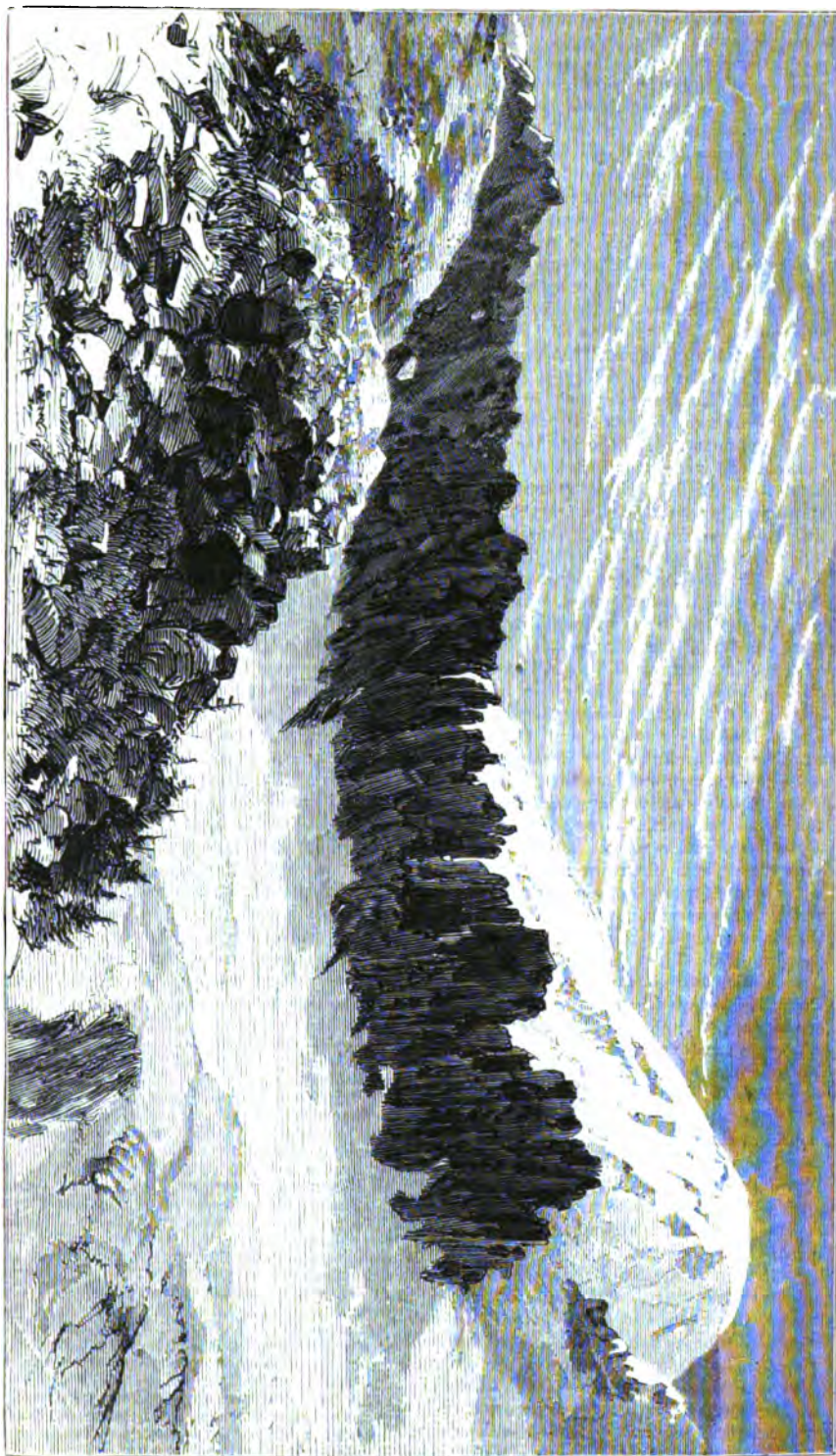
shortly afterward there was presented a magnificent view of the Red Ridge with its glaciers cradled in its arms, which greatly resembles in outline the "Aiguilles Rouges," as seen on the north side of the Valley of Chamounix. It is separated from Mount Baker by a pine-covered ridge extending at a lower altitude, and distant perhaps ten miles. In its hollows are three small glaciers of the class termed by Professor James Forbes "secondary" or "rudimentary." As we neared the ice-fields the ridge which we were keeping became broader, the trees became dwarfed into shrubs, and in the "open" there were gentle slopes covered with grass, and occasional patches of snow in the hollows. These grass-covered slopes were strewn with flowers. We found the lychnis of a beautiful red color. Although in California it grows to the size of a soldier's cockade, here it was very small. There were also the lupin (so plentiful in Vancouver Island), daisies, and other flowers. They were all good illustrations of Darwin's theory of natural selection, having short thick stems to enable them to withstand

the storms of their exposed situation, and at first sight appeared different species. It was Sunday morning, and the stillness of the scenery made us vividly realize its holy associations. After our long sojourn in the dense forest, the sunniness of the "open" contrasted with recent gloom, the tender beauty of the wild flowers blooming around, the grandeur of the rocky peaks shooting up into the deep blue vault, solemnly impressed us. We were in a temple not made with hands. There was no need of Sabbath bell to sound the call to worship. The sublimity of the scene lifted us above all worldly considerations, all thoughts of self, and evoked involuntary exclamations of praise.

In rather less than two hours we reached our last encampment near the "névé."* The ridge was still covered with scattered balsam firs of stunted growth. These extended half a mile further, and then suddenly terminated in a

* The "névé" is the term given by geologists to those vast reservoirs of consolidated snow and ice found above the snow line surrounding the high peaks, and which supply the glaciers.

EXTINCT GLACIER, SHOWING MOUNT GEAULT, THE MAIN PEAK.

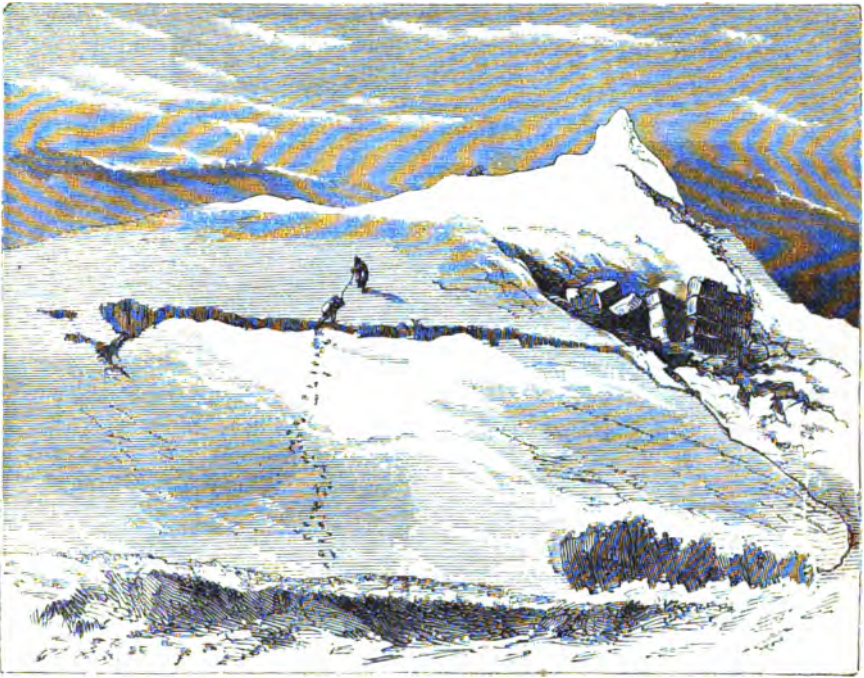


point. We encamped on a spot 7054 feet high, where the trees formed a semicircle round a small volcanic rock. The ground was covered with grass and heather, and sheltered by the trees from the cold winds of the glaciers. To the southeast is a vast snow-field, stretching perhaps 2000 feet beneath, and terminating in a glacier. Below this glacier, and only separated from it by "moiraines," is a lovely valley with open land covered with grass and sheltered by pines. It wanted only a "chalet" or two, a flock of goats descending the hill-side, with the sound of tinkling bells, to make me believe that I was in Switzerland. Many valleys have I seen, but this was the best illustration of "Beauty sleeping in the lap of Terror." Away, thousands of feet above the snow-field, rose on every side black, jagged, splintered precipices. Of these the Lincoln Peak is from this point of view the most prominent. A little further east is the Colfax Peak, and beyond that, due east, is the summit itself. The ridge on which we were encamped is two miles in length; it sweeps first round to the north, then to the east, intersecting another ridge running down from the Colfax Peak. These ridges are evidently the walls of an extinct crater, whose vast hollow is some two miles in length by about the same in width. At the point of intersection of the above-mentioned ridges, but beyond it (a vast field of névé filling the intervening space), rises the great peak, entirely snow-covered. The day was fine, and so thoroughly were we sheltered that the thermometer stood at 80° Fahrenheit in the shade. It was only 9 A.M. when we arrived, and Ogilvy, who was a mighty hunter, started to try his luck, and found a ptarmigan and a species of white grouse or snowy partridge. Tennent and Stratton went to try some creepers (*crampons*) which had been made for the occasion, being doubtful that they would answer; they also reconnoitred the proposed route. They returned in high spirits from their preliminary essay, declaring that with the creepers they could walk up the slopes of snow as firmly as on a hill-side.

Next morning we started at five, and about half past six came to the end of the ridge (about two miles). Here we put on our creepers and spiked boots, made several packs, and took provisions for twenty-four hours. In fact, we prepared to pass the night out if need be. The Indians bade us farewell, and were observed to cross themselves and to utter prayers for our safety. No sooner had we launched forth than a division of opinion took place. Acting on the old rule of the Alps, always to follow the "arête" when practicable, I was for following a ridge which leads to the Colfax Peak. Mr. Stratton, with genuine Yankee "goaheadness," and a happy ignorance of the dangers of concealed crevasses or chasms and the frailties of snow-bridges, started on a track of his which he had marked out the previous day. Not having spectacles, he adopted the custom

of the Cascade range Indians when traveling on the snow, and blackened his face—particularly around the eyes—with a piece of burned stick. He thus appeared very much like an Ethiopian serenader. Although alarmed for his safety I could not refrain from the mirth his appearance occasioned. I was also obliged to compromise with the others and descend on the snow. We then roped ourselves together, and left the ridge, keeping 25 feet apart. We went up an elevated valley—possibly an extinct crater—filled with névé, terminating in two glaciers. The first of these, which is dirty, and scarcely recognizable as a glacier, was named "Discovery." On the opposite side of the valley is a ridge which leads directly to the summit. It looked so practicable that on the occasion of the previous journey I at one time entertained the idea of trying it, but after surveying the vast extent of treacherous névé, intersected with numerous crevasses, which we should have to traverse, thought, in the weak state of my forces, it would not be advisable to trust it; and it was fortunate we did so, for on reaching the summit we observed that the ridge was covered on the other side with overhanging "seracs;"* and on leaving the mountain, as our route lay on that side, we could, with the aid of a glass, see that it looked very formidable. The ridge which joins the Colfax to the summit crosses the head of this elevated valley. We made for this. The route lay through more than five miles of névé. This was intersected by twenty-seven "great crevasses." These were so close that sometimes they were not more than five yards apart. No sooner had we crossed one than we could see another. Their depths displayed those beautiful colors with which Swiss travelers are so familiar. The lovely mazarine blue prevailed. We crossed them by the bridges formed by avalanches which had fallen in the spring and early summer. We did not dare to trust these entirely, but, as a precautionary measure, kept firmly attached to each other by the rope. On the occasion of my first attempt we came to a crevasse on a steep slope where the other side was two feet

* *Seracs*.—"The name of 'Serac' is given in our mountains to a kind of white and compact cheese, which is separated from the whey and compressed into boxes, where it takes the form of cubes, or frequently of rectangular parallelipeds. The snows at a great height frequently take this form when they freeze after having become partly saturated with water. They then become extremely compact; in this state, if a thick stratum of this hardened snow finds itself upon a slope, and that it comes, as it always happens, to glide in a mass upon this slope, and that, in gliding thus, some portions of the mass miscarry, their weight forces them to break into fragments nearly rectangular, some of which are 50 feet on every side, and which, by reason of their homogeneity, are as regular as if they had been cut with a chisel. One sees distinctly on the face of these great parallelipeds the layers of snow accumulated from year to year, and passing gradually from the state of snow to that of ice, by the successive infiltration and congelation of the water of the rains and of that which results from the melting of the upper layers."—*De Saussure, Voyage dans les Alpes*, vol. iv. ch. 8.



ORGVASSES IN THE NÉVÉ.

higher than that on which we stood. The difficulty was formidable, but I made a leap, ice-axe in hand, with the pick pointed downward, so that I might easily anchor in the snow. As I made the spring Mr. Bennett pushed me with his pole, and I managed to alight and catch on to the slope. Fixing myself firmly in the snow with the aid of my pole, Mr. Bennett made a leap, and at the same time I gave him a good tug with the rope, and he managed it also in safety.

To avoid the avalanches descending from the Colfax Peak on the one hand, and from the "Grant" or main peak on the other, we kept on through the middle of this vast tract of névé. We were in considerable anxiety concerning Stratton. Divested of rope and without a pack, he had made rapid progress. At one time we saw him crossing a spot exposed to avalanches of ice, and shortly afterward were greatly alarmed to see him take a jump, and then suddenly disappear, being lost to view by projecting masses of seracs. It appears that he had fortunately fallen in with the tracks of a grizzly bear, and wisely concluding that what would bear its weight would sustain his also, he had followed it without hesitation across snow-bridges over the chasms. On the previous journey, about the same height, Mr. Bennett and myself observed the traces of a young elk followed by a wolf, and also the marks of blood where a scuffle had taken place. Our anxiety was at last relieved by finding Stratton's foot-marks at the very spot where we expected to

cross his track. Above this, the slopes of snow became very steep as we approached the shoulder of the main peak. I had for some time been very fatigued, my sedentary life and want of training told upon me, twelve years' absence from the Alps had not improved my pedestrian powers, so that I could not travel as fast as my younger and more active companions, who, equally strong and vigorous as Stratton, naturally felt mortified at seeing him get ahead. I thought of those beautiful remarks of the great modern seer—"Not a May-day's game is this man's life, but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers; no idle promenade through fragrant orange groves and green flowery spaces, waited on by the choral muses and the rosy hours; it is a stern pilgrimage through burning sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice."

Soon after we had reached the shoulder leading to the great peak we came to a narrow ridge, about four feet in height, composed of reddish scoriæ. From this point we saw a glacier flowing down through a deep and narrow gorge on the southern side of the Colfax Peak, having its origin in the snows of that peak. This I propose to name M'Kenny's Glacier, after General M'Kenny, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory. We were also able to see the head of another glacier extending in an easterly direction, and fed by the snows of the Grant or main peak. This was named the Frontin Glacier, in honor of a lady who, on the occasion of the previous



RESTING-PLACE.

journey, made me a beautiful flag of the Stars and Stripes, to be placed on the highest spot | attained. It was here, on that occasion, that Mr. Bennett and myself passed a miserable



Glacier.

Grant Peak.

Colefax Peak.

Lincoln Peak.

GENERAL VIEW OF MOUNT BAKER, FROM THE BASE.

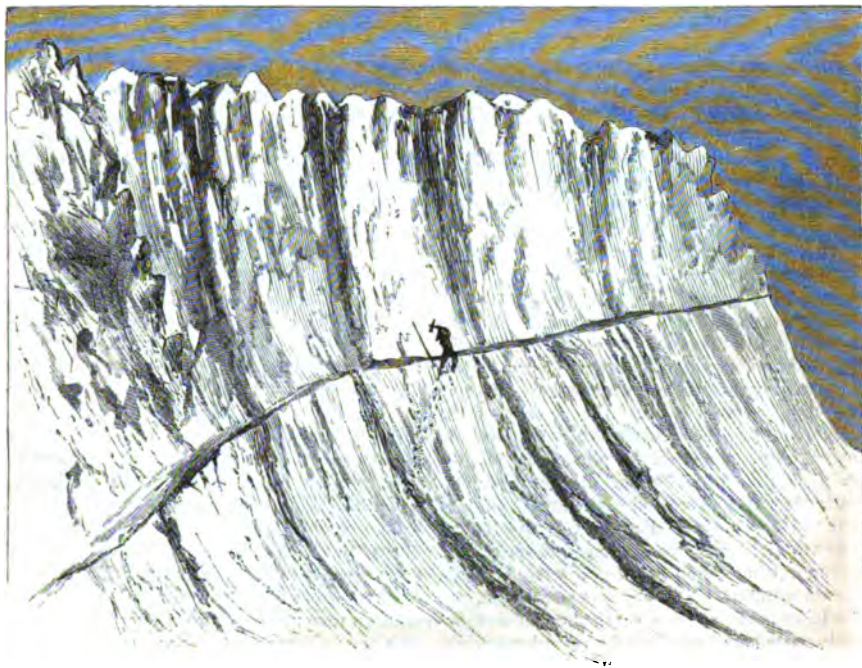
night without blankets, and with only a small keg of cold tea to quench our raging thirst. Having scooped out a hole in the snow and placed therein some debris of rock for a mattress, he chose that for his resting-place, while I perched myself on a narrow abutment of rock. Sleep was out of the question, for as soon as we dozed, the cold compelled us to arise and experiment on the theory of Tyn-dall—"Heat as a mode of motion." Having now reached this spot, about 9265 feet above the sea level, we found it necessary to refresh. Ogilvy pounded some ice, and, with the aid of brandy, made a cocktail; it was very acceptable, and was christened the Mount Baker Cocktail. Its fame reached Victoria, where it was reproduced at one of the bars; and, aided by the exhibition of a veritable piece of rock from the summit, attracted thirsty crowds. I had brought an alcoholic apparatus, which was filled with snow, and some tea prepared; fortified by this refreshment and an hour's rest, we made for the top of the saddle by the northern side of these rocks. Like gladiators of old, we prepared ourselves for the combat by divesting ourselves of every superfluous article of clothing. The slope was steep, and there were crevasses immediately below. A single false step would probably have been fatal.

The last three or four hundred feet of the route lies over a deposit resembling mud; it was quite dry in parts and cracked from the action of the sun. At length we reached the top of the saddle and stood on the base of the principal peak. Here we found Stratton, who

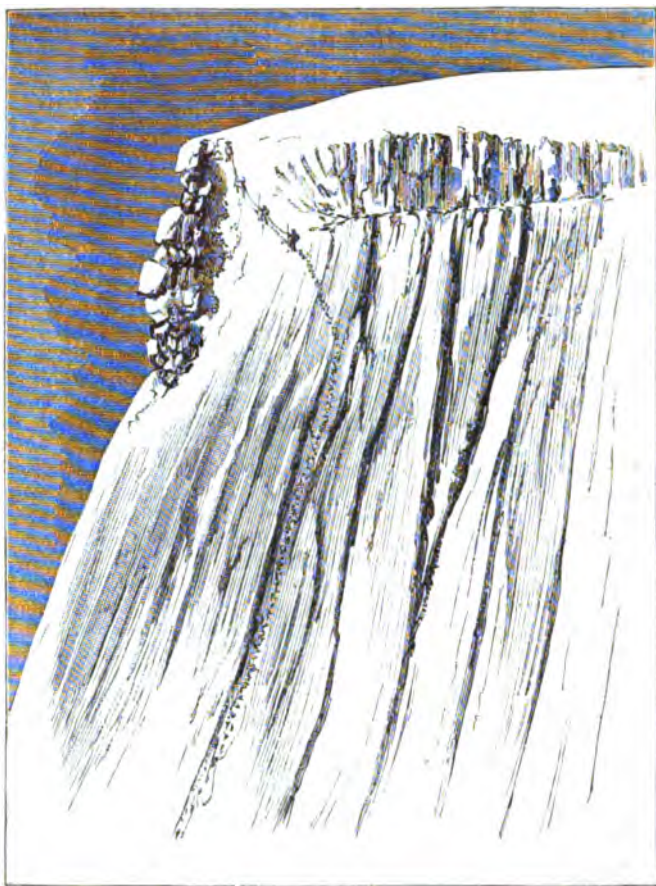
informed us that, when dozing, a large eagle had swooped down upon him with murderous intention; he had succeeded in beating it off before it did him any injury. If we had indulged any doubt of this being a volcanic mountain, it would have been dispelled by the smell of sulphurous exhalation which greeted us. So nauseous was it that Stratton had vomited while waiting for us.

At this point the base proper of the peak may be said to commence. On our right, across a hollow filled with "névé," is the lip of the crater, indicated by a huge triangular-shaped rock; and on our left are tremendous precipices extending down to the track of "névé" we had traversed in the morning. Around the summit of the peak is a perpendicular wall of ice about thirty or forty feet in height, terminated on the left or northern end by a knuckle of rock, which can be plainly seen from the Sound. The only passage we could discern through this barrier is on the left, between the knuckle of rock before-mentioned and the wall of ice. The face of the peak is scored with deep furrows, made by the avalanches of ice which have fallen from the summit. The peak rises about 1000 feet higher. It commences with a gentle slope, and gradually becomes steeper, until near the summit it is about 60°.

Roping ourselves together, we now attempted this, and soon found it necessary to use the axe. Some fresh snow had fallen, but had not had time to become consolidated with the ice beneath, and could not be trusted. We had thus to cut steps. The axe was passed on to Strat-



THE CORNICE.



THE FINAL STRUGGLE.

ton, who plied it with vigor and skill. While thus engaged he got a great fright. Having heard a dull, grating sound, he looked up, and saw a mass of frozen snow, about twelve feet square, moving down toward him. Paralyzed with terror, he was about to warn us, when it fortunately stopped. Even at this height there were crevasses. Into one of these Tennent sank, but he managed to extricate himself. The work of cutting the steps is very severe, and our progress was necessarily slow, for some 350 required to be cut. When nearing the summit we saw the spot where Mr. Bennett and myself were stopped on the previous attempt—on the right at the foot of the perpendicular wall. It will be perceived in the sketch on page 810. Here we turned a little to the left, in order to make for the passage before spoken of; and in cutting a step Stratton disclosed a little stream of water. The day was very warm, and our labor made us thirsty; so the cup was joyously passed, and we all had a refreshing drink. As precipices extended downward from our feet, the false step would have been fatal. In

safety, however, we passed the most dangerous point, and reached the passage, which, by a gentle ascent of 30 or 40 feet, brought us to the summit. It was now four o'clock. We had been two hours making this final climb. The plateau on which we stood was about a quarter of a mile in diameter, and embraced an extent of about eighty acres. The scene was grand in the nakedness of its desolation. The white surface of snow was unrelieved by a single rock. The forests had been on fire for weeks, and a dense pall of smoke veiled the surrounding scenery from our view. It lay like a reddish cloud beneath us. We felt cut off from the world we had left. Overhead the sun poured down his bright beams from a sky which formed a dome of purplish blue, unsullied by a cloud. We felt at heaven's gate, and in the immediate presence of the Almighty. My companions, to whom for the first time this wonderful scenery was unfolded, were deeply impressed. The remembrance of the dangers they had escaped, the spectacle of the overwhelming desolation around, effects of the terrible forces of

nature which had been at work, these combined evidences of Almighty power filled their hearts with deep emotion and awe. The spirit of the "Gloria in Excelsis" burned within us. With one accord we sang the familiar Doxology:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

No profane thought could be cherished, no idle jest could be uttered, on this—one of the high altars of the earth. We felt that we were worshipping in a vast temple not made with hands, that our feet were standing on hallowed ground. The thought added solemnity to our feelings, as we reflected that

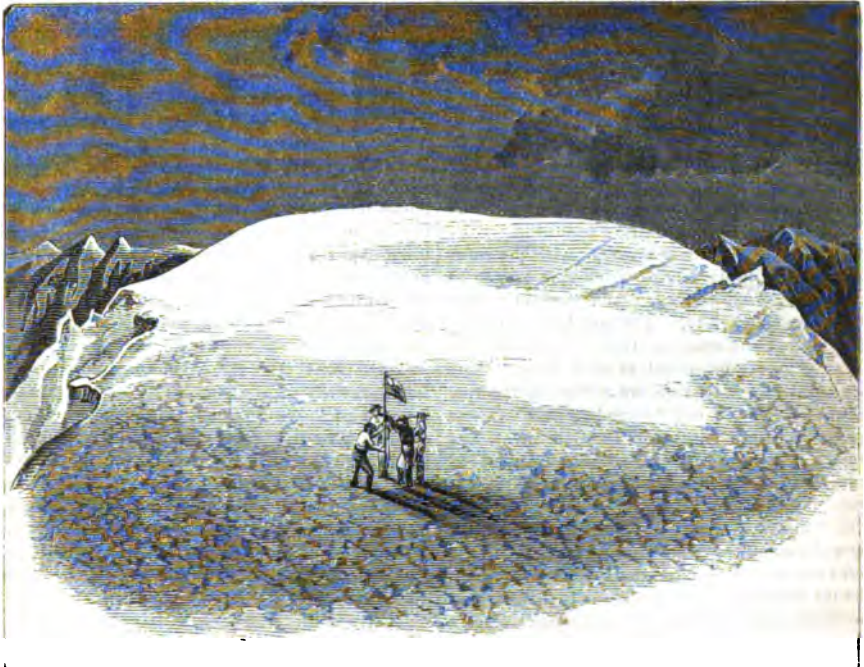
"We were the first that ever burst
Into this silent sea."

We now advanced to the centre of the plateau, and all laying hold of the flag-staff bearing the Stars and Stripes we planted it firmly in the snow, and named the peak after General Grant. Immediately after we sang an appropriate patriotic song. We then shook hands, and, a flask of brandy being produced, the names of all those interested in the expedition were duly honored.

There was a peculiarity in the snow which covered this plateau that I have not observed in the Alps. In form it resembled small tongues of flame, all leaning in the same direction, and was evidently caused by the violent eddies of wind. It seemed as if there was some mysterious sympathy between the volcanic fires within and the snowy surface without.

The only object that broke the monotony of the scene was another and smaller peak, at the distance of about 500 yards. As it was possible that it might be a few feet higher, I proposed that we should also plant a flag there. We accordingly marched up to it, and placed a flag, naming it after General Sherman. We found, however, that they were both of the same height—10,613 feet. It may be mentioned that this height, determined by the aneroid, agrees substantially with the trigonometrical measurements made by Captain Lawson, of the United States surveying ship *Fauntleroy* (10,814 feet), as also with those set down in the English maps (namely, 10,694 feet). The thermometer stood at 40° above zero, Fahrenheit.

While making these observations with the barometer, and sketching the two peaks, my companions left to make a reconnaissance. They approached the southern side of the Sherman Peak, and observing a slight depression ventured down. Here they got a glimpse of the crater. As far as they could make out it was about 300 yards wide, and appeared to extend under the northeastern side of the Grant Peak. It is therefore not impossible that the greater part of this peak may disappear in the next eruption. Stratton described the spectacle as one that made him shudder—black walls of rock with streaks of sulphury yellow blending with green and red. No traces of fire were visible by daylight, but smoke was plainly observed. About 300 feet of the top of the crater on the Baker River side is torn out, and here vast masses of lava have rolled out—wave after



GRANT'S PEAK—THE SUMMIT.



STUDIO IN THE MOUNTAINS.

wave overlapping each other as it cooled. Fire must still be slumbering beneath, as there is no snow on the lava.

My companions returned about five, and hurried me off before I had an opportunity of inspecting it personally. Indeed, as there was no time, unless we spent the night upon the summit, they concluded not to tell me of their good fortune.

Before leaving, Stratton deposited a piece of copper with the names of the party at the flag on the Grant Peak. As a true knight-errant, he also left there the photograph of a lady who had interested herself in the expedition.

Harnessing ourselves together with the rope, we prepared to descend. Each step had to be well considered, but we passed the most dangerous spot in safety. The sun had considerably melted the snow, so that we were able in many places to let ourselves slide down. In a comparatively short time we arrived at the spot where we had left our "impedimenta." These we took up and continued our journey. The sun was already sinking, so that we had no time to lose. Urged by the fear of having to pass the night on the mountain, we plunged after Stratton down slopes, across snow-bridges, by walls of ice, as if pursued by a fiend. Vain were my remonstrances, fearful of an accident, but my companions hurried on in a manner that would have sent a Swiss guide into fits. Such a helter-skelter mad-brained party was never seen on either Mont Blanc or Mont Rosa. The sun set, twilight came on, when suddenly we could

no longer discern our tracks of the morning. In the labyrinth of crevasses and seracs around we could not make out the route. Calling a halt, a consultation was held. We resolved to retrace our steps, and the tracks were again discovered. In the feeble twilight the spot on the ridge we had left seemed ever to recede. Overcome by fatigue I would fain have made my couch on the snow. But my companions pressed me on, and about 9 o'clock we reached the ridge at the point where we had taken to the snow in the morning. Leaving there our packs for the Indians to pick up in the morning, we made for our last encampment. Stumbling over the angular rocks as well as we could in the dark, our progress was very slow. As we approached we shouted out, when the Indians made a great blaze. At length about 11 o'clock we got in. The Indians were overjoyed. What with the injunctions of Umptalum and their own superstitions the honest fellows had felt considerable anxiety on our account. Tea was soon made, and in flowing bowls we recounted our adventures to the Indians. We had no sooner turned in than the weather changed. The wind moaned and blew in fitful gusts, telling of the coming tempest. It was very cold, and, as we turned round in our blankets, we felt thankful that we were not on the mountain.

The next day was devoted to botanizing and sketching. It was very warm, and, with the aid of the Indians and a four-point blanket, I improvised a very convenient sketching tent. I

have not taken out a patent, and it is here presented to the world.

Ogilvy, Stratton, and Tennent were anxious to return to their several duties; our provisions were also running short, the hunter on whom we depended being either very lazy, or game very scarce. So, resolving on two meals a day, we started next morning at 4 A.M., in order to have three hours' work before breakfast. We also shortened our route by crossing on to another ridge, which would bring us to our first encampment after leaving the "cache." By breakfast-time we reached a beautiful grass-covered valley, encircled with firs, save on one side, where a gap discloses a small peak with one solitary patch of snow upon it, like an unwelcome intruder upon a festive party. This valley is crossed by two streams, the banks of which are covered with lovely pink and yellow flowers (a kind of *Primula*). As we sat at breakfast, drinking in the loveliness of the scene, we proposed to call it "The Happy Valley." But just then our old enemies, the mosquitoes, found us out, and made us beat a precipitate retreat. A deer crossed our track, and hurried off, not without a shot from Ogilvy's gun as a parting memento. We passed through several good-sized valleys having plentiful water and grass. All at once we came upon one of Squock's country shooting-boxes. It may be mentioned that when the Indians kill an elk they dispatch a messenger to summon their wives and relatives to assist in dressing and drying the meat, and to pack it down to their lodges. This is quite necessary, as there are often 600 pounds of meat on an elk. In cooking the meat they first dig a hole in the ground, then build a wood-fire, placing stones on the top of it. As it burns the stones become hot and fall down. Moss and leaves are then placed on the top of the hot stones, the meat is placed on these, and another layer of moss and leaves laid above it. Water is poured in, which is speedily converted into steam. This is retained by mats carefully placed over the heap. When left in this way for a night the meat is found tender and well cooked in the morning.

We had now emerged from the temperate into the summer zone. The hardest part of our work was now over. The consciousness of near approach to the blest abodes of man, contrasted with the stern and savage scenery we had left, filled us with a sense of joyous triumph. The grand scenery of the forests became glorified, the soft tempered light stole in through the overarching foliage, turning the mossy carpet to gold, and the sunbeams falling athwart the gigantic stems, row after row, made them appear like the columned aisles of a cathedral. We were in a grander far than any earthly temple, whose dome was the blue vault of heaven, and whose chant of praise was the symphony of falling waters. After a sojourn among the more elevated snow-fields, the return to the fertility and plenty of the lower valleys is refreshing in the highest degree. The sudden change

from eternal winter to the beauty of spring, from spring to summer, from the abodes of overwhelming chaos to fairer scenes, from death, as it were, unto life, is inexpressibly soothing to the overwrought mind and body. No longer at war with the terrible forces of nature, softer emotions take possession of the breast, and the wearied traveler yields himself up to "the benignant touch of love and beauty." These emotions are realized in a higher degree by the traveler who has escaped for a little while from the weary round of life's harassing cares and daily duties. I had left Victoria jaded and depressed, sick of the monotonous round of my ordinary occupation, harassed by the multiplicity of petty details and preparatory arrangements connected with this expedition. The continued responsibility of it had strained me to the utmost, but now, when success had crowned my efforts, bodily fatigue vanished, and the mental weariness, that sense of oppression which is worse than any bodily fatigue, was removed, and I was lifted up with a feeling of renewed life. My mind was open to all the genial influences of the season and the hour. There came upon my spirit a feeling of renewed youth, a vision of perpetual spring, of long summer days of unclouded sunshine, of a golden autumn, of smiling faces and loving hearts; there came also thoughts of a purer life, of resolves strengthened, of doubts subdued, of faith quickened, of a spirit no longer repining and tortured with self-reproach, but confident with hope, and elevated by self-surrender to the will of the Great Disposer; my soul went forth in gratitude to the Almighty Father and Mother of the world, and rested in that inward peace which passeth all understanding, and I deeply realized the exquisite beauty of Carlyle's imagery of life being no longer "a dark wasteful chaos, but a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed world."

The day after leaving our permanent encampment we traveled hard for twelve hours, and yet we had only reached half-way down to the cache at the base of the mountain. For supper we had nothing but sugar and bread and coffee, or, as a miner would call it, "bread straight." Elated with our success, we did not feel this privation. The fire having been busy in the forest while we were on the summit, the latter portion of next day's march was over the burning marl in an atmosphere filled with smoke. Though this and the heat of the summer zone were stifling, we yet made rapid progress, the brush having been thereby cleared away. We reached the cache at 2 o'clock, and found our several "iktas" in good order. The canoes were hauled out, the mats taken off the cache, and the provisions secured. And now commenced the most exciting portion of the whole journey; for we had to shoot the steep rapids with alarming rapidity. The torrent bore us on amidst concealed boulders, which could not be observed until we were close upon them, and any one of which would have shivered the canoe into atoms. Some of

these rapids were so steep that, sitting in the second canoe, I could not see the other in advance, as it dashed down the brink of the maddened stream. Indeed, it was more like shooting a series of waterfalls than sailing on the surface of an upland stream. Even to Ogilvy, who had traveled on many rivers from the St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico, it was alarming. He fully expected that the canoes would be swamped, and their occupants plunged into the turbulent and ice-cold stream. He firmly grasped his gun, determined to secure that, at least, if he could not save any thing else. The skill and vigilance of the Indians saved us from destruction; Squock, in fact, seemed quite in his element. The excitement of the maddened torrent elated his daring spirit. When rushing through the concentrated rage of the boiling stream, in the narrowest passages, he would throw up his arms, and his yell of delight would be heard mingled with the roar of the waters. Thus, with the canoes quivering and bending, the waters splashing and dashing, the Indians screaming and shouting, we plunged on. And no sooner had we escaped these dangers than others awaited us. For between each rapid there is a comparatively level space of water, the river here being a series of steps and landing-places for a distance of about 15 or 20 miles. If these steps were our Scylla, the level places were our Charybdis. Across them were stretched fallen trees, under which there was scarcely room to pass. As we neared them we had to lie straight down in the canoes, and could hear them graze the gunwale as the canoes tore from under them. The two Indians, who stood with their poles at each end, would warn us by shouts to lie down, and suddenly follow suit. On one occasion Squock delayed a few seconds too long, and was in danger of having his legs knocked from under him; but, to our great surprise, he beautifully relieved himself. With all the agility of an accomplished equestrian he vaulted over the log, and landed in the canoe on the other side of it. It was a daring and successful feat, and strikingly manifested that presence of mind which saved himself and us in many difficult passages. At length we approached the forks, and came careering into the sequestered nook opposite Umptalum's palace.

The old chief came out to meet us, and finding that the Indians had not brought any elk meat, was angry with them. He, however, welcomed us cordially, and made signs to know whether we had been successful. Squock's wife made us a present of some potatoes and grilled salmon, and never epicure enjoyed more the sunny side of a peach than we did these potatoes, after an enforced abstinence from vegetable food. Hearing the evening bell for prayer, Stratton and myself went with them. They were apparently decent and devout, and I observed that they knelt in groups with their faces to the wall, and that one of them led the prayers, while the others made the responses.

The whole service, which was for the most part chanted, occupied about a quarter of an hour. In this Indian lodge we had the first opportunity of public worship after return from the dangers of the mountain, and we need not say that the surrounding circumstances made it particularly impressive. On the occasion of returning from my first journey I was deeply impressed with a similar scene of worship. I had formerly stopped for the night at a large fishing encampment on San Juan. Seated in the midst of them, I received tea from one of the women, in a gentle and graceful manner that would not have disgraced a city drawing-room. Before retiring to rest they all knelt down, with their faces to the walls, and engaged in prayer. The dying embers of the fire reflected a lurid glow around the lodge, and cast gaunt and distorted shapes of the kneeling worshippers on the opposite walls. This gave a weird aspect to the scene. Their profound attention to the service, their immobility, the measured chanting, the sudden and regular pauses for the responses, the gentler voices of the women mingling with the sterner tones of the men, the concomitants of wild scenery and savage men, the consciousness that I was the only white man among them and completely at their mercy—all combined to render the scene impressive in the highest degree, "and civilized civilization's son."

Next morning we took an affectionate farewell with the old chief, and joyous sped our way. If the journey up had been slow and tedious, we received compensation in the return. The current bore the canoes swiftly along, and brought a fresh picture to view at every bend of the river. Indeed, we had all the excitement of traveling by express, while sitting in dreamy and indolent repose, each occupied with thoughts of home and friends. Stiffened with fatigue, we unwillingly aroused ourselves occasionally to make a portage. While the Indians stopped at one of the encampments for a "wah-wah" with their friends, Stratton bought a young beaver. It was very beautiful, and became a great pet. In the afternoon we set down Mr. Tennent, and reached Bellingham Bay at sunset. We tried to make Mr. Eldridge's the same evening, but it blew so hard that we had to stop half-way, where Mr. Allen hospitably entertained us. Next morning we got to Mr. Eldridge's in time for breakfast, where we were received in triumph by his family. A large party of ladies who were enjoying Mr. Eldridge's hospitality took possession of Stratton as a genuine hero, while Ogilvy and myself went on to Mr. Meyer's at Seahome. There I opened communication with the great world beyond through the telegraph, and the account of our expedition appeared shortly afterward in the New York *Herald* and other papers.

After a few days spent at Seahome making sketches and arranging notes—Ogilvy having gone on to Victoria—I went on board the little

steamer *Emily Woodruffe*. In the afternoon the steamer reached Couperville on Whidbey Island. I accepted an invitation from Major Haller, who was formerly on the staff of General McClellan, in the Army of the Potomac, and thus I had the opportunity of a peep into a Yankee home. Whidbey Island, which takes its name from Lieutenant Whidbey, Vancouver's sailing-master, is in many respects interesting. It is about fifty miles long, and of very unequal width—about ten miles across in the broadest part, according to Vancouver. It contains fine prairie lands and beautiful farms. Indeed, it has been called the garden of Washington Territory. Already there are the indications of a high state of cultivation, and there is a considerable quantity of stock ranging over the hills. The winters not being severe, these require little or no stall-feeding. The population has already reached some six hundred. Among these the temperance cause is firmly established. On the celebration of the Fourth of July two years ago Uncle Sam's health was drunk in no stronger beverage than tea and coffee. On a coast where, in common with all new countries, so much drinking prevails, it is a pleasing spectacle to see a community thus placing itself in the van of civilization, and setting an example to others. The young ladies of this island have the reputation of being accomplished and fearless horsewomen, and there are some who can even handle the rifle. Dianna of old had no fairer fields for hunting, and no fairer forms for followers.

Making my way to the ferry on the other side of the island, we went on board a small boat and reached Port Townsend within two hours. This town is the port of entry for Puget Sound. It is built on a spit at the entrance of this noble sheet of water, and the heights behind are dotted with villas which command magnificent views of Mount Baker, Mount Rainier, and a large portion of the Cascade range. On the last Fourth of July I had here spent one of the most pleasant days of my existence. On that occasion Admiral Thatcher, who had arrived in the *Pensacola* at Esquimalt, determined to cross over and assist his countrymen to celebrate the day. Being one of a party of excursionists from Victoria who went over to witness the festivities, we had "a good time." A procession was formed of the officers, seamen, masonic lodge, citizens, and the excursionists, the latter headed by Allen Francis, Esq., United States Consul at Victoria. We marched through the town up to the hill, where a collation was spread for 400 under the shade of spreading pines on a beautiful lawn. S. S. Garfield, Esq., was the orator of the day, and gave one of the best speeches it was ever my privilege to listen to. The American Government apparently recognize this as an important point, and propose to erect three fortresses in the neighborhood which will command the entrance to Puget Sound, destined soon to be covered with the fleets of the com-

mercial world. I now became the guest of Captain Scammon, in command of the revenue cutter *Joseph Lane*. I also enjoyed the graceful hospitalities of Mr. Barnard, the Deputy Collector, and I must here correct a common error in regard to the rudeness of Western civilization. In his house I found a circle which, though small, was refined and intelligent as any to be met with in the greater centres of the world's society. I had also the opportunity of receiving similar kindness from Dr. Calhoun, a graduate of Glasgow Medical School, and at present in charge of the Marine Hospital, who had assembled an agreeable company to testify their appreciation of my labors. Indeed, I have ventured the previous statement in regard to the society of Washington Territory upon the experience of all whom I met on this and previous journeys. The names of Mr. Cranny of Utsalady, Mr. Kennedy, Colonel Hobbs, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Seabey, Captain Lawson of the United States Survey, Mr. J. G. Swan, and others can not be forgotten by one who was a stranger among them. Captain Scammon, having to repair to Victoria, was authorized by Mr. Wilson, the Collector, to convey me thither. On the way we touched at Protection Island, so highly eulogized by Vancouver for the beauty of its scenery. Here he landed on the 1st May, 1792, and thus speaks of it: "On landing on the west end of the supposed island, and ascending its eminence, which was a nearly perpendicular cliff, our attention was immediately called to a landscape almost as enchantingly beautiful as the most elegantly finished pleasure-grounds in Europe. From the height we were now upon, our conjectures of this land being an island situated before an entrance on the main land were confirmed. The summit of this island presented nearly a horizontal surface, interspersed with some inequalities of ground, which produced a beautiful variety on an extensive lawn covered with luxuriant grass, and diversified with an abundance of flowers. To the northwestward was a coppice of pine-trees and shrubs of various sorts, that seemed as if it had been planted for the sole purpose of protecting from the northwest winds this delightful meadow, over which were promiscuously scattered a few clumps of trees, that would have puzzled the most ingenious designer of pleasure-grounds to have arranged more agreeably. While we stopped to contemplate these several beauties of nature, in a prospect no less pleasing than unexpected, we gathered some gooseberries and roses in a state of considerable forwardness."

It still presents the same features, though barren and sandy in some parts, owing to the introduction of sheep. It is now occupied by Captain Morgan and Mr. Harnard. Like the Highland chiefs of old, they are monarchs here of all they survey. Having paid my respects to the chief and his lady, we took advantage of a fair wind and in due season arrived at Victoria.

A HEALTH TRIP TO THE TROPICS.

III.—TIJUCA AND PETROPOLIS.



VIEW OF RIO FROM BOA VISTA.

THE heat of Rio during the solstice makes occasional refuge in the mountains necessary even to the acclimated. Tijuca, Petropolis, Constantia, Nova Friburgo, and Teresopolis are the favored resorts. The former may be reached from the city in a little less than two hours; the others are more remote, though not difficult of access. Their altitude varies from one to three thousand feet above the sea level. The visitor dwells amidst the clouds and hears the thunder-bolt crashing far beneath him. There is a sensible mitigation of temperature as one ascends.

I started from the Praça do San Francisco at 5 P.M., oppressed with such heat as Sydney Smith must have borne when he desired to take off his flesh and sit in his bones. Before I reached the hospitable fazenda of Senhor Bennett my light over-coat was in requisition.

The worthy Senhor is an Englishman long resident in Brazil, and the loyal regard in which he is held by the Brazilians is hardly less than that which they cherish for the Emperor. A rosy, benevolent Saxon face crowned with snowy hair, a rotund and portly person, an air of mingled gentleness and authority such as befits a mountain patriarch distinguish him, and give visible assurance that the esteem and affection of the people among whom he has

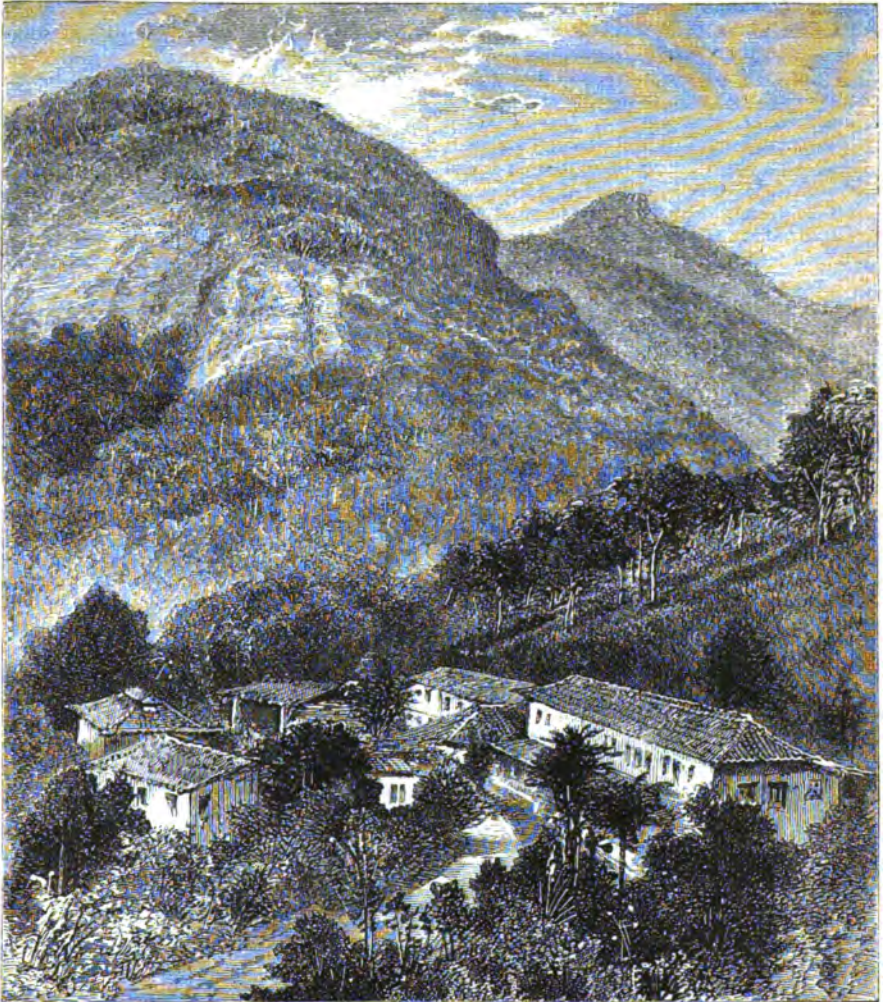
pitched his tent are not misplaced. He has rescued from the wilderness a mountain dell, through which dashes a ringing brook, that is sometimes a silver thread, and again a foaming, yellow torrent; and gardens and habitations have grown up under his care till his domain looks as if it had taken form and proportion to the sound of a dulcimer, or as if the wand of Merlin had conjured it into vision. Agencies more potent than that enchanter's rod have indeed wrought with him—the sunshine and the rain—and these twin architects accomplish much in the tropics without human aid or direction. The bloom of these gardens is perennial. Ever the fragrant chalices of purple and pearl stand up and take the morning, and the whirr of the humming-bird, like the song of the wind, is never still.

My rooms look out upon a court-yard where there is a large cage full of monkeys, and this simian commonwealth keeps up the same futile noise and wrangling as more pretentious and highly organized democracies usually do. One burly demagogue, who appears to found his authority upon having more abdomen and less tail than his fellows, constantly excites my own disapprobation and the terror of his smaller fellow-citizens. Whether his sedentary usages have worn off the appendage in which he is de-

ficient, and his spirit is embittered by its loss, is a problem; but he appears to be animated by a constant hostility toward tails of any length or ostentation. An unusually long and flexible appendage of the sort excites his most impetuous resentment; he catches hold of the objectionable member and tweaks it with violence. Sometimes he seems to sleep with hands folded across his stomach, like an alderman overcome with punch and turtle. Woe betide the small and helpless monkey who is deluded by that soporific stratagem into too near an approach; he is pounced upon, and rumped, and twisted, his ears tweaked, till his life is a burden. Sometimes the whole community, goaded into resentment by this tyranny, sets up an expostulatory clamor. On these occasions he assumes a preoccupied, thoughtful demeanor; and, as Cincinnatus took refuge from the censures of his constituency at the plow-tail,

this ill-used patriot commences a meditative hunt for insects. The polity of this little commonwealth needs frequent revision. Scipio, the muleteer, generally punches them up once or twice a day, and when he feeds them tempers his bounty with a little discreet chastisement.

There is a duck in the quadrangle which makes itself troublesome and noisy. It is of wild breed, kidnapped in the lagoons of the Amazonas, and it has brought hither with it its native forest ferocities. In the dead waste and middle of the night I have frequently been awakened by its dissonant quack. It bites the mules, and assails the naked legs of the women who come in from the neighboring mountains with their baskets and crates of fruit. Nothing is more common than to see Fernandino, the smallest, shiniest, and most comical of Nubians, set down his water-jar and prepare to resent the assault which the duck infallibly makes upon



HOTEL BENNETT, TIJUCA, NEAR RIO.

his unprotected rear. A lively conflict ensues. Fernandino advances, and the duck retreats as if discomfited and demoralized, then suddenly turns and flies with vigor full at his opponent's face. Fernandino goes down like a nine-pin, and the duck, taking a final nip at the least protected part of his person, retreats to his lair among the bamboos.

I wonder if there is any vocal obligation resting upon groom and hostler to emit a sibilant noise as they comb and card their quadrupeds. I have chanced to witness this equine hair-dressing in many lands and latitudes by coiffeurs of every color and breed, but I never knew the vocal accompaniment to be omitted. Scipio when grooming his disheveled mules under the scanty shade of the fig-tree makes the forenoon sing with sibilation. The animals seem to like it. They stand with heads down and ears adroop, only kicking or squealing when the comb comes in contact with some sensitive portion of the epidermis, and the audible expiration with which their toilet is accompanied seems to soothe and tranquilize them.

There are a score of them, and their differences of character are as marked as those of a similar number of attorneys or parsons. That small mouse-colored animal of meek long-suffering aspect—an ass to which Sterne would have given macaroons, which Coleridge would have elegized, which might have inspired Apuleius, so bland and guileless is he to the sight—is a monster of treachery and ingratitude. He won my confidence by his reputable conduct during my first ride; and thereafter, at successive intervals, tried to rub me off against a rock, throw me over a precipice, entangle me in a bramble, and roll over me in a brook. When I wanted to go up a mountain, he always wanted to go down; if my inclinations tended the other way, he seemed to have an industrious desire to go up. He was quite indifferent as to his mode of progress; whether he went head or stern foremost, or sidewise, appeared quite indifferent to him. On the slopes of Tijuca he stopped one day, and seemed disposed to spend the summer there; neither persuasion nor punishment availed to move him. If he had been an ass in bronze or granite he could not have been more immutable. Relief arrived, however; a muleteer came toiling up the slope, conducting two mules laden with panniers. He divined my dilemma, and in a language which I could not understand, but rendered sufficiently intelligible by accompanying gestures, proposed to assist me. I dismounted. My deliverer swung himself into the saddle with the practiced ease of one thoroughly accustomed to mules, and addressed some ineffectual observation to the animal. He then brought into action his reserve—a thong of untanned hide about three feet in length, and an inch or more in width. At the first blow the animal's ears, which hung pendulous and sullen, sprang erect, and his tail flew into the air with a jerk; at the second he gave a bound like an antelope,

and darted off down the road as if he suddenly remembered an engagement to lecture or something of the sort; but the mountaineer presently brought him back, thoroughly adroop and humbled. I was moved to inspect the instrument of my deliverance. It was heavy as lead, with the persuasive flexibility of rawhide; and I think the application of it justified my animal in changing his mind.

To enjoy life in the tropics one must rise early. The morning hours are the glory of the day. From the middle of the forenoon till toward sunset, even in the mountains, recreation must be sought within doors.

I used to get up with the first glow of the dawn, and in very scanty attire make my way through the coffee groves, gleaming with dew, to the bath. It was a large deep basin of masonry situated by the borders of the brook, and fed by a copious cascade of water as from a crystal. High trees arched above it and interweaved their branches, forming a canopy through which the meridian sunshine could scarcely penetrate.

I should not have thought it very extraordinary to have surprised Diana and her nymphs, taking here their morning lustration. It was such fountains as this that the huntress of the silver bow and her vestal sisterhood sought in the elder days. If they still revisited the glimpses of the sun, they would find their old bathing-grounds dry and desert, and be impelled abroad in search of new. They could not find a fairer than this, hidden among the ancient mountains, garlanded with vines and girt with chiming cascades.

I did not see any thing of this mythological character; but I sometimes interrupted the lavation of a bevy of slender green frogs, as absurdly vocal as if they had just jumped out of the chorus of Aristophanes; and they seemed to contemplate me as a larger creature of their own species (which, indeed, the swimming man resembles), and to consider me as on the whole a failure.

To the bath succeeded the toilet and a leisurely refection of fruit; after which came the mountain excursion on horseback.

Tijuca is the centre of a labyrinth of mountain roads, each leading through scenery of bewildering beauty; some terminating at lakes and waterfalls, others winding to the top of high summits, still others bringing up at a solitary fazenda, walled in by surrounding hills. Only a mile or two away is Boa Vista—a point where the ascending road, reaching its highest altitude, passes through a mountain gorge. From its terrace the eye ranges far down the mountain defiles, and embraces in its vision the city, suburbs, and bay, and the blue belt of mountains which girdle the northern horizon. The aspect of the landscape is one of perpetual variation; sometimes it is flooded with sunlit splendor, and cloud and mountain slope, and the shining expanse of water, kindle into chromatic lustre; and again one sees only a billowy expanse of



SMALL CASCADE, TISUGA.

gray cloud rolled inward from the Atlantic. Sometimes wandering shreds or dots of storm-cloud roll swiftly across the aerial marches, are intercepted by the summits, and discharged of their burden of thunder and rain.

The beauty of the view at this point has doubtless determined the erection here of a pretty cluster of villas, which are chiefly occupied by English merchants of Rio. I meet them riding about the mountain roads; burly Britons, who import into every land which they inhabit the rosy gills, short shooting-jackets, and sturdy, ill-tempered honesty, which render them the admired and beloved of men.

A little way up the road is the small cascade of Tijuca—a slender thread of water falling from a ledge of rock into a rocky basin two hundred feet below. It wears a delicate frill or edge of snowy foam, and is arched with rainbows, and the vines clamber about it this way and that in many a wild festoon. It is a region of cascades; many and many sing their songs unheard in the wilderness, and echo in gorges into which the sunshine never penetrates; gulfs, abysmal "as the dark bed of the unspeakable Proserpine;" and there are innumerable cata-racts of an intermittent character which follow the sudden rains, and abate as soon as they cease.

Rain is of daily occurrence here. The clouds distilled from the ocean in the forenoon, and rolled by the trade-winds against the mountain wall, are sent surging back through gorge and ravine in the afternoon. Some of these intermittent cascades leap from high ledges a thousand feet into the gulfs beneath, and I don't know but that they are dissolved in mist, like those of the Yosemite, before they reach the bottom. The effect of a shower upon the permanent cascades is quite surprising. The crystal clear ribbon of water, with its musical plunge into the basin beneath, beside which you reposed in the morning, has swollen in the afternoon to the proportions of a flood, and plunges with thunderous roar down the precipice. The lit-

tle brook is a torrent, turbid and angry, and adrift with weeds and leaves.

A broad carriage-road winds nearly to the summit of Tijuca, the highest mountain in the vicinity, and its ascent is one of the favorite diversions of sojourners in the neighborhood. I made the expedition frequently, and was sometimes rewarded for my labor, but as frequently found myself a speck in an immeasurable expanse of gray cloud. It is impossible from any existing state of the atmosphere to infer what it will be an hour thereafter. One is allured away by the promise of a cloudless dawn, and finds himself before breakfast-time not only thoroughly drenched but defrauded of the view that he had ridden to see.

The way-side houses inhabited by the poorer class of people are built of bamboo, the interstices being filled with a reddish kind of clay which hardens in the sun, and keeps out heat and rain sufficiently to satisfy the not very exacting requirements of the residents. They are generally roofed with a sort of thatch made of palm leaves, though now and then the familiar red tiles are employed. These habitations are surrounded with gardens, or rather patches of ground, on which nature is permitted to enact whatever horticultural exploit she chooses. Plantains grow in spontaneous abundance, and they constitute an important part of the food of negroes and the lower class of whites. The broad-leaved banana abounds; so does the mountain fig, with other fruits of unknown name, but luscious, and of lustrous hue. A little mandioc meal and the produce of their gardens is all that is requisite for the sustenance of these people; and it is scarcely surprising, therefore, that they do not uniformly exhibit tendencies to industry and thrift. In fact, they are very lazy.

The traveler in Ceylon who only saw one person doing any thing, and he was falling off a house, witnessed a tableau of energy not to be matched among the lower orders here. But why should they toil? After whatsoever stress

of endeavor they could but eat and sleep and breed, as, bounteously endowed by mother Nature, they now do without strife or burden.

Human life is a weed here. Along the borders of the road which led to the Lagoa des Freitas huts and cabins were thickly scattered, inhabited by negroes and mixed breeds; and the swarm of black and coffee-colored children of all sizes, from the naked babe lying upon a



WAY-SIDE CABIN.

piece of cloth under the shade of the lemon-trees to the lusty and full-grown boy or girl, was something prodigious. To the races of colder climates they are, in reproductive respects, as rabbits are to lions, and there is just about the same difference in the pluck and quality of the respective breeds. Girls of twelve or fourteen are frequently married. I saw several said to be under fifteen who carried about lusty, well-fed babies, and had begun to wear a matronly look, as children sometimes do when they play with their dolls.

The way-side drinking-shops, where caxache and schnapps and other fiery potations were dispensed, were generally pretty well patronized. Houses of this sort in the mountain are built with a sheltered recess in front, which is a general refuge from the sudden rains, and the weather-bound pilgrims are impelled by gratitude as well as appetite to take something. So far as I could learn, the habit of drinking in Brazil is confined exclusively to the negroes and the lowest class of whites. A tipsy Brazilian of the better orders is a phenomenon which I have never encountered, and of which I have never even heard. Such a condition would be considered disgraceful, and not the venial fault which it is reckoned in England or the United States. But the blacks and the native people of the baser sort do not follow the abstinent example set them by their betters; they gulp down draughts of caxache, a fiery liquor distilled from the sugar-cane, of maddening depth and volume; but they are rarely noisy or riotous. Inebriety is a serious business with them, as it was with that gracious duke who used meditatively to observe, "By the blessing of Heaven, he intended to be drunk next Thursday." It is likely that these humbler tipplers may in similar fashion forebode the day of indulgence, and save up pence in anticipation thereof.

The dwellers on the mountains are of three classes. The merchants and others whose avocations are in the city, but who occupy villas on the heights, the fazendieros or planters, great and little, and the riffraff, *et id genus omne*. The first represent nearly every Christian nationality, and are surrounded with every elegance and luxury. Their villas are large and handsomely built, gas being conveyed to them from the city mains, fountains tinkle in the gardens, where there are leafy pavilions and kiosks, and long alleys of shade, strange blooms tangled and intermeshed in bright embroidery, birds by day in myriads, and by night fire-flies which outshine and outnumber the stars, and all visible and audible surroundings of grace and melody.

The fazendieros live generally in long, low, rambling houses, roofed with red tiles and fronted with deep porches shaded with palms and vines, near which are the cabins of the slaves, each surrounded with its little patch of garden. Those of the wealthier sort live in considerable luxury. If one is so fortunate as to receive

the hospitality of a Brazilian family of this station, he will be likely to see massive and antique plate adorning the table; he will be regaled upon viands of unknown sort, but which would have done no discredit to the repasts of Cambacères; and the young ladies will discourse to him most eloquent music upon the pianos of Broadwood or Erard.

The masses, as I have observed, enjoy none of these luxurious advantages. They get a rude subsistence, for which they render as little toil as possible, and are as dirty, contented, and flea-ridden as so many Neapolitan lazaroni.

One of my favorite rides was around the base of the Gavia—a high, square-topped mountain, which at a distance is thought to bear some resemblance to the foresail of a ship, from which fanciful similitude it derives its name. It is one of the most august of the stately brotherhood of mountains which girdle the city. Upon its broad façade there are some occult inscriptions of gigantic size which were once the enigma of the learned; but modern skepticism has ascribed their origin to natural causes. They are in form something like Roman characters, and they look as if they had been wrought by the Titans of the elder world. The credulity of the ancients would have accorded to them a mystical significance, and the ingenuity of ages would have occupied itself with their interpretation. But rude and unimaginative science steps in with humdrum exactitude and dreary precision, and says that they are legends written by sunshine and heat and other similar agencies; and that if we strive to read their hidden meaning, we but pursue witch-lights and phantasms into the profitless regions of fog and bilberries. Let them pass. They hoard no hidden meanings which concern us at this time of day.

Perhaps that famous hermit, who used to dwell upon one of the ledges of the Gavia, like Simeon Stylites upon his pillar, occupied his rather abundant leisure in determining this philological puzzle. If he did, he kept it well to himself, as no tradition thereof abides among men. He dwelt here to great age, never leaving his high watch-tower till his bones were brought down to be canonized. He used—so the legend runs—to lower by a long rope a basket, which was daily replenished with food; but whether by the mountain ravens or by pious hands the monkish legend sayeth not. I never heard that the old recluse did any thing in particular, except to stay diligently at home and enact exploits of penitence. We are told, it is true, that they also serve who only stand and wait; he stood and waited a good while, and probably that entitles him to a place in the calendar.

Not far away from the Gavia is the Cascata Grande, in the vicinity of which are some ruins, which were pointed out to me as the remains of the habitation of the Bishop of Rio and his followers, during the time when Protestant Coligny bore rule here. I looked upon them



THE GRAND CASCADE.

with interest. They did not long house the priestly refugees. Coligny, in stress of politics, went back to France. After a time there rolled across the waters a sullen boom from the bell of St. Germain L'Auxerrois—the bell of St. Bartholomew. It was the knell of the white-haired admiral as of many another, and some echoes of it dwell in the world to this day, not much to the glorification of the ancient mother church. Bishop and priests came forth from their forest Alsatia, and built their abbeys and monasteries and pious chapels by the side of the bay, where some of them still abide.

At the base of the Cascade there is a large flat table of rock densely shaded with cassia and mimosa and trumpet-creepers; and upon this, girt with scenery of unrivaled beauty, I sat down, and, while occupied with my morning repast, tried to re-people the solitude with its old habitants. Vesper and matin sounded through these leafy aisles in rhythmic accompaniment to the chime of water; and here the holy fathers sat, and the water mirrored their shovel hats and cowls, just as it mirrors my

muslin riding-hat and gray jacket. I suppose they must have cursed a little after pious formulas at being kicked out of their inheritance by the protesting Gauls; but, alas! priest and prayer, and the songs of morning and evening, and the pious malediction which they bestowed upon their foes are vanished, and I have no sorcery which can summon them from the land of shadows whereto they have gone.

They were a people fond of celebrating themselves by inscriptions and sculptured record. I wonder they did not chisel upon some of these granite tablets the tale of their exile, to be a sign and memorial to the generations. But whether from lack of will or chisels, they did not. The water is the only sculptor whose work is visible; it has written the story of otherwise unrecorded ages and æons upon the granite walls through which it cleaves. So it sang, so filled the air with dashing spray, and was arched with its bow of promise when the ark rested upon Ararat. And so it bids fair to sing to other ages and races, when our own are dust-sprinkled and forgotten.

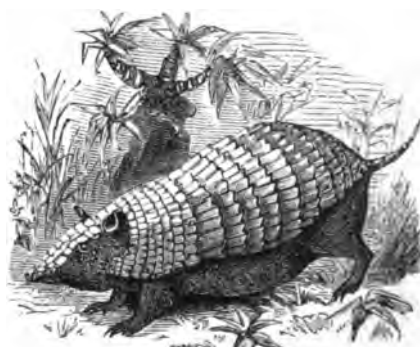
Our mode of life in the mountains is very simple. After the morning ride we breakfast, the refection being substantial and abundant. We have cold joints of meat, fowl, omelets, fish, breakfast bacon, English breakfast tea of super-extra excellence, good coffee, and fruits, confections and conserves in great abundance, with Bordeaux and white wines for such as prefer them. There are, perhaps, a score of guests at the fazenda, a few are strangers like myself, but the majority are residents of Rio come hither to escape the heat. The men go down to business in the morning and return about sunset, as sojourners at West Point or Long Branch do with us. During the day such of us as remain play at chess or bagatelle, smoke, read, sleep, talk over the news by the last steamer, the war in Paraguay, the cartoons in the comic paper, a Brazilian charivari, the jokes of which are so obscure that they defy ordinary appreciation, sometimes eke out the afternoon with a supplementary bath, or perhaps a lesson in Portuguese from a volunteer tutor.

At night ladies and gentlemen join in play at *vingt et un*, for not very ruinous stakes; sometimes a quadrille is improvised, or a social game of some sort, like hunting the slipper, or forfeits, takes its place to the immeasurable delight of young and old. Mature and grim dames, with grandchildren of their own, join in the merriment as eagerly as the rosy young misses in their teens.

One night some amateur thaumaturgist diversified the simplicity of our pastimes in rather a thrilling manner. He caused a procession of faces to move past a bowl from which ascended the flames of burning spirits. They looked not merely like the faces of the dead, but of the dead and damned—awfully livid visages, like that worn by the "Nightmare Life in Death" whom the Ancient Mariner saw upon the deck of the phantom ship. I had to rush out into the night to get the ghastly sight out of my memory.

It was a wondrous night, as I remember; flooded with moonlight so intense and radiant that the fire-flies were pale; but some reflection from our magic caldron had hung itself against the horizon, and the forest slopes seemed to be woven into witch shapes like those that peopled the Walpurgis night. We were all rather demoralized by the baleful spectacle, as Banquo was when he saw the procession of phantom kings; but a few cigars and a stroll through the gardens brought all to rights again.

One day Fernandino came into my rooms with an aspect of mystery, and laid upon my table an object which bore some resemblance to a cocoa-nut. It presently uncoiled and disclosed itself as an armadillo—a strange little creature clad all in mail, and gifted with an aptitude for shutting up which would justify our State Department in keeping one for the instruction of its ambassadors. The little creature became quite at ease and confidential, trot-



ARMADILLO.

ted round the table, and did not disdain bits of food, though at a sudden alarm he would roll over on his back, and come together with a snap like a snuff-box. At dinner that day a curious dish was sent to me by the host. I had become suspicious of strange viands, having unwittingly eaten monkey and lizard since my arrival; so I sent the servant to inquire its constituents. Alas! it was my armadillo; they had taken off his breast-plate and buckler, and stewed him down as if he had been a frog. I could not taste him. He had partaken my hospitality, and exhibited, as well as an armadillo could do, his appreciation thereof; and so I bewailed his fate, and refrained from consuming him. My neighbor said he was very good; and the fat magistrate who sat opposite, with his napkin tucked under his chin, gobbled him with evident satisfaction.

Until I reflected that beyond its walls the capital had wrought no other enterprise of importance, I was surprised at the number and excellence of the mountain roads. The system of thoroughfares which converges upon Rio is trivial compared with the stupendous web which weaves the northern continent in one fabric with New York; but the facilities of that sort in Rio are limited. Nature opposes an almost insurmountable barrier to progress into the interior. The Union and Industry Road, which we ascend on our way to Petropolis, penetrates the country for a distance of a hundred miles, having its terminus at Juiz de Fora. Throughout its entire extent it is as smooth and as carefully kept as the carriage-drives of our Central Park. Its ascent of the Serra was a work which brought into play the highest engineering skill. Its bridges, culverts, parapets, massive as those of the Simplon, bid fair to endure as long as the mountain barrier which they surmount. Until the completion of the Dom Pedro II. Railway this road was the chief, almost the only, thoroughfare leading to the interior; and an endless succession of heavy wagons, drawn by mules, brought the produce of the coffee plantations to market. Much of this conveyance is now effected by the railroad; but there is still enough travel across the mountains to



ASCENT OF THE SERRA, NEAR PETROPOLIS.

impart to the thoroughfare an air of picturesque activity.

The drivers are a wild lot. Our overland teamsters are accounted to be of the number of those who fear not God, neither regard they man; but their appearance and discourse, contrasted with that of their Brazilian congeners, are mild and exemplary. They are swarthy, savage, Malay-like fellows, with manes of dead black hair hanging about their shoulders; a look in their eyes which one would scarcely like to encounter at night in a lonely place.

On our way to Petropolis we met a number of these wagon trains descending the broad zigzag road, and the tinkling bells, the rattle of the harness, the harsh grate of the brakes, the yells of the drivers echoing back from gorge and mountain wall, made the wild passes vocal. Not unimpressive was it to see one of these caravans descending from a thunder-cloud which hung far above us enveloping a portion of the road. Not since Ixion of deathless memory, who in cloud-embrace begat strange centaurs, had such a concourse of wheeled vehicles troubled the deeps of heaven. They seemed to be driven out of the sky by clanging thunder-bolts and the slant javelins of rain.

We pretty soon entered this belt of storm, and after a space emerged above it into the sunshine and the upper air. The cloud zone stretched beneath us sullen and gray, broken here and there by rifts through which, far below, we could see the peaceful valleys, and the golden waters, and the emerald isles. From

the Alto do Serra, the highest point which the road traverses, the view is one of the grandest to be seen, even in these regions. The eye is wearied with its immensity.

The mountain peaks, hooded with verdure, tower above us, and far beneath sounds "the long brook falling through the cloven ravine, in cataract after cataract, to the sea." So far away that its islets seem like little dots upon the water, lies the bay, its girdle of mountains a faded rim of blue, the pinnacles of cloud towering above them edged with flame. The road we have traversed dwindles to a thread, and the few fields and fazendas of the valleys below look like the habitations of pigmies. Through the glass I can see a portion of the railroad which extends from the bay to the base of the Serra, and a tiny train of cars cleaving its way through the jungle. A portion of the valley is in shadow and beaten with rain; upon the rest the sun burns with equatorial fervor.

I have looked out upon this view at sunrise and sunset and mid-day, have seen it by moonlight, and tried to see it through its dun shroud of night, but its aspect was different at each outlook. It changes with the hours; is sometimes tranquil and still—a sort of colossal idyl, and again a stormy epic; cloud battling with cloud, and thunder shaking the mountain walls and echoing in the dark gulfs beneath. Its latter phase reminded me of the strife of the demigods, who "between the blue arch and the trembling earth hung roaring war;" and it seemed magical to see the whole panoply of

noise and tumult, the black storm-phantoms with their tongues of menace and battle singing, disperse and waver away into silence and light, leaving the wide arena in which they had striven to the peaceful dominion of the sunshine and the singing winds.

Why should Shenstone have sighed because he found his warmest welcome at an inn? He should have exulted rather. Sublime potencies of the shekel within my purse, that near and far, in frozen Muscovy, in hot Calabria, east, west, wheresoever the sky overarches the tavern-keeping man, its open sesame causes the hostel gates to fly wide and welcome me to the warm ingle-side or the cool lattice chamber, as if I were its lord and possessor! Whether it be Pablo or Ignace who meets me as I descend from the coach at the Hotel M'Dowell, and relieves me of my valise, umbrella, and paletot, the welcome I receive is equally cordial, and the millreis with which I shall requite his attentions are an inadequate recompense for such bland courtesies bestowed upon the stranger. Madame M'D., portly and luminous of visage, supplements the welcome of her servitor, and I am ushered into an apartment which looks out upon a garden which was planned and laid out by a viceroy. The hostel was once his summer abode. Something of royalty still seems to cling about its gardens, as the faded splendor, significant of his former estate, dwelt about the fallen Archangel. Observe that mysterious labyrinth of walks winding among the flowered plats. They are intricate and devious, and the spaces which they involve are of such fantastic form and device, that if a geometer were summoned to describe them, he would throw away his instruments in despair, and take to hard drinking; there are squares and ovals and rhomboids and polygons and hexagons, and there are likewise half-moons and triangles and radiates arranged in symmetrical neighborhood, and over them wave wondrous blossoms, purple and pied and pale, golden and saffron-tinted, tawny and scarlet, in bewildering arabesque. They are not the wind flowers and tulips tall, the narcissi, nor the pastoral eglantine, nor musk-rose filled with dewy wine which adorn our colder latitudes, but the nameless growth of soil and sun to which we are strangers and aliens. I notice some, however, which are exotic, such as jasmine, dahlia, phlox, and convulvi, and here and there are tufts of the unobtrusive but fragrant heliotrope, and pretty sprays of mignonnette.

Along the road-side I saw no clover blooms nor daisies, nor even a blade of grass which was familiar to me; no shrub or tree grew by the way which I could name. Even the mosses and lichens which clung against the bastions of rock seemed different from those which tapestry the stony slopes of our northern hills. Inquiry and investigation are not of much avail; unless one is equipped with a botanical library he must be content to see and admire myriad growths the names of which are unknown to him. Those

huge green pillars which rise from the centre of the garden to a height of twenty or thirty feet—a tiara of towers like the coronet of Cybele—is the night-blooming cereus; at sunset it is fringed with large white flowers “as fair as the fabulous asphodels,” and then heavy and sultry odors pervade the garden. All that I can learn of the tree which grows beneath my window, and is embroidered with large trumpet-shaped blossoms, with dull yellow petals and a rough pubescent calyx, is that it is good for asthma—an interesting assurance to the pulmonary, but to the amateur botanist a fact of profound tediousness.

The *Flora* of Brazil has been adequately investigated and described by Dr. Gardner, a scientific gentleman long resident here. He discourses wisely and in captivating fashion of the hundred palms, the mangueira, or silk cotton-tree, the milk-tree, the juice whereof is good for food, but which bears so suspicious a resemblance to the juice of the seringa, or India rubber tree, that one might apprehend that the sustenance would turn to over-shoes and knife-handles in his stomach; the bread-tree, which bears a nutritious substitute for the produce of the oven; the tamarind, with its acidulous fruitage, sovereign remedy for bile; the calabash, the Brazil-nut tree, from which comes the black triangular nut with white nutritious kernel, famous in commerce; the guava, from the fruit of which is made the cool and lucent jelly which is the delight of the tea-table; the orange, the mango, the cashew, the fig, the purple-blooming quaresma, the coffee-tree, with its dark polished leaves and its red berries; the *Araucaria Braziliانا*, or Brazilian pine; the jacaranda, or rose-wood; and innumerable others which I need not catalogue. He tells likewise of creepers and convulvi; the *ignonnia*, with its chalice-shaped blossoms of yellow, orange, and purple; the *tillandsia*, a sort of wild pine-apple; the scarlet passion-flower, the *cassia* growths, which are of all sizes, from the small shrub to the giant tree, and which bear myriads of pale yellow blossoms, in which a bitter principle resides, which is esteemed in the pharmacopœia; the *mimosa* tribe, trailing thorny vines, crested with purple and white globes of bloom, “the murmurous haunt of ‘bugs’ on summer eves;” the gigantic climbing arums, with arrow-shaped leaves and pungent pepper-pod fruitage; the *baubinia*, its flat stems braided and intertwined, which climbs the highest forest trees, and hangs in swaying festoons hundreds of feet in length; the ferns, great and little, of which there are myriads; the *jungermanie*, or minute creeping mosses, which root themselves upon larger growths, and which, parasites themselves, riotously sport lesser parasites of their own, justifying the recital of the poet that

“Big fleas have little fleas and lesser fleas to bite ‘em,
And those small fleas have smaller fleas, and so ad infinitum;”

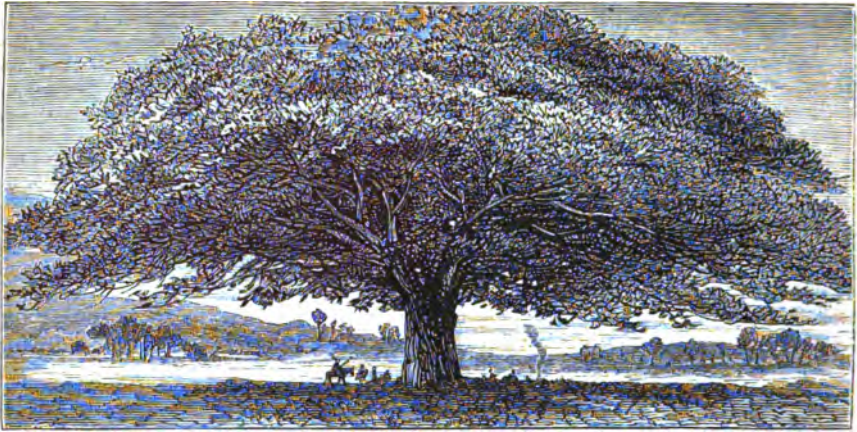


FIG-TREE AT CORREAS.

—the solanum, mightiest of the brood of the mandragora, a dozen feet in height, with woolly leaves, which, like its stems, are guarded with sharp spines, and which is canopied with purple blossoms; the wondrous orchidæ; and the reader, curious in such lore, is confidently referred to his interesting and scientific work.

My own observations of trees were not illumined by any particular knowledge of their names or attributes. I was informed that the colossal vegetable fabric at Padre Correias, a station upon the Union and Industry Road, a short distance from Petropolis, the circumference of whose branches was nearly 500 feet, and which at noonday would shade four thousand persons, was a wild fig-tree. It seemed preposterous that so stupendous a growth should sustain merely the trivial fig. It should have borne asteroids or balloons, at least. No one instructed me as to the designation of that mighty column which stood apart from the road-side, clothed from base to capital with innumerable orchids of scarlet and purple, and white and orange, and from the branches of which trailed misty coils of moss that swung silently and softly in the air. It reminded me of Cleopatra, clad in the flowered robes of Sidon, and wearing her veil of Arabian gauze. I remember well one demon of the wilderness which towered high into the air, lifting arms of imprecation, and waving its horrid hair in the wind—but how Linnæus or Gardiner would classify it I know not.

Petropolis was founded by the predecessor of the present Emperor, who sought to plant a thriving colony here, and with that view imported several cargoes of Germans, the successors of whom still abide here. But the place has not thriven. Its industries and its agriculture are at a low ebb. In my rides I notice the ruins of deserted habitations in every direction.

The summer palace, a very handsome and extensive edifice, is here, but the Imperial

Court has not been held here for many years. The Comte D'Eu, whose wife succeeds to the throne on the death of the Emperor, inhabits the palace, at which, with some modifications, the state and ceremonies of the Court are observed. The Duc De Saxe, another son-in-law of the Emperor, also resides here, and the diplomatic representatives of all the foreign powers have their legations here during the hot season. Its climate and facility of access should make it one of the most favored resorts in the neighborhood of the capital, but comparatively few persons visit it. There is none of the animation and life to be witnessed at the watering-places or mountain retreats of North America. The single street of shops which the town contains is a tranquil thoroughfare, delightfully free from bustle; and the amount of leisure which the shop-keepers have upon their hands is more significant of ease than of profit. There is a uniform conviction that after the war something surprising in the way of growth and progress will befall the town. Except, however, as a transient refuge from the heat, I do not see upon what its anticipated prosperity is to repose. Its agricultural opportunities are very scanty. Little patches of tillage ascend hills so steep that they are climbed with difficulty, and the reward of the husbandman is at best but scanty. There are few manufactures, and but little prospect of any.

Though one can not forebode for it a very prosperous or opulent future, it is certainly one of the most delightful resorts imaginable. Its climate is that of June, and the surrounding bloom and verdure are perennial. There are mountain peaks, cascades, and forest vales of wonderful beauty within easy distance, and every thing to render a rustic sojourn agreeable. Its society, though small, is perfectly refined and attractive—a circumstance due in a great measure to the residence here of the diplomatic corps. The hospitalities of our own legation are among the most agreeable mem-

ories of my sojourn in the tropics, and it is a pleasure to record that our late Minister at the Brazilian Court, upon his retirement from that position, brought with him the cordial and affectionate esteem of all classes of the Brazilian people, from the Emperor and the royal family to the peasants and the charcoal-burners, whom he met in his mountain rides, and among whom his venerable white hair and kindly courteous face were as well known and as much honored as the Iron Duke's were in Hyde Park.

The town is situated in a number of little valleys separated by intervening heights, and only a portion of it is visible at one view. A number of mountain streams flow through it, and their banks are walled up to a height of ten or twelve feet to prevent overflows after sudden rain. Even these do not always protect the streets from inundation. A single hour of rain sometimes raises the water from a thin shallow rivulet over its walled barrier, and floods the adjacent thoroughfares. My barber, a very long Frenchman with very short hair, a stubby mustache, and an empurpled proboscis, who always stood behind a picture

of the First Napoleon set in a breast-pin, gave me the history of one of these floods, which he interspersed with much gesticulation and with many a "god dem." He, it appears, had fallen asleep in his *fauteuil*, and when he awoke his entire estate was either adrift or submerged, and himself, the hungry deluge curling about him, reduced to the miserable expedient of calling for help. It didn't come, so he blasphemed for a space, and then went to sleep again till the flood abated. These streams are spanned by many bridges, the balustrades of which are painted a bright red, and they lend a bizarre and cheerful aspect to the thoroughfares. Trees grow along their banks, and in the morning and the afternoon their shade affords an agreeable promenade to the citizens.

Notwithstanding the excellence of the roads, there is comparatively little driving or riding. I occasionally met the phaeton of the Comte D'Eu in the course of my horseback expeditions, and sometimes the carriage of the great Brazilian banker, Maua. If I have chanced to meet any other private equipage surpassing in dignity the gig or tilbury I do not now re-



THE PALACE AT PETROPOLIS.

call it. Nor did I ever meet equestrians in any numbers, notwithstanding that the excellent Señor Tomaso has many saddle-horses of spirit, and the rides radiating from the town are as attractive as the most exacting tourist could desire. I ride often up the Swiss valley, which winds away among the mountains at a little distance from the town. It is one of the most exquisite little mountain idyls conceivable. Its dwellers appear to be chiefly Germans, and their native industry and thrift expresses itself in their gardens and shrubberies, in which their cottages are embowered. The love of flowers which distinguishes the German people finds here the amplest gratification; and their little gardens are garlanded by a wreath of bloom not to be matched in colder latitudes.

In the mountain wildernesses which lie beyond the falls of the Itamarily—one of the most beautiful of the innumerable cascades of the neighborhood—are the favorite hunting-grounds of the Duc De Saxe; and this august personage is said to be a worthy descendant of the stout Tedeschi, who of old hunted the wild boar and the stag in the Black Forest and the wilderness of Thuringen. There are jaguars, and tapirs, and peccaries, and the great ant-bear, and wild monkeys, and toucans, and parrots, and other game, in sufficient abundance to allure the sportsman and recompense his adventure. Although I had no opportunity of joining the chase of these more formidable inhabitants of the woods, I enacted some tolerable exploits in the way of bug and butterfly hunting, and even went so far as to miss quite a number of rare birds which I fired at with my pocket-pistol. The facility with which, after a little practice, one learns to miss objects on the wing or at rest is quite surprising. I fired away a good many cartridges, but do not remember to have seen any thing drop. The consolatory assurance attended each failure that I could purchase in the Rue Ouvidor for a few milreis stuffed specimens of the birds whose lives I had spared. Near the shambles at which the animals designed for the market of Petropolis were slaughtered there were always large flocks of vultures or buzzards of horrible tameness, at which I frequently wished to try a shot, but their services as scavengers are deemed so salutary that they are by law protected from molestation. They brooded upon the trees almost within reach of my riding-whip, sat upon the fences or the parapet of the bridges, or wheeled lazily in the air, waiting for their obscene repast. I remember in a field adjacent a stately white ox, with wide horns, which I thought had a classic look, as if he had recently walked out of an hexameter, above which these baleful birds used to circle, as if they were awaiting his sacrifice. I trust he has escaped their attentions, though I suppose their lien upon him is sure to be foreclosed some day.

The provinces of Minas-Gervaes and San Paulo are among the most important coffee-growing districts of Brazil, and the produce of

the former, to a considerable extent, passes over the Union Industry Road from Juiz de Fora to Maua, at which latter place it is transferred to boats and forwarded to the capital. Although there are other important branches of agricultural industry, the wealth and prosperity of Brazil reposes upon her coffee product, as that of our Southern States used to do upon cotton. The coffee-tree was planted in Brazil in 1754, but little more than a century since. As late as 1809 the entire yield amounted only to 30,000 arrobas. At the present time little less than \$50,000,000 are annually received from the coffee crop alone. The coffee-tree bears fruit on an average about fifteen years, when it is cut down to make room for the newer growths. The trees are grown from the berry or from slips taken from the nursery. They are not of great size, rarely exceeding ten or twelve feet in height. The berry, when ripe, is about the size and color of a cherry, and of these a negro can gather in a day about thirty pounds. They are gathered three times in the year, and spread upon pavements where the sunshine, or in case of rain, artificial heat, dries the outer pulp, which is then removed by machinery, and the berry is ready for market.

The sight of a coffee plantation in its white robes of bloom is one of the most enchanting imaginable; but its fair investiture passes away in a night, and with it the wondrous odor, sweeter than Arabian essences, which its evanescent flowers exhale.

I met during my visit an old neighbor from the valley of Wyoming, who had somehow drifted to the tropics and become a coffee planter, from whom I derived much curious information upon the subject of its culture. Unlike many of the products of the tropics, it is accounted to be a sure crop. The cultivator can calculate with some certainty upon its yield. It has no such enemies as the cotton finds in the army worm, and the wheat in rust and weevil; nor are the variations of its market value as fitful and ruinous as those of many other products. The principal obstacle to the prosperity of this important interest is in the difficulty of access to markets. Had the cost of the war with Paraguay been expended in opening railways into the interior, it is perhaps not extravagant to say that they would in a few years have trebled the exports of the empire; and of these coffee is by far the most important element.

Although my sojourn in Petropolis and its neighborhood continued for several months, I left it with regret. I had grown familiar with every mountain road and bridle-path for leagues around, and had established an intimacy with the adjacent mountains and valleys as complete as that which I had with the meadows and hill-sides among which I was born. I knew its waterfalls and its distant and lonely peaks, and though I could never master their language, I had come to know its people. Shall I ever forget the shriveled old centenarian, with bright

bead-like eyes and a hand like a bird's claw, of whom I used to purchase gloves? She was always propped up upon the counter, and her merchandise was nearly all within her reach, and old as she was her volubility exceeded that of the parrot. Or the stout blacksmith, who used to pause in his work to greet me with a *Boa Dìos*, and under whose doublet I thought beat as stout a heart as that which animated his Persian prototype, who hammered his way to empire, and whose apron of leather, studded with jewels, is still borne in the van of the Persian armies? Shall I ever forget the mild and learned exile who inhabited a sheltered slope of the mountain, and who used, as he saw me approaching, to bring me a bowl of milk, and courteously entreat me to dismount and accept the hospitality of his cottage porch? He had been educated in the great schools, was deeply versed in the world's lore; but for some reason, which I did not learn, had hidden himself here among the mountains, where he dwelt in a seclusion which was rarely broken. We talked of Thomas Aquinas and Tertullian, of Zerdusht and Pythagoras, of Basil and Augustine, of the Arian Schism and the Epistles of Phalaris, of the Eikon Basilikon and the Histrionastix, of Piers Plowman and the Niebelungen, of Walter of Aquitaine and the Ballads of Provence. Nothing that had taken place in the world since the Crusades seemed to excite his interest; he loved to talk of the Fathers, of Cyril and Ambrose, of Athanasius and Cyprian, or Origen and Longinus. I think he must have been a student of theology at some time. How else should he have retained so ready a familiarity with the acts of Ephesus and Chalcedon; with the Synods of Dort, of Nice, and Rimini; with Monophysites, Sabellians, Eutychians, Jansenists, and Anabaptists? What did he here in the mountains with all that strange and curious lore of his hidden from the world? Truly I know not. But over the wide ocean marches I waft him salutations and benedictions, and invoke for him length of days and blessings. I shall not soon forget my beggar, the able-bodied and half-naked giant, who ever and again in unexpected places started up on my road, and in a hoarse voice besought alms in the name of the Virgin. His words were the words of supplication, but his look was the look of menace. He carried a long pilgrim staff, his bare head was matted with thick fell of hair, and a kind of wild troubled light dwelt in his eyes, as if the bells of his mind jangled out of tune. I generally threw him a copper coin as I rode by, and he came to regard me, I doubt not, as a certain source of revenue.

Nor shall I forget the little group of fruit-sellers, who in the early morning sat clustered upon the corner over against the palace, with their stores of fruit arranged round them, and of whom I was a constant patron. One of them was a very old man with frosted head, who used to greet me each morning with a *sa'lām* of Oriental profundity, and exhibit to me his little

store of limes, pitangas, grapes, and the like. Another was deformed, and used to hobble about upon his hands, and I retain the impression that his mangoes were better than usual. I remember the fair and melancholy *Dofia*, who used to sit upon that secluded balcony, half hidden by the myrtles, in the even-tide, and from whom, at length, I succeeded in winning a wave of the hand and a fluttering gleam of white handkerchief. I remember the fat friar, who used to walk to and fro beside his garden wall, fringed with aloe and epiphytes, and with whom, after many days of courteous salutation, I used to take a formal pinch of snuff. I remember, also, and with respectful admiration, the most reverend and illustrious lord, the *Pa-pal Internuncio*, representative at the Imperial Court of his Holiness the Pope, with his grave, learned Italian face shaded with the broad hat of his rank and order, whom I met in his walks almost daily; and with whom, in spite of the philological abyss which yawned between us, I had occasional opportunities of social intercourse.

Other remembrances which I may not record crowd upon me as I close these papers. When I finally took my seat upon the stage, just in the gray dawn of a March morning, to depart northward, it was with the ardent hope that I might revisit a place in which, while I had enjoyed so much, there was still so much left to enjoy.

CHANGE.

DUN fields, where bloom was lately,

And a silence in the air,

Save where some bird sedately

Whistles a note here or there:

As if, like me, recalling

A vision of vanished springs,

While the dead leaves floating and falling

Seem their broken and bruised wings.

So lately the fields were growing

Into an emerald-green;

So lately the farmer was sowing

The long brown furrows between;

So lately my heart was singing

With the birds that began to build,

With jubilant hope was ringing,

With jubilant love was filled!

Now I cry out in my sorrow,

And no one answers my moan;

To-morrow will come, and to-morrow

Find me and leave me alone.

There's never a spring at whose waking

My pulses will thrill as before;

Shall a heart sing that is breaking?

Were it blessed, it could scarcely do more!

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A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

With Illustrations.

CHAPTER X.

THERE is a proverb which sometimes seems amazingly true, that "Heaven takes care of fools and drunkards." Can it be for their own sake, or is it out of pity for those belonging to them, to whom they serve as a sort of permanent discipline—the horse-hair shirt and nightly scourge which are supposed to contribute to the manufacture of saints? And it is one of the most mysterious lessons of life that such often is the case; that out of the wickedness of one half of the world is evolved the noble self-devotedness of the other half. Why this should be we know not, and sometimes in our ignorance it makes us very angry; but so it is, and we can not help seeing it.

Of a truth, whether he himself thought so or not, Providence had all his life taken pretty good care of Edward Scanlan. His "good luck" followed him still. When, on Mr. Oldham's private affairs being laid open to his lawyer and doctor—who were also, fortunately, the two church-wardens of the parish—it was discovered that the rector had been paying his curate for salary the whole amount of the small living of Ditchley; still no objections were made. His was considered so very peculiar a case that the laborer was found worthy of his hire, and it was cheerfully continued to him. Arrangements were made whereby the curate should take the entire duty of the parish, until, at Mr. Oldham's death, the living should fall in; when—as the patronage of it happened by a curious chance to belong to Lady Emma's husband, Mr. Lascelles—there was exceeding probability of its being bestowed upon Mr. Scanlan. At least, so said Dr. Waters confidentially to Mrs. Scanlan, and she listened silently, with that nervous, pained expression which always came upon her anxious face when people talked to her about her future or her children's.

But for the present things went smoothly enough both with her and them; more so than for a long time. Impelled by his wife's influence, grateful for the ease with which she had got him out of his money difficulty and never reproached him with it, or else touched by some conscience-stings of his own concerning Mr. Oldham, at the time of the rector's illness Mr. Scanlan behaved so well, was so active, so sympathetic, so kind, that the whole parish was loud in his praise. His sinking popularity rose to its pristine level. All the world was amiably disposed toward him, and toward his hard-worked, uncomplaining wife. In the general

opening-up of things people found out Mrs. Scanlan's private relations with Priscilla Nunn. The ladies of her acquaintance, who had worn her mended lace and bought her beautiful muslin embroidery, so far from looking down upon her, rather honored her for it; and, with the warm, good heart of country gentlewomen, patronized Priscilla's shop till Mrs. Scanlan had more work than she could do.

Also, when another secret mysteriously came to light, probably through the curate's own garrulousness, and it was whispered abroad that Mr. Scanlan had greatly hampered himself by going surety for a friend—a most talented, amiable, but temporarily unfortunate friend (which was the poetical version that reached Wren's Nest)—the sympathy of these dear innocent country people rose to such a height that when somebody proposed subscribing a purse as a delicate testimony of their respect for their curate, it was soon filled to the amount of sixty pounds. Thereto was added a gown and cassock, a Bible and Prayer-book—all of which were presented to Mr. Scanlan with great éclat. And he acknowledged the gift in an address so long and effective that, yielding to general entreaty, he had it printed—at his own expense of course—and distributed gratis throughout the county.

Meanwhile Mrs. Scanlan sat at home at Wren's Nest, sewing at her lace and embroidery more diligently than ever, for it was not unnecessary. All these glories without doors did not provide any additional comforts within—at least none that were perceptible—so great was the increase of expenses. Dazzled by the excitement of his new position, his vanity tickled, his sense of importance increased by being now "monarch of all he surveyed" in the large and increasing parish of Ditchley, Mr. Scanlan launched out more and more every day, and was every day less amenable to his wife's gentle reasonings. Not that he openly contradicted her: indeed, when differences occurred, he continually allowed that her way was the right way; but he never followed it, and never lacked excuses for not following it—the good of the parish, the good of the family, his position as a clergyman, and so on. He was not honest enough to say he did a thing because he *liked* to do it, but always found some roundabout reason why it was advisable to do it; at which, finally, Josephine only came to smile without replying one single word. Women learn in time, out of sheer hopelessness, these melancholy hypocrisies.

Meanwhile the curate's money "burned a hole in his pocket," as Bridget expressed it—a bigger hole every day; and had it not been for his wife's earnings, the family must often have run very short—the family, which, besides the younger four, comprised now a great tall youth, almost a young man, and a girl, small and pale, plain and uninteresting—but yet a growing-up maiden, on the verge of womanhood—more of a woman, in precocity of heart and feeling, than many of the young ladies of Ditchley now "come out," and even engaged to be married. But there was no coming out and no sweet love episode for poor little Adrienne. Her mother, looking at her, felt sure she would be an old maid, and was glad she saw no one she was likely to care for, so as to wound her tender heart with any unfortunate attachment; for the child was of an imaginative nature, just one of those girls who are apt to fall in love—innocently as hopelessly; and never get over it as long as they live. So, if she ever thought of the matter at all, Josephine was thankful that her girl, shut up in her quiet obscurity, was safe so far.

César was different. About him she had no end of anxieties. He was a manly, precocious boy; full of fun, keen in his enjoyment of life; rough a little, though his innate gentlemanhood kept him from ever being coarse. Still, in spite of her care, his frank, free, boyish nature inclined him to be social, and he caught the tone of his associates. He was growing up to manhood with a strong provincial accent, and a *gauche* provincial manner, much more like the shop-boys, bankers' clerks, and lawyers' apprentices of Ditchley, than the last descendant of the long race of De Bougainville.

It might have been a weakness, but she clung to it still—this poor woman, to whom the glories of her ancestry were now a mere dream—her love of the noble line which had upheld for centuries that purest creed of aristocracy—that "all the sons were brave, and all the daughters virtuous." Now, indeed, it was little more than a fairy tale, which she told to her own sons and daughters in the vaguette of keeping alive in them the true spirit of nobility which had so shone out in the forefathers. Nevertheless, she felt bitterly how circumstances were dead against her poor children, and how it would be almost a miracle if she could keep their heads above water, and bring them up to be any thing like gentlemen and gentlewomen.

Her husband seemed very indifferent to the matter. Indeed, after listening for some time, very impatiently, to her arguments that they should make some sacrifice in order to send César to college, he negatived the whole question. It did not affect him personally and therefore assumed but small dimensions in his mind. He seldom saw César except on Sundays, when it rather annoyed him to find such a big fellow, taller than himself, calling him

father. As he said one day to Josephine, "it made one look so old."

And all this while the poor old rector lay in his shut-up room, or was dragged slowly up and down the paths of his pretty garden, a melancholy spectacle, which gradually the people about him and his sympathizing parishioners grew so accustomed to that it ceased to affect them. Satisfied that he had every alleviation of his condition that wealth could supply, they left him to be taken care of by his faithful old servants until should come the happy release; at first looked forward to continually, but gradually becoming less imminent. Even Lady Emma—his most affectionate and nearest friend, though only a third or fourth cousin—after coming from Vienna to Ditchley, and staying a few days, returned, scarcely expecting to see him alive again. Yet he lingered—one year—a year and a half, in much the same state; partially conscious, it was supposed, but able neither to speak nor to move. He ate, drank, and slept, however—passively, but peacefully as a child; his eyes were often as sharp and as bright as ever, and the workings of his countenance showed considerable intelligence, but otherwise his life was a total blank. Death itself seemed to have forgotten him.

Mrs. Scanlan went to see him every Sunday—her leisure day, and her husband's busiest one, which fact made less apparent the inevitable necessity which she soon discovered, that she must pay her visits alone. From the first appearance of his curate at the rector's bedside, Mr. Oldham had testified so strong a repugnance to his company that it was necessary to invent all sorts of excuses—thankfully enough received by Mr. Scanlan—to keep him away. And so the forms' confidatory visits, and sick-room prayers—spiritual attentions which Mr. Scanlan paid, because he thought people would expect him to pay, to his rector—were tacitly set aside, or took place only at the longest intervals that were consistent with appearances.

However, in all societies he testified the utmost feeling, assured the parishioners that his "dear and excellent friend" was quite "prepared." Once, when this question was put to Mrs. Scanlan, she was heard to answer "that if not prepared already, she thought it was rather late to begin preparations for death now; and that for her part she considered living was quite as important, and as difficult, as dying." Which remark was set down as one of the "extraordinary" things Mrs. Scanlan sometimes said—confirming the doubt whether she was quite the pleasant person that she used to be.

Her pleasantness—such as it was—she kept for Mr. Oldham's sick-chamber; where the old man lay in his sad life-in-death all day long. He was very patient, ordinarily; suffered no pain; and perhaps his long, lonely life made him more submissive to that perpetual solitude, which for him had begun even before the im-



JOSEPHINE AND THE RECTOR.

prisonment of the grave. He seemed always glad to see Mrs. Scanlan. She talked to him, though not much—it was such a mournful monotony to carry on—still he would look interested, and nod his head, and try to mumble out his uncertain words in reply. She read to him, which he always enjoyed immensely. She too; since it was the first time for many years that she had had leisure for reading, or considered it right to make for herself that leisure. But now she did it not for herself; and it was astonishing how many books she got through, and what a keen enjoyment she had of them. And sometimes she would simply bring her work and sit beside him, telling him any thing which came into her head—the news of the parish, her children's doings and sayings; to which latter he always listened with pleasure; and she had now no hesitation in talking about them. Whatever the future might be, it was settled by this time. Pride and delicacy were alike needless: the poor helpless old man could alter nothing now. So she lay passive on her oars and tided down with the stream. After Mr. Oldham's illness there came a season of unwonted peace for poor Mrs. Scanlan.

But it was a false peace—impossible to last very long.

There is another proverb—I fear I am fond of proverbs—"Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." Now, without likening Mr. Scanlan to a beggar, or accusing him of that dangerous equestrian exercise, there is no doubt he was one of the many men who are

much safer walking on foot. That is, too great liberty was not good for him. He did better as the poor curate—limited by his prescribed line of duties, and steadied by the balance-weight of his sagacious old rector—than when he was left to himself, responsible to nobody, and with the whole parish on his hands. He was not a good man of business, being neither accurate nor methodical. Clever he might be; but a clever man is not necessarily a wise man. Ere long he began doing a good many foolish things.

Especially with reference to one favorite *bête noire* he had—Puseyism, as it began to be called. A clergyman with these proclivities had settled in the next parish, and attempted various innovations—choir-singing, altar-decorating, daily services—which had greatly attracted the youth of Ditchley. They ran after the High-Church vicar, just as once their predecessors had run after the young Evangelical curate, which the old Evangelical curate did not like at all.

Mr. Scanlan's congregation fell from him, which irritated his small vanity to the last degree. He tried various expedients to lure them back—a new organ, a Dorcas Society, a fancy bazar—all those religious dissipation which often succeed so well in a country community which happens to have plenty of money and nothing to do—but the errant sheep would not be recalled. At length, maddened by his rival's successes, and by the beautiful new church that was being built for him, a brilliant thought

struck Mr. Scanlan that he would try building too. The old school-house, coeval with the parish church of Ditchley, wanted repairs sadly. He proposed to pull it down and erect a new one, of commodious size and Gothic design, a great deal finer and more expensive than the obnoxious church.

This idea restored all his old animation and sanguine energy. He brought down an architect from London, and went round the parish with him, plan in hand, collecting subscriptions. And Ditchley still keeping up its old spirit of generosity, these came in so fast that a goodly sum was soon laid up in the Ditchley bank, in the combined names of the architect and the treasurer, who was, of course, the Reverend Edward Scanlan. A very simple transaction, which, of course, nobody inquired into; and even Mrs. Scanlan was scarcely cognizant of the fact. Indeed, her husband had rather kept her in the dark as to the whole matter; it pleased him to do it all himself, and to say with a superior air that "women knew nothing of business."

But presently, top-heavy with his success, he became a little difficult to deal with at home, and prone to get into petty squabbles abroad—womanish squabbles, if I may malign my sex by using the adjective. But I have seen as much spite, as much smallness, among men as among any women, only they were men who had lost all true manliness by becoming conceited egotists, wrapped up in self, and blind to any merit save their own. When these happen to be fathers of families, how the domestic bark is ever guided with such a steersman at the helm, God knows! Nothing saves it from utter shipwreck, unless another hand quietly takes the rudder, and, strong in woman's invisible strength, though with streaming eyes and bleeding heart, steers the vessel on.

So had done, or had tried to do, against many cross currents and dangerous shoals, poor Josephine Scanlan. But now her difficulties increased so much that sometimes her numbed hand almost failed in its task; the very stars grew dim above her; every thing seemed wrapped in a dim fog, and she herself as far from land as ever.

Hitherto, though, as before hinted, Mr. Scanlan had hung up his fiddle at his own door, he had always played satisfactorily at his neighbors'. But now he did not get on quite so well with them as formerly. There broke out in him a certain quarrelsomeness, supposed by Saxons to be a peculiarly Hibernian quality, and perhaps it is, with the lowest type of Irish character. He was always getting into hot water, and apparently enjoying the bath, as if it washed away a dormant irritability, which his wife had never noticed in him before. Now she did, and wondered at it a little, till she grew accustomed to it, as to many other faults in him, which, like notches in the bark of a tree, grew larger and uglier year by year.

So large that the children themselves noticed them. It was useless to keep up the high ideal of paternal perfection, which is the salvation of a family; the blessed doctrine that the father can do no wrong; that he must be obeyed, because he would never exact any obedience that was not for the child's good; must be loved, because he loves so dearly every member of his household. Indeed, these young people sharply criticised, secretly or openly, their father's motives and actions, and continually made out of them excuses for their own shortcomings. "Oh, papa says so-and-so, and nobody blames him;" "Papa told me to do such and such things, so of course I must do them;" until Mrs. Scanlan was almost driven wild by the divided duty of wife and mother—a position so maddening that I should think a woman could hardly keep her senses in it, save by steadily fixing her eyes upward, on a higher duty than either, that which she owes to her God. But, for many a year, He who reveals Himself by the title of "the Father," and the promise, "I will be an husband unto you," had veiled Himself from her in the clouds and darkness generated by her mortal lot, which was such a daily mockery of both these names.

She herself was cruelly conscious how much she was changed, and how rapidly changing; growing callous to pain, indifferent to pleasure, even that of her children; neglectful of her appearance and theirs; allowing her household to sink into those untidy ways, so abhorrent to inbred refinement, which mark the last despondency of poverty. The bright energy with which she used to preach to Bridget and the children on the subject of clean faces and clean clothes, order, neatness, and prettiness—since no narrowness of means warranted a family in living in a daily muddle, like pigs in a sty—all this was quite gone. She rarely complained and never scolded. Toward her husband, above all, she was falling into that passive state of indifference, sadder than either grief or anger. She took little interest in his affairs, and seldom asked him any questions about them. Where was the use of it, when she could place no reliance on his answers?

Oftentimes, with a bitter joy, she thought how much wiser Mr. Oldham had been than she in pledging to keep the secret; and how well it was that she still retained it; if, indeed, there were any secret to retain. That, until the rector's death, she could not possibly discover. He must have made his will, but in whose possession it was, or whether any body was aware of its contents, she knew no more than that often appealed to personage, the man in the moon, who seemed to have as much influence over her destiny as any thing else, or any body either, in heaven or earth. She felt herself drifting along in blind chance, not knowing from day to day what would happen, or what she ought to do.

Often, when returning home from her evening visits to Mr. Oldham, she wished she had

never heard from him one word about his money or its destination—that she had struggled on patiently, as a poor curate's wife, and made her boys little butchers or bakers, and her girls milliners or school-teachers, to earn an honest livelihood by the sweat of their brow. Then again, in her passionate ambition for them, she felt that to realize this fortune, to give them all they wanted and make them all she desired them to be, she would have "sold her soul to the devil," had that personage appeared to her, as he did to Doctor Faustus and other tempted souls. She could understand thoroughly the old wives' tales about persons bewitched or possessed; sometimes she felt Satan almost as near to her as if he had started out of a bush on the twilight common, and confronted her in the visible likeness of the Prince of the power of the air—hoofs, horns, tail, and all.

Thus time went on, and it was already two years since Mr. Oldham's attack; yet still no kind angel of death had appeared to break with merciful touch his fetters of flesh, and lift him, a happy new-born soul, out of this dreary world into the world everlasting. And still to the much-tried mother remained unsolved the mystery of life, more difficult, as she had once truly said, than dying; and she knew not from week to week either what she ought to do, or how she should do it—above all, with regard to her children.

They were growing up fast; César being now a tall youth of sixteen; very handsome, with the high aquiline features and large-limbed frame of his Norman ancestors; not clever exactly—Louis was the clever one among the boys—but sensible, clear-headed, warm-hearted; with a keen sense of right and wrong, which he acted upon in a somewhat hard and fierce fashion, not uncommon in youth. But in this his mother rather encouraged than condemned him. Any harshness of principle was better to her than that fatal laxity which had been, and continued to be, the bane of her domestic life.

César and his father were cast in such a totally opposite mould, that, as years advanced, they naturally divided further and further. Both were very much out of the house, and, when they met within it, they kept a polite neutrality. Still sometimes domestic jars occurred; and one great source of irritation was the father's extreme anxiety that his son's school-days should end, and he should begin to earn his own living. Of course, as he reasoned, a poor curate's sons could not expect their father to do more than give them a respectable education. The rest they must do for themselves.

"Yes," their mother would say, when the question was argued, and say no more—how could she? Only she contrived to stave off the evil day as long as possible; and keep César steadily at his studies in the grammar-school, which was a very good school in its way, till something turned up.

At last, unfortunately, something did turn

up. Mr. Scanlan came home one night in high satisfaction; the manager of Ditchley bank having offered to take César as junior clerk with a salary of a few shillings a week.

Josephine stood aghast. Not that she objected to her boy's earning his living, but she wished him first to get an education that would fit him for doing it thoroughly and well, and make him equal for any chances of the future, particularly that future to which she still clung, as at least a possibility. But here, as on every hand, she was stopped by her sore secret.

"It is a kind offer," said she, hesitatingly, "and perhaps we may think of it when—when the boy has quite finished his education—"

"Finished his education! What more education can he get? You surely don't keep up that silly notion of his going to college? Why, that is only for lads whose parents are wealthy—heirs to estates, and so on."

"What does my boy say himself about the matter? He is old enough to have a voice in his own future." And Josephine turned to her son, who stood sullen and silent.

"No; children should never decide for themselves," said Mr. Scanlan, harshly. "You are talking, my dear wife, as if we were people of property, when in our circumstances the principal object ought to be to get the boys off our hands as quickly as possible."

"Get our boys off our hands!"

"Exactly; let them maintain themselves and cease to be a burden on their father. Why, that big fellow there eats as much as a man, and his tailor's bill is nearly as heavy as my own. I should be only too glad to see him paying it himself."

"So should I, father," said the boy, bitterly.

"Then why don't you jump at once at the chance, and say you will go to the bank?"

"Do you wish to go? Answer honestly, my son. Would you like to be a bank clerk?"

"No, mother, I shouldn't," said César, sturdily. "And what's more, as I told papa while we were walking home, I won't be one, and nobody shall make me."

"I'll make you!" cried Mr. Scanlan, furiously.

César curled his lips a little—"I think, father, if I were you I wouldn't attempt to try."

There was nothing disrespectful in the boy's manner; if it expressed any thing, it was simple indifference; César evidently did not think it worth while to quarrel with his father; and, tamed by the perfectly courteous tone, and perhaps scarcely hearing the words, the father seemed to hesitate at quarrelling with his son. They stood face to face, César leaning over his mother's chair, and she clasping secretly with a nervous, warning clasp the hand which he had laid upon her shoulder. A father and son more unlike each other could hardly be. Such differences nature does make, and often the very circumstances of education and early association that would seem to create similarity prevent it. One extreme produces another.

"César," whispered his mother, "you must not speak in that way to papa and me. Tell us plainly what you desire, and we will do our best to accomplish it."

"Papa knows my mind. I told it to him this evening," said the boy, carelessly. "I'm ready to earn my living; but I won't earn it among those snobs in the Ditchley bank."

"How snobs? They are all the sons of respectable people, and very gentlemanly-looking young fellows," said the father. "Quite as well dressed as you."

"Very likely; I don't care much for my clothes. But I do care for having to do with gentlemen; and they're not gentlemen. Mamma wouldn't think they were."

"Why not?"

"They drink; they smoke; they swear; they idle about and play billiards. I don't like them, and I won't be mixed up with them. Find me something else, some honest, hard work, and I'll do it; but that I won't do, and so I told you."

And César, drawing himself up to his full height, fixed his honest eyes—his mother's eyes—full on "the author of his being," as poets and moralists would say—implying in that fact a claim to every duty, every sacrifice. True enough when the author of a child's existence has likewise been the origin of every thing that ennobles, and brightens, and makes existence valuable. Not otherwise.

"My son," said his mother, anxiously interfering, "how comes it that you know so much about these clerks at the bank? You have never been there?"

"Oh yes, I have; many times, on papa's messages."

"What messages?"

César hesitated.

"I meant to have told you, my dear," said his father, hastily, "only it concerned a matter in which you take so little interest. And it is quite separate from your bank account—and you know I am very glad you should draw and cash all our checks yourself, because then you know exactly how the money goes."

"What does all this mean?" said Mrs. Scanlan, wearily. "Money, money—nothing but money. I am sick of the very sound of the word."

"So am I too, my dearest wife; and therefore I never mention it. These were merely parish matters—money required in the school, which I have once or twice sent César to get for me."

"Once or twice, father! Why, I have been to the bank every week these two months! I have fetched out for you—one—two, let me see, it must be nearly two hundred and fifty pounds."

"You are an excellent arithmetician; would have made your fortune as a banker," said the father; and patted his son on the shoulder in a conciliatory manner. "But do not bother your mother with all this. As I told you, she

is a woman, and you and I are men; we ought not to trouble her with any business matters."

"No, I'll never trouble her more than I can help," said the boy, fondly. "But indeed, mamma asked me a direct question, and to put her off would have been as bad as telling her a lie."

"Yes, my son," said Josephine, with a gasp, almost of agony. How was she ever to steer her course? how keep this lad in the right way—the straight and narrow road—while his father—

Mr. Scanlan looked exceedingly uncomfortable. He avoided the countenances of both wife and son. He began talking rapidly and inconsequently—about the school-building and the responsibility it was, and the great deal he had to do, with nobody to help him.

"For, my dear, as a clergyman's wife, you know you are no help to me whatever. You never visit; you take no position in the parish; you inquire about nothing; you hear nothing."

"I shall be glad to hear," said Josephine, rousing herself, with a faint dread that she had let matters go too far, that there were things it would be advisable she should hear. "For instance, this money the boy spoke of—I suppose it was wanted for the school-house, to pay the architect or builder. Have you, then, nearly finished your building?"

"Why, the walls are so low I can jump over them still, as Remus did over the walls of Rome," said César, laughing; but his father turned away, scarlet with confusion.

"I won't be criticised and catechised, before my own son too," said he, angrily. "César! go to bed at once."

The boy looked surprised, but still prepared to depart; kissed his mother, and said good-night to his father; politely, if not very affectionately—Mr. Scanlan's fondling days with his children had been long done.

"Shall you want me to take that message to Mr. Langhorne, father? I'm ready to fetch and carry as much as ever you like. Only I thought I heard you tell somebody that the money subscribed was untouched. What am I to say if he asks me about the £250 you had?"

César might not have meant it—probably, shrewd boy as he was, he did not as yet see half-way into the matter—but quite unconsciously he fixed upon his father those intense dark eyes, and the father cowered before them.

"Hold your tongue, you goose; what do you know about business?" said he, sharply; and then César woke up to another fact—to more facts than it was fitting a boy of his age should begin studying and reasoning upon; especially with regard to his own father.

As for the mother, she looked from one to the other of them—these two men; for César was fast growing into a man, with all manly qualities rapidly developing in mind as in body—looked, and shivered; shivered down to the very core of her being. God had laid upon her

the heaviest burden He can lay upon a woman. She had lived to see her husband stand self-convicted before the son she had borne to him.

Convicted—of what?

It was quite true she had taken little interest in this school-building; she hardly knew why, except that her interest in every thing seemed to have died out very much of late: a dull passive indifference to life and all its duties had come over her. And Edward had so many projects which never resulted in any thing. She did not believe this would, and thought little about it; indeed, the mere facts of it reached her more through her neighbors than her husband, who seemed very jealous of her interference in the matter. When his first enthusiasm had ceased, and the subscriptions were all collected and placed in the bank, he gave up talking and thinking about it.

But now she must think and inquire too, for it had appeared before her suddenly, and in a new and alarming light. The money which Mr. Scanlan had drawn out, evidently not for business purposes, whose money was it, and what had he done with it?

He had said truly that she managed all the household finances now. He left them to her, it was less trouble; and she had contrived to make ends meet—even including two journeys to London, which he said were necessary; and to which she consented more readily, seeing Mr. Summerhayes was not there. The artist had found England too hot to hold him, and disappeared permanently to Rome. No fear therefore of his further influence over that weak facile nature, with whom it was a mere chance which influence was uppermost. Except for one thing—and the wife thanked God all her days for that: Edward Scanlan's pleasures were never criminal. But what had he wanted that money for, and how had he spent it? Painful as the question was, she must ask it. To let such a thing go uninquied into might be most dangerous.

When her boy was gone she sat silent, thinking how best she could arrive at the truth. For it was always necessary to arrive at it by a sadly ingenious approximation; the direct truth her husband had never told her in his life. Even now he glanced at the door, as if on any excuse he would be glad to escape. But at eleven o'clock on a wet night even the most hen-pecked husband would scarcely wish to run away.

A hen-pecked husband! How we jest over the word, and despise the man to whom we apply it. But do we ever consider what sort of a man he is, and must necessarily be? A coward—since only a coward would be afraid of a woman, be she good or bad; a domestic traitor and hypocrite, whose own weakness sinks him into what is perhaps his safest condition—that of a slave. If men knew how we women—all honest and womanly women—scorn slaves and worship heroes, they would blame not us but themselves, when they are "hen-pecked."

Few men could have looked less like a hero, and more like a whipped hound, than Edward Scanlan at this moment.

"My dear," said he, rising and lighting his candle, "don't you think you had better go to bed? It is late enough."

"I could not sleep," she said, irritably. She was often irritable now—inwardly at least, and sometimes it showed outside, for she was not exactly an "amiable" woman. There was a sound, healthy sweetness in her at the core, but she was like a fruit that has never been properly shone upon, never half ripened; she set a man's teeth on edge sometimes, as she did just now. "How you can sleep, with that matter on your mind, I can not imagine."

"What matter, my dear?"

"Edward," looking him full in the face, and trying a plan—a very piteous plan—of finding out the truth by letting him suppose she knew it already, "you have been doing, I fear, a very dangerous thing—drawing out for your own uses the money that was meant for your new school. When the architect and builder come to be paid, what shall you do? They will say you have stolen it."

This was putting the thing so plainly, and in such a brief, matter-of-fact way, that it quite startled Edward Scanlan. His look of intense surprise, and even horror, was in one sense almost a relief to his wife; it showed that, whatever he had done, it was with no deliberately guilty intention.

"Bless my life, Josephine, what are you talking about? If I have taken some of the money, I was obliged, for I ran so short in London, and I did not like to come to you for more, you would have scolded me so; if I did draw a hundred or so, of course I shall replace it before it is wanted. The accounts will not be balanced for three months yet."

"And then?"

"Oh, by then something is sure to turn up. Please don't bother me—I have been bothered enough. But, after all, if this was in your mind—one of the endless grudges you have against your husband—I am rather glad you have spoken out. Why didn't you speak out long ago? it would have made things much easier for me."

Easier, and for him! Easier, then, was all he thought of? The actual dishonesty he had committed, and its probable consequences, seemed to touch him no more than if he had been an ignorant child. To appeal to him in the matter of conscience was idle; he appeared to have no idea that he had done wrong.

But his wife realized doubly both the erring act and its inevitable results. Now, at last, she not merely trembled and rebelled, but stood literally aghast at the prospect before her, at the sort of man to whom her future was linked, whom she had so ignorantly made her husband and the father of her children. In marrying, how little do women consider this—and yet it is not wrong, but right to be considered. The

father of their children—the man from whom their unborn darlings may inherit hereditary vices, and endure hereditary punishments—viewed in this light, I fear many a winning lover would be turned—and righteously—from a righteous woman's door.

But it was too late now for Josephine: her lot had long been fixed. All that she could do was to exercise the only power she had over her husband to show him what he had done, and the danger of doing it; to terrify him, if no other means availed, into truthfulness and honesty.

"Edward," said she, "nothing will make things easy for you. It is useless to disguise the plain fact. You can not replace that money; you have none of your own wherewith to replace it. And if when the bills for the school-building fall due, it is found that you have made away with the money that was to pay them, your act will be called by a very ugly name—embezzlement."

Poor Edward Scanlan almost started from his chair. "You are joking—only joking! But it is a very cruel joke, to call your husband a thief and a scoundrel."

"I did not call you so. I believe you would not steal—intentionally; and you are far too simple for a scoundrel. But every body will not make that distinction. If a man uses for himself a sum of which he is only treasurer, and it is public money, the public considers it theft, and he will be tried for embezzlement."

Her husband had sometimes called her "Themis," and not unlike that stern goddess she looked, as she stood over the frightened man, growing more and more frightened every minute, for he knew his wife never spoke at random, or merely for effect—as he did.

"How can you say such things to me, Josephine? But I don't believe them. They are not true."

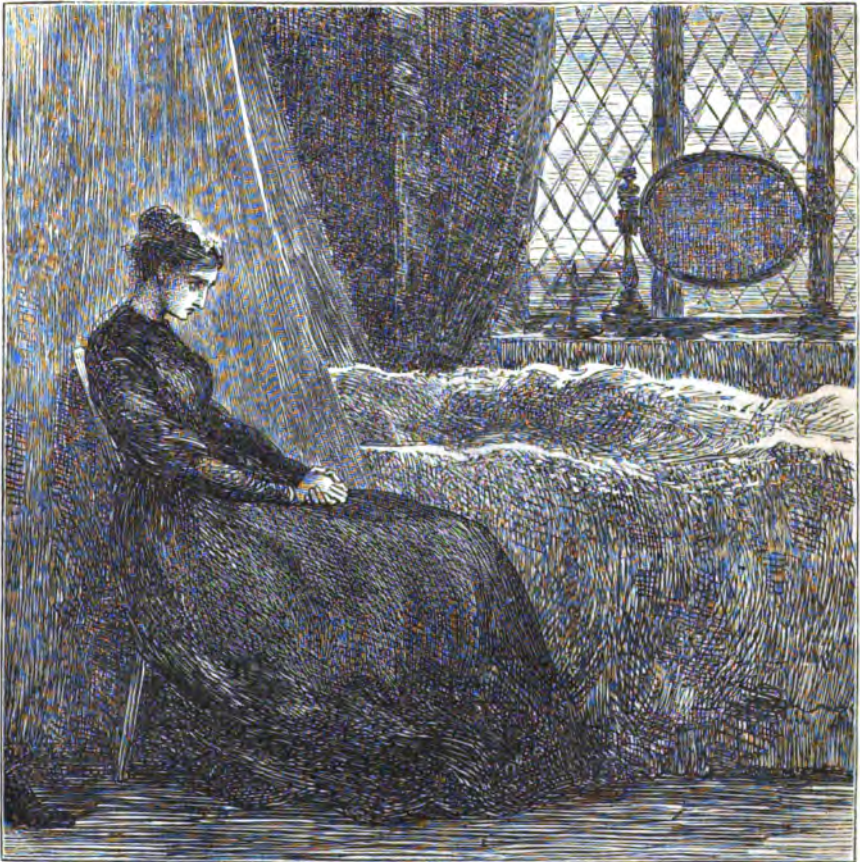
"Then ask Mr. Langhorne—ask any lawyer—any commonly honest man."

"How dare I ask?"

"That proves the truth of my words. If you had done nothing wrong, you would dare."

Her tone, so quiet and passionless, struck him with more dread than any storm of anger. He felt convinced his wife was right. An overwhelming fear came over him.

"Suppose it were true, suppose I could not



THE NIGHT-WATCH.

put this money back in time, and all were to come out, what would happen?"

"You would be sent to prison, tried, perhaps transported."

"Oh, Josephine! And you can look at me and say such things—me, your own husband! Can't you help me? Have you already forsaken me?"

Quite overwhelmed, he threw himself across her knees, like one of the children, and burst into a paroxysm of childish weeping.

Poor Josephine! What could she do? Only treat him as a child—her miserable husband: soothe him and caress him in a pitying, motherly sort of way, not attempting either reproaches or reasonings, for both were equally hopeless. Evidently, what he had done had never till now presented itself to him in its true aspect; and when it did so, he was confounded by the sight. He lay, actually shaking with terror, muttering, "I shall be sent to prison—I meant no harm, yet I shall be sent to prison. And I shall die there, I know I shall; and you will be left a widow—a widow, Josephine, do you hear?"—with many other puerile moans, which she listened to without heeding much. Once or twice, with a sudden recoil of feeling, she looked keenly at him, to discern if possible how much of his agony of fear and contrition was real; or how much was contrition, and how much only fear.

Edward Scanlan was too weak to be a scoundrel, at least a deliberate one. But your unconscious sinners, perhaps, do the most harm after all, because you can use none of the ordinary weapons against them. You can defend yourself against a straightforward villain; but a man who cries "peccavi" to all you have to urge against him, who is ready to plead guilty to all the sins in the Decalogue, and commit them again to-morrow—against such a one what chance have you?

Mrs. Scanlan had none. To-night it was useless to say another word; it would be like striking a man that was down. All she could do was to calm her husband's violent agitation—to get him to bed as quickly as possible, and then to watch by him till he fell asleep, which he did soon enough, holding fast by his wife's hand.

Wretched wife! forlorn mother! Heaven and earth seemed leagued against her, as she sat for hours in that dull calm—alive to all which had happened or might happen—yet bound by a temporary spell, which made it all unreal. She sat, the only creature awake in the house; and scarcely stirred until dawn broke over those smooth, low hills, every outline of which she now knew so well—the hills behind which lay the invisible sea which rounded that smiling France whence her forefathers came. "Why, oh why was I ever born!" cried she in her heart.

Ah! not here, not here in this dimly seen, imperfect life, must any of us expect to find the complete answer to that question.

CHAPTER XI.

IN spite of her long knowledge of her husband's character, Mrs. Scanlan had expected—blindly expected—that after last night he would wake up fully alive to his position, amenable to reason, and glad to be helped, even if he could not help himself. But no; he shirked it all. He rose, after a good night's sleep, as if nothing were amiss, avoided every allusion to unpleasant things, and all chance of private conversation with his wife, ate a hearty breakfast, and then set off for a walk, taking César with him; evidently—this companionship of father and son being very unusual—in order to avoid César's talking with his mother at home.

When Josephine perceived this her heart hardened. The tenderness which had come over her during the heavy watches of the night, when she sat by the sleeping man, and tried to remember that he was her husband, and she must save him, if possible, from the result of his own folly—to call it by no worse name—this softness dried up; her spirit changed within her; and the plans she had formed, the sacrifices she had contemplated for his sake, seemed but wasted labor, love thrown away.

At dinner-time Mr. Scanlan did not return, but César did, apparently of his own accord. He had not been to school, but had been occupied in delivering various notes for his father—"begging letters," he had overheard them called in one drawing-room, while waiting in the hall—and the proud lad had gone home burning with indignation, which he tried hard not to let his mother see.

"Why should papa 'beg'?" said he; "especially money—and I know it was money, for I had to pay it into the bank afterward; several five-pound notes."

"They were probably for the school," the mother said, and guessed at once that, by the common system of robbing Peter to pay Paul, which weak people are so apt to indulge in, her husband had been trying to replace his defalcations by collecting further subscriptions. She tried to find out what she could from her son, excusing herself secretly by the vital necessity there was that she should know the truth; but César was very uncommunicative. He had evidently been charged to say as little as he could of what he had done or where he had been; and, being a boy of honor, he kept faith, even though it cost him a sore struggle, for he was passionately fond of his mother. At last he said, plainly, "Please, don't question me. If you want to know any thing, ask papa," and stole out of the house.

Then a great fear came over Josephine—a fear which only women and mothers, who feel their awful responsibility toward the young souls intrusted to them, can understand.

There comes a crisis in many women's lives—I mean women who have made unhappy marriages—when the wife becomes merged in the mother; and the divine instinct for the protec-

tion of offspring, which Providence has rooted in all our hearts, in some of us even deeper than conjugal love, asserts itself so strongly that every other feeling bends before it. I do not say that this ought to be—I only know that it is—and I believe there are circumstances which fully justify it; for upon it depends the whole salvation of the children.

A wise and good woman once said to me, "If ever you have to choose between old and young, save the young!" Dares any one preach the doctrine—"If a woman has to choose between husband and children, save the children?" I think I dare! I give it as my deliberate opinion that when the experience of long years had killed all hope in the father, and his influence is ruining the children, the slow corruption of daily example adding to the danger of inherited temperament, the mother is bound to save her offspring from destruction; ay, even if in so doing she has to cut adrift the blazing ship upon which once all her treasure was embarked, and escape, perhaps with life only, still with life.

In what manner Josephine Scanlan came to this conclusion, during the miserable time which followed—when she tried every means to gain her husband's confidence, to win him to acknowledge that sin was sin, and not merely "ill luck," and that instead of shutting his eyes on his position he ought to look it in the face and strive to retrieve it—I do not know. But that she did come to it I am certain. Wild and terrible thoughts, nebulous at first, and then settling into a distinct purpose, haunted her day and night. If she only had her children all to herself! to earn their bread and her own by the work of her hands, and bring them up, if ever so poor, honestly; out of debt and out of danger, out of falsehood and sham religion, out of the cowardly weakness which comes to the same result as wickedness! She meant her husband no harm, she had no personal wrong to accuse him of; she only wished to escape from him, as she would escape from small-pox or scarlet-fever, or any other infectious bodily disease, with these poor little ones, whose moral health was in her hands.

I blame her not, I only pity her; and the horrible struggle she must have gone through before there even dawned in her mind the last resort of any woman who has once loved her husband—to leave him. How it was to be done, where and in what manner she could maintain herself and her children without coming upon him for one farthing—which she was determined never to do—was all cloudy at present; but the idea having once presented itself to her mind, not as a moral wrong, but a moral right, germinated there day by day.

No counter-influence came to weaken it. Her husband seemed determined to avoid her, resented the slightest interference, and fell into fits of sullenness whenever she approached, in the remotest manner, that vital point in his affairs which hung over him and his like Damocles's

sword. He saw it not; he kept up more than his ordinary gayety, arranged a grand opening of his new schools, as public as the rector's melancholy state made possible, and accepted with supreme self-satisfaction the parish's tribute of gratitude for his "unparalleled exertions" in the matter.

This ovation took the form of a public breakfast, to which he, his wife, and family were invited, and whither Mrs. Scanlan, with all her children, had to go and receive the congratulations of Ditchley. Dr. Waters himself—the good old man—presented the piece of plate, with much feeling, to the curate's wife; and hoped that these elegantly built schools, which did her husband so much credit, and which bore his name on the corner-stone, would carry it down to posterity, as well as his three noble boys; which speech César listened to, in silence, certainly, but with a curl on his lip not good to be seen in a boy who is listening to the praises of his father.

Yet how could the mother help it? She could not teach her son that his father was a hero, or even an honest, brave, truthful, ordinary man. She could only teach him—alas! nothing at all; but leave him to find out things for himself, and trust that God, who sometimes strangely instructs by contraries, would bring all things clear to her poor boy in the end.

And walking home that day, with her hand on his arm—César was taller than herself now—Mrs. Scanlan made up her mind.

Her son told her that within a month the school accounts were to be settled, Mr. Langhorne being appointed auditor.

"Does your father know this?" she asked, startled out of all precaution by the imminence of the danger.

"Yes," César answered; "but papa did not seem to care." And, though saying nothing, the boy showed by his manner that he guessed, plainly enough, why papa had need to care. How he had found it out the mother dared not inquire; but that he had found out, only too surely, that his father had taken and used money which did not belong to him, was sufficiently clear. Also that his young honest soul was perplexing itself exceedingly about the matter, and all the more because, from some new and unwelcome reticence, he could not speak of it to his usual confidante in all things—his mother.

Into his father's confidence he had been taken to an extent which made Josephine tremble. Indeed, with the vague fear of his children being set against him, Mr. Scanlan had of late been unusually demonstrative to them all. Uneasy as César was, it was evident that the delicate flattery of being treated as a man, and talked to upon subjects that even his mother did not know, was not without its effect—how could it be at sixteen? When she thought of this, and of what it might result in, Josephine grew half frantic.

Her husband came home one hour or two aft-

erward, greatly exhilarated by his success. Radiant with gratified vanity, exulting in his renewed popularity, and his undoubted triumph over his High-Church brother, who had been present and seen it all, he walked up and down the little parlor, admiring his piece of plate, and talking about himself and his doings, till, as Bridget expressed it, "you would have thought the earth was not good enough for him to stand upon. She only wondered why the master didn't spread his wings and fly away at once, to the moon or somewhere, and then the family might get their tea comfortably." So said the sharp-witted servant, feeling thus much on the matter, and no more, for of course she knew no more. But the mistress, who did know, how felt she?

First, a sensation of most utter scorn—a wish that she could hide, not only her children from their father, but their father from the children, who, she saw, were all looking at him and criticising him, with that keen, silent criticism to which youth is prone—youth, just waking up to the knowledge that the grand eidolon of parenthood is not an infallible divinity after all. By-and-by there comes a time when, parents ourselves, we begin to have a tenderness for even the broken image of what might have been a god—but not at first. The young heart is as stern as the young conscience is tender. When children cease to be worshippers they become iconoclasts.

Adrienne sat watching her father with those big, astonished, half-reproachful eyes of hers, but the rest only laughed at him. César at last rose and quitted the tea-table, slamming the door behind him, and muttering, as he passed through the kitchen, "that he didn't think he could stand this style of thing much longer." So as soon as she could, Mrs. Scanlan contrived to get her husband out of the way, to cool his head, intoxicated with laudations, upon the breezy common.

She walked with him for a long time in silence, holding his arm, and trying to gather up her thoughts so as to put what she had to say in the gentlest and most effectual form, and to drive away from her own spirit that intense sense of disgust which now and then came over her—a sort of moral sickness, which no familiarity with Mr. Scanlan's lax ways had ever quite overcome.

We are all accustomed to have faulty kindred and friends, being ourselves, whether we think it or not, very faulty too. But what would it be to have belonging to us an actual criminal, who had not only laid himself open to the lash of the law—that sometimes falls on innocent people—but was really guilty, deserving of punishment, yet toward whom we ourselves must continue to fulfill those duties, and entertain that habitual tenderness, which guilt itself can not annul or destroy?

Mrs. Scanlan asked herself, What if any other man, any stranger, were like her Edward, and had done what he had done, how would

she have felt and acted toward him? Undoubtedly she would have cut off herself and her children from the smallest association with him; have pitied him perhaps, but with a pity mingled with contempt. Now—oh the weakness of womanhood!—though she planned quitting her husband, she did not hate him. Many piteous excuses for him slid into her mind. He was so feeble of will, so regardless of consequences; why had Providence made him thus, and made her just the contrary—put into her that terrible sense of right and wrong which was at once her safeguard and her torment, making her jealous over the slightest errors in those she loved, and agonizingly sensitive over her own?

Perhaps she was in error now—had been too hard upon her husband; had made virtue ugly to him by over-preaching it! Then she would preach no more, but act. She had already carefully arranged a plan to get him out of his difficulty; if he agreed to it, well and good; if he refused— But further she could not look: she dared not.

"Edward"—and her voice was so gentle, that to herself it sounded like a hypocrite's—"don't go in just yet; we so seldom take a walk together!"

Mr. Scanlan assented. He was in the best of tempers, the most cheerful of moods; you would have thought he had all the world at his feet. Whatever doubts might affect him, doubt of himself never did. He talked to his wife, in a delighted vaingloriousness, of all he had done, and meant to do, with regard to the new schools.

"But are they paid for? Have you wherewithal to pay? Did you replace the money you drew for yourself?"

She put the question, not accusingly, but just as a mere question, and he replied, with easy composure:

"Well—not exactly. There will be a certain deficit, which I can easily explain to Mr. Langhorne. He will never be hard upon me; me, who have worked so hard for the parish, and not been half paid from the first. It will all come right, you'll see. Don't vex yourself about so small a matter."

"A small matter!" Josephine echoed, and hardly knew whether she was dealing with a child, or a man so utterly unprincipled that he hid his misdoings under the guise of childish simplicity. "I am afraid, Edward, you are deceiving yourself. People will not think it a small matter."

"What will they think? Speak out, you most intolerable woman!"

"They will think as I think. But why repeat what I have so often said before? And we have no time for talking, we must act. César tells me—"

"What has he told you?—the simpleton!"

"Do not be afraid. Only what probably all the world knows, that Mr. Langhorne has been chosen auditor of the school accounts, and that

they will be all wound up, and made generally public in a month. Is it so?"

"Oh, don't bother me! Josephine, you are always bothering! Why can't you let a man alone?"

"I would if I were not his wife, and his children's mother. Edward, just two words. Have you thought what will happen if your accounts are looked into, and found incorrect, and you can not furnish the deficit, as you call it?"

"But I shall, sooner or later. Of course I am responsible. I shall tell Langhorne so. He will hush up the matter. He would never proceed to extremities with me."

"Why not?"

"My position as a clergyman—"

"So a clergyman may do things which, if another man did, it would be called swindling! I beg your pardon"—and Mrs. Scanlan checked the passion that shook her from head to foot—"I did not mean to use hard words, but I must use plain ones. For I believe, in spite of all you say, that Ditchley might view the thing in a different light from yourself; and that Mr. Langhorne, being a remarkably honest man, and having public money intrusted to his honesty, would find himself unwillingly obliged to have you arrested for embezzlement, clergyman as you are. You would find yourself a little uncomfortable in the county jail."

Edward Scanlan started. "Nonsense! You are talking nonsense!"

"Excuse me, no! I am not speaking at random; I know it for a fact."

"How can you know it? You have not been so mad as to go and consult any body?"

"I have not. A wife must be very mad indeed before she takes any body into her counsel against her husband. But she must protect herself and her children, if she can. I borrowed a law-book, and found out from it every thing I wanted to know on that—and other subjects."

"I always said you were a very clever woman, and so you are. Too clever by half for a poor fellow like me."

Edward Scanlan's speech, bitter as it was, had an underlying cunning in it; it touched his wife's most generous point, and he knew it.

"I am not clever, I do not pretend to be," she cried, warmly. "I am only honest, and anxious to do my duty to both husband and children, and it is so hard—so hard! You drive me nearly wild sometimes. Edward, why will you not listen to me—why will you not trust me? What motive can I have in 'worrying' you, as you call it, but your own good and the children's? God knows, but for that I would let every thing go—lay me down and die. I am so tired—so tired!"

And as she stood with her face to the sunset, even its rosy glow could not brighten her wan features or her hair, in the raven black of which were mingling many white streaks. Josephine had arrived at the most painful crisis

for a beautiful woman, when she is neither young nor old; not even middle-aged, which season has sometimes a comely grace of its own; but prematurely faded, like the trees after a hot summer of drought, which attempt no lovely autumn tints, but drop at once into winter and decay.

Her husband looked at her, and saw it. He was in a vexed mood, perhaps, or else he simply said what came uppermost, without thinking, but he did say it, "Dear me, Josephine, how very plain you are growing!"

She turned away. She would hardly have been woman had the arrow not touched her heart, but it scarcely penetrated there. She had long ceased to care for her good looks, and now she was too desperately in earnest about other things to mind what even her husband thought of her. It was not till afterward that his words recurred to her memory and settled there, as bitter words do settle, long after the speaker has forgotten them. Now she simply turned the conversation back to the point in question, and discussed it as calmly and lucidly as she could.

The plan she urged was, that Mr. Scanlan should borrow, in some legal way, the sum wanting, giving as security a policy of assurance on his life, and finding a friend to guarantee his yearly payment of the same. This kindness she would herself ask of Dr. Waters, or of Lady Emma's husband. It was merely nominal, she knew; because, if Edward neglected to pay the few pounds yearly, she could do it herself; her earnings through Priscilla Nunn were still considerable. Her practical mind had laid out the whole scheme. She had even got the papers of an assurance office; there was nothing for Mr. Scanlan to do but to take the requisite steps for himself, which—he being unluckily a man, and therefore supposed competent to manage his own affairs and that of his household—nobody else could do for him. But his wife's common-sense had simplified all to him as much as possible, and her clear head succeeded in making him take it in.

It was of no use. Either he did not like the trouble—his Irish laziness always hated trouble—or else he had that curious prejudice which some weak people have against life assurance, as against making a will. Above all, he was annoyed at his wife's having done all this without consulting him, step by step, in the affair. It seemed to imply that she had her own way in every thing, which must not be. He brought in every possible argument—Apostolic or Hebraic—to prove that even to criticise or attempt to guide her husband was a dereliction from wifely duty, which he, for one, was determined to resist.

Far different was his tone the night he flung himself at her knees, and implored her to help him; but then Mr. Scanlan had been made an important personage to-day. He was like one of those

"Little wanton boys who swim on bladders,"

of his own vanity and egotism, and the bladders had been pretty well blown up since morning. Nothing that Mrs. Scanlan urged could in the least open his eyes to the reality of his position, or persuade him that he was not sailing triumphantly on a perfectly smooth sea, with all Ditchley looking at and admiring him.

"Nobody will ever breathe a word against me," repeated he, over and over again. "And I dare say, if I manage him well, Langhorne will arrange so that nobody even finds the matter out. Then, of course, it will not signify."

"Not signify!"

Years ago—nay, only months ago—Josephine would have blazed up into one of her "furies," as her husband called them; her passionate indignation against shams of all kinds, and especially against the doctrine that evil was only evil when it happened to be found out; but now she indulged in no such outburst. She did not even use that sarcastic tongue of hers, which sometimes could sting, and would have stung bitterly, had she not been such a very conscientious woman. She merely echoed Edward's words, and walked on in silence. But what that silence covered it was well he did not know.

So he made himself quite comfortable, and even cheerful; satisfied that he was his own master and his wife's likewise, and had used fully his marital authority. He treated the whole subject lightly, as if quite settled, and would again have passed on to other topics.

But Josephine stopped him. Her lips were white, and her hand with which she touched him was cold as stone.

"Pause a minute, Edward, before you talk of this thing being 'settled.' It is not settled. You have a heavy time before you, though you see it not. I am very sorry for you."

"Tush—tush!" cried he, much irritated. "As if I could not manage my own affairs, and take care of myself. Do let me alone. All I ask of you is to hold your tongue."

"I will, from this time forward. Only it would not be fair, it would not be honest, if I did not tell you what I mean to do; that is, if things go on with us as they have been going on of late."

"How do you mean?"

Josephine stopped a moment to put into words, plain words, though neither imprudent nor harsh, the truth she thought it right not to keep back. Stern as her course might be, there should be at least no concealment, no double-dealing in it.

"I mean, Edward, that you and I, who always differed, now differ so widely, that the struggle is more than I can bear; for I see that it is destruction to the children. To use your own favorite text, 'two can not walk together unless they are agreed.' They had better divide."

"I am sure I have no objection. Good-night, then. I never do take a walk with you that you don't scold me," said he, perhaps will-

fully misunderstanding, or else, in his loose way of viewing things, he did not really catch the drift of her words.

She tried again. "I shall never 'scold' any more; I shall not speak, but act; as seems to me right and necessary. I can not sit still and see my children ruined."

"Ruined! Why, they are getting on exceedingly well. They'll take care of themselves, never fear. Already César knows nearly as much of the world as I do."

"Does he?" said the mother, with a thrill of fear which made her more desperate than ever to say these few words—the fewest possible—which she had told herself, at all costs, she must say. "I know, Edward, children are not to a father what they are to a mother; and to you especially they have never been any thing but a burden. I therefore have less scruple in what I intend to do."

"What are you driving at? What is the meaning of all these hints?"

"I hint nothing; I say it out plain. Your ideas of honesty and honor are not mine, and I will not have my children brought up in them. I shall therefore, as soon I can, take a decisive step."

"What? inform against me? tell all Ditchley that your husband is a thief and a rogue? That would be a nice wife-like act."

"No. I shall not inform against you, and I shall never say one word concerning you to any body; I shall simply—leave you."

"Leave me! What ridiculous nonsense!"

Nevertheless, Edward Scanlan looked startled. Gentle as his wife was ordinarily, he knew well that, when roused, she had a "spirit of her own"—that she always meant what she said, and acted upon it too. And, as sometimes in his mistaken notions of propitiating her he had told her himself, he was a little afraid of his Josephine. But the idea she now suggested was too daringly untenable. His sense of outward respectability, nay, even his vanity, refused to take it in. After a momentary uneasiness he burst into laughter.

"Leave me! Well, that is the drollest idea! As if you could possibly do it! Run away, bag and baggage, with the children on your back, and Bridget trotting after. What a pretty sight! How amused Ditchley would be! And how could you maintain yourself, you silly woman? Isn't it I who keep the pot boiling?" (He did not now, but it was useless telling him so.) "Besides"—and Mr. Scanlan drew closer to his wife, and tried to put upon her "the comether," as Bridget would say, of his winning ways—very winning when he chose—"besides, Josephine, you *couldn't* leave me; you are fond of me; you know you are."

Josephine drew her breath in a gasp, and looked from her husband's face up to the face of the sky, which seemed so clear, so pure, so true! Oh! the difference between it and us, between heaven and man!

"I was fond of you," she said; "but if I

were ever so fond—if you were dear to me as the core of my heart, and I had children whom you were doing harm to, whom it was necessary to save from you, I would not hesitate one minute; I would snatch them up in my arms and fly."

"Here's a new creed!" and Mr. Scanlan laughed still, for the whole matter appeared to his shallow mind so exceedingly absurd. "Have you forgotten what St. Paul says, 'Let not the wife depart from her husband?'"

"St. Paul was not a woman, and he had no children."

"But he spoke through the inspiration of Scripture, every word of which we are bound to receive."

"I dare not receive it whenever it is against truth and justice," cried, passionately, the half-maddened wife. "I do not believe blindly in Scripture; I believe in God—my God, and not yours. Take Him if you will—that is, if He exists at all—but leave me mine—my God and my Christ!"

After this outbreak, which naturally horrified Edward Scanlan to a very great extent, he had nothing to say. With him every thing was so completely on the surface, religion included—a mere farrago of set phrases which he never took the trouble to explain or to understand—that when any strong, eager soul dared to pluck off the outside coverings of things and pierce to the heart of them, he stood aghast. No Roman Catholic—one of those "Papists" whom he lost no opportunity of abusing—could believe more credulously in his Virgin Mary and all the saints than did this "gospel" curate in a certain circle of doctrines, conveyed in certain fixed phrases, the Shibboleth of his portion of the Church, upon which depended the salvation of its members. God forbid that I should allege every Evangelical clergyman to be like Edward Scanlan; or that I should not allow the noble sincerity, the exceeding purity of life, the warm-hearted Christian fellowship, and wide practical Christian charity—oh, how infinitely wider than their creed!—of this body of religionists. But to any one like Josephine, born with a keen and critical intellect, a passionate sense of moral justice, and a heart that will accept no temporizing until it has found the perfect truth, the perfect right, this narrow form of faith, which openly avers that its principal aim is its own salvation, becomes, even when sincere, so repulsive that its tendency is to end in no faith at all.

She had occasionally horrified Mr. Scanlan by remarks like the foregoing, but this last one fairly dumfounded him. He regarded her with complete bewilderment, and then, not having a word wherewith to answer her, said "he would pray for her." No other conversation passed between them till they came to the gate, when he observed, with a patronizing air,

"Now, my dear Josephine, I hope you have come down from your high horse, and are ready for supper and prayers. Let us drop all un-

pleasant subjects. I assure you I am not angry with you, not in the least. I always wish you to speak your mind. All I want is a little peace."

Peace, peace, when there was no peace! when the merest common-sense, even a woman's, was enough to show her on what a mine her husband was treading; how at any moment it might burst at his feet, and bring him and all belonging to him to ruin in the explosion. For, shut his eyes to it as he might, excuse it as she might, his act was certainly embezzlement; disgraceful enough in any man, doubly disgraceful in a clergyman. When it came to be known, in a community like Ditchley, his future and that of his family would be blighted there forever. The straw to which she had clung in case that other future, which she was now so thankful he had never known of, failed—namely, that on Mr. Oldham's death the living of Ditchley might be given to Mr. Scanlan, would then become impossible. Nay, wherever he went her husband would be branded as a thief and a swindler, and, justly or unjustly, the stigma of these names would rest upon his children. It might be that in her long torment about money-matters she exaggerated the position; still it was one cruel enough to madden any honest, upright-minded woman, who was a mother likewise. A little more, and she felt it would be so; that her mind would lose its balance, and then what would become of the children?

"Edward," said she—and her great black hollow eyes gleamed upon him like one of Michael Angelo's sibyls (not a pleasant woman to be married to; a Venus or Ariadne might have suited him far better)—"one word before it is too late. Peace is a good thing, but there are better things still—honesty and truth. Listen to me; any honest man will see the thing as I see it. You must replace that money, and there is but one way—the way I told you of. Try that, however much you dislike it; save yourself, and the children, and me. Husband, I was dear to you once."

"Don't blarney me," said he, cruelly, and turned away.

His wife did the same. That appeal also had failed. But she never altered her manner toward him. She was speaking only out of duty, but with no hope at all.

"If you can once get clear of this liability, I will go on working as usual, and making ends meet as usual. And perhaps you will try that we shall be a little more of one mind, instead of pulling two different ways, which is such a fatal thing in the master and mistress of a household. But you must decide, and quickly. We stand on a precipice which any moment we may fall over."

"Let us fall, then!" cried he, in uncontrolled irritation, shaking off her detaining hand. "For I won't insure my life, and nobody shall make me. It looks just as if I were going to die; which no doubt I shall, if you keep on worrying

me so. There, there, don't speak in your sharp tone, which always sets my heart beating like a steam-engine, and you know my father died of heart-disease, though they say sons never take after their fathers but their mothers, which ought to be a great satisfaction to you. Never mind; when you've killed me, and are left a widow with your boys, you'll be so sorry!"

So he rambled on, in a sort of pitiful tone, but his complaints, as unreal as the bursts of carefully-arranged pathos in his sermons, affected Mrs. Scanlan very little; she was used to them. Though not robust, she always found he had strength enough for any thing he liked to do. It was chiefly when he disliked a thing that his health broke down. So his lugubrious forebodings did not wound her as once they used to do. Besides—God help her!—the woman *was* growing hard.

"Very well," she said, "now we understand one another. You take your own course, I mine. I have at least not deceived you in any way; and I have had patience—years of patience."

"Oh, do cease that dreadful self-complacency. I wish you would do something wrong, if only that you might have something to repent of. You are one of the terribly righteous people 'who need no repentance.'"

"Am I?" said Josephine. And I think—to use one of those Bible phrases so ready to Mr. Scanlan's tongue—that instant "the devil entered into her as he entered into Judas;" and she passed into the last phase of desperation, when we cease to think whether we ought or ought not to do a thing, but only that we *will* do it.

The head of the family walked in at his front door, calling Bridget and the children to prayers, which he made especially long this night, taking occasion to bring in "Judge not, that ye be not judged;" "First take out the mote that is in thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the beam that is in thy brother's eye;" with other similar texts, all huddled together, higgledy-piggledy, in meaningless repetition, so that the first Divine utterer of them would scarcely have recognized His own gracious words.

Josephine heard them, as one who hears not—who desires not to hear. She merely knelt down, and rose up again, with the sense of evil possession, of the devil in her heart, stronger than ever; sinking presently into a sort of dull despair. Had things come to this pass? Well, then, let them come; and there would be an end.

An end!—

ELIZABETH'S HEIFER.

IT was the time of sugar-making, and that time to country children is one long holiday. We had been in the *camp* since morning, my brother and I, partly hindering, partly helping, and in a state of pleasant excitement with the tapping of the trees, the setting of the great black sugar-kettles, the starting of the log fire, and altogether.

"Oh, I do believe that Mrs. Holden is going to make sugar too!" cried my brother, jumping down from the stump of an oak-tree that had lately been felled to make a back-log for our sugar-kettles, and remained standing close by exhaling their sap and pungent odors. "Just see the smoke coming out of her little woods!" We always called her woods *little*, as it was in comparison with ours, not covering more than a couple of acres of ground; and, in fact, Mrs. Holden's possessions generally might have been characterized by the diminutive applied to her woods. She owned a little farm that adjoined ours—a little house, in which she lived with a little grand-daughter, called Chatty Holden—not Charity, nor Charity Ripley, though Ripley was the name of her father, nor even Charity often, but only Chatty. The mother, Miss Elizabeth Holden, known about the neighborhood as Old Lizbeth, had named her child with some vague hope, perhaps, that the name bestowed would inspire a feeling of forbearance, if not of tenderness, toward her child. We

shall see before long upon what a slight basis she had built, if such were her hope.

Widow Holden owned also a little cow, and this animal ran at large, mostly gleaning her living from the road-side as she best could, and, at the time our story begins, with a little lean calf at her side. I say little, because it was small of its age, and not because it was young, for it was now more than a year old. Its ribs might be counted through the rough hide, and it went with a leather strap, stuck full of sharp spikes, on its nose, so that it might be separated from mother milk, without being separated from mother company.

Widow Holden was rearing this calf under the pleasing fiction, as it seemed to more disinterested parties, that Elizabeth would sometime set up housekeeping for herself, and require a cow of her own. The poor starved creature was known throughout the neighborhood as Liz's heifer, and never spoken of without a jest, or a sneer, or both. The old hymnist had a pregnant idea in his bald head when he penned the lines—

"O Lord, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!"

And that despised heifer had her part to play in the world, and breaking into barley-fields and doing damage generally was all the while leading toward it.

But to return to the sugar-camp. Having made sure of the smoke, away we ran in search of the fire, and to see what we could see; and having reached the *line* fence, stopped to reconnoitre. There was Mrs. Holden sure enough, on her knees blowing hard at the coals that were just kindling to life a heap of chips and drift, got together, with the help of little Chatty, from here, and there, and every where. The child was at the grandmother's elbow as usual, and I remember distinctly how picturesque and gipsy-like she looked in her frock of scarlet flannel, set off with patches of a contrasting color, and with her dark tangles of hair tossing in the March wind.

Widow Holden's sugar-camp made a sorry appearance in contrast with ours, we thought. In place of our huge iron kettles she had a tea-kettle and two small brass pots in which to boil the sap. It seemed to us that the tea-kettle bordered on the pathetic. Then, instead of our sound and freshly-cut back-log, she had only a rotten stick that had lain on the ground till it was half buried. I think it was the tea-kettle and the back-log together that induced us to extend our superb hospitality to little Chatty Holden—nay, to almost force it upon her.

"May not Chatty come into our camp, Mrs. Holden?" we cried, peering through the *line* fence with a pitiful eye to the long black nose of the tea-kettle and the sunken, water-soaked back-log. She stood straight up, and it seemed to me assumed an attitude of defiance at first. Her sleeves were rolled back to her elbows, and she wore a yellow bandana handkerchief tied over her iron-gray hair, and as she set her hands on her hips I was quite sure she meant to say no. She did not speak for a minute, and Chatty, meantime, seconded our appeal with wistful eyes, and at last she answered, "Well, yes, I reckon—that is if she's wanted."

"If she's wanted! to be sure she is—why shouldn't she be?" She changed her position so suddenly that I got out of the way, for we had slipped through the dividing fence by this time, in our importunity, and were standing near her. There was no need that I should have gotten out of the way; I feel now that my question had hurt her, and that she had no intention of hurting me.

"You are a child," she says; "and I reckon you mean what you say."

I looked up in wonder, and it seemed to me there were tears in her eyes; but she had been blowing at the smoky fire, and at this distance of time I couldn't pretend to say that fancy did not mislead me. We had got Chatty between us, by either hand, when she interposed with, "Is your man Barnabas any where about?"

"No; Barnabas was away off in the hickory-fields, chopping."

"Then she may go a little while. But mind, Chatty," and she smoothed the wild locks with her rough hands, "you mustn't stay too long; and when you see Barnabas coming run home with all your might—mind that, child."

I did not understand the force and meaning of this order at the time, nor fully, perhaps, till years afterward. We made a gay time of it in and about the sugar-camp; for, though the invitation had been in some sort compassionate, the companionship was a pure delight. We sucked the maple sap from the *spiles*, and it made our young blood dance as no choice wine may do now. We climbed the oak stump and *pretended* we were in heaven, and it was not so much of a pretense either. We broke the thin ice that coated the tiny pools, and rejoiced in the tinkling response as delightfully as though it had been the music of flutes and cymbals, and the mingling of all delectable sounds. We peeled from the decaying logs fleeces of soft green moss flecked with crimson and brown and yellow, turned over the withered leaves, and if we found here and there some sheltered flower no bigger than a snow-flake our joy knew no bounds. Then we went hunting for birds'-nests, albeit they were but last year's nests, and cold, ruinous, and empty. There were some few red-birds about the woods, and to catch a glimpse of one as he sat whistling in the top of some high tree was a wonderful pleasure. But it would take too much time now were we to number up all the riches of the woods, or to repeat half the happy things we said and did—so much then—so little now. No company could have been more to our liking—our compassion having had reference solely to a prejudice against the use of a tea-kettle as a sugar-boiler, and not in the least to the birth, blood, or condition of Charity herself. Among her other accomplishments Chatty could whistle like a blackbird, and I am not sure but that, in the end, this glory quite outweighed the ingloriousness of the tea-kettle. To see her red skirts shining among the woody shadows was a delight of itself; then she could climb like a squirrel, for she was wild and shy in all her ways; but that whistle—oh, that whistle!

For the first hour I had kept Widow Holden's admonition in my mind because of its mystery, no doubt; but by-and-by I forgot to listen for the axe-strokes, and then the blessedness of the blessed hour crowded out past and future—every body and every thing, but just little Chatty and her wild black hair, and her scarlet flannel frock set off with its contrasting patches. I am glad even yet for that forgetfulness—glad indeed of every happy hour of my life—so much is safe, past all peradventure.

Suddenly a great cloud darkened our heaven; Barnabas came bearing down upon us like a hurricane; he had a brush in his hand, and his usually pleasant face was so transformed with anger that we hardly knew him. "Go home with you, what are you doing here?" he cried out to Chatty, as though he had been speaking to a dog. "The like o' you among innocent children to be sure; away with you, I say, and mind too that you keep where you belong!" I have just the memory of two tender eyes dilated and frightened, of a cloud of loose

hair streaming in the March wind, and the flutter of a red skirt along the rustling dry leaves—that is all. I ventured some timid remonstrance; but Barnabas only said, as he tossed the brush on the heap from which he had taken it, "It ain't for you to play with the like o' her onto equal terms, an' I won't see it nuther! How come she strayin' onto Christian ground any how?"

"But what makes our ground better than Widow Holden's, Barnabas?"

"You just hush up; if a body had the wisdom of Solomon they couldn't answer all your foolish questions!"

Somehow I could not rest that night till I had confessed all my guilt—told how I had slipped through the dividing fence and enticed Chatty Holden to come into our sugar-camp! Perhaps I was stimulated to this virtuous confession by the hope of learning why it was so wicked a thing to associate with Chatty on terms of equality, but I learned nothing of the sort; but what I had impressed upon me was this, the *line fence* was the line fence, and hereafter I was to stay inside of it on penalty of the paternal displeasure. As time went on Liz's heifer became more obnoxious to the neighborhood; she grew in stature and in ugliness of disposition, and in spite of the strap on her nose, would push down fences and break into pasture-fields, though there was no possibility of her getting a mouthful for her pains. Every school-boy made her forehead a target; and now some farmer would tie a great weight to her leg, and now another would disable her in some other way, so that the poor creature must have had little peace of her life, one would think. Widow Holden was warned over and over that, if Liz's heifer were not kept at home, the consequences would not be answered for; and the warning was not unfrequently accompanied with this unfriendly suggestion, "What's the use of raisin' up the critter any how!"

Many a time Widow Holden went home from a neighbor's house with the corner of her apron to her eyes in consequence of some remark of this sort. She could have borne all that was said of the heifer, *per se*, no doubt; but the sting was in the comment appended. Now and then she would manage to keep the creature at home for a day or two; but somehow she would continue to get her neck out of the restraining rope and be off again.

The richest man in our neighborhood, and the one who, of course, had a right to say most and do most against the poor heifer, was Peter Curtis; and one day when she broke into his barley-field she was turned out with a slit in her ear. Peter always insisted that he didn't do it, but our man Barnabas protested that if Peter didn't do it he knew well enough who did.

But whether or not he did it really, it was no doubt all one, and that he was very much ashamed of the affair is certain, and could never afterward hear Mrs. Holden, Elizabeth,

or even the heifer named without a tingle of the cheek. He was humiliated, and there are natures that require just that sort of discipline; perhaps his was one. He had great possessions, as has been intimated, but no wife among the rest; he had had one in his youth, a strong-armed, strong-willed woman, twenty years older than himself, but she was gone the way of all the living now, and he abode in his fine mansion alone, and was usually considered a selfish and hard man. How much of the selfishness might have been reduced to self-preservation, for he had led but a sorry life with the strong-armed, strong-willed woman, we will not stop to inquire, nor yet how far his real character justified the one imputed. The injury done to the heifer broke up such poor friendship as had hitherto existed between Peter Curtis and the Widow Holden. Peter was too proud to make overtures, ashamed though he were, and the widow too angry, so matters stood for a long while in silent feud, and all the gossips said, with a sort of spiteful satisfaction, "There's no use for Liz to be setting her cap at Peter now, that's certain!" Meantime Chatty was running wild; she could not be gotten into school, or if she were, she was somehow speedily gotten out again. The schoolmasters uniformly said, she was such a bad child that no master could do any thing with her unless it were by *beating*. I suspect now that her patched frock, and her ragged shoes, and her mother's misfortune had a good deal to do with it all. And she, poor woman, kept out of sight and out of the neighborhood as much as she could. Spinning was her *forte*, flax or wool, any thing that was spinning: she was employed usually by only the poorer sort of people, and where it happened that there were young girls in the family it was not thought safe to employ her at all, so that she was sometimes *driven* home, as it were, for lack of work, but she kept herself quite a prisoner there, her face being hardly ever so much as seen at the window. Sometimes there would steal out upon the air after nightfall a low quavering monotone of sound, more like the cry of a wounded bird than a song, and then the passer-by knew that Elizabeth was at home. She was allowed to wait on the sick, more especially when the disease was contagious, but she was *virtuously* excluded both from the paying of social visits and from church.

It was not often that she was left without the solace of work of some sort, she was so quiet, so inoffensive, and so dextrous of hand, that especially of the long summer days the whir of her wheel might be heard in one garret or another from the red dawning to the coming forth of the white evening star.

I remember, indeed, one occasion when she ventured inside the church door, but the stir and whisper that ran through the house set her cheek on fire, and the general indignant stare blinded and bewildered her as the blaze of the sunshine does the eyes of the creature used only to the night.

She stood still at first, then wavered and trembled like the little reed before the oncoming tide, and finally suffered herself to be borne back, little caring whither, perhaps, so it were only out of sight. The memorable occasion upon which this disgraceful thing was enacted was this:

John Ripley, her old lover, if courtesy may be stretched so far as to call him lover, had come into a fortune, and was master of the village grocery store, with its somewhat important attachments of hay-scales and hide-commission, and having married the daughter of Deacon Hardhail, appeared at church on Sunday with his pretty young wife. All the neighborhood turned out to see the *bride* and *groom*, to be sure. It was expected that the lady would appear in all the wedding finery, as she did; and to see her was to be privileged, to sit near her was distinction, and to shake hands and offer congratulations honor into the bargain. It was understood, moreover, that the preacher was to take for his text this proverb: "A gracious woman retaineth honor, and strong men retain riches." Altogether the excitement ran high for many days previous to the eventful day; and when it came there was betimes a vast multitude assembled. The matrons opened the old chest, and searched out the lace collar and the silken scarf that had lain away for years, and the maidens furnished up their jewelry, and bleached their white dresses, and knotted their pink and blue ribbons, with as much effect of style and flourish as possible; the young men buckled on their spurs—even some who walked to church, it was said—so that the old meeting-house, long before eleven o'clock, was one glitter and shimmer from side to side. The prayer had just been offered, and the clergyman had risen to read the hymn, when, over the worn door-sill, and along the side aisle, as still almost as her shadow, came Elizabeth Holden, dressed in all her poor best, her eyes drooped, and her two cheeks the color of dying rose leaves.

The preacher stopped reading; the lovely young bride dashed her white veil from left to right, by way of shutting out the terrible sight; some of the women half rose in their seats, and no man stirred to open his pew door except one, and of all men who should that be but Peter Curtis! "By Heaven, it's too bad!" he had muttered, almost aloud. "In a Christian meeting-house too!" And then he had risen, and stepped quite outside his pew, so making his hospitality apparent to all. Elizabeth, for one, did not see it; confusion had overpowered her by this time, and she was being borne back, blinded and bewildered, out of the house. Peter was a moment too late. "Would you have believed it!" said the gossips; "but he always was a queer chap, that Peter Curtis; and did you mind how he read the hymn-book all through the sermon, as if to show his disrespect to every body and every thing? Well, I wouldn't believed it of him! And yet they say, when his wife used to berate him with her coarse

tongue, he would just answer, 'I'm sorry you've got such a temper, Sally,' and that was about all. Oh, he's queer, past doubt!"

And of Elizabeth they said: "Brazen thing! I'm glad she didn't see him in time! Just good enough for her! It would have been an everlasting disgrace to the church to have the like of her stuck up in the very finest pew. The idea of her trying to make herself look pretty, the foolish old thing! why she ain't a day less than thirty! I reckon she tried to rival the beautiful bride!" and so came the climax of jeers and laughter. What moved her to go to church that day I can not pretend to understand. I was too much of a child at the time to know much about it, and some of the circumstances that would throw light upon it have no doubt passed out of my memory. Perhaps she was curious to see the wife John Ripley had married; perhaps she was curious to look upon him once more, and to know whether the fatal spell that had once bound her was altogether broken. Possibly she had still a consciousness of the honor and dignity of womanhood, and was willing to show the assembled multitude that she dare approach Him who said, "Neither do I condemn thee." Whatever moved her to go, she did go, and was received and expelled as has been told.

It was about this time that my mother brought upon herself the severe reproof of Mistress Hardhail by engaging Elizabeth Holden to do the summer's spinning work. "What an example for your daughters, to be sure! Mercy, mercy! To countenance her is just to encourage wickedness, and if I had my way I would drive her out of the neighborhood—her, and her troublesome old mother, and her heifer (she hooked at my husband the other day), and Chat, and all together! They are a disgrace and a reproach to the community, that's what they are; and you're going to hire her, and pay her full wages too, I dare say."

"I shall certainly hire her, and pay her in full for the work she does," my mother said.

"But while you are about it, where is your condemnation of John Ripley? Nobody, as I can hear, has a word of reproach for him."

"H-m-m! well, he is a man, you know."

One morning in the month of June, and long before sunrise, Widow Holden was seen coming across the meadow with a wheel-stand on her shoulder, the band, wheel-pin, and spindle in her hand, and followed by Elizabeth carrying the wheel itself. They soon had it set up in the garret; and Elizabeth, separating a bunch of the soft white "rolls" from the rest, hung them in the little east window in the sun, said goodbye to her mother, and fell to work.

Many a time I sat on the stair-steps for an hour watching her; for she was light of motion as a young girl, and I still think that spinning at a big wheel is one of the most graceful of all womanly employments. She made quite a companion of me, indeed; I perhaps being less removed from her by my ignorance than older

persons by their knowledge. From the east window where she sunned her rolls we could see the shining harvest-fields of Peter Curtis; and often when she went to replenish her wool she would lean her cheek on her hand and look that way a long time, more especially if the white shirt-sleeves of Peter were to be seen glancing over the tops of the barley and the rye. I judge now she had somehow learned the fact of his having offered her the gentle courtesy of which she was ignorant at the time. She used to ask me questions about his house, and listen to my descriptions of the parlor and the north room and piazza with all the delightful wonder and curiosity which the ignorant child feels about the king's palace of the fairy tale. And was there really a Turkey carpet on the floor, with roses in it that you might tread on?

"I wish I could go there some day, and look in upon all the fine things when Mr. Curtis was nowhere about."

"But I will ask him if I may not bring you. Ever so many go to see his house and the grounds about it."

"Oh no, child; not for the world! It wouldn't do for me to presume so; don't never think of it, child; but if it could happen!"

"But why, dear Elizabeth, wouldn't it do for you?" All the light and life went out of her face, and for a moment it seemed as if she were not herself at all, but only the shadow or ghost of herself; then she said she was foolish to have thought of such a thing; and then she fell spinning with all her might, and for the remainder of the day we did not talk any more.

It was perhaps a week after this that Mr. Curtis himself rode up to our gate and beckoned me to him, as he often did when he had some message for my father. "Widow Holden just now accosted me," he said, "as I was riding past her house, and asked me to stop here and say to Elizabeth that little Chatty was taken very sick this morning, that she seems growing rather worse, and she thinks best that Elizabeth should come home as soon as the day's work is done."

"Maybe you had better tell herself," I said. "I will call her;" and away I ran before he had time to answer. I was moved to do this by two considerations. I hesitated to impart the bad news myself, and I knew also that Elizabeth would think it a privilege to speak with Mr. Curtis, and to see the blue ribbon that tied his chip hat with her own eyes.

She saw me from the window, and I motioned her to come down, and when she understood that Mr. Curtis was waiting to speak to her, the girlish blush and flutter that confused her made her look almost beautiful, though nobody ever thought of calling her so. Her sleeves were short, and she hid her pretty plump arms under her blue apron as she came forward; but her head was uncovered, and she could not hide the beauty of her abundant hair;

and I remember to have noticed then, for the first time, as the sunshine glittered upon the coil wound about her high carved comb, how golden and how beautiful it was. Peter was playing with the long mane of his gray mare, and he did not stop as she approached, but just told the sad news much as he would have told any news.

"Oh dear, dear; what shall I do?" moaned Elizabeth; and the white arms came out from beneath her apron, and she leaned her face down upon them to hide her tears.

"Oh, it ain't so bad, I imagine," said Peter; and he left caressing the mane, and reaching one arm across, rested it on the gate-post above the stricken head.

She lifted her face, and thanking him for his pains, said she would go home as soon as ever her day's work was done, and was turning away, when Peter called after her: "Why not go now, if you are so uneasy? though I don't think you need be."

"Oh, I must do my work—every thing depends on that; but I only wish it were night."

Her confusion was all gone now, and her tearful, tender eyes looked straight in his face. Indeed, the confusion seemed on the other side as Peter said: "I'm ashamed of not dismounting and going in with my message; but I'm such a rude sort of fellow—I didn't think of it, and that's the truth."

"Never mind the work," my mother said; "the child must be taken care of first of all;" and Elizabeth went straight home. She did not come back the next day, nor the next week; and early one morning of the second week another messenger stopped at the gate with news that Chatty Holden had died just after midnight, and would be buried in her own play-ground at home, at ten o'clock of the following day.

That day my little brother and I came to the conclusion that a tea-kettle was as good as any other kettle for the boiling of maple sap—not quite so convenient, that was all; and we went over all the delights of the old play-day, and found sincere satisfaction in the circumstance of having entertained Chatty in our sugar-camp.

Peter Curtis did not attend the funeral; he was busy with his harvests, and it could not have been expected that he would neglect his interests for any body's funeral—much less for Chatty Holden's. In fact, only a few of the poorer sort of people went—they were busy times just then; and the going out of that little life left no shadow in the world except upon the hearts of the mother and grandmother. The clergyman made the funeral of the child the occasion of a terrible castigation to the mother, praying in the end that she might be saved as by the *skin* of her *teeth*, which was considered by the more pious sort as an unwarrantable stretch of Christian charity. Mrs. Deacon Hardbait, it was reported, remarked that if the like of the Holden set was to be got into heaven by the skin of their teeth, she, for her part,

didn't wish to go to heaven! Elizabeth in due time came back and spun in the garret as before, sunning her rolls in the little east window just the same, but never lingering now to look at the fair fields of Peter Curtis—never looking any where much, but toward the clump of wild cherry-trees under which was the little grave.

The spirit seemed all to have gone out of her; and though I sat on the stair-steps for hours together listening for the snap of the reel as she wound off the *cuts*, and picking up her *wheel-pin* when she chanced to let it fall, she hardly noticed or spoke to me any more. Neither did she sing a single snatch of the wild sea-songs that I used to delight in so much, and all day nothing was heard but the whirl-whir of the great wheel. At last the last bunch of white rolls melted from the little window, the yarn was sent away to the weavers, and mother and daughter crossed the fields again, bearing the divided wheel on their shoulders.

We had a *raising* early in the fall, and fifteen or twenty of the neighbors were gathered together; among the rest was Peter Curtis. The frame that was being put up was near the roadside; and, all at once, the men who were pulling with might and main to slip some timbers in joint were interrupted by a saucy "Hollo there, you fellers!" As soon as they could rest their timber it was discovered that it was the butcher who had given the rough salutation, and that he was leading by a rope, tied to her horn, Elizabeth's heifer.

"Ha! what's up?" said one of the men. "You ha'n't bought that critter, I reckon? She ain't fit for beef; and, besides, the old woman wouldn't make sale of her. She's a part of Liz's weddin'-portion, you know."

Nearly all the men joined in the laughter, but it was observed that Peter kept hammering away.

"You've seen her afore, ha'n't you?" the butcher said, appealing directly to him, and in allusion to the heifer's ear.

"Maybe so," says Peter, still never looking up.

"You say the widder wouldn't sell her," says the butcher, turning again to the first speaker. "Folks does what they must; an' I happened to know that the widder was hard pressed for them funeral expenses that come onto her a spell ago, and I got her for the butt-end of a ten-dollar bill."

Peter stopped hammering now, and looked at the man in a way that perhaps made him ashamed of himself, for he added, confusedly, "I give more'n the danged thing was wuth, any how; she's poor as a black-snake, and I'll give any man a dollar that'll give me my money back."

"There it is," said Peter, pulling a ten-dollar note from his fob; "just turn her into my meadow, among the other cattle."

"Wish you much joy of your bargain," said the butcher, and he tried to carry it off with a laugh, but it could not be made to go. Peter

had the best of it, and there was nothing to do but, crest-fallen as he was, to turn the heifer into the meadow, pocket the money, and get himself out of sight.

Peter was considered sharp at a bargain, as has been before hinted, and it was thought that he had been unusually sharp now, and nothing more was thought about it. But after supper that evening Peter put on his hat and coat and walked straight up to the Widow Holden's in full sight of every body. He found her with her knitting-work at her door.

"I bought your heifer back to-day," he said; "that skinfint of a butcher got her for half price; I got her of him for the same, and here is the other ten dollars."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the widow, offering back the money, for he had tossed it in her lap. "I would have got more of the butcher if I could, but I was hard pressed, and took what I could get, and you may be sure he beat me down to the last cent, but this isn't fair—no, no!"

"Yes, but it is fair; I'm buying her of you, don't you see? I wouldn't give him the ten dollars, but I really *owe* it to you, and you must either take it or take back the heifer."

The widow had her mind pretty well confused by the presentation of the case, but she could not quite understand how Peter should owe her ten dollars at all. "I sold her for ten, and you bought her for ten, then how comes it that you owe me?"

"Why, just this way, Mrs. Holden—you have somehow got things confused, but it's a very simple matter—you see I just give back the butcher his ten dollars, and then I come and buy the heifer of you, and it's the same as if I had bought her in the first place, and paid you twenty dollars for her, which is about the fair price."

"Oh, I see! I see!" says the widow, satisfied at last, and a little ashamed of her dullness; "it's just about a fair price, as you say, but I would have taken five dollars less from you than from the butcher. Poor Lizzy has been crying all day about it. I must go and tell her that she is in your meadow, after all; it will make her heart light, I can tell you."

"Then there will be *two* light," said Peter; and he went away feeling that he had never invested twenty dollars so advantageously in his life.

When Elizabeth Holden saw her heifer fattening in the clover-field, the strap off her nose, and the weight dragging no more at her leg, she was filled with gratitude, and pondered in her heart again and again as to what good thing she could do for Peter Curtis to satisfy the demand of her conscience. Providence made the way for her before long; for what in ordinary circumstances could she, the poor despised girl, have done for the honorable rich man?

The cholera broke out, sweeping before it high and low, rich and poor alike. People were so frightened, and made so selfish by their

fright, that nurses could not be found for the sick, and Peter Curtis with the rest was brought down to death's door, and being there, deserted by his servants, and left to die in his fine house alone. From the first Mrs. Holden and her daughter were the bravest, most energetic, and useful of the workers; day and night they were busy, going from house to house, like two Sisters of Charity, and remaining where they were most needed. It was midnight when, happening to pass by Peter's house, they were attracted by the open doors, and so went in, and if they had not gone in Peter would never have seen the light of the coming morning. We say so, humanly speaking; but how shall we know that they could have done otherwise than go in? Perhaps every turn in the path of their lives had been coming, and coming right to those open doors! At any rate, thither they came, and there they went in. They made lights, and found Peter first of all, and then they made fires, and brought to bear all the knowledge and skill they had; but perhaps what made their work most effective was the love that was in their labor.

We say this again after the manner of our human speech; but who shall say it was not destiny straightening out the tangled ends of things and joining them together?

It was a good many days before Elizabeth thought of the Turkey carpet she had been so desirous to see; and weeks passed before, slipping off her shoes, she ventured to set her foot upon the roses. But she did at last, and here are some of the events leading that way:

"I think now you can manage to get along without us, Mr. Curtis," the Widow Holden had said, approaching Peter as he sat in the sunset light, propped up in his easy-chair.

"I should like to know how," says Peter, almost angrily, and looking like a man woe-fully wronged.

"Why, you can walk alone, and there's plenty of nurses to be hired, since the danger is over."

"But what if I don't happen to want their services? Nobody would come near me but you in the time of my great need, and it seems you wish to desert me the first moment possible."

"By no means, Mr. Curtis; but you see there are so many who need us just now; there are sick and dying in almost every house; and folks are mostly so frightened they can't do any good if they do try."

"Oh, it isn't worth your while to explain so much! I don't like excuses nohow. When one is driven to that, why—" He broke off suddenly, and then he turned his face aside and looked at the sunset, and doubtless tried to pretend to himself that he was really enjoying the gloriously contrasted colors. It is usually hard, however, to deceive one's self in this way, and Peter found the task no less difficult than others had found it before him. In fact, the irritation seemed to increase with suppression; and at last he burst out with, "Of course you will use

your own pleasure, Mrs. Holden. I can't keep you by main force, and don't wish to if I could."

"Then I reckon we will get off by to-morrow, any way," says the widow, taking no notice of the angry tone.

"But where is Elizabeth?" he went on. "I have not seen her all day—perhaps she has already gone?"

"Well, yes, Mr. Curtis, she did go to a sick neighbor's this morning; but she'll be back for her aprons and things in the course of the evening, I suppose, if you would like to see her."

"Gone! and for good, Mrs. Holden? Well, that's a pretty story, I must say!" And in his anger he got half out of his chair and attempted to walk; but, as is well known, the attempt and not the deed confounds us. He lost balance, came down, and for his life could not recover his position.

"Goodness gracious!" cries Mrs. Holden, lifting up her hands, but adding almost immediately, "Bless m' soul! that's Liz's step now along the gravel path. Here, Lizzy, this way."

Elizabeth came hurrying forward, smiling with good-nature, her bonnet in one hand and a bunch of wild flowers she had gathered by the way in the other.

"You see Mr. Curtis has been trying to be too smart," says the widow, by way of explanation and apology, for the situation was an awkward one for the gentleman. He felt it to be so, and for very shame and vexation hid his face out of sight, and would not suffer the woman to touch him.

As soon as he could command his emotion he said, "Why didn't you tell it all when you were about it, Mrs. Holden?"

"There wasn't any thing to tell that I know of," she answered, with a sly nod at her daughter; "only you tried to walk and couldn't."

Whatever Peter had at first intended to say he concluded not to say, upon second thoughts, but said instead, following the widow's leading, "I couldn't walk, that is true, but I can get back to my chair without help when I choose."

"Of course you can," says Elizabeth. "I knew it all the time. There, mother, please put my flowers in a tumbler of water; they are withering already."

She perceived that something had gone wrong between Peter and her mother, and she took this little woman's device to get her out of the way. It was quite dusky in the room now, and Peter felt a little less shamefaced; and it helped along not a little too that Elizabeth had fallen in with his boast, and asserted that she all the time knew he required none of their assistance. She told where she had found her beautiful flowers, and asked him if he knew about them; told him what a wonderful bird she had seen in the hedgerow, described its song and its plumage, and asked him to tell her what sort of bird it was, where it built its nest, when it came and when it went, and all about it, just as if she believed that Peter could enlighten her upon any subject under

the sun, if he were only a mind to do so; and all the while she kept herself busy about the room, with her face away, so that he might get himself back into his chair, if it were possible, without the embarrassment of observation.

She was aware of his repeated efforts and failures, but she suffered not her eyes to be diverted from her pretense of work. She put the books to rights, and then put them back wrong, that she might right them again; and once she sidled out of the room, and remained away three long minutes, and sidled in again; but she was quite sure that Peter, for all his tugging, was still flat on the ground.

She told him all the news—who was dead, and who was sick, and who was better. And here she took occasion to remark that the great strong Mr. Lyon had to be lifted just like a child. "It's beautiful," she says, "to see how he allows his wife to manage for him!" She was careful not to say, suffers his wife to manage him, and to say, allows her to manage for him. "He can't even feed himself," she went on, "so helpless is he; and yet he doesn't appear a whit the less manly—and you know he was always a manly fellow!" And now at last she did venture to turn her timid eyes toward him. "What! not up yet?" she said, affecting a sweet little surprise. "Then you must not have all this air blowing upon you—that is, if you prefer to wait longer." And she hastened to close the windows and shut out the last of the sunset light.

"Oh, Elizabeth!" cries Peter, his pride broken down at last, and his voice all of a tremble. "I can't get up! Do, please, come and help me!"

"Oh, but you can," she answers, half coaxing and half reproving. She had hastened to him, and was bending over him as she said it. "I know you can manage it. Why, man, you are pretending for the sake of making me help you, and I sha'n't do it! There, now; just put this arm over my shoulder; now my hand under the other arm. Ah! I knew you could. All right? Pillow easy?"

No, the pillow was not easy, and it required a good while for Elizabeth to make it so; and his arm having once been on the shoulder, Peter found that it rested there better than any where else. Once in his chair, however, he ignored the fact of how he came there. And when Elizabeth had said, "I knew you could do it," he had taken it for a verity, and answered, "I hardly thought I could, but I have, really!"

"I did, to be sure. And, by-the-way, mother was saying to-day you could do well enough without us, and I am almost of her mind now."

No, no; Peter was not so well as that; and he hoped she would not worry him by speaking of leaving for a week to come.

Then Elizabeth promised, saying she would be sorry to worry him, but he must surely say when he was ready for them to go. "We don't want to wear out our welcome, you know."

"Lord!" says Peter, "as if—" He broke off suddenly; and Elizabeth, with a queer little flutter of heart, went away to make the lights and fetch the toast and tea.

A week went by, and the sick man could not only get in and out of his chair, but could go from room to room.

"I think you will not be worried now if I speak," says Elizabeth, "and mother says we really must go."

"Does she, though? Why?"

"Oh, well, because—we must go—that's all."

Then some faint perception of the truth began to dawn upon Peter's mind. "Folks are talking, I suppose—is that it, Elizabeth?"

He had called her Elizabeth always, but somehow the name had a new sound, as if he had translated it into another language.

Her eyes fell, and her heart came up and stifled her utterance.

"Heavens! I never thought of the gossips. Truth is, I was too happy to think of any thing; but, since it is so, suppose, Elizabeth, we give them something to talk about?" And that was the way Peter Curtis made his proposal. How it was seconded need not be told; enough to say that in the end it was accepted, and that when Elizabeth Holden had once set foot upon the roses of the Turkey carpet, as Mrs. Peter Curtis, she was never again spoken of as old Lizzy, not as long as she lived.

Perhaps I am just a little too fast—indeed I think I am; and that something very like this happened when the news broke out and ran like wild-fire through the neighborhood: Heads were tossed high, and all Elizabeth's history, and the poverty of her mother, the hard straits they had been put to—every thing had a thorough airing; and Mrs. Deacon Hardhail declared, for one, that she would never associate with the new wife on terms of equality, though she should go dressed in brocades an inch thick. But it was some time before she had a chance. The happy pair went to Europe—a great circumstance in that time and place—took the mother with them, and did not come home for a year. When they did so, and opening their house sent out their modest cards, saying that Mr. and Mrs. Peter Curtis would, upon a day specified, be very glad to see their old friends and neighbors, Mrs. Deacon Hardhail put on her best, to be sure, and was the first visitor to mount the arched portico and thump at the bright brass knocker. Mrs. Curtis received her friends with such unostentatious and cordial hospitality that the stubbornest of all had not the heart to hold out against her—for the frost must melt in the sunshine, be it ever so frosty. She was just her old self, the women said of her, and if she had worn the old changeable silk they would never have known that she was not still Elizabeth Holden. She did not offend her neighbors by a display of stylish novelties in dress, but appeared in a plain brown silk, with no ornaments but the blue ribbon at her throat and the blue flower peeping from

among the bright braids of her hair. And yet so graceful and becoming was the costume that it was all at once discovered that she was really a pretty woman—this discovery being made about the time she sat at the head of her elegant table, graciously distributing of her bounty. It also came to be understood, upon the same occasion, that Mrs. Holden—no one called her Widow Holden now—was a most delightful person, and really so very good! She had always been a good woman, certainly; and it could not have been the gown of black silk, the neat kerchief, and the lilac flower in the lace cap that made her delightful and good—not at all! and yet the facts had not hitherto come to general knowledge.

And as for Peter Curtis, he was altogether a changed man; need we say changed for the better? Doubtless he had always been better than he seemed; it was the rough exterior that misled, and that, as will be readily understood, could be smoothed down by the hand that was cunning enough to make him believe that he raised himself, even while it lifted him by main strength.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil," was the text of the preacher when they appeared at church, and all the people said, Amen.

THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Part Twelfth.

I.

WHEN the young minister mounted his horse next morning, after an early breakfast, at his uncle's gate, he thought, as he rode off, that he had never seen so lovely a morning in all his life. An unusual light rested, to him, on the face of the world; there was a luxury in existence itself. Perhaps it was because he had risen so early; for the whole after-day is as in Eden to the man that rises with Adam and Eve before six. Perhaps it was because he had slept so soundly the night before. When he first lay down he had begun to think. He had arrested himself in the very outset of this, however. "You know perfectly well," he said to himself, "that if you begin to think you will continue to do so all night, rise in the morning worsed by it, and arrive at no result whatever by all your thinking." So, with grim determination, he had collared and carried himself to sleep forthwith.

Perhaps he owed something of the brightness of the morning, as he rode, to the quiet and pleasant conclusion of his mistake in regard to Miss Louisiana. The pain, and wondering how, and worryment that mistake had been to him! And all of it over now; and so naturally and pleasantly over, too! "Yes," he repeated to himself, "henceforth I will try day by day to do simply the duty the day actually brings with it, and let the morrow take care for the things of itself." One might as well be striking with hatchet and hammer at a star in the sky, at-

tempting to shape and tinker it, as to sweat and toil so in regard to the future. The star is not more completely beyond one's present reach than is the future, save as it is influenced by the manly doing to-day of to-day's duty. And it is wonderful how little of the low, dull pain of yesterday remains under the clear shining of the morning's sun.

As he rides he thinks of his old love; he sees her over again in every light in which he ever saw her before; he recognizes and does full justice to all that is beautiful in her; admires her as he would have done an exquisite wax-work in a glass-case and across a railing.

Perhaps his buoyancy of feeling this morning is the rapid growth, too, during the last few hours, of a hope sown long ago in his soul. He assumes, he revels in it as a certainty, he fairly exults as in an absolute confidence. Of Burleson he has no fear. He knows, and Burleson knows, that in some way the young minister, brimful of defect though he be, has passed the young lawyer in the journey of life, has reached a higher level. The young lawyer knows it, with a sense of defiant indifference. The young minister unconsciously acknowledges it to himself, but only with humility and sense of wondering gratitude to the Power which has done it in him.

But he breaks suddenly away from all such vague meditations. He has a feeling of fresh purpose, new resolve, in his bosom this morning. He will enter on a system of regular pastoral visiting among his charge—will explore his field to its utmost limits, leave not a cabin unvisited, not an individual unapproached. And the children, too; he must establish a Sabbath-school before service every morning. As to the youth, can he not manage to collect them at some point one night in the week for a Bible class? And there are the negroes. He must become a regular missionary among them; preach on one of the farms in his charge every night in the week till he has gone the whole rounds. It is an admirable idea! He will lay it before the masters and mistresses next Sunday morning after sermon. No; he will preach a sermon on the subject, and then present his plan. A sermon? By-the-by, he ought to be preaching a regular series of elaborate sermons to his people. What shall the course be? The doctrines in their order? The prophecies? A good idea; he will enter upon it immediately! There are the Meggar boys, too, so wonderfully changed for the better since the funeral; he will spend a day or so with them this next week. Even Zed and Toad are possibilities with—God! And how will it do, he asks himself, after a while, to write a book in the intervals of occupation? Not that he has any idea, just at this moment, what the book is to be about; all that he desires is to be, like Mr. Long, hard at work all the time. He has a new sense of exuberant power within him this morning—something has smitten open in him a new fountain of purpose. "God hath not given

us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind." What a text for a sermon! He will write it down while it occurs to him; and he draws his memorandum-book out of his breast-pocket, and with it an unopened letter.

"Well, I declare!" he says to himself; "the letter I took out of the Hoppleton office yesterday, just before I stepped into Burleson's office! Never thought of it once since!" And so he checks Mike into a walk; opens and reads it. It is dated from the city he had once visited. Why, who? Why, what? He reads the letter hurriedly over once, thrusts it, all crumpled, back into his pocket, gives a hurrah, after glancing around to see, being a clergyman, that no one is in hearing, presses his heels against his horse's flanks, and goes off into what Mr. Long would have styled a "lope" for a mile or two. He is only endeavoring to keep up with the beating of his heart. But he reins Mike up at last, ashamed of himself. "If I am so much carried away by a joy," he reasons with himself, "I would be equally by a sorrow." So he reads the letter gravely over again, from the "Rev. and Dear Sir" to the "Yours, most respectfully"—in a very large hand too—"Alexander Jones."

Mr. Langdon's white-headed, ruddy-faced clerk! And it is all about Mr. Langdon's clerk's church enterprise there in the city. Of course! Mr. Wall is back again in the upper room of the engine-house, as he was that Sabbath morning months ago. He remembers how he got there that morning with Mr. Jones first of all. *Not* first of all; he remembers there was quite a group of persons waiting at the door for Mr. Jones with the key when they arrived. He recollects how rapidly the room filled with young men and young ladies, with a certain fresh, happy energy in their faces. These were the Sabbath-school teachers; and how the room swarmed with their pupils! A few of them evidently old hands at Sunday-school, from their sitting so near the desk, and looking so continually around on the others with a glad expression in their eyes, as of nutting or grape gathering; and the other children—the extra composure of some proving as conclusively as the extra timidity of the others how entirely unused they were to the inside of such an institution—the very incomplete toilet of many confirming the same. And the cheerful alacrity of the teachers, and the warm friendship so evidently existing among them in their common work; good Mr. Jones, with his white hair and ruddy face all aglow, rubbing his hands as he contemplated the scene; a smile on his face as he, being superintendent, is consulted by a teacher, or a lingering of his hand about the shoulder and head of some new scholar just introduced. Mr. Wall remembers, too, the children peeping in at the door of the room, whom no inducements could draw fairly in; and how, at last, Mr. Jones leaves the room with another friend near his own weight, goes

down the other staircase, gets beyond and behind the crowd of street children, and then, abreast with his friend, walks slowly and resolutely up the stairway again with kindly word and motion, bearing the entire crowd before them and fairly into the room—not a lamb left unfolded.

And the appearance of the congregation as it assembled an hour or two later for worship—he remembers it perfectly. He can easily tell the leaders of the enterprise by their sitting so near the desk, and by their furtive glancing around to see what kind of attendance it was to be this morning; and by their aspect of entire satisfaction, too, when the room was actually crowded, even crammed. It was owing to Mr. Jones—that. Outside the door, with his beaming face and ready hand to show all comers in. Long after he knew certainly there was no seat to be had, he still waved the timid loiterers on the landing without to come in, come in! It was the entire race he was welcoming in to the Gospel.

And the singing too! All seemed to sing the sweetness and meaning of every syllable. And the prayers! He had never prayed with such quiet fervor before; the warm-hearted Christians were so near to him all around the little desk he could almost touch them with his extended hand, and he had such a certainty their hearts were beating with his in every sentiment and word. His text—he took it with such a sense of pleasure before him; told them all its meaning in such a quiet, common-sense, social manner. It was not like being high up in the grand pulpit of the other church—the congregation large and out of arm's-length before him. It was only as in a parlor full of personal friends.

The enterprise has flourished beyond all their expectation. Sabbath-school overflowing; prayer-meeting thronged; public services crowded. Would Mr. Wall cast in his lot with them as their pastor? And they had bought a suitable lot, too, for a church; and they had almost raised the money to build it. And what the gentlemen had done, and what the ladies had done, what the wonderful children were doing—it was a very long letter. It was not in the least an official document, so far as wording was concerned. Mr. Jones had written it with more pleasure than if it had been a letter to a lady he expected to marry—only there was no such lady in his case now—*she* had died before Mr. Jones's hair had whitened.

Accept it? "It is our unanimous wish—our very ardent desire. God has caused us all to set our hearts on *you* to lead us in carrying out our noble enterprise," said Mr. Jones in his letter, and a page more to the same effect. "All of us engaged in the enterprise are young like yourself," wrote white-haired Mr. Jones, "and we have a new field, a rapidly growing part of the city;" and Mr. Jones indulged in statistics in proof, but which were entirely unnecessary. Accept the invitation? The tears re-

the young minister's eyes as he thanked God with all his soul for the opportunity of accepting! Alas for the Likens neighborhood! It dwindled into nothing before the great city with its wharves and warehouses, and thronging crowds and roaring energy. Work in the service of his Master—ample, unbounded work! He exulted in the opportunity. Mr. Jones had said something about the salary—about its prospective increase. The young minister had skipped over both as altogether irrelevant while he read.

Accept it? Yes, most gladly!

And from the first opening of the letter one thought ran along with all his thoughts—a golden thread from end to end of the web—an essential part and portion of it all—John!

When Mr. Wall at last finds himself, and to his astonishment, at Mrs. General Likens's gate, he alights with a resolve to keep perfectly silent and quiet on this last subject for one whole week. It is all a form, he well knows. And Burleson knew it too from the instant his friend proposed it. "I am pledged to it," reasoned Mr. Wall to himself, as he tied his horse; "and I am glad of it. I am too emotional altogether. It will be an admirable practice for me in calmness and silence. Ah, yes, that is the idea! to write an elaborate and intensely logical discourse or two upon the best texts I can find; let off all excess in that way. Besides, I have yet to pray for Divine direction in the matter." The thought came rather late. "And my uncle?"

It is strange that he had not glanced once over his shoulder during the day to see if Burleson was not traveling the same road. He had not thought to do it once. And yet why should he? When a thing is an inevitable thing, a matter-of-course thing—manifestly, undeniably so—people concerned about it unanimously admit it at last, whether they wish to do so or not.

II.

"You were out very late last night again, Edward," his mother had remarked to young Burleson at breakfast one morning before the week of truce had expired. "Where could you have been? Not at Colonel Mills's?"

"Yes, Madam, at Colonel Mills's," replied her son, indifferently.

"Take care, Edward. People will say next you are addressing her," said his mother.

"Let them say it, Madam. So I am," is the cool reply. "My coffee, if you please."

"Why, Edward!" exclaims Mrs. Burleson, with coffee-pot held in suspense. "You don't mean really to say—"

"There is no use of any mystery about it. It isn't worth it," said the son, in a leisurely way. "Miss Loo and myself are engaged to be married. It happened two nights ago."

"Happened?"

"Yes, Madam, happened; and, by-the-by, I wish you would tell my father about it. I hate to do so myself." Practical Mr. Burleson had

breakfasted and gone to his bank an hour before.

Yes, happened is precisely the word. On the night in question, while lounging in Colonel Mills's parlor, the young lawyer, with a kind of gentlemanly nonchalance, had assumed that he and Miss Loo were to be married. It came up quite incidentally in the course of an exceedingly desultory conversation.

"Law me, Mr. Burleson!" Miss Louisiana had exclaimed, with unbounded merriment; and afterward, "Oh lawdy, the idea!" What beautiful lips and teeth!

When Hoppleton knew that the young lawyer and Miss Loo were actually engaged—which it did several weeks before it was really so—Hoppleton had said, "Oh, of course; every body knew that long ago." Yes, it was inevitable; the matter-of-course result of their living together in the same village; quite in the natural order of events. There had been no special care or effort toward the result on either side. They had simply drifted together on the current of life—the two bubbles. It was the young lawyer's own illustration.

"And do let us have it all over, if you please, as soon as possible," he had remarked, in a somewhat wearied manner, as he parted from Miss Loo last night.

As the successful lover sat smoking a final cigar over the matter the same evening in his office, before retiring to bed, the interview between himself and the young minister rose vividly before him. "There is that man," he said to himself, "has entered on his life's work with a will. How contented, happy, exultant he is in it! Growing stronger and heartier and more efficient for every blow he strikes—even for every blow he receives. If I only could be satisfied now that the whole theory of Christianity is false—but to save my life I can't! Engaged wholly and directly in God's work (I do wonder, by-the-by, whether there actually is such a Person, such an Individual as—God!) is the way *he* reasons. Yes. Spending his time and energies in benefiting all men within his influence; making them better and happier here; accomplishing their rescue from eternal wickedness and misery hereafter; effecting their entrance on an eternity of purity, and consequent bliss. Doing this, too, according to a God-appointed method of work—a method successful in the case of millions now in heaven, successful in his own experience in the business so far. What a magnificent occupation for a man! What an infinite reward such a man's business is to himself, even here in this world—and heaven afterward! Happy? I don't blame you! A small salary? All sorts of hardships in it? If I only could actually be such a man, in such a business!" And he gave force to his feelings by an oath aloud.

"Yes; he and John to walk together through life!" he continued to himself. "They in their path; I and Loo—I mean Loo and I—in ours! Is it absolutely impossible? Suppose I make

an effort to teach Loo something above eating and dressing? In making a desperate effort of the kind for her I might save myself. Oh, hang it, no! What a fool you are to dream such a thing! She weighs fifty pounds too much for that. Getting to be her father and mother over again! Well, Loo, we will have an easy time of it till we die, any how. When we reach the other world we'll take our chances—that is all! Dare say it'll all be right!"

"But, Edward," his mother remarks at that breakfast-table, "there was John—I thought—" anxiously too.

"She was going to marry me?" asked her son. "Not exactly. She and Wall are to marry, I believe." And the young lawyer swallowed, as he spoke, the contents of his cup—and a good deal more besides. The keen black eyes of the mother saw it all.

"What a pair of fools!" she says, indignantly.

"In what sense?" asks her son.

"Both poor—not a cent in the world," says his mother, who feels relieved too, as somewhat avenged thereby.

"I beg your pardon," says her son, coolly. "Old General Likens and his wife have willed John all their property. No one else in the world to leave it to—because she was born under their roof—because they took a fancy to her—I hardly know why. I made out the will for them myself before the old General died. I do believe," said the young lawyer, leaning back in his chair as the thought struck him, "they hoped, intended she should marry me. So swell said property. Queer idea! I had a passing notion of it from their manner at the time I wrote the will. Singular notion! And Wall. One would have supposed they would have wanted *them* to marry. But no. The old lady is violently opposed to it. Singular how people—good, pious people—value property as they grow old. Not for themselves—for their young people. So we go!"

"Your friend is a sharper individual than I had supposed," began the mother, quite sarcastic, from love to her son.

"You are altogether mistaken," interrupted the son. "Wall is as perfectly ignorant of it as Bug out there in the yard. The heiress herself is as much so. No, Madam. Old people, like the General and his wife, hold on to every cent of their property to the last instant of their life, whoever is to have it after that—never hint any thing to diminish their full hold upon it. No; they love each other, John and Wall, without a thought of the future—a pair of green goslings—and see how Providence provides for such goslings! I declare, I do believe Heaven actually *does* care and contrive for just such people!"

If such people could only have a fixed faith to that effect themselves! Poor Mr. Merkes!

III.

And so the week of truce rolled away. One day of it the young minister devoted to answer-

ing Mr. Jones's letter. No poem ever written with more hearty good-will. The same afternoon the text is selected. One which he has not specially observed before, and of the full meaning of which he is ignorant, is selected as requiring that much more thought. And, hard at it, with concordance and examination of parallel passages, he goes early next morning. It requires considerable effort.

All the family below are, meanwhile, alarmed for the mistress of the household. While the minister toils in his chamber, which is also his study, they anxiously watch Mrs. General Likens. Even Anaky the cook has long since ceased to provoke her old mistress; and it is hard to do, for such has been Anaky's course of life for thirty years. It worries Mrs. General Likens to have the servants so unusually active and obedient; it gives her that much the less to do. As to John, she had, very quietly, intimidated her willingness to close her school for a while in order to be at home with her.

"But what *for*, child?" asked Mrs. General Likens, promptly—sharply, even. "You don't think I'm sick, I hope? I'm strong enough—raised on a farm, you see. As to the General, I was expectin' it. No, child, you go to your school; don't you mind me. But there's one thing I *must* tell you, child," she adds, after quite a silence. "I've wanted to do it for months—have started to do it a dozen times, but it was *too* awful. We are alone now," adds the old lady, lowering her voice and rising to see that the door of their chamber is shut, for it is as they are about lying down at night. "I shudder to tell even you. It never happened to the General, in full at least, till after that awful night Uncle Simeon raved—you remember it—about blood and burnin'. It wouldn't then, only the General's understanding had grown weak like in that matter before. I know you won't breathe it to a soul. It would kill me dead if I thought people dreamed of a syllable of it. It would blacken the General's name forever, because people couldn't understand he was out o' his head when he thought it, as I could. It was part of the disease that killed him—he was so perfectly sensible 'cept in that. An' it act'ly reconciled me to his death some, I'd all the time such a deathly terror he might let it out; you see it was *growin'* on him. He thought slavery—the ownin' our own black ones—was a wrong thing, almost a sin!" added Mrs. General Likens, her lips to John's ear, and in accents of horror. "It's weighed on my mind dreadful! He was *crazy*, an' couldn't help it, you know."

As they endeavored to compose themselves to sleep, exhausted by this fearful revelation, Mrs. General Likens added, "I'm afraid you won't be able to sleep a wink to-night thinkin' of it, but I *had* to tell you. He was deranged, you know—not responsible like; an' it nigh drove me crazy, too, to think of it. But try an' go to sleep if you can. I feel very tired to-night."

And so John would, day after day, very reluctantly draw on her deep sun-bonnet, and take her way to school along the well-known path through the woods. There were sorrowful thoughts as she passed along. There were trickling tears within the sun-bonnet too, as John thought of the mistress of the household, so emaciated yet restless—so desolate yet defiant. And her own future, also. But the shadowy cloud soon broke, and the tears speedily rolled away before the shining of a young and happy heart. The philosophy of it is so simple: God—the all-powerful, the ever-present, the infinitely-loving One—this Person smiles upon me, reconciled to Him in His Son, now and forever. Clouds will float between—misty nothings—but He smiles upon me for ever and ever. How can one's heart but reflect such shining? Not that she reasoned on the subject—thought definitely upon it. If asked, she could not have defined matters, perhaps. Unasked, she simply enjoyed herself as the birds do the sunshine—enjoyed herself all the more for taking all things as bright matter of course.

And so the days passed away; and Mrs. General Likens is passing away with them. Only chains, however, would have kept her in bed after daybreak. But she came to sit down oftener and longer at a time than before. At last she can not leave her chair but for brief intervals, so old she seems—so very old. And the week of truce has gone long ago. John's vacation has come, and she stays in the house with Mrs. General Likens now all the time. The days pass by, and no one is surprised—not even the youngest negro on the place—that midnight hour, when they crowd into the room and see their mistress die—die in her sleep, unconscious of the loud weeping of her servants, unconscious of the prayer of the young minister, who kneels by her bed commending her departing soul to God.

"Ah, yes, you needn't say a word about it," she had remarked the very afternoon before, as she sat propped up in her arm-chair, to John and Mr. Wall. "I said long ago to you, child, don't you never marry a minister. But, bless you, I knew it was no use at the very time. It was my seein' Mr. Merkes so much—troubles he an' his wife had. But what is it all at last? James is there; Uncle Simeon, he is there; Mrs. Merkes, she's got there; General, he is there. I'll be there soon. An' you two'll follow. What does it matter, the little while one's got to be in this world? Bein' a Christian, bein' ready to go—that's the only thing to care for. An' my poetry, too; astonishin' how people gets wrapped up in such little things of this world! You've been a great help to me, children. The General he fixed up matters before he died. Never had much to say, the General, but he was a sensible man. You are welcome to each other; it's the Lord's doin'."

And a smile passed over her face, the first since the General's death, as her young pastor, holding John's hand in his all this time, now

passes his arm around John's waist, draws her gently to his side, and presses a kiss upon her cheek. And, smiling through her tears, John certainly never did look, in all her life before, quite so beautiful as then.

"Not the first, I reckon; an' mighty far from bein' the last," says Mrs. General Likens, smiling her approval. "You know I was a girl onst; led the General a dance of it, I tell you. Yes, a real torn-down piece I was! An' time was, only a little ago, I could have made a mighty pretty quire or so of poetry upon you two—rhyme, not blank verse either. And, I don't *know* it, mind, but I wouldn't be surprised if I make poetry in heaven—so many to read it to there—perhaps for ever an' ever! But never mind about that. Mr. Wall here ain't his uncle, child. Never can get to be such a man. Mighty imperfect. A thousan' things will be comin' up in him every day for you to correct, child. Mind you do your duty by him. The men need us, dreadful. Paul—they tell me he was a widower," Mrs. General Likens adds, after quite a silence, and more feebly. "But I suppose Timothy he had a wife. An' Peter we know had; always in somethin' he was; time of it she must have had! Good wife's mighty necessary for a minister. An' *some* money, if possible! If you don't do well havin' John here along, Mr. Wall, I'm mistaken! Don't you ever tell a soul, child, that I told you about the General an' his queer notions about the black ones; it would ruin him here forever. Only part of his last sickness that was. But," adds Mrs. General Likens, very wearily indeed, "I'm a little tired of talkin' to-night. Yes, the General he fixed up things. Tell you more about it all to-morrow."

THE END.

THE JANISSARIES.

AT the very beginning of the Ottoman power the organizing influence of Arabian civilization commenced to tell upon the habits of the wild Tartars who founded the new empire. And in the reign of Orkhan, his brother and Vezir, Ala-ed-din, was the type of this Arabian civilization in organizing, as Orkhan himself was the type of that fierce Tartar spirit which gave life to the material thus organized, and enabled it to become the terror of the world in those dark ages.

Hitherto the whole nation had been a nation of warriors, moving on great campaigns with all their worldly goods in their train, and encumbered by their women and children, while almost their sole means of existence was war. As they became assimilated, however, to the Seljuks among whom they lived, their women and children began to be left in villages and cities when the men went forth to fight. This establishment of a local habitation soon affected the number of men available for campaigns. A large army would be collected for conquest; but a few days of fruitless march, a lack of

spoil as the result of battle, or a single defeat, would scatter these wild cavaliers much more rapidly than they could be brought together again from their comfortable quarters at home.

To meet such difficulties, which threatened to prevent all conquest, a force of regularly-paid troops was organized under Orkhan. These troops, principally infantry, formed a nucleus for any expedition, and, being on foot, could not run away with that facility which the mounted Ekindjis were wont to display when disappointed. But after a time these infantrymen became intolerable from their arrogance and insubordination. Without regular drill, they were beyond the control of their officers. Living among their own people, they were encouraged to refuse entering upon campaigns which promised only hard knocks, their friends siding with them against their king. Thus Orkhan often found his hands tied by their rebellions, to quell which he dared not use extreme measures.

Under these circumstances the proposition of one Kara Halil (the name means Black Friend) was promptly adopted by Orkhan. A corps of troops might be built up which would be devoted to their sovereign, because he was their foster-father; who would be devoted to their religion, because instructed from earliest childhood in the tenets of Mohammed; and who would be separated from the people, because they were not of the people.

These new troops were to be composed of the children of Christian parents, torn at a tender age from the homes and surroundings of their childhood. And thus cut off from all social connections they would have but one object in life, to fight well, that falling in battle they might well merit the paradise of Mohammed with its soft repose.

Orkhan lived to see the first battalion of these new troops put into the field—a thousand picked men and trained soldiers.

Near Amasia, in Asia Minor, there lived an old man of proverbial sanctity, whose followers had instructed the young soldiers through the years of their novitiate in the mysteries of the Mohammedan religion. To this holy man—Haji Bektash by name—Orkhan led the new battalion, for his blessing and for a name. The gray-bearded old sheikh, placing his hand upon the head of one of the tall striplings, said: "Let their name be *Yeni Tcheri*" (new troops—the Turkish word *Yeni Tcheri* having been corrupted by Europeans into Janissary). "Let their countenance shine among their fellows; let their arm be triumphant; their sword keen-edged; their spears steel; and let them ever return victorious!" And with this blessing the Janissaries commenced their career of brilliant victory, of rapine, and of blood.

Such was the veneration felt by the Janissaries for Haji Bektash, whom they regarded as their spiritual leader, that the scene of the blessing at Amasia was commemorated in their dress, by a fold of white woolen material which

fell from the back part of the head-dress, thus representing the position of the flowing sleeve of the old man as he laid his hand upon the head of the young soldier.

The organization thus commenced by Orkhan was perfected by his successor, Murad I. Orkhan ordered a thousand children a year to be taken as recruits; but in the midst of the conquests of Murad, while captives were so plenty that a good slave might be bought for a drink of "boza,"* a pious Moslem, of a speculative tendency I am afraid, reminded the Sultan that the law setting aside one-fifth of the spoils for the king extended to persons as well as things, and that the Janissaries might be rapidly recruited by the assertion of this prerogative.

Murad at once gave orders to that effect, thus accomplishing the double result of enlarging the army and of enhancing the value of slaves.

This fifth was composed of the choicest children captured in war from the Christians, selection being made of those from seven to fourteen years of age. When first taken the children were divided into bands, and were called "*Adjem Oghlans*."† They were taught to read, carefully instructed in the Koran; and it seems probable that they were all initiated, as they could comprehend them, into the peculiar tenets of the Bektashee dervishes, so that the mysticism of that order exercised a powerful influence upon the organization, and unquestionably contributed to that remarkable *esprit du corps* which held the force together under all vicissitudes of circumstance.

Whatever may have been the precise extent of the bond subsisting between these dervishes and the Janissaries, it was of such a nature that the extinction of the one was necessarily accompanied by the prohibition of the other. And it is a curious fact that where Bektashee monasteries still exist in Turkey the officers of these monasteries are called by the same outlandish titles as were used to designate the regiments of Janissaries; and a band of these dervishes constantly accompanied the troops as a part of the organization—their duties being to make prayer for victory during battle. The Bektashee costume of one of these "chaplains" is still preserved in the Hall of the Janissaries at Constantinople.

For seven or eight years the *Adjem Oghlans* continued as novices under religious teachers. They were exercised in the use of arms while undergoing a most severe muscular discipline, and experiencing every hardship calculated to perfect the captive boys into sturdy, enduring men. When they had thus grown up into man's estate, full of devotion to the order, to their religion, and to their king, they were promoted into regiments in active service. A few of the finest-looking among them were detained

* Boza—a mild fermented drink much in use among the Slav races of European Turkey.

† *Adjem Oghlans*—children of foreign birth.

at the palace as body-guard or as pages. As all the boys, however, had been selected from multitudes of captives, the Janissaries were the finest men in the land for physique and personal appearance.

This was the means, then, by which the best blood of Christian nations was drawn from their veins to be turned to the destruction of those from whom it was derived; and so perfect was the working of the plan that Ottoman historians are loud in their praises of Orkhan for his wisdom in devising it. And while narrating the brilliant successes of the Janissaries, they speak as if these were merely incidental accompaniments of the benevolent measure whereby, says one, "no less than 300,000 *giaours* were brought from the very gates of perdition safely within the portals of paradise!" The plan, however, was not altogether original with either Orkhan or his advisers; for they had doubtless heard of those bold Christian knights of St. John who fired military ardor by religious zeal, being a religious sect in themselves. They had known, too, of the example of the caliphs, who brought slaves from the distant wilds of Turkestan, to be formed into a distinct corps as body-guard to the royal person. And, indeed, the custom of having for body-guard and personal attendants slaves taken in war seems to have been a usage of most ancient sanction. Thus we read in the book of the prophet Daniel that Nebuchadnezzar ordered to be chosen from the Hebrew captives "children in whom was no blemish, but well-favored.....to stand in the king's presence," where undoubtedly they were a sort of guard of honor, free from all suspicion of joining in conspiracies against the king, because they bore no relation to the people of the empire, and had no sympathies with them.

But whatever the origin of this policy of Orkhan's, it placed him at once upon the road to success. The chief of a handful of shepherd robbers was enabled by its means to leap into power at the head of thousands.

These new troops were organized into regiments or *ortas* (the word signifying a centre or a nucleus), which were divided into companies or *odas* (literally, rooms), and again into *ojaks* or *messes*. The whole force of *ortas*, varying in number from ten under Murad I. to one hundred and ninety under Mahomet IV., was under command of a general, known simply as the Agha, who originally received office by promotion according to seniority of rank. This rule was, however, abolished under Mahomet II., the seventh Sultan, who found that the power of the order would become too much for him, unless he could check it by making the commander-in-chief a creature of his own appointment. He also arranged to have the Agha watched, by appointing for him a *kiatib* or clerk, who was never a member of the order.

Within the corps the Agha had absolute power. He could apply the *bastinado* at will to any officer or man under his command. You may still see his implements of punish-

ment in the Hall of the Janissaries. The lightest corporal punishment was inflicted with a whip which hangs on the wall; a whip whose handle is a rod of iron, and whose lash is a stout iron chain, terminated by a brass ball for a snapper. Near by are the rods of the *bastinado*, which resemble rather long base-ball clubs; while by the side of the grim old chief-tain, who sits on a sofa smoking the *marguileh*, is an ugly-looking club of some hard wood, about two feet long, four inches thick at one end, and fashioned as a handle at the other. With this the officer would, in a moment of passion, dash to the ground any incorrigible wretch who might be brought before him for sentence.

At the first the pay of an Agha was fixed at 500 aspers per day,* but was afterward very largely increased. He held office during good behavior, and on deposition, if the Sultan considered it unnecessary to behead him, was usually sent into exile as governor of some province.

Regimental officers used the most singular titles, all of them referring to the fact that they lived from the hand of the Sultan. The colonel was the *Chorbadji Bashi*, or *chief soup-dealer* of his regiment; then came the *Astchi Bashi*, or chief cook, as his lieutenant; the major was *Saka Bashi*, or chief water-carrier; a captain was *Oda Bashi*, or chief of the room; and the orderly sergeant was the *Bash Keki*, or chief venerable. There were also chief bakers and chief fish-distributors, who belonged to the field and staff. In every way possible these troops loved to exhibit their peculiar relation as foster-children to the government. The chief ornament of the head-dress on gala days was a wooden spoon stuck in by way of pompon. The veneration and regard which the Romans felt for their eagles, and which troops in modern times feel for their flag, the Janissaries expended upon the great copper kettles in which their cooked rations were served to them, and which thus became the most direct medium of communication between themselves and their king. These kettles, carried into battle, were the centre of the thickest fighting, and an *ojak* which lost its kettle suffered the deepest disgrace. On the other hand, in the later days of the corps, whenever the troops became dissatisfied, the signal of revolt was the displaying of these kettles bottom upward in front of their barracks, thus proclaiming their scorn of the support derived from the government; and many a time has the simple news that the kettles were so displayed carried terror through Constantinople and into the *se-raglio* itself.

As may be supposed, the army was kept under the strictest discipline. Members of the order were under vows of celibacy. Under no pretext could they sleep away from their bar-

* The asper is a coin now long disused; it was the 120th part of a *plaster*. The *plaster* now rates at about 4½ cents, but was then worth about \$1 50, so that the 500 aspers equaled perhaps \$3.

racks. Death was the penalty of a broken vow. The pay of a private soldier was three aspers per day, with rations of meat, rice, oil, and bread. The pay was, however, augmented by long and meritorious service, until it equaled seven times the lowest rate, when the lucky man who had earned it became a fit candidate for promotion. Each man upon his admission to an *orta* had a peculiar mark, the seal of the order, tattooed upon his left arm above the elbow. This mark was round, about an inch and a quarter in diameter, and was composed of characters setting forth the name and age of the soldier. Under it was also tattooed the number of the *orta* to which the man belonged. Upon each increase of pay a new inscription was tattooed upon the arm of the fortunate soldier, and when pay-day came a man could assert his rights by simply stripping up his arm and displaying these primitive brevets.

When a man became disabled by reason of wounds or old age he was retired upon a pension, with the title of *oturak* or veteran (literally, one who sits down), and was permitted to marry and live away from the barracks upon the sole condition of making daily prayer for the success of his former comrades. His children also could be received into the corps of *Adjem Oghlans* on attaining the proper age.

Such were some of the customs of this notable body of men; and with such a rude organization they conquered a way from the gates of *Broosa* in *Bythinia* to the gates of *Vienna*. They preserved this organization for five hundred years; and even after their order became a drag upon the country, and brought the empire into its decadence, they were so far the life of the nation that their destruction well-nigh proved fatal to its existence, even as a surgical operation to remove a cancerous tumor may often terminate the life of the sufferer who endures it.

To undertake to give a history of the Janissaries would be to undertake a history of the Turkish Empire, so intimately were they connected with every important event during those five centuries. The limits of a paper like this will permit no history, nor yet an historical sketch. We may only take such a glance at salient points in the history as will best bring before our eyes this army as it was during that time. At that period the best disciplined soldiers in the world, and the fiercest fighters, were the Janissaries. To look at a single battle will well illustrate their peculiar manner of fighting, which was the same in all their battles.

In 1896 Sultan *Bayazid Yildirim** pushed his armies to the borders of Hungary and threatened to overrun Europe. The troops of *Servia* and *Bosnia* had already had disastrous experience with the Janissaries, under *Murad I.*, at

Kassova, and they recoiled before him. The Byzantine Empire was prostrate at his feet, and the city of *Constantine* itself seemed within his grasp. Then went up a cry throughout Europe that the very existence of Christianity was endangered, and brave men flew to arms. France and Germany sent their best blood, the Knights of *St. John of Jerusalem* came up from their strong-hold at *Rhodes*, while every available man in Hungary was put into the field. King *Sigismund* found himself at the head of 100,000 men, and every nerve was strained to insure the success of the campaign as the army went out to drive out and utterly destroy the Turk. Sultan *Bayazid* made every preparation to hold his ground, and gathered about him a force of nearly twice the number of his enemy.

The two armies met near *Nicopolis*, where the Sultan had selected his position and awaited events. As the army of *Sigismund* came in sight of the great masses of Turkish troops drawn up on the plain there was a pause. The work of defeating these Turks seemed easy, they were so utterly without organization, and so little like warriors. True, they seemed to be well armed, but the long flowing robes were likely to interfere with the free use of the spear, while the heavy turban, or the long pointed felt cap of the *Spahis*, added to the general appearance of clumsiness. There was no regular order of battle; the great masses were moving, changing position constantly. Occasionally small bands of horsemen would ride out from the mass, and, circling around the plain, would discharge their arrows harmlessly toward the Christian knights, and retreat hastily as they came.

While regarding this strange scene the knights, who had come from France under the Count *De Nevers*, demanded the right to attack first. In vain King *Sigismund* urged caution; the French knights, numbering scarcely 4000, dashed to the front and at once charged. The iron-clad warriors scattered the Turkish irregulars in all directions, crushed the regular *Spahis*, and even the thin line of Janissaries who supported them. They hewed their way right and left through the ponderous masses, killing on all sides and showing quarter to none who came in their way. In an hour the whole Turkish army was apparently routed, and fled in wild dismay, throwing aside cloaks, turbans, arms, any thing which impeded flight. And on followed the French knights, still slaying, still triumphant, unchecked. They passed over a low hill which had partly obscured the Turkish position. There was a sight which made the boldest of them hesitate. Instead of a howling mass of disorderly fugitives with flowing robes and dishonored arms, here, close at hand, was a solid line of well-armed men, who, silent and regardless of the whirling panic of beaten irregulars which was sweeping by them, stood passively awaiting the attack of the Christians. Then those French knights

* *Bayazid Yildirim* is the *Bajazet* of history, who was captured by *Timourlane*, and, as is commonly but erroneously reported, was shut up in a cage. *Yildirim* means Thunder-bolt.

knew that they were in the presence of the Janissaries, and that the real battle was yet to commence. There was no time to retreat—their momentum had nearly carried them into the hostile ranks already. Some fled, but the most, brave men as they were, grasped their lances more firmly, and rode straight at the grim, black mass before them. Then in an instant the scene was changed. From the Turkish army went up their fierce war-cry, and the Janissaries rushed to meet the charge.

Sigismund had slowly followed the French knights with his army while they were driving the advance of Bayazid's force, and now they came into action just as the Janissaries had rolled their great lines over the handful of Frenchmen and were coming swiftly down upon the main body. The sight of this unexpected turn in affairs broke up the Christian force. The left wing fled through cowardice, the right wing selected this moment for treason, and King Sigismund had but 10,000 men left. They were strong, hearty Germans and Hungarians, it is true, but still only 10,000, with the whole force of Bayazid's Janissaries in the act of charging him in front, while the lately routed irregulars were now coming in on his flanks with undiminished zeal for Christian blood. Of course so unequal a battle could have but one result. That night King Sigismund fled alone from the field which had seen him that morning at the head of 100,000 men.

Such successes made the name of the Janissaries a terror throughout Europe. Their mode of fighting was always the same. The Janissary nucleus was always surrounded by an immense horde of irregular troops. In attack or defense their front was always covered by this mass of irregulars, who opened the battle and wearied the enemy long before he could get at the solid columns which composed the real army. In sieges, too, these wild, undisciplined masses filled the ditches with their bodies, and formed the ladders by which the Janissaries might mount to the breach. Thus coming in as the reserve to decide every battle, and to reap its glory, the Janissaries, while winning an immense prestige as fighters, became themselves proud and haughty. They felt themselves to be the only defenders of the faith—the supporters of the Empire—its very life.

Even as early as the reign of Murad II. they dared to rebel against the Sultan, when he abdicated in favor of his son; and their insubordination called him back from the soft pleasures of the harem in the gardens of Magnesia to the hardships of the field at Varna. And when the old man died, and his son again ascended the throne as Mahomet II., they absolutely forced him to pay them largess—a present in honor of his succession, establishing a custom which they were very careful not to allow to pass into disuse. And on his death, when Bayazid II. came to Constantinople to gird on the sword of Osman, the Bosphorus was covered with boats well filled with Janissaries, who thus went out

to meet the new Sultan. And him they obliged to stop in mid-stream, between Scutari and the Seraglio Point, to dismiss into ignominy and send back into Asia his newly-appointed Vezir.

And when Bayazid had arrived at the palace they thronged the gates, demanding, in the same breath (they having, during the interregnum, robbed a few shops and killed a few Christians in the streets), pardon for past offenses and an incentive to future good behavior in the shape of an increase of pay!

A Sultan commencing his reign by granting such requests could not be expected to have a quiet reign, and he accordingly existed in a constant state of fear of these soldiers. Once he was obliged to rescue Broosa from pillage at their hands by paying each man in the corps a commutation in hard cash for his share of the plunder so wealthy a city might be expected to yield; and a few years later, after they had been in a constant state of revolt for some time, they drove him from his throne to make way for his son Selim.

But under Suleiman the Magnificent the Janissaries saw their palmiest days. He loved these wild fellows, who had built up the empire from its small beginnings on the plains of the Sakkarius until it now comprised vast territory in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and the isles of the sea, while its master could with lofty propriety call himself "ruler of the two continents and lord of the two seas." He petted them to a wonderful extent. Their glorious record at the capture of Rhodes, in the battle of Mohacz, and in the numerous other brilliant victories of his reign of nearly fifty years, brought upon them favors greater than they had received from any previous Sultan, and from this period commences the decline of their effectiveness as an organization.

Loaded with privileges by Suleiman, their pay increased nearly threefold, their duties limited by many prescriptions, the men became less warlike and more arrogant, less the dread of infidels and more the terror of their own sovereigns from year to year. And on the day when the next Sultan, Selim II., presented himself before them at Belgrade without distributing the usual largess, they became bold, and declared that an Ottoman prince, to reach the throne, must first pass under the swords of his troops; and when the Sultan still failed to produce the customary backshish, they no sooner arrived at Constantinople than they reversed their soup-kettles, and made a grand rush at the seraglio. They penetrated within the gates, and soon brought Selim to such a realizing sense of his position that he emptied his treasury at their feet.

Selim was a drunkard, and during his reign the Janissaries became a set of roistering rudies, infesting the innumerable wine-shops which sprung up all over the city, and making the streets unsafe for mortals by day or night.

Murad III. succeeded Selim, and attempted to enforce the laws of the faith against wine-

drinking; but the Janissaries raised such a turmoil the first day that he was constrained to issue a sage edict to the effect that the soldiers might drink wine *ad libitum*, provided they would not get drunk. During this reign a wise Jew invented a way of making much money by causing the material of one piastra to do duty for two when recoined, which was at once adopted and put in practice by the treasury as a new principle in political economy. This grand discovery in finance, however, so little pleased the Janissaries when pay-day brought them the light money that they rose *en masse* and attacked the palace. Murad barely escaped with his life on presenting to the infuriated troops the heads of his Vezir and his first Lord of the Treasury.

Revolt now commenced to be the normal condition of the Janissaries: revolt because they were kept in camp; because they were led to war; because the Sultan obeyed their commands; because he refused to obey them. In the absence of other good cause they revolted under Sultan Achmet I. because of an anti-tobacco proclamation issued by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, or great high-priest.

The Ulema (doctors of holy law) had pronounced tobacco to be inebriating in its effects; and, to use their language, "coffee, wine, tobacco, and opium are the four great ministers of the devil on earth, the four columns of the tent of voluptuousness." On the strength of this declaration the Sheikh-ul-Islam decreed the suppression of the use of tobacco. But the Janissaries went to work in defense of the weed, and having convinced multitudes of the common people that tobacco can not defile a man when it is only inhaled in fragrant vapor, to be at once expelled, they reversed their kettles, and again besieged the seraglio until the Sultan legalized smoking.

In vain the Sultans got up religious wars in the hope that the Janissaries might be killed off. The recruits who took their places became worse than any who had gone before, so carefully were they instructed in the traditions of the order.

To rule an empire in this condition the boy Osman II. was brought to the throne in 1618. His predecessor, the imbecile Mustapha, had been dethroned by the Janissaries. He himself was the first Sultan killed by them. With all a boy's ardent hatred he hated these turbulent guards, who so constantly claimed the chief power. His Vezir warmly encouraged this hatred; and before Osman was eighteen years old he had resolved to destroy the Janissaries, and to that end ordered new troops to be levied and thoroughly disciplined in Asia. This order was like spark to gunpowder. The Etmeidan* re-

sounded with the great drums of the Janissaries. The kettles were placed in array in front of the barracks to summon in the scattered members from their houses and shops. And here the secret power of the order manifested itself—the power of the Bektashee dervishes. The priests said the word, and the whole tremendous force was brought out from all their varied occupations. The existence of the order had been threatened, and the camp-fires flashing all over the Etmeidan were the answer to the menace.

Osman was terrified by the giant he had raised into opposition, and announced that he was preparing to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, and that Asiatic levies had been ordered merely as an escort, and he ordered ships to be made ready for the purpose; but that day the whole army marched upon the seraglio.

The great mob filled the courts, forced all obstacles, beat in the gates, and penetrated the great audience hall of the palace, killing all they met, and seeking for Osman with curses and fierce cries. He had taken refuge in the harem, and the mob were vainly seeking entrance to that sacred place, when some one called out, "Where is Mustapha? we want him for our Sultan!" The cry was caught up from lip to lip, and the search was turned in that direction.

The harem of the old palace derives most of its light from the roof, which is pierced with small circular openings covered with bell-shaped glasses, such as you see on the roofs of baths in Constantinople of to-day. Unable to find any entrance to the building, the door being carefully concealed, the Janissaries scaled the walls and scattered over the roof, examining the rooms below through the small circular openings, while loudly calling for Mustapha, whom they knew to be imprisoned, according to custom, in some part of the harem.

At length a great shout announced that he was found; and while the men upon the roof hailed him as Sultan, those below, still unable to find the door, battered a hole in the wall, and led forth with acclamations the poor imbecile whom they had dethroned but four years before. Him they placed upon the great throne, and did him homage. Then eagerly hunting out the rash boy Osman from his hiding among the women, they led him away to the dungeons of the Seven Towers, where the bow-string ended his brief reign.

The Janissaries had now tasted blood. They had dared to lay hands on their king, to take away his life, and none dared to rebuke them. They had learned the full delight of being in power, and they were careful not to yield such vantage-ground. Their history for two long centuries after this tragedy is but a chapter of revolts, dethronements, and murders. There is no need to follow out the details—the story simply repeats itself. They had ceased to become soldiers except in name. They had been permitted to remain permanently located in city

* Etmeidan (literally, Place of Meat, or Meat Square) was so named from the custom of there cutting up and distributing to the Janissaries their daily rations of meat. Their principal barracks were on this square. The name is often confounded with that of the Atmeidan, or Horse Square, the ancient Hippodrome of Constantinople.

garrisons until they had lost all pretense of discipline. With the slackness of discipline came the right to marry, to live with their families, and, finally, the necessities of their families carried many into trade. The sword grew dull, the musket rusty, and the Janissary became an artisan, privileged because he belonged to a great and powerful secret organization, but with no attribute of the soldier about him except his regularity in drawing the full pay of a soldier. And this was extorted by the brute force of the order from a weak and tottering government. To add to the stipend they thus received the men were accustomed to draw pay for their families—all the children, even the babies, being enrolled as faithful soldiers of the king! These men were outside of all law, paid no taxes, were answerable to no man for their deeds.

The immunities thus enjoyed drew crowds of adventurers to their ranks. Men paid large sums for the mere privilege of having that round mark tattooed upon the left arm, which protected the wearer from every inquiry as to the rights and wrongs of his everyday life. Christians and even Jews thus became members of the corps, with a keen eye to the pickings in each revolt.

Such a heterogeneous mixture of men were of course worth little as soldiers. They knew nothing of the use of arms. They were just as likely to put down ball first and then powder as to load their guns in any other way. They knew no better than to fill the gun-barrel with powder that the ball might range farther, and learned nothing from seeing comrades blown to pieces by similar experiments. If their comrades were engaged in fighting in front of them, their eagerness to take part in the battle while yet in a place of safety would lead them to fire volley after volley directly into the backs of their brethren, silencing the weak remonstrance of their officers by the calm assurance that "the ball of a Janissary knows a friend from an enemy!" A Janissary cavalry-man was cutting his reins every time he drew his sword; and the blow of his strong right arm, intended to cleave the skull of an infidel, more frequently laid open the head of his own horse!

The Janissary of this time is well represented by those fierce-looking figures in the Hall of Costumes at Constantinople, who keep guard while armed with sticks, and who beguile the weary hours of sentry duty by knitting stockings or plying the distaff.

But such peaceable pursuits were by no means favorite amusements of the army. They fought pitched battles with their mortal enemies the Spahis in the streets of Constantinople; for the time has been when the Spahis on the Atmeidan, and the Janissaries at the Etmeidan, have camped for days as in the presence of the enemy, skirmishing by day and by night among the houses, with as little reference to the inhabitants as though they had been mere outcroppings of the rocks. If a Janissary obtained a new gun he would try it upon a Christian

man or woman in the street. In fact, no atrocity was too great for them to commit. Being a religious order, they had the whole enormous influence of the Ulema upon their side; and people were instructed that these soldiers were the chosen ones of the Prophet, who could do no wrong. Constantinople was a rich pasture-ground in which they roamed at will, robbing and murdering without let or hindrance. They plundered houses, carried off the wives and daughters of rayahs,* and even, on occasion, attacked the palaces of grandees of the realm, dragging forth the beauties of the harems to be sold in the street to the highest bidder. They rummaged the bazars, carrying off the richest goods from the shops without a word of objection from the frightened owners.

If a ship-load of wood or coal came into the harbor the vessel was at once boarded by Janissaries, who placed the mark of their *orta* upon her prow, thus putting her under their protection, and this entitled them to superintend the sales of cargo and to receive all moneys, which they afterward divided with the owners upon certain equitable principles of their own, which brought the largest share of the proceeds into their own pockets. They took possession of all vegetables brought into market, and sold them themselves according to the established laws of copartnerships, afterward claiming commission and expenses from the wretched gardeners to whom the goods belonged. Each day they marched in solemn procession to draw their rations, and assaulted all who got in their way. The captain of the mess marched at the head armed with a huge iron ladle four feet long; then came the men carrying the great kettles of food slung on poles, followed by a rear-guard armed with heavy whips. If any poor wretch failed to escape from the narrow street at their insolent cry, "Sagh ol" (take care of yourself), he was knocked down by that ponderous ladle at one blow, while the heavy whips of the rear-guard gave the prostrate man a lesson he would never forget. A Janissary hamal, or porter, would come up to you in the street and insist upon taking charge of the parcel in your hand, demanding in advance a sum for portorage equal to the value of the package, and then, after having received his hire, he would give you the option of carrying the bundle yourself or of paying him a backshish to do it for you. If you were building a house, Janissary carpenters would make a descent upon it, and driving away the regular laborers, would finish the building whenever and in whatever style they might fancy. And there was no redress for these outrages: all courts of "justice" were in their hands; they made and unmade Vezirs and governors of provinces; and the Sultan himself was but a servant of their will, trembling at their frowns, and seemingly but their steward to administer for their benefit the finances of the realm. The empire reeled under the terri-

* Rayahs—Christian subjects of the Turkish Empire.

ble incubus, and it seemed that this power, before which all Europe trembled, would destroy itself at last.

Such was the state of affairs in 1793, when Sultan Selim III. commenced to form a new army called the Nizam-Djedid, which, dressed and drilled after European models, would, he hoped, become strong enough to rescue the country from these miscreants. But he little dreamed of the power the order possessed; and when his new troops began to show signs of efficiency he was astounded to find the Ulema and the people uniting with the Janissaries against him in such force that he was compelled to send away his Nizams into Asia. Profiting by wars which called the Janissaries from the city, he brought his new troops back; but again, so soon as he commenced to augment their force, the outcry was raised against the innovation, and again he was obliged to yield. Again war enabled him to send the Janissaries away, and to recall the Nizams. He placed them in charge of the defenses of the city, and brought in recruits from the Asiatic provinces to swell their ranks. Once more the Janissaries went to work, creating discord between the recruits and the regulars. A rising took place; the recruits, or *yamaks*, as they were called, forced the regulars to retreat into their barracks, while they themselves marched to the Etmeidan, where were the Janissary barracks; and bringing forth the notable kettles, they placed them on the square. Numbers of resident Janissaries assembled at once, and the rabble of the city rushed to arms. Selim, alarmed, issued an order disbanding the Nizams; but it was too late. The Ulema had fulminated a decree to the effect that a Sultan who introduced infidel customs and dress among true believers was unworthy the throne. Accordingly he was driven from the palace and shut up in the harem, and Mustapha IV. was proclaimed in his place. A tool of the party which had placed him in power, he at once ordered the destruction of the Nizam-Djedid, but they had already taken the hint and fled in all directions.

The next year Mustapha Bairactar Pasha came thundering at the gates of the seraglio with an army to reinstate Selim. The Sultan then had him strangled, and his body was thrown out of a window to the rebels below. In a transport of rage the palace was stormed, Sultan Mustapha was dethroned and thrown into the prison lately occupied by Selim, while Mahmoud II. was proclaimed Sultan.

Mahmoud had been almost constantly the companion of Selim during his captivity, and had entered warmly into all the theories of his cousin in regard to the means of producing prosperity once more in the Ottoman Empire; and he imbibed, moreover, all his hatred of the order of the Janissaries. Coming to the throne as he did he felt himself stronger than he was, and he vowed at once to destroy the many-headed hydra which held the empire in its foul embrace.

The Bairactar Pasha was made Grand Vezir, and at once revenged himself upon all the enemies of Selim. Even the harem of the deposed Mustapha was proscribed, and 174 women were sewn up in sacks and thrown into the Bosphorus. The Sultan turned his attention to the Janissaries. Fortified by a *fetva** from the Sheikh-ul-Islam, he directed the enforcement of the ancient discipline of the corps. Married members were cut off from their pay, and the unmarried were forced to give up their shops and live in the barracks, where they were regularly drilled in the use of arms, and subjected to severe discipline. The promulgation of such orders caused a ferment in the city. Again the religious element was stirred up, the Ulema sided with the Janissaries, and in the midst of the great fast of Ramadan the revolt broke out. The rebels fired the houses near the palace of the Grand Vezir, who was burned in his bed; and then they marched to attack the seraglio, where Mahmoud had hastily gathered the light artillery from Tophanè, and some new levies made under the obnoxious law. Fighting went on for two days with varied success, and all the while the fire kindled by the Janissaries was making havoc in the city and threatened to destroy it entirely.

Mahmoud saw that the fate of Selim hung over his head. His own troops were few and ill-conditioned; the Janissaries had the rabble of the whole city at their heels, urged on by the fanatical Ulema. One chance alone remained to him, and he made the bold stroke. He ordered the death of Mustapha, who still lay in the harem prison. Then he stood forth alone before the mob, the sole representative of the race of Osman, and no man dared lay hands on him. Then he annulled the decree for the reorganization of the army; gave up to the vengeance of the troops the officers who had fought for him within the seraglio; forever foreswore any attempt to revive the hated Nizam-Djedid, and in fact seemed to yield every thing—even going so far as to enroll himself as a Janissary in one of the ortas. But from that day the Janissaries were doomed. Mahmoud had yielded that he might more surely win, and for eighteen years he unflinchingly followed the line of policy upon which he had resolved. For eighteen years that man waited his time, working, watching, and plotting.

The wars in which Turkey was embroiled kept the Janissaries employed much of the time, and in peace he allowed them every license that they might work their own ruin. He succeeded in gaining the confidence of their allies the Ulema, and he lost no opportunity of sowing seeds of discord between them.

For many years there had been a corps of artillery at Tophanè, who were drilled in the European method. These Topjis, as they were

* *Fetva*, or *setwa*—a decision of the high court of holy law—the Sheikh-ul-Islam being the great head of the Ulema, or doctors of law.

called, being simply artillerymen, and few in number, the Janissaries had never taken the trouble to be jealous of them. They merely treated them with supreme contempt, as beneath their notice. Mahmoud quietly increased the numbers of these Topjis, and used every effort to make them effective troops. The Greek revolution afforded a pretext for drilling them as infantry, and for making new additions to the corps; while these tokens of the Sultan's regard brought the soldiers themselves to look upon the proud Janissaries as their rivals for the royal favor: a feeling which Mahmoud found many quiet ways of increasing, while he sought continually to attach them to himself.

And so it came to pass that, in the year 1826, Mahmoud had at Constantinople 14,000 well-disciplined artillerymen, perfectly under his control, and thoroughly imbued with a deadly hatred for the Janissaries. Meanwhile they had been doing their best to assist the Sultan's designs. They constantly brought disgrace upon the Turkish flag by their capricious refusal to fight, and by their brutal blood-thirstiness when they chanced to win a battle. They had disgusted the people by their tyranny, the Ulema by arrogant assumptions of religious superiority, and their own generals by their cowardice and general worthlessness. And when Ibrahim Pasha's brilliant campaign in Greece showed what European drill had made of his troops, Mahmoud felt that the time had come for which he had waited all these years.

Quickly disembarassing himself of foreign complications by granting an ultimatum which Russia had drawn up expressly to produce war, he called a council of high dignitaries to consider the subject of the efficiency of the army. Luckily he had been able to find in the Koran a fit text for the deliberations of this sage body. "War," says the Prophet, "is a game of skill; in it, then, turn the weapons of your adversary to his own ruin," which evidently referred to a time when the armies of the faith would have occasion to adopt the dress and the tactics of infidels.

One old pasha compared the Janissaries to vain but wrinkled old women who prate much of their beauty fled years ago. Another reminded the council that the Janissaries no longer respected the Ulema, who had so often defended and assisted them. Another called attention to the constant disgrace they brought upon the Turkish flag by their lawlessness; and at last the council decided that the army must be reorganized. An order was drawn up directing a detail of men from each regiment of Janissaries, who were to be organized into a new corps under the name of The victorious Soldiers of the Prophet of God. The order fixed their uniform; their drill, after the European method, but interspersed with prayers at fixed intervals, in order to counteract the evil influence of infidel customs; their pay; their rations; and full organization down to the most minute details. This order was then

declared to be based upon the Koran by the learned Sheikh-ul-Islam, and was approved by the whole council, who also signed an agreement to carry out its provisions. This agreement, after receiving the signatures of the principal officers of the army, was read to an assembly of line officers, who were also invited to sign it. The enthusiasm was so great that those who had no seals rushed away to the engravers' to supply the want; and the scribe who drew up the document loudly lamented, in describing the scene, that his fine penmanship in this "rose-bud of elegant writing, newly blossomed in the garden of the law," should have been blemished by so many coarse seals, which nearly destroyed its legibility.

But all this enthusiasm was mere show, and died out when the law came to be carried into effect. With the very first drill the Janissaries began to murmur, and two weeks after, on the night of June 15, 1826, a revolt took place. They laid out their kettles in imposing array for the last time. Their ranks were speedily reinforced by crowds of miscreants of every hue, who flocked from all parts of the city, in hopes of new plunder, and were led on by the dervishes, who stirred up fanatical spirit by declamations against the infidel customs. They attacked the palace of their Agha, who barely escaped with his life. They sacked his palace and that of the Grand Vezir, and once more the city was in their hands.

Sultan Mahmoud at once came to the seraglio from his palace at Beshiktash, on the Bosphorus, and after ordering the whole force of Topjis from Scutari and Tophané to rendezvous in the seraglio grounds, he sent a demand to the rebels to lay down their arms.

Again he stood that night, as he had stood in the same place eighteen years before, himself cooped up in the seraglio, the city in the hands of an infuriated soldiery, who were already howling at the very gates of his palace.

His demand for surrender the rebels rejected with scorn, and he at once summoned about him the Ulema, who declared the Janissaries to be enemies of the true faith.

With the dawn of day on the 16th the holy flag of the Prophet was brought out from the Treasury, and the Sultan marched his whole force to the Atmeidan, where, with a religious service at the mosque of Achmet, the sacred banner was unfurled, and crowds of the faithful began to swell the ranks of the Sultan's retainers. The Janissaries had thrown out pickets toward the seraglio, the line reaching from the Marmora to the Golden Horn; but this line was speedily forced by the advance of troops on all the principal streets, and soon all the outlying parties fell back along the great Divan Yol to their barracks at the Etmeidan, where they commenced to fortify themselves, the Bek-tashee dervishes meanwhile going about among the men to animate them into greater recklessness and fanaticism.

The site of the barracks, and the Etmeidan

itself, is now completely covered with houses, but it is laid down on the maps as about half a mile from the landing-wharf of Yeni Kapoo, on the Marmora side of the city. Upon a hill commanding this place the head-quarters of the royal troops were fixed, near the mosque of Sultan Mahomet, and here new crowds of devoted Moslems rallied to the support of the sacred standard. The Topjis then closed in upon the Etmeidan, meeting little resistance; and soon the great square was completely surrounded, and artillery was posted upon every commanding eminence, and in all the streets debouching upon the place.

The Janissaries were drawn up in front of their barracks awaiting attack, and sharp-shooters from the windows were keeping up a most galling fire upon the troops crowded into the streets, when the Sultan sent in one more summons to surrender. The man who bore the message was killed. Then in an instant a hundred cannon opened upon the rebels. Some poured canister into the ranks marshaled on the square, and others sent shot and shell hurtling through the barracks. Once the Janissaries tried to break through the circle of fire; but the crowds who filled every street drove them back with fearful slaughter, and forced them to take refuge in the barracks. Then all the cannon concentrated upon the huge building such a fire of shell that soon the wretches within began to cry for mercy, for the barracks were on fire. Ah! so had thousands of old men, and wives, and maidens cried to them for mercy in days gone by, and they had shown no mercy. And now there was no one to heed their cries nor to pity them. Not for an instant did the great cannon cease their roar—not for a moment did the muskets hush their rattle, till the massive walls fell in, and the last poor wretch was dead. Not one escaped of those who had stood upon that square to fight against their sovereign.

The rebellion thus terribly crushed out in its first day, work yet remained to be done. There were still thousands of Janissaries scattered through the city. The provinces also were full of them. And when, the next day, a firman was issued abolishing the order, its dress, its pass-words, its barracks, and its very name, a panic seized upon all who had been connected with the order. They fled in all directions. Pursued, hunted, outlawed, they went through horrible tortures to remove that fatal but too indelible mark upon the arm which betrayed their secret. The bow-string and the cimeter were every where at work. The waters of the Bosphorus ran thick with gashed and mutilated bodies, and the scenes of the capital were repeated throughout the empire, until full 30,000 men had paid the penalty of crime for their corps. And so, among scenes of blood and violence, falls the curtain upon the tragedy of the Janissaries.

Near the Hippodrome in old Stamboul, just

in the edge of the mass of ruins and dwarfed houses which marks the path of the great fire of 1866, is a low arched gateway. And if by any chance you are led to enter, you find yourself in a long corridor lined with fierce-looking warriors. In that place, not a hundred yards from the marble mausoleum of the man who destroyed the order, you stand in the presence of the Janissaries as they were two hundred years ago. And these effigies, with perhaps here and there a gray-haired old man with a hideous scar upon his left arm above the elbow—who will tell you, with bated breath in memory of the old horror, that he was once a Janissary—these are all the relics that are left of the power that built up the Turkish Empire.

FRANCES PALMER VERSUS FATE.

"Source of joy and woe,
Foster of stern hate,
Lord of high and low,
Woman calls thee 'Fate.'"

THE lady had lived for years on that dreadful border-land where easy affluence ends and the struggle to make both ends meet commences. She had been a poor gentleman's daughter, and an even poorer gentleman's wife; and her experiences in both positions had been remarkably unpleasant. But when she was about forty her husband died, leaving her to fight with the world, with a daughter of twenty, another of seventeen, and fifty pounds a year to support them upon.

The wife felt very desolate; but the woman on whom this burden was laid had no time to lose in mourning and lamentation. She determined to give one day, and one day only, to the deliberation of what she should do. At the end of that day she would have forced herself to chalk out a plan. It would then only remain for her to compel herself to follow it.

These were the difficulties that beset the situation. Her husband had been curator and librarian of a small country-town museum and library. He had been fitted by nature and education for a higher post, but he had lacked the energy to seek it, and had gone on contentedly, making just enough to live upon, until he died. When that event happened his widow found that he had made an effort to secure her from absolute want by buying the annuity of fifty pounds which has been mentioned.

Mr. Dillon had never been a success in the little town. He had been a little above the trades-people, and not quite up to the mark of the neighboring gentry, in the estimation of both these classes. The facts were that he was infinitely better born and bred than the first named, and infinitely better educated than the second. Blood and culture, however, are wont to fail when unsupported by prosperity and appreciation. He had always been a dreamy, over-sensitive, over-refined man for his status in the world. Consequently the world punished him for being any thing more than he

need have been about such things; and so Mr. Dillon lived a failure and solitary, and died unknown and poor.

But his wife was of a very different nature. High-spirited, active, rather self-confident, and intensely sanguine, she looked the facts of her poverty and possible destitution frankly in the face, and braced herself to meet them. She had married very young; and now at forty, with two grown-up girls, she was still an attractive, prepossessing little woman. Wisely, she did not scorn and disregard this slight advantage, but made the most of it, setting off her good looks to the best of her taste, ability, and means.

"Deepdene is no place for us," she said to her daughters, as they sat by the fire on the evening of that day which she had devoted, in strict seclusion, to the consideration of what it would be well to do. And the daughters looked up wistfully and hopefully; for they had suffered from heart-sore presentiments that Deepdene and pecuniary degradation was to be their fate.

They shall be photographed as they sat by the fire—that mother and her two daughters. On the right-hand side, in the one arm-chair that was their portion, the newly-made widow sat. A delicately-shaped, not very tall woman, with a clear dark complexion, and silky brown hair put away closely now under the Marie Stuart cap of white crape. A powerful, earnest, hard-to-beat soul inhabited that frame, if the face was to be trusted; for the brow was broad (not high), and was set resolutely over a pair of steady dark eyes that looked out unflinchingly at the worst. There was decision about the lines of the chin and mouth, and the small, thin hands were what a very able writer calls "clearly the hands of a capable woman."

There was a good deal of gentleness in that face too, and a suggestion of the possibility of a good deal of fun and sunshine. Even now in her first grief, when she was telling her children that Deepdene was no place for her and them, she said it with no lachrymose repining in look or tone. She stated it as an ascertained fact, but not as a deplorable one.

"When do you think of going, mother?" the girls asked, simultaneously.

She looked at them as she answered; and they were well worth looking at. Graceful, slim girls, with crowns of bright chestnut hair on their well-formed heads, and large, dark-lashed gray eyes. Intelligent, too, and refined, but unfortunately with more of their father's languor about them than their mother's activity. The mother looked at these girls as she answered:

"We shall go to London, or near to London; and we shall go this day week."

"And then?" Gertrude, the eldest, asked.

"Then I shall do something that will keep us all together. Ella and you must not look downhearted if I don't seem to succeed at once."

"Ella and I will work for ourselves, mother,"

Gertrude said, getting up and going nearer to her mother; "for ourselves and you," she added, hastily, as though she felt conscious there was something like a tinge of selfishness in the first part of her speech.

"Good children!" the mother said, fondly; and then the youngest girl spoke:

"It is easy to talk about working; but, after all, what can we do—mamma, or you, or I? I declare it crushes me to think of how helpless and poor we are. Now if Gertrude had only married—" Ella stopped abruptly, for Gertrude's pale, creamy face had grown scarlet.

"If Gertrude were married we should be the poorer, for we should be without her," Mrs. Dillon said, gravely.

But the remark did not tend to restore Gertrude's equanimity. From the moment that Ella had worded her half-proposition relative to what might have been "if Gertrude had only married," Gertrude grew *distract*, absorbed in some reflections which rendered her useless as one of the family council. She did not speak again until the clock struck eleven; then she rose up, saying, "I think I will go to bed, mamma dear;" and presently Mrs. Dillon was alone with her youngest child.

"Gertrude is touchy on that subject still," Ella said, complainingly, taking up the position of the aggrieved at once, in order to avoid being rebuked as the aggressor.

"And you are indiscreet on that subject still," Mrs. Dillon said, severely. "'When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not.' You are sometimes ruthless to your sister."

"Because I'm annoyed with her for hankering after a man who treated her with contempt," Ella said, warmly. "Mamma, after all you have tried to teach us about self-respect and womanly dignity, you can't wonder at my being savage to see Gertrude so tame as to go on caring for any one who whistled her down the wind so coolly as Mr. Carruthers did."

Then Ella hurriedly kissed her mother and bounced off to bed, leaving Mrs. Dillon sitting alone by the fire, thinking rather sadly of the past and the future.

There had been an unpleasant episode in Gertrude's life connected with this Mr. Carruthers whom Ella had mentioned to-night, and the mother could not feel quite conscience-free concerning it. About a year before Mr. Dillon's death he had met one morning at the library a stranger who was, Mr. Dillon declared emphatically, "a scholar and a gentleman." A young, traveled, agreeable man, with plenty of money at command, plenty of experience to draw upon, plenty of the happy assurance which wins the belief of others, and plenty of time to devote to them, is an article *de luxe* to young girls in a country town. He was quite a stranger to every one in and around Deepdene. He never suggested that either business or intention had brought him there. He never spoke of his family or friends. In short, nothing was known about him or found out from him.

In time he haunted not only the library and the librarian. It seemed inhospitable to the thoughtless father to let Mr. Carruthers turn away uninvited when he had kindly come as far as the garden gate. So he was invited in, and he came, and Gertrude was very pretty, and Mr. Carruthers liked pretty women, as he liked every thing else that contributed to the pleasure of the senses; and when he asked Gertrude to marry him, the Dillons knew no reason why they should say him nay, or doubt that he meant what he said.

But in a very short time the bright young lover suffered a tarnish to settle over his brightness. He began to talk despondently about ways and means, and hinted to Gertrude that marriage for several years to come, though an ardently desired, was an impossible consummation. The girl looked at his good broadcloth, and his rings and pins, at his saddle-horse, and his fascinating habit of denying himself nothing that gave him pleasure. She looked, and she hoped, and she feared, and uttered no word of remonstrance.

One morning he came to them and said that sudden business called him away for a week or two; and he asked for and got Gertrude's photograph, and regretted that he had not one of himself, Bertie Carruthers, to give in return. Then he went away, and the poor, pretty young girl who had pledged herself to him had to bear the pity and surmises of her family and friends, for never more came he to Deepdene. This is why it had sounded harshly in Gertrude's ears when Ella began to speculate in the midst of their new sorrow on what might have been if Gertrude had married.

The jilted girl had borne herself very bravely outwardly; but she had suffered and smarted as only girls who have been openly won and courted and then left can suffer and smart. The name of Mr. Bertie Carruthers was never mentioned in the home circle, and for a long time the whole household treated Gertrude as one who had been badly bruised, and was still very tender. But gradually, as was natural, the rest of them came to think of it only as an unpleasant episode, and only Gertrude knew that it had been an influence for life with her in some way or other.

But in these days after her father's death, and during the hours when her mother's difficulties and deprivations pressed most heavily, Gertrude Dillon struggled very hard to free herself from the baneful burden of regret and repining. There were other things in the world, she told herself, in an emotional burst of philosophic feeling, than love and soft words and looks and marriage. Other things—possibly higher things. But even as she told herself this she felt very doubtful as to what the higher things were.

On the whole it was a glad day for them all when they left Deepdene "for good," as people phrase it—though whether in their case it was for good or ill remained to be proved. They

went up to that usual bourne of the bereft British subject, London, and cast about for suitable lodgings—lodgings that should be suitable now so much to their tastes and likings and health as to their means.

Being utterly ignorant of London localities, and the relative prices of various parts of the great metropolis, they fixed upon the old court suburb as the *quartier* in which they would dwell. And after a time they found three rooms which, when their own furniture was installed in them, would satisfy their modest requirements, and for which they were not charged much more extortionately than is usual in that fashion-favored district. And then they sat down to rest, and to think about how they should live.

The house in which they lodged was one in a terrace that stood on some newly built upon and populated ground between Kensington proper and Earle's Court and Brompton. It was a small, insignificant, unornamented terrace, but it had some gorgeous neighbors, and along the broad pavement in front of these latter Mrs. Dillon and her daughters tramped daily, hoping by outside investigation to arrive at some conclusion respecting the wants and proclivities of those who lived within.

"Some of these people must have young children who want a daily governess to give instruction in English, French, and the rudiments of music," Mrs. Dillon would say.

"Some of the great ladies who live in these palaces must be idle and dull, and in want of a 'companion,'" Gertrude would think.

"What fun the daughters of the people who live like this must find life!" Ella would think, sighing a little, as in the glorious summer evenings groups of exquisitely dressed women would look down on them (the Dillons) as they passed.

At last Mrs. Dillon, by dint of perseverance and an agency, got a few daily pupils in the immediate neighborhood, and the dread of absolute penury passed away from them. Then she made a suggestion to her girls: "Could they not paint velvet, and do bead and wool work and embroidery for sale? It would give them a trifling independence, keep them in better clothing, in attire that set off their daily increasing beauty, than she could hope to do by her utmost exertions."

It was not a palatable suggestion to Gertrude, who longed to do something higher, more useful, more remunerative. But Ella embraced it and acted upon it, and sought for pretty work to do so enthusiastically that she found it without difficulty. The girl was deft, dainty, and delicate with her needle, and she soon grew to like the occupation, which was light, easy, and graceful, and which kept her from feeling that need of sixpence now and again which had often caused her to smart when she lived at Deepdene.

One day she came home sparkling. At a wool and pattern shop in Westbourn Grove she had heard of a lady who wanted to have the

whole of her drawing-room furniture embroidered by hand in silks. It was a Mrs. Baron, and she lived in one of the houses in Prince's Square. "Walk there with me at once, Gertrude," Ella said, eagerly, "and hear if she'll let me undertake to do it. She is quite willing to pay liberally, I was told at the shop."

"You are so industrious and incessant in seeking work, dear," Gertrude said, warmly, "I'm ashamed of myself. I'll go with you, and if you get it, I will help you to do it, Ella." Then they dressed themselves as favorably as possible, and by-and-by, when the afternoon sun was out blazingly, they went away to Prince's Square to seek an audience of the lady who wanted her drawing-room furniture embroidered in silk by hand.

As it would have been natural for the would-be workers to suppose, if they had known more about the habits and customs of that almost unknown (to them) species, a great lady, Mrs. Baron was not at home at four o'clock P.M. on a July day. Further inquiry elicited the fact from the servant that they "were more likely to find Mrs. Baron disengaged early in the morning, say at eleven or twelve, than at any other hour of the day." So they called again the following morning, and, after a trifling delay, they were ushered into Mrs. Baron's presence.

They found a young lady loosely robed in a richly-worked Indian muslin dress, with her pale golden hair streaming about her shoulders, busily engaged in altering the position of some magnificent groups of old Sèvres on the top of a tall inlaid cabinet. She turned a bright, fair, animated face toward them as they entered; and then she stepped down from her chair, and told them she was Mrs. Baron, and courteously asked them to be seated.

"I heard at Borlack's" (mentioning the workshop) "that you wanted some furniture embroidered, and I came to ask for the work," Ella began.

"I think I did—the other day," Mrs. Baron hesitated. "I was very fond of embroidered furniture a fortnight ago, but I have seen some real old pomegranate-colored leather at Woodgate's since then that I think will be more in keeping with the rest of the things; and yet I don't know," the undecided young lady went on; "lovely patterns, all flowers and leaves in their natural colors, done all over every thing, would be charming, wouldn't they?"

Ella, finding herself appealed to, said she thought they would be very pretty.

"And could you design them?" Mrs. Baron asked, eagerly. Ella said "Yes," bravely relying on Gertrude's artistic skill to help her out of any difficulty.

"Then I will have them, after all," the mistress of the house exclaimed; "and now we will talk about the ground—pale green won't do, will it?"

"Certainly not; the effect of the lighter tinted leaves would be lost," Gertrude interposed.

"To be sure they would. Well, how about

amber? I want to have even the curtain borders worked. I want it to be light, elegant, unlike other people's; I hate all this heavy ruby velvet stuff in the room I shall live in all the season; and Mr. Baron has given me leave to get rid of and buy just what I like," she continued, confidentially. "Now will amber do?"

Ella said she thought it would; and Miss Dillon looked non-acquiescence.

"Do suggest a proper color; I'm sure you have good taste," Mrs. Baron said, interpreting the elder sister's look aright. "Amber would be lovely for most people's complexions, you know; but I see you don't approve of it."

"Why not have silk of the color of the leather of which you were speaking—pomegranate-color? A rich brownish red silk would force every leaf and flower to stand out well."

"Then I'll have it; and now about terms;" and then Mrs. Baron went on to say how many chairs she would want, and how many ottomans and couches, and how many yards for the borders of the three sets of curtains and the *portière*, and how much she would be willing to pay for all these things. It is enough to say that her terms were liberal enough to be taken gladly, and the sisters were taking their leave, when Mrs. Baron said:

"But I must ask—forgive the apparent rudeness—how it comes that girls like you are seeking such work?"

"Because we are too poor to live without some work," Ella said, honestly. Then they went away, with that statement seething in Mrs. Baron's busy brain. It would be so pleasant to help them, the fair little beauty thought. But how?—there was the difficulty.

By-and-by her husband came in, and Mrs. Baron communicated her trouble to him. He was an acquiescent, amiable young man, and his wife's "money was her own, to spend in any way she chose," he always argued. "Do as you like, dear," he said, promptly; "give them what you please; don't consult me."

"But they're ladies. I can't go to them with money in my hand," she protested.

"Ah!" he said, sagely.

"Now, Edward, you're not sympathetic—you're not a bit like Bertie."

"Thank Heaven! No," he said, heartily.

"I'm sure Bertie is very nice in every way," she said, warmly; "and he adores Frances. Oh! I have a thought: When Frances is married it will often be dull for me alone. Can't I ask Miss Dillon to be my companion?"

"A very happy thought," her complacent husband said, kindly. "Poor little darling! it must be dull often when I'm out. Let me see—Frances and Bertie both dine here to-night, don't they?"

"Yes, and Frances stays till Saturday, after the flower-show." And then she went on telling him how busy she and her sister Frances—the bride elect of Mr. Bertie Carruthers—would be during the ensuing days, looking after the nearly completed *trousseau*.

By the next post the energetic little lady sent a letter, containing the proposition that Gertrude should be her companion, to Miss Dillon. Gertrude got it in the evening, just as her mother came in, looking pale, ill, and exhausted from her daily labors. "Mamma, it wears me to the very soul to feel myself a burden to you any longer. Let me say yes to this," she pleaded. After a little demur the mother agreed, because she felt so very powerless just then. Accordingly Gertrude dispatched an acceptance of Mrs. Baron's offer, and announced that she held herself in readiness to go whenever her services were required.

Meantime Mrs. Baron had forgotten her philanthropic scheme of the morning, and the object of it, in her delight in welcoming her splendid sister and that sister's betrothed.

The young lady, Miss Frances Palmer, arrived first at her sister's house, from her mother's temporary residence at Richmond, whither Frances had been conveyed in the early summer for the purpose of bringing Mr. Carruthers to a definite conclusion. He had met the stately blonde (whose classically cut face was as faultless a thing as was exhibited in the Park that year) at a country house in the autumn before he had paid that unlucky visit to Deepdene. He had been charmed with the face; but it had not been bent kindly on him then; for an unmarried baronet had been flitting about, and Frances was one of the many who prefer a handle to their names, if possible. Accordingly, after a few futile attempts to win her to a pleased recognition of his existence, Mr. Carruthers had gone off in a huff, and dragged his memories, as has been seen, at Deepdene. A short time after this the baronet had gone off too—not in a huff, but (which was worse) in indifference. But Miss Frances Palmer was not one to waste her days in fruitless repining. Her only sister, and senior by a year, was just married to a rich city merchant; and Frances determined to use Milly and Milly's husband freely. "You must cultivate Bertie Carruthers when he comes back to town," she said, "and help me to meet him." Accordingly, when Mrs. Baron heard from Mr. Carruthers's own lips that he was going to quarter himself at Richmond for a time in May and June, she said, "it was funny—but mamma and Frances were going to take lodgings at Richmond." She knew herself to be tolerably safe in making this assertion; for Frances's sway over her mother was illimitable, and if the daughter had decided on a residence on top of the Monument, the mother would have seen all the advantages of so airy a situation.

So it came to pass that in the soft summer evenings the queen of his soul glided about in a little boat on the river with him, and listened to his words of love, and effectually banished poor Gertrude Dillon from his heart. By July they were engaged, and the wedding-day was fixed; and, as nothing better had offered, Fran-

ces was tolerably contented; and when she seemed fully so, Bertie Carruthers was in a whirl of bliss.

She was rather languid and cross, to tell the truth, this night at her sister's house. The dinner was exquisite, but she had no appetite; the temperature of the room was delightful, but she declared it stuffy and hot. Bertie was devoted, engrossed, intoxicated, to and by her, but she was not responsive. In short, she had seen Sir Henry Archer that day, and he had not seemed indifferent; and she was beginning to repent herself of having followed Bertie with such success.

It would have been a small wonder to any one who saw her that night that men were not indifferent to her. She was lounging back in a very low chair, fanning herself listlessly, with her beautiful golden-haired head thrown back, and her lovely face upraised, and her sapphire-blue eyes half closed. Her dress was perfect too. She was fastidious about toilet details, and in this respect she had always contrasted favorably with Gertrude Dillon, who had never had the means of gratifying Bertie's taste in that respect. Miss Palmer wore a shining, transparent, silver-gray dress, that looked as if made of glorified silk. And this dress was fastened at the throat and wrists, where rich lace trimmed it, with pink coral. Her buckle too was made of pink coral, and from the chate-laine at her side a number of pink coral impossibilities, together with other charms, depended. Altogether she was arrayed in the most perfect taste, and her appearance was such as to justify Bertie's adoration.

But she was not in a pleasant mood. She scoffed at the idea of going to Paris for the wedding tour. She laughed at her sister's idea of embroidered furniture. "You'll get as weariful a woman as those creatures of old who did the tapestry, Milly," she said; "besides, you'll be gray-headed before you get it done, if you're only going to employ one young person."

"No, no; Miss Dillon works most expeditiously," Mrs. Baron said.

"Miss who?" Bertie asked, with a guilty start.

"Miss Dillon. I must tell you about them—such charming girls," the enthusiastic Mrs. Baron began. "They came here this morning—they're perfect ladies, and so pretty—to look for work, you know; and Edward agrees with me that it's a shame they shouldn't be something better; so I have written to ask the eldest to be my companion."

"After all there are thousands of Dillons in the world," Bertie Carruthers thought. "The chances are against her being the one girl in the world I should find it awkward to meet; her father wouldn't let her go out in that way."

So he reassured himself, not knowing that Mr. Dillon was dead, and poor Gertrude free to follow her own will, with that most bitter freedom which comes from the loss of those who love us.

Mr. Carruthers had almost forgotten the cir-

cumstance which had recalled Gertrude Dillon to his mind, when an unfortunate *rencontre* took place. He was riding in the Row with Frances, who sat her horse as if it had been an imperial and triumphal car on which she was making a magnificent progress. That is to say, she looked splendid on horseback; but she did not ride well; and Bertie this morning was touchily conscious of all her little shortcomings, for they had met, and she had bowed most graciously to, Sir Henry Archer. Bertie was finding the Row hot, hateful, overcrowded. But he could not induce Frances to find it other than refreshing, lively, and agreeable. Presently Sir Henry dared to join them; and now Bertie began to fidget his horse's mouth, and to look sulky and flushed. Frances waxed more brilliant every moment. She disregarded her lover—her acknowledged—and shot glances at Sir Henry that any future husband would be justified in resenting. Finally Bertie heard some words pass in a low tone between them, and the next moment a beautiful crimson rose was transferred from the front of Miss Palmer's habit to the button-hole of Sir Henry Archer's coat. Bertie could bear it no longer. "The sun has given me a splitting headache, Frances," he said; "I must ask you to come home." As she had no alternative she assented to his proposition, but she went home in a very bad temper, her cheeks tingling with vexation, and her fingers tingling with the last pressure of Sir Henry's hand.

As the angry pair pulled up at the door of Mr. Baron's house they saw a young lady walking in. But neither of them noticed her; and when Frances went up to her room to take off her habit, Bertie sauntered into the drawing-room, and did not see that it was already occupied until he had thrown himself on a sofa. Then he heard a light rustling, and looking up he saw Gertrude Dillon making toward the door, and he sprang to her side with a smothered exclamation.

"Gertrude!" he said, piteously. He was in a fury with the other one, and so he felt specially tender to the girl he had ill-used.

She—poor Gertrude—had always determined that if she ever met him again she would pass him with scorn. She would say, "We are strangers, Sir, now and forever." She would cut him with her contempt, as he had cut her with his cruelty. But now that she did meet him again all her resolutions were proved vain. She could only stand still and struggle to keep herself from crying, from fainting, from doing something very silly. She could only remember how she had loved him—how, alas, she loved him still. She could only see that he looked handsome, ardent as ever, and—she knew nothing of Frances Palmer.

All in a moment he took her hand and led her to a seat, and asked for her father and mother and Ella, and told her—no, he did not tell her in words that he regretted having left her, but he made her understand by his manner that he did so. And she was "only a woman"—only

a forgiving, because a passionately loving, woman. And so she listened, and hoped so wildly.

As they sat thus, he bending over her, holding her hand, telling her that he too had sorrows, that he must see her again and put himself in a less despicable light before her, the door softly opened and Frances came in. At least she was coming in; but when she saw that pair she paused, paralyzed almost with surprise and resentment and mortification. It was very well for her to play the dangerous game of being half on with a new love before she was off with the old, but she would not allow a similar liberty of the subject to Bertie. She had just heard from Milly that the girl who was to be Milly's companion was in the drawing-room, so she knew who Gertrude was. When she had watched the scene in speechless amazement for a few seconds she recovered the use of all her faculties—the one of being superbly arrogant among others—and spoke:

"Upon my word, Mr. Carruthers, I gave you credit for better breeding than to carry on an amour with one of my sister's servants in my sister's house." Then she went away rapidly, and wrote a haughty little note to Bertie, dismissing him "forever," and a fascinating little note to Sir Henry Archer, saying that she had altered her mind, and should go to the Opera that night with Mrs. Baron—this being a point Sir Henry had been anxious to be informed upon.

Gertrude had gone away fearfully, never waiting to see Mrs. Baron after that explosion on the part of Miss Palmer. And when he had read Frances's note Mr. Carruthers quietly took up his hat and followed Gertrude's example. "She shall tell her own tale to her sister, but I'll explain matters to Baron. My lady meant mischief this morning from the moment that fellow came up. She had a fairer opportunity of getting rid of me than she expected." Then he congratulated himself on having found Gertrude, and hummed Owen Meredith's words,

"But I will marry my own old love
With the primrose face—for old things are best."

That evening he went bravely to Gertrude and told all his story to her, and asked her to forgive him, and love him again, and marry him. It was easy for Gertrude to love him again—indeed, she had never left off loving him—but it was harder to promise to marry him, in opposition to her mother and sister.

"He will treat you badly; he will neglect you; he will despise you for your pusillanimous conduct, after the heartless way he has behaved," Ella said, hotly. "I'd rather die than marry him, if I were you."

"I'd rather die than not marry him," Gertrude said, truthfully and firmly. But she found it harder work to answer her mother.

"What security can you hope to feel in the affections of a man who has hitherto proved himself unstable as water?" Mrs. Dillon asked.

And to that question Gertrude only said: "It is my fate. Let me follow it, dear mother."

It was her fate, and she was suffered to follow it without more opposition; and, as far as things have gone, it has proved a very happy fate. He is a liberal, indulgent husband and father; and though his love for Gertrude is less absorbing, less devoted, less all-sufficient a thing than hers for him, she is thoroughly satisfied. For there is honor to her in obeying

her "fate," and loving him above and beyond and nearly to the exclusion of every thing else.

Mrs. Baron's drawing-room was never embroidered by Ella's hand. Miss Palmer went to the Opera that night, and achieved what she considered her destiny; that is to say, she won an offer from Sir Henry Archer, and married him a month after the date that had been fixed for her marriage with Bertie Carruthers. So all parties are satisfied; and the quartette constantly meet in society, and are very friendly.

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DANGER-SIGNALS.

AN hour after, I was walking alone through one of the alleys of the Champs Elysées.

I had waited but a few moments with Mrs. Lyndon and her daughter, long enough to hear that things were going rather prosperously with them; that Mrs. Lyndon hated Paris, and the Parisian way of cutting steaks and chops and joints; that they had sometimes seen Ned Lambert, "as a friend," Lilla said; and that he was still constant, patient, hopeful. I was glad to learn that Lilla knew nothing of her father's whereabouts—her father, whom I had seen that morning within a quarter of a mile of her house!—and I put in many words for Ned Lambert, and against her resolution of delay. She shook her head sadly, but decisively.

"You have to wait," she said; "why not we? If a woman is worth having, Emanuel, she is worth waiting for. I will never marry, never, while that wretched man lives, or until I know that he is reclaimed, and decent enough, at all events, not to bring open shame on my husband. If Edward Lambert is like me, he will wait. If not, Emanuel, then would it not be better we never became any thing more to each other?"

"Ned will wait, never fear."

"Oh yes, Ned will wait!"—and a tear flashed up in her bright eye. "There never was a heart more true and tender than his—dear old Ned, dear old Ned!"

My poor friend's own heart had greatly expanded since I first saw her. She was a sadder and a more loving woman now than I had ever known her. My pretty pagan was becoming thoroughly Christianized. The soul was entering the body of the hardly-entreated, world-seared Undine of the Thames.

Thinking over this, even amidst the bewildering pressure of my own thoughts, I walked slowly through the Champs Elysées. I was to leave Paris that night; to travel again by Dieppe, lest I should obtrude myself on Mr. Lyndon; and I had yet some weary hours to while away.

Despite my parting from Lilla—despite the year of probation, fraught with such various possibilities, that lay before me—the pervad-

ing sensation of my soul was made up of pride and happiness. I had something to love, I had something to live for—I was loved. Out of the dullness and arid darkness of my commonplace purposeless existence a light of heaven had come down to me. I had no longer any doubt of the depth of Lilla Lyndon's affection. I believed without shadow of distrust in the immortal strength of her love, and I seemed as if henceforth I walked with a pillar of light to guide my way. Wait for a year!—why, I had waited for ten years and more, in vain, and I would have accounted it no sacrifice, if the time had but accomplished the object. If the younger love for Christina had been more feverish and burning, it had never had the deep sweet abiding faith I felt in the soul and the affection of Lilla Lyndon. The first glance she ever turned on me was like a ray of sacred moonlight to one who has lain down wearied in a sandy desert. In her I found the woman who is all truth and simplicity; who has character, but no self. How such a being ever came to love me, I never could understand—I can not now understand; but it always seemed to me that her love was a consecration which pledged me to all good and generous impulses, and bade selfishness, and evil passion, and distrust, be gone forever. A year—only a year! and the deep faith and sanctity and heavenly guardianship of her love the while. A year—and, after all, I am yet young! it shall be a year of earnest work and improvement, and preparation for the future, which now at last looks so clear and bright.

Prose in life always mingles with our poetry. I was already turning over practical plans for our future; plans into which questions of income largely entered. I had a year to work in, and during that interval I hoped to make a little money, and then to give up the stage. In every way the concert-room suited me better and pleased me better; and I thought I could thus lead a far quieter and happier life with Lilla.

Thinking over these things, I sauntered through the Camps Elysées, where now it became hardly possible to find a quiet spot. The Sunday-enjoying people were all out; the men with their wives, and mothers, and little children, the husbands generally attending more

to the children than the wives did; the *ouvrier* and his *amis*; the *voitures de remise* full of pleasant parties going off to the Bois—although the Bois of the year I speak of was very different indeed from that of 1869; the soldiers lounging and smoking; the queer riders looking so very much as if they had hired their horses for the first time that very day, and did not well know what to do with them.

I sat at a table of one of the open *cafés* and looked at the scene. I was thirsty, and ordered some wine; drank it, and smoked a cigar, and fell thinking.

A man passed by once or twice, and surveyed me curiously. At last he came and took a seat at a table near me, and still eyed me attentively. I knew he was looking at me, even when I did not see him; so I looked up at last, and studied his features. Yes, I must know him; I had certainly seen him before somewhere.

But where?

He was evidently an Italian or Spaniard—an Italian more likely. He was low and stout, with a thick black beard cut closely round his face, and he had a strange restless, suspicious, burning, wolf-like eye, unpleasant to see, although the general expression of his face was otherwise honest and manly enough.

Yes, I know that man; at least I have seen him before; that is not a man to quarrel with; that is a man to do any thing. For a certain class of conspirator, now—

Ah! there it is! that is the man! The envoy who found Salaris in Westmoreland, and took him away!

Then there came a very rush of half-forgotten things to my mind. My own concerns had made me forget them. The words which Stephen Lyndon had spoken to me this morning; his wild vague talk of something going on which he meant to disclose; his advice to me to leave Paris this very night! And Salaris is in Paris; and this man, who brought him, happens to be at my very elbow. And Lyndon had been intrusted with some of their secrets!

In a moment the reality of the whole situation seemed to reveal itself to me. Whatever the plot Salaris had now in hand, Stephen Lyndon had betrayed it to the French Government, and its eyes were on the conspirators!

Even in that moment I was much puzzled to think what the mysterious plan for the redemption of Italian liberty could be which was to open its first scene in Paris. Every body knew, however—even I did, who took but little interest in politics, home or foreign—that the French Government, or at least its chief, was willing enough just then to play into the hands of the legitimate and despotic Italian rulers—the Bourbons, and Parmas, and Modenas, and the Pope; and the arrest of Salaris and the discovery of any thing like a genuine plot might probably mean his instant surrender to Pope or Austrian or Austria's vassal. Sentence of death had been recorded against him in some of the Italian States; and he had but

lately effected a desperate and romantic escape from a Lombard prison. The surrender of such a man now to any of his old enemies would probably mean a short shrift and a sharp axe.

This man near me is trust-worthy? He must be. He seemed to be fully in the confidence of Salaris, and Christina spoke of him as a man of undoubted truth.

He was still eying me curiously. I addressed him in Italian, and in a low tone.

"I think I have had the honor of meeting you before, signor?"

He nodded his head, and smiled.

"In England—a few days ago?"

"Up among the mountains; yes."

"You know I am a friend of Signor Salaris?"

"Yes, signor."

"He has told you so?"

"Often."

A more laconic person one could not easily meet; and he indulged in not the slightest gesticulation.

"You will trust me."

He nodded, and glanced round to see that the *garçon* was not too near.

"Does any one here speak Italian?" I asked, thinking that he dreaded being overheard and understood.

"I think not, signor. But they may know that we are speaking Italian—and even that—" he finished the sentence with another glance round and a slight shrug.

"Perhaps English would do better. Do you speak English?"

"Oh yes, some."

"You understand it?"

"Much well."

"Then," I said, speaking slowly that he might follow my meaning, "I have reason to fear that you and our friend the signor are betrayed."

He started and frowned; then, after a moment of silence, said,

"Impossible."

"It is possible; it is true. I have seen and spoken to the man who betrayed you. He told me he had done it, or meant to do it. Take care! I do not know what your plans are, or what you are doing in Paris; but I tell you that I fully believe every thing either is now known to the police here, or will be known before night."

He looked grim and set his teeth, and a low red fire burned in his eye. I began to tell him exactly what I knew; but I had so often to repeat what I said, and he had such difficulty in following me, despite his professed mastery of English, that I discarded his objection to Italian, and told him my story in his own language. I told him that a man whom I knew to be partly in Salaris's confidence, and who was now in Paris, had warned me to leave the city before night, and hinted, or more than hinted, that he had given information to the

government which would lead to arrests. And I give him my own view of the character of the man who had told me this, and my belief that in this at least he was quite capable of keeping his word.

"This man's name, signor?"

I hesitated. Ought I to betray even the wretch who was betraying others? There was a savage gleam in my companion's eyes which boded ill to a *traditore*. After all, the wretched Stephen Lyndon had had some thrill of good-nature in him toward me, and had endeavored to save me from what he supposed to be a great danger. No, I could not give up his name; and I told the Italian so.

"I ask you," he said, quietly, "because all would depend upon that. He may tell all he knows, and yet tell nothing."

"But he clearly told me that he would betray Salaris."

"Possible. The signor does not quite understand. It may be that he is set on to betray something that is truly nothing, in order to turn away attention from the real business. I do not know."

"Do you know where Salaris is?"

"Not where he is now. I hope to see him in Paris to-night."

"Can you not find him out and tell him?"

"Yes, I can do that; it is my duty to do it at once. He will know what to do. Could the signor remember the exact words told to him by this person who warned him? That would be of great importance to know."

I tried to repeat, as well as I could, the exact words Lyndon had used. But the attempt was a failure; I had only a vague recollection.

"Perhaps the person did not quite understand all he was saying? Perhaps he conveyed more than he meant—or less? The signor speaks Italian well—oh, very well indeed; but I can discover that sometimes he uses a word with not quite the meaning, or more than the meaning he would express. Now this is of great moment. The person who spoke to you may have impressed on you too much or too little."

"No, no; there was nothing of the kind. He was not talking Italian, but English—his own tongue and mine."

The Italian's eyes flamed again. He had laid a trap for me, and I had blundered right into it.

"Thanks, signor," he said, rising from his chair. "I have now what I would know. I thought so! I know who is the man who spoke in his own tongue, English, to the signor. The signor evidently always suspected him? So did I—always. Adieu, signor! The news is ill news that the signor brings; but it is not perhaps yet too late."

He saluted me gravely, and walked quickly down the Champs Elysées toward the Place de la Concord, leaving me much bewildered with doubt as to whether I had done Salaris any good after all; whether Lyndon was not a vain

old madman, who bragged of a capacity to do harm which he did not possess; and whether I had not handed the wretch over to a vengeance which it was not in his power to deserve. If I could only see Salaris and speak with him! I sprang up, and ran as fast as I could after the Italian, in the hope of overtaking him and inducing him to confide to me something of my friend's whereabouts; but before I could make much way through groups of holiday-makers and children he had quite disappeared. I spent a horrible hour or two in the odious position of one who just knows that something evil or dangerous is going forward, and fancies he only wants a little light, a little opening, to be able to prevent it, and is groping here and there to no effect, while he feels that every moment lost brings the dreaded thing nearer. I could do literally nothing, and yet I was so near to being able to do something!

I had engaged to sing the following night in London with Christina; otherwise I would gladly have remained in Paris, in the faint, futile ghost of a hope of meeting Salaris, and being perhaps able to prevail on him to leave France at once and draw out of whatever enterprise he had engaged in. Time ran on while I thought and debated with myself, and fretted and fumed in this idle way; and at last it came to this, that I must either go at once, or make up my mind to break my engagement, telegraph that I could not leave Paris, and stay.

I adopted the resource of many a puzzled and idle man, and invited the Fates and Chances to settle the question for me.

A bird was swaying on the branch of a chestnut just in front of me. He was about to take flight.

"Come," I said to myself, "if the bird flies to the right, I will leave Paris; if he flies to the left, I will remain."

He shot from the swinging bough, and flew in the direction of the Arch of Triumph, on my right.

I got up instantly, walked to the Place de la Concord, hailed a *voiture*, and was presently on my way to the terminus of the railway to Rouen and Dieppe. I crossed the Channel that night, not without a feeling that I was like a man running away from the camp the night before a battle.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHRISTINA'S LAST TRIUMPH.

THIS had not been, on the whole, a brilliant season with Christina. She opened magnificently: her voice perfect, her physical powers apparently quite restored. A week had hardly passed when a change came, and she was attacked at once by hoarseness and nervous weakness. Then she took a few nights' rest, and apparently recovered; then she sang for a night or two more, and fell back again. More than once, when she was announced for some one of

her great parts, she had to give up at the last moment, and little printed notifications laid in every box and stall told disappointed audiences that this singer or that had undertaken to act as substitute for Madame Reichstein. The West End public is at once undemonstrative and exacting, and Madame Reichstein was openly and generally accused of being willful, capricious, and ill-tempered. Stories were repeated of the manner in which she had taken offense at this or that imaginary slight, and peremptorily told the manager, at the last moment, that she positively would not sing. She began to be quietly regarded as one on whom reliance could not be placed; whom success had spoiled; who was ungrateful to her best patrons and admirers. This sort of thing even found its way into newspapers; and a comic journal had some pleasantries about the amazement of an audience when Madame Reichstein, who had been announced, did actually sing—and such like stuff.

All this pained and vexed Christina, and of course only helped to make her more nervous, and less able to command her physical resources. She was simply the most conscientious artist I have ever known. She was absolutely without the petty caprices and whims which spoil so many singers, men as well as women. But she was not only too conscientious as an artist to evade her duties; she delighted in them; they were her happiness—lately perhaps her only happiness. To me my operatic parts were mere drudgery; mechanical, mercenary toil, to which I went reluctantly, from which I escaped with a sense of relief. To her they were excitement, exhilaration, delight. She breathed freely on the stage, as in some congenial and delicious atmosphere. Her inability to sing never disappointed even the most sympathetic audience so much as it disappointed herself. She told me often that she had passed many of those evenings of disappointment in unceasing, uncontrollable tears. It was therefore a bitter addition to her trouble to be suspected of petulant and unworthy caprice, because of a physical weakness which grieved her to the heart.

Thus far, then, the season had been fitful and disappointing. At last Christina was persuaded to take a few weeks of absolute rest; to nurse her voice, and give it a fair chance to recover its power. She felt convinced, at the end of the interval, that her strength was quite restored, for the time at least, and she made up her mind to regain her place before the glory of the season waned. A new opera had for some time been heralded from Vienna and Paris, as full of splendid music and grand dramatic effects. The bringing out of this opera in London had been delayed hitherto only in order that Christina might have the first part in it: and the press and the public were beginning to grumble a little over the delay. It was now announced at last, with Christina for its heroine—it had been rehearsed and postponed again and again—and it was waited for with an al-

most unparalleled expectation and excitement. I had the tenor part, which I too had rehearsed ever so many times; and the first performance was fixed for the night after that on which I left Paris. My non-appearance would therefore have been a deplorable disturbance; but, as I have said, I appealed to the oracle; and I reached London in good time, none the worse for my hasty flight to Paris.

The great hour came, and with it came Christina, resolved to reconquer her place at any risk or sacrifice.

You would not have thought Christina Reichstein had been recently sunk in nervous debility, had you seen her as she came on the stage that memorable evening. She had, in one sense, her position to retrieve, and she felt it. I knew the moment I saw her that she came to conquer; and she did conquer. Hers was in every way that sympathetic sensitive nature to which any excitement lends momentary strength and the capacity for the time to prevail. The consciousness that she had to succeed was to her success itself. Not in her brightest days—the days of her too brief prime—did she ever, I believe, sing as she sang that night. If in earlier years her voice wanted any thing, it wanted occasionally a certain shading away and tenderness of tone. Perhaps her condition of mind, perhaps even her recent illness, helped now to supply this want. I know that the want existed no longer. She looked queenly in form as she moved across the stage; and beautiful in the face which recent illness had softened into a paler tenderness than commonly belonged to it. What is there in the superstition of aristocracy which even still lurks, like the belief in ghosts, in the instincts of most people? Why, this daughter of a German toy-maker looked every inch a queen. A queen? I have seen many queens, and not one of them ever looked so queenly as she did that night. Her voice thrilled the theatre; and her noble lyrical style, inspired of the soul, free from every trick and artifice of the stage, uplifted, one might think, every heart to its own regions on its own soaring melody.

I felt a thorough pride in her triumph: all the more so because I hoped I had in some way helped toward it. Lately, too, my heart was beginning to be filled with affection and pity for her, and sorrow for her. Love that had died had sent its pale ghost of pure and pitying friendship to haunt her and watch over her.

I clasped her hand in delight and congratulation at the close of the first act, and she returned the pressure with no less warmth.

"See," said she, "how exuberant I am in my delight; I have cut my hand!" She drew off her glove and held up one hand, and I saw tiny drops of blood trickling down her white fingers.

"It was my ring that did it: it cut through glove and all. Salaris's ring—look at his miniature." She touched a spring, and a tiny locket, set among brilliants in the ring, flew

open, and showed me a little miniature of the grave, melancholy, manly face of her husband.

"Salaris reproves me," she continued, faintly smiling, "for forgetting him in a poor stage-triumph. But he would not blame me, if he knew all, Emanuel. I have made up my mind to devote myself to him for the rest of my life. The curtain falls for me with this season. I will sing no more. I have vowed a vow, Emanuel, and I will keep it. If Heaven brings him safe out of his present enterprise I will devote myself to him, and be for the rest of my life what I have not yet truly been—his wife."

Her face flushed as she spoke, and her eyes fell.

"You have not received any message from him?" I asked, not caring to encourage her to dwell upon this proffered one-sided bargain with the powers above.

"Not yet; but I think I may rely upon receiving news from him in some way to-night. You shall know what I hear as soon as it reaches me."

She did not know how lately I had been to Paris: I had no motive or heart to tell her.

We separated just then. I need not speak of the progress of the second act. Enough to say, that Christina made it a promenade of triumph, a conqueror's procession for her.

And then the news of Salaris came at last. I had hardly quitted her when many mouths told me of it. It had been made publicly known in the House of Commons, and had been flashed to the Opera, the theatres, and the clubs. It had throbbed along the telegraph wires only too quickly; and it was, for all its haste, but too true. Yes, we heard not from Christina's husband, but of him, that fatal night. The new grand project for the liberty of Italy had exploded in the bombs of an assassin; and the great obstacle which was to be removed from the way of the young liberty was standing in the way still! In a word, an insane and monstrous attempt had been made that very night in Paris—an attempt at what was believed to be the slaying of a despot; and it had only ended in the slaughter of some half-dozen people, the very worst of whom, in patriotic eyes, were but poor police officials, the humble menials of despotism, who would have served liberty just as faithfully as they served tyranny if they had but the chance. And Salaris's name was named as that of the soul and leader of the conspiracy.

The curtain was already up for the last act, and I had no time to find out whether the news had reached Christina, or to endeavor to prevent it from reaching her. Indeed, my time was come. I was already expected on the stage, and I was almost out of breath and out of capacity for my part when I came on. She was there before me. She had yet heard nothing. Her eyes only expressed surprise and good-humored rebuke at the awkwardness of the position in which my momentary delay had

nearly placed her. I gasped and choked in endeavoring to sing. She looked more surprised, and even a little petulant. I endeavored to do better, and succeeded tolerably. The scene got through somehow; but I fear that if I helped the *prima donna* in the other scenes, I was rather a damaging influence in this.

She did not appear in the next scene; I did. Then came the last.

She returned; and I saw at the first glance that all was known. What a gaze that was which met mine! Her face was rigid and livid; her eyes were lit with a low pale fire, such as one might imagine gleaming from the eyes of the dead restored for a moment to life. I scarcely understood how any one could look at her and not shudder; I can not still understand how any one could look at her and fail to see that some terrible agony burned in those glittering eyes. I had to take her hand; it was cold as death; it gave back not the faintest return to the pressure with which I endeavored to assure her of sympathy, and to offer some poor encouragement.

The house applauded her all the more for the deep and genuine tragedy that was written in her face.

"How devilish well Reichstein makes up!" I distinctly heard a swell say in one of the stage-boxes. "How does she make herself look so ghastly all in a moment?"

It was some piece of lyric agony, some catastrophe of separation and broken hearts and love and death; no matter what. Those who saw her, all but myself, accepted her pallid cheeks and spectral gleaming eyes as the very triumph of theatrical art. At first her voice choked and trembled; then sounded hollow, ghostly, heart-rending. Oh, but it suited the part she had to play, and the house first listened in a deep awe-stricken silence, and then broke into a murmur of awakening applause.

She had determined to go through with the task. Whether her husband was dead or living, escaped or a prisoner, really guilty or not guilty, she could not know; but a feeling of desperate loyalty to him and his secrets and their secret relationship constrained her to give, if possible, no sign which might reveal any thing that perhaps he, if living still, would have concealed. She told me afterward that in all the agony of horror and doubt, one thought came up clearly in her mind—that if her husband were yet alive, it might perhaps be somehow in her power to help him to escape, if only she could still keep their relationship a secret. She told me too, that from the first moment she felt convinced that he had been drawn innocently and as an instrument into that plot; and whatever might be his illusions or his plans, he had never been knowingly a party to an assassination.

I confess I did not think so. The words he had let fall about the obstacle to be removed now came back to my mind with fearful force;

the words, and the manner and tone which accompanied them. I remembered, too, that he told me there were things no man but an Italian might be asked to do for Italy.

What I did wonder at was the nature of the projected tyrannicide; the reckless, indiscriminate, cowardly slaughter of the innocent, in the wild hope of including the guilty among them. I could, after what I had heard, believe in Salaris planning and trying to execute a deed of tyrannicide in the high Roman fashion; I could think of him as a Brutus; I found it hard indeed to believe in him as a Fieschi.

Christina went on with her task. Many, many have indeed come forward to the footlights as she did, and bending down with hands clasped upon a bursting heart, have warbled their notes of lyric joy, or love, or grief, while agony of true human sorrow was helping to produce the convulsive throbs which the audience wondered and delighted to hear. Men and women have acted their parts through, desperately, to the end; have stifled physical agony, and struggled with the convulsions which they knew to be the beatings of death at their door, and made life triumph, at least until the fall of the curtain. All this, one might say, is but commonplace and elementary in the story of the stage. But how few have ever had a torture such as hers to conceal! To hear such tidings but by half, and to crush down anxiety and the passion of fear, and to make them serve to work along the mechanical passion and pain of the drama, like agonized captives compelled to row the galley of the conqueror, or to chant the celebration of his triumph! Was she singing, or only crying aloud in the anguish which could not be repressed? I hardly knew: but I know that such a rapturous audience I never beheld; such a triumph I never assisted in. Even then a sense came strangely over my mind of the marvelous grotesquerie, the *farouche* humor of the whole scene, as I glanced around, and saw that vast house filled with people who applauded to the repeating echo what they believed to be the triumph of stage simulation, what I believed to be the very death-cry of the broken heart. At one moment—it belonged to the situation—her head dropped upon my shoulder, and tears, the most genuine that ever fell on a stage, trickled on my tragedy wrappings. And I yelled, as best I might, my lyric farewell; and the audience applauded, as enthusiastically as a fashionable audience ever could applaud; and she clung around me with such passionate force that I could hardly tear myself away, while her voice soared and shook and trembled in the air as if music itself were uttering its farewell to life. I did just for one moment release myself, that the need of the scene might be satisfied, and I stood for an instant out of the sight of the spectators until the curtain came down amidst new bursts of applause, and I sprang forward just in time to catch her in my arms as she fell in a faint.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE OLD SONG.

In a day or two it became known about town, and was mentioned in most of the papers, that Madame Reichstein had exerted herself too much after her recent illness, had overtasked her strength and fallen ill again, and was ordered by her medical men to take absolute repose for some time.

Indeed, she was for many days very, very unwell. She was brought down to almost utter prostration, with frequent faintings and blood-spitting; and lay sometimes in a comatose condition for hours and hours, during which absolutely nothing could be done for her. I did not see her during all this time, but I called many times each day; and I saw her medical men, and they told me frankly that her life trembled on a mere chance—that the probabilities seemed to be that she would die. I did not know then, but I came to know after, that she had long suffered from a serious chronic complaint, which over-exertion or excitement of any kind was sure to aggravate and might render fatal.

Yet she did not die. She grew better. During the worst two or three days she had been almost wholly unconscious—happily unconscious, perhaps. Before she had gained mental and bodily strength enough to understand all that had passed, there was news which it was good for her to hear.

Gradually the full story of what had happened in Paris came in upon us. First as concerned us was the fact that Christina's husband had not been taken; had not been actually seen at all on the spot when the conspiracy exploded, of which he was named as the foremost leader. Those who had been arrested were to be immediately tried, and it was known that rewards were held out for the capture of several others—highest reward of all for the capture of Salaris.

I was glad to believe that my warning had, after all, been the means probably of saving my friend's life. I was glad to find that most people in London who had known any thing of the Italian cordially and at once acquitted him of any complicity whatever in the attempt at assassination. Some were indignant at the bare idea of such a thing; declared Salaris a man of honor wholly above such a suspicion; and asserted that the dragging of his name into the business was a paltry scheme of the French Government to discredit and defame an honorable and gallant enemy. Many went so far as to say that the whole thing was a "plant" from beginning to end; that the alleged conspirators were the hirelings of *mouchards*; that the deaths which had taken place were mere accident, the result of an unforeseen bungle; that nobody would be executed; that Cayenne or Toulon and forced labor would mean in the case of the convicted persons a quiet well-pensioned retirement into obscurity; and that the plot had been

got up only to bring discredit on the Revolution, and to justify the French Government in the eyes of Europe for any severity of repression it might afterward find it convenient to adopt. Salaris had been a favorite in London; he had been admired by the West End, and had always demeaned himself like a brave man and a modest gentleman; the account of his former escape from prison had been the sensation of a season, disconcerting even the African travelers and the new poets; there was nothing whatever about him of the melodramatic conspirator or the Leicester Square refugee; and in some quite unusual way patriotism and respectability seemed to blend in his person. So that London generally curled the lip of quiet contempt at the story of my friend's complicity in the great assassination.

One incident connected with the whole business seemed to have come miraculously to confirm this view. Had the French police really desired to convince England that there was sham in the affair, they could not have done any thing better than just what they did. For the very night of the catastrophe, and before the dead and wounded had yet been well removed from the scene, they hastened to the Hotel Bristol in the Place Vendôme, and arrested Mr. George Stamford Lyndon, English deputy of Parliament, as an accomplice in a plot to assassinate the chief of the French Government.

London received the news first with a cry of indignation, next with a burst of laughter, and then again with a cry of indignation. Before many days had elapsed Mr. Lyndon himself appeared in person on the floor of the House of Commons, and told his own story: the story of his arrest, and of his release. I read his speech; and I must say it was moderate, straightforward, and gentlemanlike. He told the House that he scorned even to pledge his word as an English gentleman that he had never had any part in, or known any thing of any plot to murder. And the House applauded the manful scorn and energy of his tone. When he said, "I pass by that now and forever," the House cheered again. But he frankly owned that he had been a sympathizer with Italian schemes for independence; that he had given somewhat largely to the cause; and that he had done his best to assist men who here in England were endeavoring to promote a rising against the Austrians in Lombardy and Venetia. He had endeavored to do, he said, for Italian independence, what members of her Majesty's present Government had done not so many years back for Greek independence; and this he was not ashamed of doing, and would always continue to do. Naturally, therefore, he had been in correspondence with many Italian exiles, among the rest with some who were now accused of being accomplices in the assassination plot. This doubtless explained his arrest. He had no complaint to make of the French authorities. He had given them

precisely the same explanation he now gave the House; and had only added that he was ready at any time whatever to take his trial in Paris, if the French Government thought proper to make any charge against him of conspiracy with murderers. His explanation had been courteously received, and he was at once declared at liberty. He had no complaint to make. He had, on the contrary, every allowance to make for the excitement of the French authorities at such a time; and, so far as he was concerned, he thought the whole subject deserved no further discussion.

Many people expected that something else was coming. Every body knew of the close intimacy between Lyndon and Salaris. Every one, therefore, expected to hear from Lyndon an emphatic declaration of his confidence in his friend's innocence, and an indignant repudiation of the charge made against him. Every one was disappointed: Mr. Lyndon never mentioned Salaris's name; and only repudiated the charge of conspiracy to assassinate when it applied to himself.

"Cautious old humbug, that Lyndon is," a journalist of some note remarked to me that night at a club which I frequented. "I've just been to the House, and heard his explanation. Of course it was all right; and the House cheered him immensely. But would you believe it, he never said one syllable on behalf of poor Salaris. He knows perfectly well that Salaris is as incapable of any share in that rascally business as he himself, or as you or I; and yet he never said a word on his behalf. The fact is, he thinks this business makes Italian patriotism of all kinds seem rather disreputable in our British eyes, and he would not utter a word which might appear to make him responsible for the character of any individual Italian."

My friend expressed, I think, the common feeling. I did not blame Lyndon; and though of course I never openly dissented from the general belief in Salaris's innocence, I could not in my heart acquit him. The whole thing was a wonder and mystery to me. First, that Salaris could for any purpose become a party to such a plot; next, that having promoted it, and in some inconceivable way reconciled his own soul and conscience, and sense of honor and humanity, to it, he should have held back from taking a personal part in it; lastly, that having directed the playing of the game, he should have shrunk from the paying of the forfeit.

But this, too, came to be explained at last. By safe means a letter came to Christina's hand, on which no eyes but hers and mine ever glanced, and which contained much that, for the present at least, perhaps forever, must remain a secret. What especially concerned us was that it explained Salaris's own part in the transaction. He had left Paris not after, but before, the deed; he had gone in despair and disgust; he had planned and urged, and volunteered for, a deed of what he called and be-

lieved to be national vengeance and personal sacrifice, quite, as indeed I had believed, after the high Roman fashion. He offered himself, or himself and the man Benoni, to lead the way, to attempt the deed personally; others, if he failed, to follow the example. To do or die was not his purpose, but to do and die. But he could not animate those who were his associates with this high, desperate resolve. They were for taking into consideration the element of personal safety; to do the deed, and if possible escape. Therefore they planned a wild, indiscriminate slaughter, in which the one enemy *might* perish, and the murderers *might* escape. All this seemed to Salaris as frivolous as it was hideous. It made a murder what he thought a sacrifice. To him the one essential condition distinguishing the tyrannicide from the assassin was that the former must devote his own life to secure the death of the tyrant, and of the tyrant alone. He did his best to persuade them to abandon their project, over which indeed he sickened, and he still thought to carry out his own. But my warning reached him, and he opened his eyes and saw that he was watched. He left Paris in time, postponing, not abandoning, his design; and the night after he had left the city came the catastrophe, as much of a surprise and a horror to him as to Europe in general. He would have been a Brutus, a Scævola; and behold, he saw his name branded as that of a Faux.

He was, then, guilty of the intent to kill a crowned and sceptred man. Would such a deed have been wholly, utterly guilty and base? I do not stop to inquire into that moral question; I never was much of a moral philosopher; I know Salaris was not a base and evil man, and I know what we are all taught at school to think of Brutus. But there are anachronisms of deed which it is, *ipso facto*, something like a crime to commit; and just such a crime had Salaris planned. I know from his letter that he was glad now he had not done the deed; I feel sure his intended victim would have been safe, alone and unarmed, in his presence forever after. There are things which we never fully understand till we see them caricatured; I think Salaris understood at last the true nature of his projected piece of antique devotion when he saw it caricatured in outlines of blood.

But he declared his firm conviction, a conviction never to be shaken, that the catastrophe itself had been encouraged, fostered, and actually brought to a head by the agents of the French Government. They had done it, he said, to bring disgrace and odium on the Italian patriots, and to prevent other attempts more direct and desperate from being made. This he insisted on, and he supported his belief by evidences which I can not report. He added his conviction that one man, an Englishman, had been a prime mover in the plot on behalf of the agents of the police. To all this I attached not too much importance. It looked wildly improbable; yet what could be more im-

probable than those passages of the story which had actually happened? I neither believed nor disbelieved; I was glad he had escaped and had no part in the bloody business, and had at the very worst only planned and dreamed to be a tyrannicide, not an indiscriminate slayer.

At one time, he said, his feelings of horror at the deed were such that he determined to give himself up to the French Government, and, proclaiming boldly what he had really planned to do, insist upon being tried, that it might be made clear he had no part in what was actually done. But his friends—he had some knot of friends every where—reasoned him out of this scheme of foolish chivalry. They convinced him that if he surrendered himself, the French Government would most assuredly contrive to convict him of the very crime he detested, all the more because he detested it; and then came to his hand the evidences, such as they were, which satisfied him and those around him that the most hideous part of the business was the outcome of a police plot. He had resolved then at last to leave the scenes of so many unavailing and abortive struggles forever, or, if not forever, until some auspicious hour should arrive when a brave, true-hearted man could make a sacrifice for his country with hope and without shame.

I visited Christina every day while she was recovering, and sometimes sat with her alone for a few minutes. She recovered slowly, but very steadily, from the influence of overexcitement, mental and physical, and began to resume her brightness both of look and manner. She lay upon a sofa, still weak indeed; but with something of the reaction which follows naturally any better modification of evil news stimulating her, she was cheerful and almost joyous. Her manner, too, had lost much of the constraint which used to disfigure it, and cause it to seem affected of late. She looked now to me more like the old Christina than she had been since we both were much younger.

One of the days when I came to see her, I found her reading a letter, and looking flushed and excited over it.

"Look at this letter, Emanuel," she said; "and tell me whether I ought to laugh or cry. Stay, you could not understand it without some explanation. It is from our dear friend, Mr. Lyndon. Now listen, and then you shall read it. When I heard that dreadful story from Paris, one of my first thoughts was, that I had unconsciously entangled *him* in the business; and that he would believe I had purposely deceived him. This rested heavily on my mind; and as soon as I could hold a pen, I wrote him a letter, assuring him that I was as innocent and ignorant an agent in the matter as himself; and I asked him to come and see me. He might have come, might he not, for the kindness of old recollections? To-day, at last, he sends me his reply. There it is; read it. No—don't hesitate; I want you to read it—I ask you to read it."

I took the letter in my hand. There was not much to read; it was this:

"CONNAUGHT PLACE.

"DEAR MADAME,—I regret that I am unable to do myself the honor of visiting you. I can not think, however, that much good could come of an interview, or that any very satisfactory explanations could be exchanged. It is clear that I was grossly deceived, and that my own credulity was much to blame. I do not much care to inquire into the relative share which we all had in the delusion. You are, no doubt, innocent of any knowledge of the detestable plot which I was made the means of helping and promoting; but there were deceptions practiced on me of another kind, and of which I presume you do not feel ashamed. I am, however, ashamed of having been so deceived. I am conscious of having rendered myself ridiculous, and I deserve to be laughed at. But I prefer being laughed at behind my back rather than to my face; and therefore I take with a good grace the lesson I have received, and have the honor to remain

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE STAMFORD LYNDON."

I read the letter through, then turned back to the first sentence, and read it again.

"Your judgment, Emanuel? Am I to laugh or cry?"

"It is an insult, that is certain; and it is characteristic; but I can not help asking, is it quite undeserved?"

"No, not undeserved; and therefore all the harder to be borne. I suppose I did allow this vain and selfish old man to flirt with me, or to think he was flirting with me. I did not dislike him; indeed, his companionship sometimes pleased me. I was embittered with life in many ways, and I found his sharp cynicism congenial. I flattered him and paid court to him, and I allowed him to flatter me and pay court to me. I did it to win the man over to our cause—at least, to my husband's cause—and to make him useful to projects about which, Heaven knows, I knew little, and cared just as little. I did not see through him at the first. He even paid me attentions which, if my husband had but known—well, I am ashamed of the whole thing now, and I was many times ashamed and annoyed when I saw your eyes fixed on me; and I often feared that you would think far, far worse of me than I deserved, and despise me. Yet you might have trusted me, even without explanation."

"*Beati sunt*," I could not help murmuring, in some bitterness, "*qui non viderunt*."

"Still you think harshly of me?"

"I am sorry you ever descended to any deceit, Christina. I am sorry you ever stooped for any purpose to flatter the vanity of that selfish and sensuous old man. It was a degradation; it lowered you; and I could forgive nothing that made you seem unworthy."

"It was meant, at least," she said, in an appealing, plaintive tone, "as a sort of expiation to my husband. I thought I might in some way help him in his plans, and by a little harmless deception bring him a useful ally. I am ashamed of it now; but I hardly thought of it then; and, indeed, I thought *he* saw through me at last, as I did through him, and that neither took the other *au sérieux*. Yet you, Emanuel," she added, suddenly and bitterly, "have no reason to be sorry; if I deceived him, I think I undeceived you."

I made no answer. What she said was true. It was when I watched her manner with Mr. Lyndon that I first began to doubt the strength of my love for her. The very day I first saw her with him at Richmond something told me that she was—as I wrote it then—not my Lissette any more.

Her eyes were fixed on mine, and I did not look up to meet them. She knew what thoughts were passing through my mind. She took Lyndon's letter and tore it in pieces.

"That is gone, and with it go the memories," she said. "You must forget this, Emanuel; and you must remember me only as I was before I had ever learned to practice any deceit. There was such a time! Think of me only as I was then; and tell Lilla Lyndon of what I was then. Thank Heaven, my deceits never went far. Do you know how I think of myself often? As one of the people we read of in the old stories of my country, who sold their souls to the demon, but contrived by the help of some saint or pious monk to cheat him in the end. Well, I sold my soul to ambition and vanity; but by the help of penitence and faith, I hope I have redeemed it at the last. Stay; don't say any thing more; I am going to sing something for you. Yes, I am quite well and strong, and I mean to sing for you something that shall be a memory."

It was growing to evening, the twilight was deepening.

"No melancholy song," she said. "We must not be melancholy to-night, for we have reason to be happy. You surely have, and I too; for my dear, noble-hearted Salaris has escaped from a great danger and a great wrong; and he is not the only one." I heard her murmur to herself as she sat down to the piano; "not the only one—not the only one."

She took out a faded old piece of music, rattled some lively notes, and broke into a vivacious song. What was the song the great *prima donna* chose to sing for me? What but the very song I had heard her sing in the old sea-port concert-room long ago, when she sang me into the poetic madness of first love! I listened with feelings no words could speak. The whole scene was around me; and I saw through the haze and smoke of years, and confused memories, and bewildering associations, clearly as then through a more material and vulgar smoke-film, the bright-eyed young singer again.

"Do you remember it?" she asked. "Yes,

I know you do; and I give it to you now, to bear with you as a lasting memory of me. I sang it to you in the old concert-room, oh, so long ago! Yes, I sang it to you—for I saw you, Emanuel, from the first. I knew well you were there. I saw your fair hair and boyish face clearly among all the coarse stupid faces I so hated to see. And I saw, too, how enraptured you were; and I was proud and delighted. There! I close the book. I will never sing that song again!"

And she shut the book with a clang, and stood up.

This was, I may say, our last parting. I have always endeavored to remember her only as she bade me. I think of her as she was when first I knew her. The long-extinguished fire of love has left no blackened waste behind it. I remember her always with tender friendship. I remember her as one remembers some early scene of youth, which, however it may change in reality, remains in the mind unalterably beautiful, quite immortal, through age and sorrow and the changes of all things else, and time and decay, and up to the very threshold of death.

JOHN CLARE, THE PEASANT POET.

THERE are two modes of measuring human power. The first and most common mode is by the value of the works it accomplishes; the second, and we think the most just, is by the difficulties it has overcome. The most ordinary observer who sees a steam-engine, and knows the uses to which it has been applied, the least imaginative man who witnesses the performance of *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*, or who reads our great epic, "*Paradise Lost*," is ready to pay homage to Watt, or Shakespeare, or Milton, as men possessed of great power. But a finer discernment is needed to acknowledge the power of one who, starting from a lower level, fought his way unaided, through obstacles that would have seemed to most men insuperable, not to the empyrean heights reached by these,

"The few, the immortal names
That were not born to die,"

yet to a position far above that from which he started, to a position to which he could have been elevated only by uncommon powers. To this last class belongs the hero of our story—a true story of triumphant genius and successful love; alas! for our world, that there are so few such to tell.

Directly north of London, at a distance of over seventy miles, lies the town of Peterborough, famous for its beautiful cathedral. This was once the site of a Benedictine abbey. The good old monks knew the value of the fish in the river Nen, and of the fertile, low-lying lands that border on it. The character of this land is indicated in the name first given to Peterborough. This was *Medeshamstede*, or the meadow homestead. In this fertile country,

and only a few miles from Peterborough, is the little village of Helpston. It is a poor village, inhabited for the most part by the families of those who are laborers on the estate of Lord Milton. Among these laborers was one named Parker Clare, who, unconvinced by the reasonings of Malthus of the extreme impropriety and even immorality of marriages among the poor, and unmindful of the lessons taught by his past experiences of labor and of privation, married a young woman in his own condition of life. Theirs was a very humble home, yet in the laughing summer of 1798 it grew radiant with the brightness of a baby life. What a system of compensations is human life! John Clare entered it, as you see, by a very shaded path, amidst scenes that would have presented little of beauty to the common eye; but to him were given eyes that were not common, poet eyes, which saw beauty unseen by others—finding a charm

"E'en in a post, old standard, or a stone
Mossed o'er by age."

I have said his home was humble—a peasant's cot in an obscure village—a home into which you would say few pleasures could enter. Let us hear what Clare himself reports of his boyhood, what pictures of it dwelt on his memory:

"Hail scenes obscure! so near and dear to me
The church, the brook, the cottage, and the tree;
Still shall obscurity rehearse the song,
And hum your beauties as I stroll along.
Dear native spot! which length of time endears,
The sweet retreat of twenty ling'ring years."

He speaks again, as only the memory of a happy boyhood could speak, of

"Those golden days long vanished from the plain,
Those sports, those pastimes, now beloved in vain:
When happy youth in pleasure's circle ran,
Nor thought what pains await the future man."

Such was the boy; gifted by prodigal Nature with an eye to see the beauty of "each bush and tree," of the beetles "with their jetty jackets glittering in the sun," of "the golden king-cups and silver daisies," of "the silken grasses" that "bent their tiny stems," of "the cowslips, sweetest flowers of all the plain," and of the thrush's nest where,

"By-and-by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over shells of green and blue."

But while the days of careless childhood which nature allots to the education of her children still endured, the boy, John Clare, had to assume somewhat of a man's cares and do somewhat of a man's work in the world; for the laborer, Parker Clare, has become a pauper, crippled from rheumatism, and receiving the dole of five shillings a week from the parish. And now let the infidel philosopher who denies to man the living spirit, ever seeking to rise toward the Infinite Perfection, in whose likeness it was created, explain to us how in this plow-boy, this untaught pauper's son, arose the irrepressible desire for something higher

and better than the meat and drink and shelter with which God's lower creatures are contented. The pauper's son, athirst for knowledge, with his young limbs yet unknit, did extra work as a plow-boy or a thresher, that he might win the few shillings necessary to pay for a few weeks of instruction in the parish school each year. For three years successively he won thus by eight weeks' labor the pence which paid for a month's schooling; and so he entered the gate of the Temple of Knowledge—he learned to read. Think of this, ye pampered youths, who think study a labor and reading wearisome. The judicious master of the parish school sometimes rewarded an extra lesson from his ardent pupil with the gift of a few pence, and with these welcome acquisitions the boy bought two or three cheap books.

Thus for thirteen years he lived, the faculty by which he held intercourse with the beautiful things of nature finding no utterance, a dumb sense, ignorant of the rhythmical words and measured melodies which are the poet's speech. But the revelation came. Fancy the weary plow-boy pausing from his work for the mid-day meal. The genial air of the spring is around him, and, as he throws himself down beside the budding hedge of May-thorn, he

“Stoops inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a daisy's face,”
or

“Witness with admiring eyes
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise.”

The plow-boy's love of reading was doubtless well known in the little society of Helpston, and a passing companion, probably one whom he had known in his fitful school-days, certainly one who had more command of books than himself, and who knew what delight he would receive from a book, stopped beside him and offered to his eager grasp a volume. The weariness is gone, the bowed figure erects itself, the untasted dinner is forgotten, the daisy and the brook are seen no more; for every sense is absorbed as he reads,

“Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness come!
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, velled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend,
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts;
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hills;
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale.”

The book is Thomson's “Seasons”—a true poem, uttering in harmonious words and measured melody the very feelings which have been so long struggling for utterance in his dumb soul. We almost grow envious as we strive to paint the full satisfaction of that hour; few lives afford even one such hour. But the horn sounds which summons the laborer to his task again, the hour is at an end, and the boy—remember he is but thirteen, reader—must obey the call or miss the shilling so much needed in his home, and which he is expected to carry with him when he returns in the evening. His

friend sees the reluctance with which he prepares to return the volume, and all unconscious of the great boon he is conferring, says, “Keep it till you come home this evening.” John Clare puts it in his pocket with a glad and grateful heart, and goes back to the plow with the lines he has read haunting him like a strain of half-remembered music, to whose measure his childish steps keep time and tune.

“How much does such a book cost?” is his question when he returns it in the evening. The answer, “One shilling,” brings a glad flush to his face as to himself he says, “I will have one.” And yet how was he to spare a shilling—he whose poor earnings and the scanty parish alms were sometimes, for weeks together, all that kept starvation from his home? All this he knew; but he only felt that the book should be his; that to read it, to learn its glorious gift of poet-speech, was the first necessity of his being. What was the lack of bread to this soul-hunger? The accustomed dole should not be wanting in his home; but he would do extra work, and not a farthing would he expend in any other way till the treasure was his. Resolutions—such resolutions, involving self-denial—are more easily made than kept, as men three times the age of our young hero will acknowledge. But John Clare's resolution was kept through weeks of hard, wearing toil, when the young limbs ached for rest and the young heart pined for the pleasant pastimes it had once allowed itself; through weeks of pinching poverty, when the young, keen appetite longed for some indulgence which the farthings slowly accumulating in his pocket might have purchased. But the reward, though it came lingeringly, came surely. One bright June evening he counted his store—a few pennies, a pile of farthings—enough to make the coveted shilling. The stars looked down that night on no happier soul. Often during the hours of darkness did he look up to them; for, as we learn from his own account, he could not sleep for thinking of the morrow's happiness, but crept again and yet again to the window to see if the day were yet dawning. At length a narrow line of light in the east showed that the curtain of darkness was about to be lifted. It was enough. He soon dressed himself in his best—coarse, but whole and clean—for we imagine there must have been a certain refinement about the mother of this boy which permitted no one about her to be slatternly. A dry crust of bread, a drink from the bucket which hung over the well—such was his breakfast. The bread he did not stay to eat—that could be done as he walked toward Stamford. Under the friendly stars, through the dusky morning twilight, this boy, not yet fourteen, trudged resolutely on for more than six miles. Can you not feel the glad beat of his heart—can you not see his lithe step springing along the dewy path, his hand in the pocket where his little store lay, while every beauty of the opening year and brightening day reminded him of

the treasure he was seeking? He arrived at Stamford, at the street, at the very shop of the bookseller, before the town was astir. How long that half hour of waiting must have been to him! How he spent it we know not. There was much in Stamford to interest him and awaken his curiosity. Its well-built streets, its churches and public edifices, must have been exciting objects to one who had probably never before wandered beyond the hamlet in which he was born. There, too, at Stamford was the tomb of Cecil, Lord Burleigh; and though the peasant boy probably knew little of the obligations of England to the great statesman, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, the name had other associations not altogether uninteresting to him. The Marquis of Exeter, one of the great lords of that part of England, was a descendant of Lord Burleigh, and John Clare had passed that morning through the magnificent scenery of Burleigh Park.

The half hour passed; the book-store was opened; the book obtained. The early sun was pouring its level beams athwart the open glades of Burleigh Park, and dropping them through the foliage of its magnificent avenue of oaks, making a golden tracery on the green-sward below, when the young pedestrian passed through it on his homeward walk. And it was thus that the poet-soul awoke to utterance, and its glad exultation sung itself out in his first poem, entitled, "The Morning Walk." So far we have traced his progress with a minuteness which may have seemed too great, but to us this appears the birth-hour of his poet nature. It had long been struggling for life, but it did not live till it found articulate voice—nay, it never could have lived without it. All life begins thus; and let him who believes that he has any talent, any faculty, remember that it is a dead faculty, not a power and an honor, but a burden and a shame, till it has found expression, whether in spoken word or accomplished act.

The poet language once learned, there was no danger that Clare should forget it. The necessity for drudging toil was still strong upon him. No thought of earning money through his gift of song seems to have entered his mind for many years after this. He wrote many poems, most of them in pencil, on scraps of paper, such as the back of a bill, a leaf from an old copy-book, or the envelope of a letter picked up in the street. His desk, or table, was most frequently the crown of his old hat, and his safest place of deposit was a hole in the roughly-plastered wall of his room. Not very safe it proved, for the mother often drew from it the paper which lit the lamp or kindled the fire.

Was the sonnet entitled "The Thrush's Nest" among those so written and so preserved? We know not; but if it were, we rejoice that it was spared by the good housewife's hands. James Montgomery, himself a true poet, says of this sonnet: "Here we have in miniature the history and geography of a thrush's nest, so

simply and naturally set forth that one might think such strains

'No more difficile

Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.'

But let the heartless critic who despises them try his own hand either at a bird's-nest or a sonnet like this; and when he has succeeded in making the one, he may have some hope of being able to make the other."

But the reader shall judge for himself. Here it is:

"THE THRUSH'S NEST—A SONNET.

"Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a mole-hill, large and round,
I overheard, from morn to morn, a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft, an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day:
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modeled it within with wood and clay.
And by-and-by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over shells of green and blue:
And there I witnessed in the summer hours
A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky."

We are describing no prodigy whose like the world may never hope again to see, but a simple, healthful nature, which, through many obstacles, attained the free exercise of its powers, and thus offered an example which we commend to the observation of our own indolent and diletante age. John Clare had a poet's susceptibilities, and won for them, with what difficulty you have seen, poetic expression; but he was uneducated, and a stranger to the refinements of life. His delicate fancies are sometimes shadowed by the coarser realities of his life, and the critic may detect in his writings occasional inaccuracies of language; but it is for the man rather than for his writings that we claim sympathy and admiration. A boy of thirteen when he began to write, manhood found him still pursuing steadily and uncomplainingly his humble labors as plowman and thresher, and still solacing himself in his hours of rest by the exercise of his gift of song. But new desires had been awakened within him which made his poverty more bitter. He had seen his "Patty of the Vale," whom he describes as "artless, innocent, and young."

"Fresh as blush of morning roses
Ere the mid-day suns prevail,
Fair as lily-bud uncloosed,
Blooms sweet Patty of the Vale."

But what to him were all her charms? He might not seek to win them, for the very nature which rendered him more susceptible to their influence made his love less a rude and selfish passion than a tender and generous sentiment, and the daily lesson taught by his home was more effective against marriage without some prospect of a comfortable provision than any which political economists could teach. But Clare was not the man to waste his powers in vain repinings, or to see the good he coveted borne off from him by some churl but half sensible of its value, while he made no effort

to secure it. For the first time the thought of publishing his little poems arose. They might bring a few pounds—a large sum to him—and, what would be better still, they might introduce him to the editors of papers and magazines, and so enable him to obtain from them employment somewhat better paid than plowing and threshing, for which he received, when most generously paid, nine shillings sterling a week, or a little more than two dollars of our money. But to print and publish required more than he could hope to obtain by many months of labor. Here was a new difficulty; to many it would have proved insuperable; but John Clare had learned that the strong, courageous spirit finds in difficulties only the elements of nobler triumph. He had heard of publishing books by subscription; perhaps he might find subscribers enough to pay something more than the expense of publication. The first step toward this desirable end was to issue a prospectus, and this would cost, at the closest calculation, a pound. Untiring labor, cheerful self-denial—such was the rule of his life till this pound was gained. The prospectus was prepared and printed, offering to subscribers a “Collection of Original Trifles” at 8s. 6d. a volume. The poet himself distributed these printed papers through the village of Bridge Casterton, where he was then at work, and the town of Stamford. And now he was to do the hardest work of all—to wait. For weary weeks he waited with little encouragement. He gained only seven subscribers! Giant Despair certainly had him at advantage now. Never had his “rose-bud in humble life” looked so charming in his eyes as she did at this time, when he feared that she could never be his in more than fancy. We picture him to ourselves straying beside the river Gwash, whose beauties he describes in one of his most picturesque sonnets, musing, as he strays, on his past struggles, endeavoring still to solve that most difficult of all the questions the sphinx, waiting for him on his life journey, had yet propounded: Shall he yield all hope of winning her who had kindled in his heart the one pure, undying love, lighting his lowly surroundings with a roseate glow that made them more beautiful than even his poetic dreams; or shall he give the rein to the strong passion throbbing in his veins, and know what joy is, fleeting though the experience be, quickly as it must be succeeded by the pang of remorse? Born in a simple cot, the girl he loves has led a humble life; yet she has been guarded from the worst evils of poverty, from the coarseness that degrades and the hopelessness that deadens. With the ready instinct of opening womanhood she had seen his love, though it may be she but half understood what she saw; and when they met, her ready blush, her smile that would not be repressed, told a tale of hope which made his contest with himself doubly hard. Whether he would have fought this battle out successfully, and won, as the crown of victory, the

“blessedness” given only to him who rejects “happiness” the price of which must be the sacrifice of conscience and honor, we know not, for ere the combat was ended the light that comes sooner or later to every faithful, patient soul dawned upon Clare. It came quietly, naturally, in a way characteristic of the man’s life, and by one of those incidents which the thoughtless call chances, and the reflective providences.

The unused copies of the prospectus, valueless as Clare now considered them for their original object, were still treasured by him, for paper was as scarce as ever, and each of them offered a blank page on which a sonnet might occasionally be written. On such a page he had written his “Ode to the Setting Sun;” not the highest effort of his muse, yet displaying in some of its lines that loving study of nature’s minute beauties and that power of word-painting for which he was remarkable. The prospectus, with its penciled sonnet, was committed to the hole in the wall—his childish place of deposit. Thither the mother resorted a few days after for a piece of paper in which to enfold a letter that was to be intrusted to the rough and not over-clean hands of a country waggoner. The letter was for a gentleman in Stamford. It was left for him at the book-store to which John Clare had walked thirteen years before in search of Thomson’s “Seasons.”

The prospectus and the sonnet attracted the attention of the bookseller, Mr. Edward Drury. They were in his line, and he was open-eyed to them, as men generally are to whatever touches the remotest point of the circle bounding their interests. As the prospectus only spoke of a Northamptonshire peasant, and the sonnet was subscribed with nothing but the initials J. C., Mr. Drury found some difficulty in discovering the name and residence of the author whom he desired to befriend. It is scarcely possible, perhaps, for us to realize the effect of the visit to Helpston that followed. Poets are ever sanguine; and to John Clare words of encouragement from one engaged in the book-trade, coming at that season of heart-sickness when long-deferred hope was darkening into despair, must have been as sunlight bursting upon midnight gloom. To his father and mother it must have brought as much surprise as gladness, perhaps more, for they seem to have held their son’s poems in little esteem; and those who have lived as long and suffered as much as they had done do not listen easily to Hope’s flattering tale.

Mr. Drury was not himself a publisher, but copies of the poems most pleasing to him were forwarded to Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, of London. These gentlemen offered Clare twenty pounds for the copyright. Twenty pounds! As much as he could have hoped to make by a year of hard labor for the verses which had been the sport of his idle hours! To you, reader, the sum may seem little; to the son of the

crippled pauper, the hard-worked plower and thresher, it was an El Dorado. The poems were published. There they were, in actual print and binding—a book—a book, too, of which reviews and magazines all spoke with favor as of genuine poems. “Here,” said the *Quarterly*, generally so severe in its demands—“here are no tawdry and feeble paraphrases of former poets, no attempts at describing *what* the author *might* have become acquainted with in his limited reading. The woods, the vales, the brooks, ‘the crimson spots’ the bottom of a cowslip, or the loftier phenomena of the heavens, contemplated through the alternations of hope and despondency, are the principal sources whence the youth, whose adverse circumstances and resignation under them extort our sympathy, drew the faithful and vivid pictures before us.”

The night was surely gone for John Clare. His path was now along the world's sunny side. The publishers found ready sale for the little volume of his poems, and, with a generosity not too common among publishers, invested one hundred pounds in his name. The Earl of Fitzwilliam and the Marquis of Exeter—the greatest landholders in the poet's neighborhood—added largely to this sum; other noblemen and gentlemen, in admiration of the man's faithful, patient, courageous life, sent donations for him to his publishers. Thus an annuity large enough for comfort, though not for luxury, was secured to him. The crown of all was the hour when, without violation of honor or conscience, with the harmonious assent of his whole being, he could unveil his heart to the girl he had loved so truly and so long. With what shame-faced pride she must have read the poems in which her charms were celebrated! Again we picture him straying through the flowery meadows and by the side of his favorite brook; but he is not now alone; his pretty, artless Patty is by his side. He recites his verses—some perhaps that the world has not yet heard—and he receives from her the reward that the poet most desires, praise from the lips he loves.

Perhaps it was under these circumstances

that he composed the stanzas to Patty in which occur the following lines:

“Flow on, thou gently plashing stream,
O'er weed-beds wild and rank;
Delighted I've enjoyed my dream
Upon thy mossy bank:
Bemoistening many a weedy stem,
I've watched thee wind so clearly,
And on thy banks I found the gem
That makes me love thee dearly.”

The picture, in its minute noting of features that would have little charm for a common eye, recalls some of Tennyson's masterly paintings of scenes of the same character among the Lincolnshire fens, where,

“Through the marshy green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple and green and yellow.”

We have but one other scene to offer the reader. It is a scene of real life, drawn for us by one who was attracted to Helpston by his interest in the peasant poet. The humble cot of the pauper Parker Clare had been enlarged and repaired, presenting the aspect of a comfortable English farmer's home, and there was the proud father, pauper no longer, the prouder mother, and the gentle, loving wife, sunning themselves in the glow of his prosperity who had thus won the crown of faithful endurance and steadfast working.

Here we rest. The end for him had not yet come. Life had other scenes to unfold for him. Were they dark?—were they bright? The sibyl is silent. What has been told is enough for her purpose, which was to sketch a suggestive picture for the young, who, conscious of some intellectual power, are shrinking from less pleasing forms of labor, and are in danger of falling into indolent, hopeless vacuity, or it may be into debasing dependence, rather than accept the work which they consider beneath their powers. Let them see in John Clare that the humblest labor does not degrade genius, nay, that its faithful performance elevates.

If the task assigned you be lowly, work in it diligently and steadily. In such work lies true heroism, the only heroism possible to most of us; and to the earnest worker, never to the idler, comes the call, “Come up higher!”

BORDER REMINISCENCES.

By RANDOLPH B. MARCY, U.S.A.

IX.

THE — regiment of — was a superior organization, composed of excellent material, as every body connected with the old army establishment very well knew, and a great amount of arduous and meritorious service was performed by this regiment in the Indian country long before the breaking out of the rebellion. Some of the officers made their marks in the Florida and Mexican campaigns; others distinguished themselves in prominent positions during the late war; while many of them have

been killed in battle or have died in the service of their country; so that now, alas! like some of the old war frigates, although the name, configuration, and model remain, the original material of the fabric has almost entirely disappeared.

For some years after this regiment was first called into service the officers bore the reputation of being about the most hospitable, generous, and convivial set of good fellows in the army, and wherever they were quartered, either in barracks or in camp, there was certain to be

gayety and festivity. And it may truly be said of them "that their latch-strings were never drawn in, and their purse-strings seldom ever tied." Indeed, they were noted for spending their money freely so long as it lasted; but some of them were so prodigal that they were rarely ever known to be in funds during the last half of a month, or, at all events, until the paymaster came around. The itinerant, gipsy-like locomotion that the troops on the frontier are continually subjected to, even in time of profound peace, precludes the possibility of their forming permanent household arrangements, as they can never tell to-day where they may be ordered to-morrow.

The regiments are usually so widely dispersed in small garrisons that it is difficult for them to establish any thing like regimental messes, such as are found in the English army. Yet at one station in Texas quite a respectable mess was formed, and a majority of the officers of the regiment joined it. But, unfortunately for the aspirations of some of the young subalterns, their finances had become so low, and they were so deeply involved in debt, as to be unable to pay the somewhat extravagant mess bills of the large association, and they were obliged to "rough it" by themselves in a more frugal manner, chiefly upon supplies obtained at low rates from the commissary. Indeed, I heard of one lieutenant (but I will not vouch for its literal authenticity) whose purse became so perfectly depleted at one time that for several weeks he was compelled to subsist upon rice alone. During this period of fasting it unfortunately so fell out that a friend of his from a neighboring post paid him a most unseasonable visit, not having the slightest previous conception or warning of the scanty fare he was destined to encounter.

The impoverished lieutenant put the best possible face upon the meagre condition of his larder, and received him with his usual urbane hospitality at about the hour for dinner, when it was too late, however, even had it been in his power, to have made much change in his bill of fare, except to borrow a little mustard from a brother officer, which he imagined might make the rice diet more palatable. The dinner was soon announced, the two friends seated themselves at the pine camp-table, when the host raised the solitary cover, and, in a very beseeching way, inquired of his guest if he should help him to rice. The latter, conceiving this dish to be the preliminary course, like "raw oysters on the half shell," replied, "No, I thank you; I never eat rice." "Then," said the lieutenant, not a little perplexed as to what he should do or say next, and as a desperate *dernier ressort* under the exceedingly embarrassing circumstances, "help yourself to mustard; for if you can get any thing else in this ranch, you are smarter than I am."

The finances of the officers of the general mess were in a more flourishing condition, and their table was usually supplied with the best

dishes the market afforded. Indeed, they sometimes even indulged in the luxury of a bottle of wine at dinner, and in order to give zest to its flavor, and to contribute excitement against the heavy monotony of garrison life, they occasionally resorted to the stimulating influences of wagers, and other ingenious devices, involving results that invariably added to their stock of wine.

Some of these novel expedients were superlatively ludicrous. For example: Quite an animated and somewhat acrimonious discussion arose one day as to who was the handsomest man in the mess, and a wide diversity of opinion was evinced upon the subject, without any prospect of a satisfactory solution of the question, until some one suggested that it should be decided by disinterested ladies, who were acknowledged to be much more competent judges of such matters than men. As there were no ladies at the post, the greater part of the officers being in a state of "single blessedness," it was proposed, as the only alternative for feminine arbitration, that three camp-women should be sent for, and whoever they decided to be the best-looking of the party should be required to pay a basket of Champagne.

This suggestion seemed to meet the approbation of the party, and there was a unanimous accord in submitting to the ordeal. The laundresses were immediately called in, the proposition fully explained to them, and they at once commenced a modest but scrutinizing examination of each officer at the table in succession. When this was finished they retired to a corner of the room, where they held a protracted consultation in whispers, after which they delegated one of their number by the name of Nancy to announce the result, which she did in the following words:

"Ef the gentlemen please, the ladies of the board has to report that they has examined all the officers of this 'ere mess, and they has 'rived to the 'nanimous 'clusion that Colonel M—— is the most *millionary*-looking man, but that Captain M—— is the most handsomest man."

This decision was quite unexpected, for Captain M—— was generally admitted to be by all odds the ugliest man in the mess. He, however, was not exactly of that way of thinking himself, and believing the verdict to be perfectly fair and disinterested, he was highly elated at the compliment, and most cheerfully paid the wine.

A few days subsequent to this another discussion arose as to who was the ugliest man in the mess, and after arguing the question in all its possible bearings, they agreed to call another board of camp-women to decide it, and the unfortunate individual was to suffer the penalty of paying for another basket of Champagne. Accordingly the referees were called, consisting of Nancy with two new members, who, after going through an inspection and consultation similar to the one before de-

scribed, delegated one of their number to communicate the decision, which was as follows:

"The ladies of this 'ere board has 'cluded that Major G—— is the most *onmillenariest*-looking man, but that Captain M——" (the same officer that had been selected before) "is the most *ornariest* and the most *ugliest* man of the hull party."

This announcement so astounded M—— that he jumped from his seat at the table in a highly excited state, and demanded to know of the startled laundresses why they had presumed to make such an inconsistent decision, when only a few days before this, as they very well knew, he had been pronounced the handsomest man of the entire mess.

The exponent of the referees, with a timid, simpering smile, in the midst of peals of laughter from the other officers, undertook to explain the discrepancy in the two decisions. She said:

"The Cap'n must consider that two new members has been detailed on this 'ere board; besides," she added, "the Cap'n must also 'member that we ladies is privileged to change our 'pinions sometimes."

He was not satisfied with the explanation, and appealed from the decision, but a prompt and unanimous *viva voce* vote of the mess was adverse to him, and he was compelled to suffer the infliction of the penalty involved. He paid for the second basket of wine, but under protest, and with the emphatic declaration that he would not submit to any more inspections of the kind in future. Moreover, he even hinted that in his opinion the two adverse decisions had been brought about by the machinations of certain officers of the mess.

X.

There was one officer of high rank in the regiment who seemed to possess an irresistible natural penchant for practical joking, and although, like most other men of similar tendencies, he was wonderfully sensitive upon the subject of being quizzed himself, he was continually seeking opportunities to run his rigs upon others.

As an illustration of this, upon a certain occasion a young officer, who had been acting assistant commissary for a short period, found himself in a state of perplexity by the return of his accounts from the Treasury Department, from which it appeared that he was deficient in a considerable amount of sugar that had been charged against him by the Auditor. He was a good deal troubled upon the subject, and having but little experience in such matters, applied to the facetious Colonel for advice, acknowledging that he was deficient in the amount of sugar charged, but stating, at the same time, that he had on hand a large surplus of soap, and it seemed to him a very hard case that he should be held responsible for the loss of the sugar when the value of the soap was more than sufficient to cover it.

The Colonel, with an air of the utmost apparent sincerity, assured him that it was really very unjust on the part of the Auditor to impose upon him in that manner, but that in his judgment it was the easiest thing imaginable to set the matter right, and that possibly he might even have a small balance in his favor if he would only insert at the foot of the return as follows: "*Nota bene.*—For *sugar*, read *soap*."

I am not positive whether the return, corrected as suggested, was sent back to the Auditor; my impression is that it was; but whether the alchemic powers of the laboratory of the Treasury Department have ever succeeded in transmuting the saponaceous constituent of the ration into the more saccharine component has never, that I am aware of, been promulgated.

The Colonel did not always come off unscathed in his attempts to perpetrate jests upon others, as the reader will perceive from what follows:

The sutler at Fort ——, who was a kind and obliging man, but rather primitive and literal in his perceptions, was once about leaving the post for New Orleans, where he designed purchasing his annual supply of goods; and just before starting he called on the Colonel to ascertain if he could do any thing for him in the city. The Colonel replied that he did not at that moment think of any particular commissions for him to execute; but directly afterward something seemed to occur to his mind, and giving a sly wink to some officers near, he said to the sutler that he would confer an especial favor if he would purchase for him some bottled beeswax.

This being a commodity the sutler had never before heard of, he requested the Colonel to enlighten him, and was informed that it was a very rare and expensive article, that could only be obtained in a few places, and that he would not be surprised if he failed to find it, even in New Orleans. He was anxious to oblige the commanding officer, and assured him that he should spare no pains to obtain it if it was to be found in the city; and he left.

Some of the young officers who were present and overheard the conversation, and for whose especial delectation the joke had been concocted, thought this a good opportunity to retaliate upon the Colonel for some of the numerous sells he had inflicted upon them. Accordingly one of them immediately wrote to the grocer in New Orleans with whom the sutler had been in the habit of trading, explained the whole matter to him, and requested his co-operation in carrying out the joke.

He entered into the plot willingly, melted some beeswax, which he poured into two bottles, and covering them with dust and cobwebs, set them aside and awaited the arrival of the sutler, who in due course of time made his appearance, and after completing other purchases inquired where such an article as bottled beeswax could be had.

The grocer informed him that fortunately he himself happened to have just two bottles left of the identical article he was in search of, which was probably all at that time in the market; but, he added, for his information, that this was the last of a choice lot of great age, and of such value that he should be compelled to charge twenty dollars a bottle for it. Indeed, he said, he was by no means anxious to part with it even at that price. The sutler at once closed the purchase, and willingly paid the amount demanded.

On his return to the fort he met a group of officers, who, in accordance with their usual custom, had collected around the landing to get the mail and learn the most recent news; and after a little preliminary conversation he informed the Colonel that he had been so fortunate as to secure for him the last two bottles of beeswax in New Orleans.

"Beeswax! beeswax! what do you mean by beeswax?" said the astonished Colonel. (It seemed he had for the instant forgotten the order.)

The outburst of laughter from the bevy of officers standing near, all of whom were in the secret, disclosed to the Colonel the fact that the joke had recoiled upon himself, and also showed the sutler that there had been an attempt to sell him. He was not, therefore, in the most amiable mood when he replied:

"Why, Sir, you know perfectly what I mean. I mean the bottled beeswax you ordered, and which I paid forty dollars for, and which must be returned, Sir."

The Colonel did not, in the slightest degree, seem to appreciate the pith of the joke. On the contrary, he became highly incensed, and although he said but little, he looked daggers at the delighted group of officers around, not one of whom manifested the least sympathy for him, but kept up continual peals of laughter, each one of which was more uproarious than the preceding, until at length the Colonel, unable to endure it longer, walked rapidly away in the direction of his quarters, gesticulating wrathfully, and muttering to himself expressions of displeasure, the few syllables that were caught indicating a not very complimentary application to the tormentors he was leaving behind. He, however, with a very bad grace, reimbursed the sutler; but it was quite severe upon him, as he was rather penurious in his disposition. The officers subsequently, when the Colonel was not about, enjoyed many a hearty laugh over the joke; but it was never afterward considered safe to give utterance to the word "beeswax" in his presence, unless the offender wished to be ordered into exile at "Botany Bay" (the most disagreeable post occupied by the regiment).

Notwithstanding this, however, the not very euphonious sobriquet of "*Old Beeswax*," by universal acclamation, soon attached to the Colonel, and it was a long time before it was forgotten.

Upon another occasion the Colonel was inspecting the quartermaster's affairs at his post, and in passing through the store-houses and shops he observed two or three old horseshoes lying around, which he picked up and handed to the quartermaster, Captain F. B——, remarking that they should be carefully preserved for future use; and at the same time he added that a great deal might be saved to the government if quartermasters would take pains to collect all the old bits of iron, pieces of leather, rope, and even old broken axe, spade, and shovel handles, all of which might, at some time or other, be applied to useful purposes; and in this connection he endeavored to impress upon the Captain the importance of exercising the most rigid economy in all his expenditures, never allowing public property of the slightest value to be misapplied, wasted, or lost. This, he informed him, was a duty he owed to his country; and he trusted that he would not again have occasion to call his attention to the subject.

Captain B—— was one of the most irrepressible wags in the army, and I verily believe he never allowed an opportunity to escape for the indulgence of his besetting propensity. The Colonel in this particular instance may have been actuated by an honest zeal for the good of the service; very likely he was; but the Captain was by no means certain of this; on the contrary, his incredulity led him to suspect that there might be under all this a deliberate covert design to "sell" him, and he had too high an estimate of his powers of discernment to quietly suffer himself to be "sold" on such easy terms.

He believed he had as much regard as most officers for economy and the best interests of the service, but he most decidedly objected to being made a scavenger of. Accordingly he listened patiently to all that was said upon the subject, and informed the Colonel that the advice had made a deep impression upon his mind, assuring him at the same time that he should endeavor to profit by his wise counsels. He then added that, if the Colonel would pardon the liberty, he should like to ask a special favor of him touching the very subject in question. To which the officer replied: "Certainly, Sir; as you seem so ready to adopt my suggestions, it will give me pleasure to grant you any favor in my power."

Not being exactly certain of his ground yet, and being fully resolved not to commit himself, he continued: "I trust, Colonel, that you will not be offended or consider me disrespectful if I ask this semi-official favor?"

"Most assuredly not, Sir. I have already said I was willing to do any thing in my power to serve you; so speak out frankly, and let me know what you want."

"Very well, then," said the Captain, with the most solemn expression of countenance, and apparently moved almost to tears; "very well; my heart is bursting with devotion to our

good Uncle Samuel; and if you, my dear Colonel, will only oblige me by singing a few staves of 'Hail Columbia,' the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' or some other patriotic song, I shall be forever indebted to you."

The Colonel seemed quite indignant at the proposition, and exclaimed:

"What do you mean, Sir? You know perfectly well I don't sing. Moreover, I regard your conduct as disrespectful—as disrespectful to your commanding officer, Sir, and a violation of the ninety-ninth article of war; and I'll have you to know that I'll take notice of it, Sir."

To this the Captain replied: "You will remember, Sir, that you expressly assured me you would not regard my request as disrespectful, and I disclaim any such intention. But really, Colonel, if you would be so very kind as to sing a stave or two of some national air I will cheerfully pitch the tune for you."

This touching appeal was in vain, however; the old gentleman didn't sing.

XI.

The Colonel was one of the best garrison commanders in service. His troops were well disciplined; the quarters, barracks, and grounds around the posts he commanded were at all times in perfect order; and he invariably held every one to a rigid accountability for any negligence in carrying out his police regulations. He required all public buildings to be frequently cleansed and whitewashed inside and out; and, as a hygienic measure, liberal use of chlorid of lime and other disinfectants was enforced. He took especial pains to keep the parade-grounds well policed, and if he saw a quid of tobacco or the stump of a cigar lying in the walks, he has often been known to call out a police party of several men with a hand-cart and shovels to carry them off.

But if there was any one thing that was more repulsive to him than all others it was a bed-bug, and this was so great an abomination that he made ceaseless efforts to annihilate them from every fort that came under his command, and if by chance one of these "couch-pirates" ever invaded his dormitory it disturbed his slumbers for a good while.

His extraordinary sensitiveness in this regard was well understood by our waggish friend Captain B——, who at one post, which was regarded by the Colonel as a model of police excellence, caused to be collected from some outside source a quantity of bed-bugs sufficient to fill a seidlitz-powder box, which he covered and laid aside for a future purpose that will soon be disclosed.

Shortly after this, in discoursing upon his hobby, the Colonel took occasion to remark that, for once in his life, he had succeeded in getting a military post into perfect order, that every part was in capital police, and all vermin had been eradicated.

Captain B—— heard the statement, and observed that it was very true the post was clean,

but he thought there was a slight mistake in regard to the extermination of the vermin, as only a short time before he had seen, as he verily believed, at least a thousand bed-bugs in his own quarters.

The Colonel looked aghast at this startling assertion, and replied, "I really think you must be in error, Captain, for I am quite confident there are but very few, if any, of those disgusting insects in the fort."

The officer assured him that he could not by any possibility be mistaken, as he had seen them with his own eyes.

The Colonel then, in a highly excited and positive manner, again expressed his incredulity upon the subject; to which the Captain responded:

"Very well, Sir, if you doubt my words, perhaps you are willing to sustain your rather uncourteously expressed opinions by risking a little wine upon an investigation of the facts. I myself am so confident of the truth of what I have stated that I will bet you a basket of Champagne that I will capture and bring to this room a seidlitz-powder box full of bed-bugs within fifteen minutes' time."

The wager was instantly accepted, and away went the Captain to his quarters, returning within the time with his box, which he uncovered and abruptly placed upon the table directly under the Colonel's face, while he was engaged in writing, remarking as he did so, "I've caught them; there they are; and I've won the Champagne."

The violent shock that the old gentleman's high-strung nervous system received as an army of bugs, suddenly released from confinement, poured out over the sides of the box and extended like skirmishers all over the table may be more easily imagined than described.

The first effect was like that of a terrific nightmare, paralyzing him to such an extent that he was unable to move hand or foot; but as soon as he obtained a realizing sense of the situation his powers of locomotion returned, and he jumped like lightning from his seat, upsetting the table in the sudden effort to escape, and scattering his tormentors all over the floor, which only served to increase his perturbation; and, as he bolted for the door, he called out in the most imploring tone:

"Take them away! take them away! I'll pay the wine!"

The parsimonious proclivities of this officer were exhibited in a rather unenviable light upon a certain occasion when he gave a dinner-party to Colonel M——, who, by-the-by, was probably one of the most absent-minded and "distract" men that ever lived.

The Colonel was not much addicted to giving dinners, and when he did, the "carte" was so meagre, and the wine of such inferior quality, that his entertainments were by no means popular with the officers. The dinner in compliment to Colonel M——, above alluded to, was prolonged to an unusual hour, and a good deal

of the Colonel's cheap wine was consumed during the protracted sitting.

On the following morning Colonel M——, after a very restless night, during which the little sleep he was enabled to get was continually disturbed by semi-somnolent glimpses of his ancestors and other spectral concomitants of indigestion and nightmare, found himself suffering from an excruciating headache, which continued all the morning, making him feel generally miserable and out of humor. While in this condition he happened to meet his host of the previous evening, who very blandly passed the salutations of the morning with him, and anxiously inquired as to the state of his health.

It did not, it seems, for the instant occur to him where or by whom he had been entertained, and in the most ingenuous manner imaginable he replied: "The fact is, my dear Sir, that I dined out somewhere yesterday, and they gave me some villainous trash which they called wine, and it has played the very devil with me, Sir. My head feels like a mountain with the fires of a volcano raging within."

Notwithstanding his oblivious proclivities Colonel M—— was a most conscientious, excellent officer, and a high-toned, honorable gentleman, whom all his acquaintances held in the highest estimation.

So far as his own history was concerned very little was known upon the subject, as he always maintained an absolute silence in regard to his early life. Indeed, it was generally understood that he himself was totally ignorant of every thing relating to his origin. He only knew that from his earliest recollection he had been carefully watched over and abundantly provided for through the agency of some mysterious source, which he was unable to discover to the day of his death. The prevailing opinion among his brother officers was that he at some period before he entered the service had been crossed in an *affaire du cœur*. However this may have been he remained a bachelor all his days, and never seemed particularly fond of ladies' society.

These circumstances may have operated so powerfully upon his proud, sensitive nature as to have exercised a controlling influence in producing the idiosyncrasies in his character. His mental ramblings were sometimes much more devious than at others, although they never amounted to any thing like monomania.

He was a strict disciplinarian and a capital drill officer; yet occasionally, when one of his "distract" fits would strike him, he made some most ludicrous mistakes. For example: while he was drilling, one afternoon, he became so much absorbed in a deep brown-study that he continued to march the battalion back and forth until after dark, without the slightest apparent conception of what he was about, until the adjutant asked him if he should not send for some lanterns to enable him to post the markers properly. He looked up in bewilderment, exclaiming, "Tut! tut! tut! well now I de-

clare, it is dark sure enough. Dismiss the battalion, Mr. Adjutant;" and away he went toward his quarters, muttering to himself, "Tut! tut! tut!"

The Colonel was an enthusiastic sportsman, and prided himself on his shooting.

Once, while he was standing in front of his regiment in command of a dress-parade, and at the time when the band was "beating-off," a *line* of wild-geese flying unusually low passed directly over him. Under the impulse of the moment he instantly raised his sword to his shoulder and aimed at them, as if he had a gun in hand; but discovering the mistake he dropped the sword, remarking as he did so, "I've lost a splendid shot. If I had my gun I believe I could bag two of those birds—I do, indeed; and possibly I could have killed three."

Hearing some smothered laughing among the men he instantly recovered his composure, and called out, "Silence in the ranks! Did you never see a flock of wild-geese before?"

He could never remember the names of his soldiers, but acquired the habit of identifying and designating them by certain significant acts or incidents connected with their service. As for instance: in aligning the battalion on parade, he would often call out from the right to men on the extreme left: "Dress up there, you man that drove team on Rum River. Dress back a little, you man that deserted from Prairie du Chien. Steady there, you man who stole the powder and shot from the sutler."

At one time, while he was staying at the old American Hotel in New York, he went to his room (as he supposed) to dress for dinner, but by some blunder he managed to get into another man's apartment, and opening the wardrobe, took out a pair of pantaloons of a different color from any he possessed, put them on, and started for the dining-room.

As he was a very tall man, while the proprietor of the pants he had dressed himself in was an uncommonly short individual, he was *sans culotte* from about the region of the knees downward, so that, as the reader may imagine, in parading with his erect, dignified carriage across the large dining-hall, filled with ladies and gentlemen, his singular appearance excited no little amusement for the assembled guests; and it was not until the host sent a waiter to notify him of the outré exhibition he was making that he had the least idea of the cause of the merriment. Then casting his eyes down to his legs, he indignantly remarked, "Tut, tut, tut! that rascally tailor has made my pants too short, or else they have shrunk most confoundedly;" and turning around he marched rapidly off, soliloquizing anathemas at New York tailors.

Upon another occasion, while at Fort —, he dressed himself in full uniform, had his horse completely caparisoned and brought out to ride at a review and inspection of his command.

Previous to his getting into the saddle, how-

ever, by some accident the stirrups had become disarranged in such a manner that one of them was drawn up and buckled near the saddle-skirt, and the other was let down to the extremity of the strap. Not observing the incongruity, he at once mounted and placed the right foot in the short stirrup, with the leg elevated and bent so as to form an acute angle, with the knee at the apex, while the left leg was extended to its full length in order to reach the depressed position of the stirrup on the opposite side.

In this unsymmetrical posture he galloped out in front of the battalion, and, after acknowledging the salute of the troops, rode around the line, his excessively comical appearance causing much suppressed merriment among the men. But the most ludicrous part of the performance occurred after the review had ended and the battalion was wheeled into column of companies for inspection.

The Colonel then rode to the head of the column, called an orderly to hold his horse, and dismounted. But, as strange as it may appear, instead of straightening out his right leg when he reached the ground, the limb, as if in a cataplectic state, continued at about the same deflection from a right line that it had assumed while upon the horse; and, what is still more surprising, when the Colonel commenced to walk his leg remained rigidly doubled up, so that he was obliged to dip his head very low every time he put his right foot to the ground.

The officers and men tried their best to preserve gravity and order, but it was no easy matter. At the first step he took irresistible smiles gathered upon the faces of the officers, and suppressed titterings ran along the entire column; but as the old veteran began to move faster, with his head bobbing up and down at every step, and crying out at the top of his voice, "*Silence in the ranks!*" the ludicrous effect preponderated over every other consideration. It was more than the best disciplined troops on earth could endure with gravity, and, as might have been anticipated, a simultaneous thundering peal of uproarious laughter burst from the whole command like an avalanche upon the ears of the astounded Colonel, who, in absolute unconsciousness of the cause of the insubordinate proceedings, became intensely exasperated, furiously swinging his sword around, and vociferously screaming, "*Silence! silence! silence!*"

At the same time his pace along the column became more and more accelerated, and the dipping of his head correspondingly more rapid, which of course only served to augment the drollery of the spectacle, and increase the merriment and disorder in the ranks, until it finally reached such a pitch that the adjutant, in the midst of convulsions of laughter, informed him what had occasioned it.

The Colonel, notwithstanding he was something of a martinet, could appreciate a good joke as well as most men, even when he was

himself the subject of it. And when he cast his eyes down toward his nether appendages, and comprehended the comical figure he had been cutting, at once straightened up and joined in the laugh, exclaiming, "Tut! tut! tut! Well now I declare, that was funny, very funny indeed! Ha! ha! ha!"

ON DIGESTION AND FOOD.

EVERY one has certain crude general notions concerning the process of digestion, modified, in the majority of instances, by very peculiar individual opinions as to the position and functions of the various organs concerned in that operation, and other minor anatomical and physiological details. Most of the uninitiated, however, agree in the main theory that the human body is hollow internally, having a stomach suspended somewhere low down in the abdomen; a heart communicating in some way with this stomach; and a liver intimately connected with both, and continually giving rise to disturbances of the system requiring the periodical use of blue pills, "anti-bilious elixirs," or "patent universal panaceas." This belief is fostered by the pseudo-scientific circulars and advertisements of numerous "Professors," who labor to confirm the popular conviction that the "alimentary canal" was obviously designed by a beneficent Providence for the express purpose of being perpetually drenched; that the blood is only to be kept in a state of purity by persistent purgation; and that chronic catharsis is the sole normal condition of humanity, whereby is guaranteed immunity from all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Before proceeding, therefore, to the consideration of the conditions requisite to healthy digestion, I shall attempt, in as few and as simple words as possible, to convey an accurate idea of the parts which carry on that performance and of their mode of action.

In the first place, dear reader, it may surprise you to be told that the stomach is not the only, nor even—with regard to the share of work allotted to it—the principal agent in digestion. The greater part of the food consumed by you is digested elsewhere, with little if any assistance from this organ, and even that portion coming properly under its jurisdiction undergoes preparatory and subsequent treatment of essential importance. In other words, there are two kinds of digestion, suited to two kinds of food, serving different purposes, and performed in different places. Great as is the apparent diversity of articles of diet, the republican simplicity of the digestive apparatus totally disregards all distinctions of rank, and classes them under one of two heads—building materials, or combustibles; food proper, or fuel. From the wear and tear of the animal machinery arises a continual waste of every tissue, minute particles that have fulfilled their purpose losing their vitality and being cast away as useless; and Saint Paul uttered a literal

physiological truth when he said "I die daily," for, paradoxical as the assertion may seem, our life is directly dependent upon this daily death, and as a condition of existence each one of us dies at the rate of *over eight pounds*, avoirdupois weight, a day.

To compensate for this waste—to furnish fresh, living particles to take the place of those that have died—we must receive from external sources an equivalent weight of new available materials. These are food, water, and air, and the relative quantities of each consumed by us in twenty-four hours may be stated thus: of dry food, two pounds and a quarter; of water (including in that term tea, coffee, wine, and all other liquids drunk), four pounds, or nearly one-half the total amount of supply; and of oxygen (derived from the atmosphere), two pounds and a quarter. It is with the first of these—the solid food—only that we have now to deal, following it, as closely as may be, through its course from mastication to its final incorporation. I have spoken of a classification of articles of food into building materials and combustibles; but, strictly speaking, nothing can serve as food unless it be combustible, the whole process of nutrition resulting from the burning of the substances introduced. The chemical elements of food are, however, divided by physiologists and digestions into tissue-making and heat-producing. The tissue-making (technically called "*histogenetic*" or "*nutritive*") portions are chiefly characterized by the presence of nitrogen, and are hence commonly alluded to as "*nitrogenized*." They furnish, moreover, sulphur, chlorine, iron, potash, phosphorus, soda, lime, and other small wares in constant demand among the various textures of the body. The heat-producing matter (contradistinguished as "*calorificient*," "*respiratory*," or "*non-nitrogenized*") consists mainly of hydrogen and carbon.

Digestion may be said to commence on the kitchen range; for although, perhaps, no actual chemical transformation is produced by the process of cooking, and although man, as well as the lower animals, can—and does sometimes—live upon raw food, yet such a change is effected by the action of culinary heat that articles thus prepared are not only more readily acted upon by the internal organs, but are also better adapted to the wants of the system.

Your dinner being cooked, the next thing to be done is to get it into such a condition that it may be dissolved or suspended in water. This is accomplished by mechanical force and chemical action. The teeth—of which some are for cutting, some for grinding—crush and subdivide it, mixing with it, the while, the saliva and mucus furnished by the lining membrane of the mouth and the salivary glands, of which there are three pairs. Two kinds of saliva are secreted by these glands; one merely for the purpose of fitting the mouthful to be swallowed, the other having the singular property of converting starch into sugar—an important procedure, as you will at once admit when told

that starch constitutes a very large percentage of all vegetable food, but is totally useless for any purposes of assimilation until this change into sugar is effected, whereby it becomes a prominent item in the list of heat-producing bodies. It is thus seen that a portion of the digestive process—and a very essential portion, too—is performed before a morsel is swallowed; and yet you, my dear Sir, are doing your utmost to impede this preliminary operation by the abominable practice of chewing tobacco. You over-stimulate the action of your salivary glands; you deteriorate the quality of their secretion; and then you and your friends wonder why you do not grow fat, or why on such a simple diet—principally vegetable, perhaps, on prudential grounds—you should suffer from dyspepsia. The objection here made to the constant quid is not meant to apply to an after-dinner cigar, which, far from being hurtful, may actually aid digestion. As the saliva is increased, within certain limits, the secretion of gastric juice is increased also, and the thorough solution of nitrogenized matter thus promoted. In many, if not all, cases where tobacco is apparently injurious, the evil results are attributable rather to excessive expectoration than to the "weed" itself; and as the chewer must either do this or pursue the still more objectionable course of swallowing an infusion of tobacco in tea-spoonful doses every fifteen minutes, his constitution must be very robust if he escape unpleasant relations with his digestive organs.

Having thoroughly masticated a moderate mouthful (I trust that your own good sense renders needless a caution against "filling your mouth too full," or "bolting"), you convey it to the stomach* through a tube about nine inches in length, called the *œsophagus*, by the act of swallowing. In the stomach tissue-making, or nitrogenized digestion, is chiefly conducted. The material, moistened with saliva (which also carries a certain amount of oxygen in the minute bubbles of its froth), is here exposed to the influence of the gastric juice, of which about *four pints* are secreted daily. This fluid derives its acid quality partly from the common salt contained in the food or added thereto as a condiment, partly from starch, a portion of which is converted into lactic acid. While the saliva is still continuing its action in the interior of the mass, the surface is being modified by the gastric juice, under a sort of kneading movement maintained by the muscular contractions of the stomach. In the course of three or four hours the food is in this way rendered soluble by chemical treatment, and reduced to a semi-fluid pulp, called

* The stomach is situated much higher up than is generally supposed, especially by Hibernian patients, who invariably describe an uneasy sensation in the region of that organ as "a smotherin' about the heart." Its location may be best indicated, perhaps, by saying that its upper portion lies just under the lower end of the breast-bone, where the ribs separate.

chyme, and is then expelled gradually from the stomach into the intestinal canal, a tube continuous with the cavity of the stomach, and some twenty-five feet in length.

In the intestine the digestion of the tissue-making materials, which was not quite completed in the stomach, is perfected, and that of most heat-producing bodies, such as fats, begun. By a peculiar wave-like muscular action the chyme is carried along to be mixed with bile, with the fluid formed by a large gland termed the pancreas, and with the intestinal juice. The two former are poured into the intestine through a small duct whose orifice opens three or four inches from the stomach; the latter is secreted by a number of minute glands scattered through the intestinal tract. This bile, so far as digestion is concerned, serves to aid in the digestion of acid fats, the duty of the pancreatic and intestinal juices being to present fatty and oily matters in the condition of an emulsion; they also possess the power of transmuting starch into sugar; and the last (the intestinal juice) is supposed to act to some extent upon nitrogenized or tissue-making ingredients.

These two processes of digestion may be briefly reviewed thus: The conversion of starch into sugar is partly effected by the saliva, and continued in the intestine; the stomach deals with tissue-making bodies, altering or dissolving them so that they may be readily absorbed; while fats and oils pass unchanged into the intestine, to be there made into an emulsion fit to be taken up by the absorbents.

The digested food must next be taken into the system and appropriated to its several uses; and here again two different kinds of action are called into play, the veins absorbing from the chyme the tissue-making materials which were digested in the stomach, while the proceeds of intestinal or calorific digestion are selected by a special set of vessels called the *lacteals*. The veins carry their share of the spoil to the liver, which separates the nitrogenized elements from all admixture of bile or other impurities, and sends them off again through other veins to be deposited in one of the compartments of the heart; while the *lacteals* transmit their burden of chyle to the same ultimate destination through a delicate tube, known as the *thoracic duct*, which empties its contents into the left *subclavian vein*, near the inner end of the left collar-bone.

Of the further changes impressed upon these products of digestion I shall speak when treating of the blood. For the present enough has been said, I hope, to render tolerably intelligible the general features of the digestive functions; the stomach taking charge of tissue-making or nitrogenized food, which comprises all bodies containing, or capable of affording, albumen; while the heat-producing substances, which are starch and sugar, fats and oils, are committed to the intestine. It may hence be readily understood that, no matter what may

be the nomenclature of articles of diet—beef, mutton, pork, potatoes, parsneps, bread, butter, or cheese—whether animal or vegetable, the digestive organs recognize only the albumen, starch, sugar, fat, or oil, and salts, which they contain. Most edible substances furnish both classes of food, although, as a rule, vegetables (which ordinarily form three-quarters of our diet) may be said to conduce more to the heat-producing, and meat to the tissue-making, process. This rule must be taken, however (as the articles themselves should be), "*cum grano salis*;" for all vegetables contain nitrogenized elements, and some are almost exclusively adapted for making new tissue, while even the leanest meat produces oily matter.

The temperature of the stomach is raised to 100° while digestion is going on (a fact to which I shall have occasion to revert hereafter, when speaking of external influences), a temperature which is shared by the rest of the digestive tract by simple continuity; for, although the "*œsophagus*," the stomach, the "*small*" and "*large*" intestines are spoken of, it should be understood that the alimentary canal is one continuous tube from the mouth to the anus, the stomach being a dilatation in its course, and the large intestine a terminal enlargement of its calibre.

Having thus explained, as best I could, the manner in which digestion is accomplished, I now request the pleasure of the reader's company at a Barmecidal dinner, to be discussed, we will say, at Delmonico's.

Our first course, of course, is soup, against which I have no particular objection to offer provided that it be not too rich, and that our stomachs be sound. I may state, however, that the nutritive matter contained in it must be restored to a solid state before the stomach will have any thing to do with it, the water which constitutes so large a part of it being very rapidly separated and absorbed. The albuminous particles are then redissolved, and the starchy and oily ingredients transferred to the intestine. Soups vary in their digestibility according to the materials of which they are made; a "*consommé*" or any meat broth consisting chiefly of albuminous matter, while a vegetable "*potage*" offers a large proportion of starch and oil.

At some dinner-parties a very objectionable practice, which we have borrowed with many other bad fashions from the French, is introduced at this stage of the meal. No sooner have you dispatched your plate of hot soup than a glass of "*Roman punch*," frozen to semi-solidity, is placed before you, which you are expected to swallow without delay. Now most of us who are not "*teetotalers*" are in the habit of sipping a glass of sherry after our soup, and we do so without impropriety, because the alcohol of the wine, being intensely combustible and available for immediate absorption, aids in creating the high temperature required for the stomach's action. It is for

this reason that a person of delicate digestion is advised to drink wine, brandy, or whisky while eating rather than after dinner. But to convey a frozen mass, colder than 32° , into a cavity whose heat must be kept at 100° , is a self-evident absurdity; and even if that mass contain enough alcohol to counteract, after a while, the depressing effect of its ice, the first impression must be injurious; for be it remembered that while water, cold or warm, is rapidly absorbed by the stomach, ice must remain in contact with its walls until they have parted with enough heat to melt it.

Fish, which forms our second course, gives us albumen and a varying amount of oily matter, in combination usually with a good deal of gelatin, an exceptional substance which, though highly "nitrogenized" and digested in the stomach, has no tissue-making properties, but goes entirely to the production of heat. I may here state, *par parenthèse*, that the jelly so often sent to an invalid by kind friends, being only gelatin and alcohol, is of no earthly use for any purpose of nutrition, but is purely "calorificient." Fish also contains a considerable percentage of phosphorus (the most important constituent of the brain and nerves), and is hence a good article of diet in many cases.

We are next served with meat and vegetables under different disguises, and rendered more or less amenable to digestive action by the manner of their preparation; always, however, yielding the same ingredients, the lean part of the meat being nearly pure fibrin (convertible into albumen), its fat devoid of nitrogen and coming under intestinal digestion, while the vegetables furnish to the stomach vegetable albumen or gluten, and to the intestine starch, sugar, and oily matter. Now the digestibility of starch is greatly increased by previous boiling, and for this reason, while we may prefer our meat rare, we insist upon having our vegetables thoroughly cooked. Every one has an instinctive sense of the indigestibility of a half-boiled potato (which contains more starch than any thing else), and the same distaste is provoked by all underdone amylaceous substances.

The objects to be obtained by cooking meat are thus stated by Dr. Letheby—a very eminent English hygienist—in a recent course of lectures on food:

1. To coagulate the albumen and blood of the tissues, so as to render the meat agreeable to the sight.
2. To develop flavors, and to make the tissue crisp, as well as tender, and therefore more easy of mastication and digestion.
3. To secure a certain temperature, and thus to be a means of conveying warmth to the system.
4. To kill parasites in the tissues of the meat.

The action of heat should not be continued after these objects are accomplished, as the meat will thereby be rendered indigestible. As regards the intensity of the heat, albumen coagulates at 133° , and the coloring matters of the blood and muscle at a point below 170° ; but to insure the destruction of parasites (such

as the tape-worm in beef, the trichina in pork, etc.), it is advisable that the temperature should be as nearly as possible that of boiling water (212°). If a piece of meat be placed in water which is briskly boiling, a crust, so to speak, is formed by the rapid coagulation of the albumen upon and near the surface; so that the juice of the meat can not escape, nor the water penetrate its interior. If, on the other hand, the meat be put in cold water and slowly heated, the albumen is gradually dissolved, and exudes into the water, making good soup, but leaving the meat poor and tasteless. "Even in roasting meat the heat must be strongest at first, and it may then be much reduced. The juice which, as in boiling, flows out, evaporates, in careful roasting, from the surface of the meat, and gives to it the dark brown color, the lustre, and the strong aromatic taste of roast meat." (*Letheby*.) Thus is explained the purpose of the culinary mysteries connected with "Dutch ovens" and "basting." The loss of weight in every 100 parts sustained by meats in the different processes of cooking is thus given by Dr. Letheby:

	Boiling.	Baking.	Roasting.
Beef generally.....	30 ..	29 ..	31
Mutton generally.....	20 ..	31 ..	35
Legs of mutton.....	20 ..	32 ..	33
Shoulders of mutton..	24 ..	32 ..	34
Loins of mutton.....	30 ..	33 ..	36
Necks of mutton.....	25 ..	33 ..	34
Average of all	23 ..	31 ..	34

"But," he adds, "although the loss of weight in baking and roasting is greater than in boiling, yet is chiefly from evaporation and from the melting of the fat. Flavors also are developed which give a pleasant relish to the meat; but there are many disadvantages to these methods of cooking, as that the surface of the joint is often overdone when the interior is almost raw; and that the action of the heat on the superficial fat frequently produces acrid compounds (consisting of acrolein and fatty acids) which are very distressing to a sensitive stomach. This is always the case when meat is fried or grilled, and is thus subjected to a temperature of 600° or more; in fact, all baked and roasted fatty foods are apt, on this account, to disagree with delicate stomachs; and it is often remarked that, although bread and butter, boiled puddings, boiled fish, or boiled poultry can be eaten freely without discomfort, yet toast and butter, or meat pies and pastry, or fried fish, or roasted fowl will disagree with the stomach."

Directly the reverse of the injurious influence exercised on digestion by ice (or too copious draughts of cold liquids, especially water) is the effect of "highly seasoned" dishes. Pepper, mustard, etc., if too freely used, raise the temperature of the organs above 100° , by producing, as it were, a temporary local inflammation; and the fermentation proper to the digestion of both albuminous and starchy matter is arrested by any considerable departure from this degree of heat in either direction. Sugar,

for instance, which must be converted into lactic acid for the uses of the system, undergoes this transformation at 100° or over, but at a lower temperature produces alcohol and carbonic acid; while the transmuting power of the gastric and intestinal juices is lost at a heat exceeding this specific point. You will hence perceive at once the injudiciousness of refrigerating yourself during dinner by drinking too much cold water, or heating yourself unduly by excess of wine or stimulating condiments.

Of dessert I shall say little except that its pastries and sweets are at best but matters of supererogation, contrived to furnish the least amount of nourishment with the greatest amount of work to the digestive organs. While appetite lasts it is better to supply it with simpler fare; if hunger have been satisfied by the earlier courses of the meal, it needs no physiologist to tell you the bad effects of overloading the stomach.

The sensations of hunger and thirst are telegraphic messages conveyed to the brain (by what system of nerves is not positively known), expressing the demands of the constantly-wasting tissues for new materials. If the solid tissues have undergone unusual destruction (as in the muscles during violent exercise), solid food—and that chiefly of an albuminous nature—is craved; if animal heat be lowered, as in cold weather, we experience an appetite for fat or starchy food; if, from excessive perspiration or other causes, the supply of water be diminished, thirst is the result—the system, in each case, explicitly expressing its want of a particular thing. Thus, during hot weather, we desire water rather than alcoholic preparations; and if we drink wines at all, give a preference to those which have acid properties. Acidulated beverages and fruits (all of which contain much acid) are in request while the heat of summer lasts; and even in winter, if we remain long in an overheated room, we have recourse rather to the water-pitcher than to the decanter. The philosophy of this is very simple: water performs a double use in the system—serving not only to dissolve the products of waste, and thus aid in their removal, but to cool the body by evaporation from the skin and lungs. Acids act as refrigerants in several ways, but chiefly by their power of neutralizing oils.*

One phenomenon connected with our summer appetite may require explanation as seemingly inconsistent with the theory given above; and this is the distaste for animal food and preponderance of vegetables (which are caloric) in our diet.

Those of us who are not engaged in mechanical pursuits naturally refrain from much phys-

ical exertion on a hot day, because all muscular action, all wear and tear of the tissues, in fact, is attended by the production of heat. Hence there is but little repair of tissue needed, and that little is readily furnished by the least nutritive vegetable diet. Moreover, since the system assimilates only what it really requires, but a small proportion of the vegetable starch and fat is absorbed, much of it passing off with the fæces and in other ways, and even of what is taken up by the absorbents a good deal is deposited for future use. We all know that most people are fatter in summer than in winter, and this is because so little of their food is wanted for immediate combustion. As we become fatter the activity of the liver is diminished. Fat persons yield less bile than thin ones, and the quantity of bile is also lessened by increasing the amount of fat in our diet. Bile, as I have already remarked, facilitates the absorption of oily matters, and so perfectly adjusted are demand and supply in all the vital operations during health, that as this absorption becomes less desirable, not only is the volume of the fluid which promotes it diminished, but another function of the liver—the formation of fat from sugar—partially arrested.

In winter we require, and wish for, more heat-producing diet, and if we have "warmed ourselves up" by exercise, we delight in the aspect of a juicy piece of meat, its lean marbled with streaks of fat—a spectacle which would excite our disgust on a sultry summer day. For the same reason, after a cold drive or any long exposure to a low temperature, one is apt to feel a thirst not to be satisfied by a libation of cold water, but modestly hinting that some form of alcohol would be very acceptable. Our ruder sex, under such circumstances, is apt to call for a mug of ale, or still more plebeian whisky and water; while the ladies, with more refinement, confine their potations to "just a thimbleful" of sherry wine, "cherry bounce," or some delicately flavored but highly concentrated "liqueur;" the object in both cases being to create heat promptly by the use of something more quickly inflammable than solid food. I do not mean to imply that alcoholic drinks are necessary to health, and shall in the proper place explain the poisonous effects of excessive indulgence therein; but I do hold that in moderation they are not only harmless, but convenient elevators of temperature, and that their use should not be condemned on account of their abuse.

A glass of "wine and bitters," a "cocktail," or some of the numerous stomachic nostrums, whose advertised titles greet the eye from every dead wall and fence, are frequently resorted to for the purpose of creating a fictitious appetite; the temperature of the stomach being thereby raised to the digesting point, and its walls irritated to the production of gastric juice; a state of affairs taken cognizance of by the brain, and commonly mistaken by it for a genuine call of the system. Stimulating sauces

* Another effect of vegetable acids, too recondite to be described in the text, is the partial neutralization of the saliva and intestinal juices. These act upon starch and fats in virtue of their alkalinity, and the admixture of an acid renders them partially inert. These acids also form chemical combinations with alkaline substances in the system, assisting thus in their elimination.

and condiments used in cooking provoke appetite in the same way.

The formation of "gastric juice," like that of every other secretion, depends upon the activity of the circulation in the secreting organ. Now experiment has shown that while alcohol, largely diluted, increases the rapidity of the flow of blood through the minute vessels of the interior of the stomach, pure or nearly pure alcohol has just the opposite effect, producing an arrest of the circulation and consequent cessation of function. There are some people in whom the stomach is so irritable that a glass of sherry (though containing only about ten per cent. of alcohol), instead of augmenting appetite, destroys it altogether. In such dyspeptic cases, diluting the wine still further with water will often render it provocative of appetite.

From what has been said concerning the varieties of food and the manner of their digestion, the reader will probably be prepared for a statement which I am about to make, viz., that a person may starve to death on a diet ample in quantity but deficient in quality. The brain and nerves require phosphorus, fat, albumen, osmazome (a peculiar substance derived from meat or blood), and various salts; the bones draw their rations of gluten, phosphates and carbonates of lime, magnesia, and soda; the muscles demand albumen, fibrin, and salts; each of the other tissues selects from the blood its appropriate nourishment; and should any one ingredient be absent or insufficient in quantity, some portion of the body must suffer in consequence. Thus, if it were possible for a man to entirely exclude from his diet all tissue-making food, every texture of his body would soon degenerate, and death by starvation would ensue; while if he were deprived of the heat-producing substances, the solid textures would be oxydized (or burned) for the maintenance of warmth, and fatal emaciation be the result. In all cases of starvation the sufferer really dies from cold.

Again, a deficiency of certain elements of diet, though not sufficient to imperil life, may impel the development of diseases to which there is a constitutional tendency. Thus, as we all know, scurvy and its kindred disorders are induced by deprivation of vegetables and fruit; and an insufficiency of oleaginous food favors the advance of scrofulous maladies. Excess of albuminous, oily, or starchy matter increases the liability to rheumatism and bilious affections; and every martyr to gout can bear witness to the influence of these—and, more than these, of alcohol, especially of old wines—in aggravating his torment.

Advantage has been taken always by physicians of these qualitative variations of food to regulate their patients' regimen; withholding some materials and increasing the supply of others, in accordance with the wants of the system and the condition of the digestive organs; and lately the system of "Banting" for the reduction of corpulence has been founded

on the same principle. To this senseless course of semi-starvation may be attributed many serious cases of disease arising among its advocates. Elements essential to health are, as far as possible, abstracted from the dietary list, and the special functions for the digestion of these allowed to fall into partial or total disuse. The result is that a disproportionate strain devolves upon other organs, the digestive fluids are perverted from their proper uses, and although some few may be strong enough to escape immediate ill effects, the ultimate consequences of such an unnatural routine can not fail to be more or less disastrous.

A very common mistake is committed in confounding *digestibility* with *nutritiousness*. Many substances which are highly nutritious require much time and effort for their digestion, and *vice versa*; and although it is prudent in the dyspeptic to take into consideration the solubility of his food, digestibility is a very minor desideratum to those in health. Besides, but little can be satisfactorily ascertained concerning the variations in this respect of different articles, the length of time that matters remain in the stomach being in all instances an imperfect test, and in some no test at all, since, as has been shown, a great part of our food is digested elsewhere. Roast beef occupies the attention of the stomach for three hours, while soured tripe is digested in an hour; yet beef is the more nutritious of the two. And many other similar comparisons might be drawn. The main object is to provide the system with all of its component elements; and as long as these are present in the food in proper quantities it matters but little to a sound digestion whether a few minutes more or less be occupied in their elaboration.

Though nature and inclination prompt diversity of food, perfect health may be maintained on an unchanging diet, provided that it offer the requisite proportions of tissue-making and heat-producing bodies. Thus a strong man can live and labor without inconvenience on bread, cheese, and beer.

Children, who, while growing, must form more tissue than they waste, consume more food in proportion to their weight, and possess more active digestions than adults. They should have their meals with shorter intervals, and care should be taken to avoid all influences that may disturb digestion. Prominent among these is a deficiency of clothing. The human body, like any other thing of greater warmth than the surrounding air, has a constant tendency to part with its excess of heat by radiation, and to check this cooling process we envelop ourselves in non-conducting fabrics. It stands to reason that the greater the surface exposed the more rapidly will radiation occur; and yet we frequently see children with chest, arms, and legs bared by fashion in the coldest weather, without regard to the general depression of temperature, which must also involve that of the digestive organs.

The diet of children should be regulated by a consideration of their functional capacities. In infancy, nature furnishes in the mother's milk all requisite elements in a condition requiring no mechanical treatment, but merely simple chemical action.* A little later, as the first teeth begin to make their appearance, food easily separable may be allowed, and as the masticating apparatus advances toward perfection, articles requiring more tearing and grinding may be gradually added to the catalogue. The activity of the digesting secretions increases in proportion to dental development, so that many substances (such as potatoes) which are easy to masticate are not digestible in early childhood.

THE NEW ALCHEMIST.

I

I DON'T know a more melancholy sight than the ruins of an old country mansion that has been destroyed by fire.

In the city, too, it is sad enough to see the charred and desolate remains of a fine house or store; but somehow our fine city houses are phenixes, forever springing up fresh and new out of their own ashes. You seldom feel the blackened gap for a long time. It is not so often that a country house renews itself.

And when that old country mansion is the house in which so many we had known and loved were born, had lived, had been married, or had died—when around every part of it had clustered so many pleasant memories, so many sweet and tender associations, you may easily conceive the pang it was to Edith and myself the day after our return from several years in Europe, when, instead of going back to the dear old homestead where her uncle had lived, we stood before a shapeless pile of crumbled walls. True, we had long been prepared for it; for it had been nearly six years since we heard in Paris the sad news of the disastrous fire which, in one windy autumnal afternoon, had utterly consumed the old family country seat.

I would I had a photograph of the dear old

* The milks of different animals vary in constitution as regards the proportion of their constituents, human milk containing more water and sugar than that of the cow. For this reason, when an infant is "brought up by hand," or in the process of weaning, it is usual to dilute and sweeten cow's milk in order to bring it nearer the human standard. Goat's milk for the same purpose would require more dilution but no sweetening—its percentage of sugar exceeding even that of the cow. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the addition of water to cow's milk serves any good purpose; and it is certain that far too much is usually added. Human milk contains about 89 parts of water in 100; cow's milk about 86—or 3 parts less in 100; yet to compensate for this slight difference the latter is commonly diluted with double its bulk of water before giving it to a hungry baby. Be it always remembered that an infant's proper food is its own mother's milk, and that she who can suckle her child and does it not, is guilty of a serious offense against God's law.

place. None was ever taken of it. We must trust to memory for so much we would fain recall of it.

In a secluded spot on the banks of the river it stood—a long, low, two-storied, Dutch-looking house, with high pointed gables, and a veranda running half-way around it, shaded by tall trees and vines, and perfumed in June with roses and honey-suckles. The larger portion of the house was nearly a hundred years old, but an addition had been made on the eastern wing much more recently. There was a lawn in front, falling and rising toward a river view, and a glimpse of the green wooded mountains, and shaded with magnificent horse-chestnuts, locusts, willows, sycamores, and elms. On the right, as you faced this view, the land descended rather steeply in thick woods to the river-bank; and behind was the upward sloping garden, and behind that the barns. The house itself was shaded by tall locusts. There were wide halls and entries on the first-floor, and a wide staircase, giving free course to the summer breeze in the hot July noons. An old-fashioned but comfortable old mansion it was. Many were the merry days, summer and winter, I have had there, with friends from near and far gathered within its hospitable walls. In the summer, what times for music and sentiment and moonlight walks—for bathing, fishing, boating, riding, visiting; in the winter, for skating, sleighing, coasting, and evening games and sports around the glorious old wood fires!

All that was long, long ago. And here we stood, as if standing by the lifeless corpse of an old and beloved friend.

Edith's uncle died, and no attempt was ever made to rebuild the house. The ruins lay as they fell. Nature alone seemed busy every summer to cover up with leaves and vines of luxuriant growth the desolation of the place.

Here were portions of walls, with blackened sections of chimney-flues and fire-places, and patches of wall-paper, still standing. Heaps of brick and mortar half covered with rank vines and weeds; old stone steps leading down to nothing, save dreary piles of more brick and mortar, overgrown with tangled masses of thistles, poke-berry, burdock, briers, and young locust saplings. Here and there stuck out old rusty bits of iron—a lock or a hinge; or a bit of white marble, the fragment of a mantle-piece; or a half-charred beam. Here, where stood the veranda and the narrow strip of flower-plot in front, one single rose-bush was left, flaunting and smiling and gay with beautiful crimson roses. A few blue periwinkles crept about the stones near the kitchen entrance. There, at the back of the house, used to be a swing for the children: it hung from a beam notched in two locust-trees. Trees and swing are all gone. One fire-scathed old catalpa-tree stretched out its bare, ghostly arms, with here and there a green bough, enjoying a sort of lingering consumptive life. The tall locust-trees that stood around the house (all

except one on the southwest corner close to the veranda, which was burned) still stand and flourish, but with a saddened verdure. They seemed to me like mourners around a grave. The very garden back of the house, with its old gray weather-stained wooden paling, appeared to sympathize with the desolation of the family mansion, and lay there half over-run with weeds. In the August noon the dreamy notes of the singing locust rose and fell in mournful cadence, like a requiem over the tomb of a buried past. But the birds sang here, all the summer mornings, as merrily as though there had been no change since the old homestead stood there gleaming white through the avenues of elms, pillowed among its large round-topped horse-chestnuts, and dappled with the flickering shadows of the ancestral locusts.

A year or two later, when Edith and I were living in a little cottage not far from the ruined homestead, the tomb of so much life still living in our hearts and in our memories, one summer day we were agreeably surprised by a visit from two friends we had known in Europe, and who had recently arrived in America. One of these was Monsieur Albert Duchesne, one of the best types of French character we had ever met. He was still young—that is, not much over thirty—while his thoroughly artist nature and life made him seem younger than he really was. His fair hair and complexion, his blue eyes, and his open, frank manners, always suggested to us a mixture of German, or at least Alsatian, in his blood. He was unmarried, and, as we supposed, fancy-free. He was not merely an artist, but manifested decided literary tastes, and dabbled a little in science. He had come, he said, to try his fortune in the new hemisphere—and all was new to him.

The other was our old friend Ralph Telford, who had lived, as we had, several years abroad, and had returned on a visit to his New England relatives and friends, purposing to go back to Paris to pursue his profession of newspaper correspondent from that city. We had made his acquaintance on our voyage out, and had known him somewhat intimately. He also was a bachelor—as we often regretted for his sake, but rejoiced for our own. For while in Paris he had been the life of our little circle of American and French friends; social, cultivated, refined, witty, true, and warm-hearted, how many evenings that might have been dull had he enlivened in our little circle in the Faubourg du Roule, with his quaint humor and brilliant conversation! He had been so constantly with French people that he spoke the language fluently. It was he who first introduced to us M. Duchesne.

II.

We were right glad to see our Parisian friends again. Duchesne's arrival was a great surprise. We had heard of Telford's intention of returning, but he had said nothing of his French friend

coming with him. It was pleasant to see his animated and enthusiastic face once more; and we were not sorry to bring out our musty French and air it a little in talking with our guests of the times we had enjoyed in Paris. Pleasant, too, it was to hear Duchesne sing again the sad "Gastabelza" of Victor Hugo, the merry "Deux bœufs blancs," the tender "Adieu mon beau navire," and the rest of his ballads. Our friends consented to pass several days with us, and contributed greatly to enliven the monotony of our country life.

In one of our rambles one day among the woods near the river, Edith happened to allude to the destruction of the old homestead by fire, which had taken place six or seven years previously. I proposed that we should walk that way and see the ruins. Not that there was anything there which I thought would interest our visitors, but there were fine shady trees on what used to be the lawn, which I thought we might sit and chat under, and puff a cigar in memory of the old times of the Paris *ateliers*. Here my wife got talking of the times when she was a girl in her uncle's old house, and happened to mention among its inmates a certain middle-aged French lady who had been a governess in the family. As she went on describing her features, figure, and character, she observed that Monsieur Duchesne's face assumed an expression of intense interest.

"What was her name?" he asked.

"Mademoiselle Clementine Bertot."

Duchesne gave a start. "Tell me about her," he said, suddenly. He seemed to devour every word Edith spoke. And when she paused, questioned and cross-questioned her so closely that she asked, "You seem to have known her well. Was she a friend or a relative of yours?"

"I—yes," stammered Duchesne. "I felt an interest in your recital—because—I knew a lady—a friend, answering to your description. Where is she? What became of her?"

"All I know," said Edith, "is, that she left my uncle's house very suddenly—well, it must have been about twelve years ago. Mademoiselle was then instructing my youngest sister. It was said she went West. But my uncle never told us clearly why. They said she was going only for a visit to a friend, and would return."

"And she never returned?" said Duchesne, hastily.

"Never, that I ever heard of."

"And—tell me all you know about her. She was what you call eccentric—no?"

"Well—yes—I think she was rather eccentric."

"Have you any recollection of any strange books in her possession, or studies in which she was interested?"

"Let me see—yes—now you mention it, I remember one very strange book I surprised her reading once. I haven't the slightest idea what was in it. She shut it very hastily, and

put it away in her drawer. But I had time to see that it was a curious old yellow parchment book—the quaintest-looking old book I ever saw; and one of my cousins said it was written in obsolete French, with queer diagrams in it, and circles, and all that.”

“And you don’t know what became of it?” eagerly asked Duchesne.

“I don’t know. When she went West she must have taken it with her, or left it in the iron closet.”

“Iron closet!” Duchesne almost gasped.

“Yes; uncle had an iron closet,” said Edith, wondering as much as I did at the unwonted agitation of our guest. “He used to keep his valuable papers in it. And once I saw Mademoiselle Bertot go to it, and deposit something like a square box. I imagined it was some money she wished to keep safe. But I suppose nobody knew any thing about that closet except uncle, and no one ventured to question him much about his pecuniary or other business.”

“But when the house took fire,” said Duchesne—“what then? Your uncle saved his papers. Was any thing else saved?”

“There was nothing else there, that we know of,” I answered. And Edith added: “I never heard of any thing else being deposited there, at the time of the fire, except a few articles of silver. But they were saved. Unfortunately we lost some valuable pictures—books too. In fact, there was very little saved, the conflagration was so furious and swift.”

“But your uncle—is he living—does he know any thing more?”

“My uncle died about four years ago.”

“Ah! I did not hear of it.”

The conversation here was turned by M. Duchesne himself, who seemed conscious of having been too eager and excited in his questions. He assumed a gay, careless tone, and launched off some witty remarks, which changed the tone of our thoughts for a while. Then we returned to the cottage.

III.

The excited tone of Monsieur Duchesne’s cross-questionings must be explained. And, as this story does not propose to be sensational, the sooner this is done the better.

M. Albert Duchesne had an aunt, a maiden sister of his father, who, having received a good education in France, and being of an independent character, and somewhat straitened in her circumstances, having only a very small income, came over to America to better her fortunes. For some reason, known only to herself, she changed her name, and all her letters were directed to Mademoiselle Clementine Bertot. She sought a situation as governess in a quiet country place, and found one suiting her in the family of Mr. Gilbert Van Doren, my wife’s uncle. Here she gave entire satisfaction, and remained several years. She lived a secluded life, saw few visitors, and rather avoided so-

ciety. Edith and her cousins became attached to her, and her occasional eccentricities, together with her broken English, rather amused the girls, who, however, respected and even loved her for her genuine excellence and goodness of character.

The circumstance of the yellow old parchment book, which had been caught sight of now and then by the girls, was a mystery in the family. When she went away to the West she intimated that it was uncertain when she would return. But she did not write. The family seemed to know nothing of her whereabouts, and there was a rumor that she had taken a fever out there in the backwoods and died.

Whether Mr. Van Doren knew any thing about her we could not discover. There was a certain mystery connected with her departure, as with her coming.

It is only within a year or two that we ascertained that, while in the family, she corresponded with her nephew; and the following extracts from letters will throw some light on one subject, at least, that long baffled our conjectures:

“PINE CROFT, July 15, 1846.

“MY DEAR ALBERT,—I have reasons which may be known to you some day for concealing the name of the family where I am residing. It is enough if I date my letters with the real name of the village. As I told you, I am content with my situation. It accords with my wish for retirement. I find the young ladies charming and docile. I can not say that they progress very much in French, but they do their best, I suppose. And I grow quite fond of them.

“You ask, my dear nephew, about the Book. Be assured I have it under lock and key. If it has been seen by any of the young ladies, they do not suspect its contents. Nor could they read it (unless they make greater progress in our language), for it is written in the oldest of French. Besides, it is too abstruse and recondite to attract many female minds.

“But what a book it is, Albert! What a treasure! When my father bequeathed it to me, knowing my taste for old volumes, I hardly think he knew how valuable it was. But, alas, it is not for me, a woman, limited and cramped by my position as a woman and a governess, to test any of the wonderful revelations in science which it contains, or derive any private benefit from them. All I can do is to make a few experiments after some of its simpler recipes. Such are the limitations of woman! Ah, if I were a man! Why have I not a laboratory at my command? Why can not I prove in some way the value of these priceless treasures of science? Ah, the book must be yours, my nephew! You, young as you are, with your thirst for knowledge, and your independent position as a man, and surrounded as you can be by all the materials and implements for testing this noble science of Alchemy—you might do much. And could I, without risk, send the precious old volume to you, I would do it. For I know you would appreciate it and use it as it deserves.”

Another letter, dated the same year, and from the same place, says:

“If I go westward I purpose to place the ‘Book’ in safe-keeping, so that if any thing should happen to me, you may come and claim it. It is for you. This is my will and testament. The Book is yours. Handed down for so many generations in our family, it will come into no worthier hands than yours. Who knows what wonders you may not work when you have mastered all its learning and hidden wisdom! Ah, that I could send it to you across these leagues of

dreary ocean! But when you can afford it you must come to me, and perhaps receive it from the hands of
 "Your affectionate aunt,
 CLEMENTINE."

Later she writes:

"I shall leave for the West to-morrow. Do not question me why I go. It must remain for the present a mystery as profound as any in the wonderful Book. Apropos of the Book, I have left it in the Iron Closet. I have permission to deposit any thing valuable there, to be kept till my return. I know it will be safe. It is placed in an inner crypt. They say the closet is fire-proof. But this Book bears a charmed life.....I told you that it is of parchment that is impregnated with a liquid which makes both ink and paper indestructible by fire. But I don't fear a fire in this carefully kept and solid old house."

Strange to say, Mlle. Bertot, being so in the habit of concealing the name of the family in which she lived, had in the hurry of leaving forgotten to name it in her letter. Whether she did so in any subsequent letter M. Duchesne never knew, for he did not hear from her again. Nor had he the remotest idea to what part of the West she had directed her course.

IV.

Albert Duchesne, though an artist by profession, was plagued with a certain—perhaps unfortunate—versatility of tastes, and had occasionally left the *atelier* for the laboratory. He was not very deep in chemistry, but being imaginative, and having dipped into some old books of so-called science, in his grandfather's library, he had come to the conclusion that the old alchemists were not altogether such fools as this self-sufficient nineteenth century pronounces them.

Did not Leibnitz, and Spinoza, and Paracelsus, and Lord Bacon, and Van Helmont, and even Sir Humphrey Davy, believe in the possibility of transmuting metals into gold? Could all the profound theories and experiments of the old philosophers be nothing better than trying to extract sunbeams from cucumbers? Scientific people now ridicule the very idea of the Philosopher's Stone, the great Magisterium, the Red Tincture, and the Elixir of Life. Yes—so the French atheists and materialists of the last century ridiculed Mesmerism, and so members of Congress ridiculed the telegraph in our own days. How many things thought to be exploded as facts and theories wake up again alive! If diamonds may be produced from charcoal, why not gold from metals—or if not from metals, from some of the thousand secret chemical agents of which science knows so little? Nay, why may not the dreams of Hermes Trismegistus, Albertus Magnus, and Arnold Villanovus have a foundation of fact, and human life and health be prolonged far beyond the ordinary limit by a knowledge of this much-ridiculed art of alchemy?

That which Albert Duchesne held as a possibility worked on his imagination, which in turn shaped his alchemical readings into probabilities. Chemistry was accomplishing wonders nowadays, he said; why not accomplish what

alchemy is said to have failed in? Failed in? And why? Had those enthusiastic and profound old workers, who, unlike the dabblers of modern science, shut themselves up, and gave days and nights and health and treasure to the cause of knowledge, making life a sacrifice to the work of extorting the great secrets of nature—had they possessed the resources of this century, the lights shed on the mysteries of nature, and the complete apparatus which every chemist now has at his finger ends, what wonders might they not have accomplished!

It did not strike Albert Duchesne's imaginative mind what a viciously circular mode of reasoning he had fallen into.

The reader may conceive how the information he had received about the old parchment book and the iron closet struck a light in his mind. This antique volume was thought to be one of the most rare and learned of all the works on alchemy. All night he lay awake in presence of this one absorbing idea: Can the iron closet be discovered and dug up from the ruins? If so, will the contents of the secret crypt in it be found there? Or if found, is there any probability that the book could have survived the devouring heat and flames?

V..

The next day Duchesne proposed a walk to the ruins, making a pretense of putting a sketch-book and pencils in his coat-pocket, and taking a camp-stool under his arm. Peering about among the bricks and stones, he asked unconcernedly where the iron closet had been situated, and whether I supposed it was buried under the rubbish of the ruin. I showed him the place, and told him that the old iron was probably buried only a few feet under the surface.

Soon after he proposed to sketch a little, and took his seat on the camp-stool, saying I had better not wait for him, as he might be occupied for some time. So leaving him to himself, I walked off to the village post-office.

After dinner I asked to see his sketch. He answered that he could not make much of it, and had been geologizing and botanizing a little. French people don't always tell the exact truth. As we used to say in Paris, "*la vraie vérité*" is rather an Anglo-Saxon than a French or Italian or Celtic virtue.

I afterward found that he had made several visits to the ruins, sometimes by moonlight.

One night, provided with a spade which he picked up in a shed near the house, he dug into the earth and mortar and loose brick-bats until he struck upon the remains of the iron closet, and finally completely unearthed it. It was not one of your modern salamander safes with a combination lock, but quite a primitive old iron box, which had been inserted in the masonry of the house. It had fallen during the fire, along with the beams and bricks that supported it, and had got jammed in among the charred rafters and portions of the basement

walls in such a way that it had suffered but little injury, though it was very rusty, and had evidently been subjected to a powerful heat. When the house took fire the closet had been hastily opened by Mr. Van Doren, for the rescue of his papers, and so left. The key was found still sticking in the rusted keyhole.

With eager and trembling hands Duchesne felt all about inside the closet for the inner crypt, or some spring by which it might be opened. It was some time before he was calm enough to reflect that there must naturally be some projection on the outer iron plates, which ought to reveal the exact locality of the secret compartment. This was at once found; and he applied himself to the work of attempting to force back the corresponding door on the inside. But the rust rendered it immovable. Even could he have discovered any secret spring, it had probably lost its action.

What was he to do? Break through it with a stone? This would make too much noise; and though it was a retired spot, and no dwellings very near, yet he did not wish to be detected, though he knew he was searching for what belonged to him. He almost began to despair of gaining his prize by secret means, and for some time stood irresolute. The bushes and weeds which grew about the ruin effectually screened him from observation, had there been any one near at that hour. He listened. All was silent. Only the hooting of an owl now and then, or the chirp of a cricket in the grass. Again he felt for the inner door. He could discover no keyhole or bolt. There must be a spring. He would try to free it from the rust by friction. He tried this, with his knife and with bits of wood and brick, for some time without any effect. He was about giving up his task, intending to come again with tools for forcing it open—when suddenly a small door slid partly back; but there was too much rust—it would not open wide. Picking up a stone, he cautiously hammered at it till it yielded.

Feeling in he laid his hand on something, which he drew out, black and charred by fire.

Was it the Book?

He bore it into the moonlight. It was a square box, or the remains of a box, now a mass of charcoal, which crumbled in his hands, and out fell—the long lost volume!

It was a small old quarto. The covers were blackened, but not burned.

Tremblingly he opened the leaves. Wonderful to relate, they were unconsumed, and the type, as well as he could see in the dim moonlight, was distinct and black.

With an irrepressible cry of joy he pressed it under his arm and to his breast, and ran and leaped away from the spot—forgetting all about his spade—reached the cottage, let himself in with a latch-key, and passed the rest of the night, as I suppose, in poring over the precious volume.

There were inquiries next morning on the part of David, the gardener, for his spade,

which coming accidentally to Duchesne's ears, he suddenly started off—for a walk—and I believe he brought back the forgotten spade concealed in a huge bunch of a peculiar kind of grass he had discovered, and by a sleight of hand dropped it behind the shed before exhibiting his grass.

VL

Monsieur Duchesne and Mr. Telford, after staying with us about a week, left for New York. For several weeks we heard nothing of them.

I may as well say here that Duchesne's discovery of the old parchment quarto was kept a secret from us for some time. This and the remainder of this narrative, as far as it relates to him, were, in substance, told us afterward by our friend Ralph Telford.

Albert Duchesne had hired a room in New York on the upper floor of a large building, which he converted into a sort of laboratory. Here he shut himself up all day, with books, vials, retorts, crucibles, blowpipes, and all manner of chemicals and chemical apparatus, applying himself to study and experiment. He attended courses of scientific lectures, and associated only with a few scientific men. During this time Telford saw little of him. When questioned as to his occupations, he replied that he was making some philosophical experiments, from which he expected important results, but gave no very definite idea what they were. Telford soon after left New York to visit his relatives in New England.

In four or five weeks he returned, and sought for his enthusiastic French friend. He found him at his lodgings, and was struck with a change in his appearance. He was thinner, and looked worn and weary. His eyes were glittering, excited, and restless. His hand was hot. Telford felt anxious.

"Mon pauvre ami," he said, "do you know you are ruining your health?"

Duchesne laughed—but not one of his hearty, careless laughs that Telford used to hear from him, when painting at his easel in Paris.

"You think so?" he said. "But I am well—only a little hard study, and perhaps too close application to my chemicals."

"But why dabble in chemicals? I am sure that old yellow book you told me of has turned your head. It isn't possible that you are a serious believer in alchemy? You had better take a trip with me somewhere, or let me introduce you to some of my artist friends. Besides, I can't bear to see you abandon your profession so. Come—shall I get you a commission?"

"Ah, my friend, I have so much to learn! This book is, indeed, as my poor aunt said, a treasure. There are intimations of secrets there which this age and this country should know—must know. It is obscure and old-fashioned, I am aware. But I have, I think, found

out some valuable things in it, and shall find out much more. People smile at the very name alchemy, as they smile at the manifestations of the spiritualists. Ma foi! the name is nothing. Every thing must have a name. Call it chemistry, if you please."

"Neither do I care for the name," said his friend; "but your alchemical books are so full of absurdities—facts without foundation, theories without facts—"

"Ah, so you think! I thought so once, and was as great a skeptic as you. Not that I care for that fable of the Philosopher's Stone—that is exploded. There's something surer than that."

"And what, pray, was it converted you?"

"I can't lay my finger, perhaps, upon any one reason, by itself."

"State your reasons, then, generally. Show me one probability that your alchemy has the least foundation in accurate scientific knowledge. Who are the philosophers that have bewitched you?"

"I know this, then," said Duchesne. "You may scorn, perhaps, the grounds which inclined such a man as Lord Bacon to the belief in the possibility of transmuting metals into gold. You will say science has shed new light since his time. But what do you say to Sir Humphrey Davy, and Leibnitz, and many others I could name?"

"But we know, at this day, that metals are simple and pure bodies—gold is gold, silver is silver. What ground is there for supposing they can be chemically made?"

"Pardon; do we not assume that they are simple substances? Why not assume that they are composite substances, since chemical agents are at the bottom of all things? What are the hidden operations of nature by which gold is gold and silver silver? Why may it not be possible to arrive at the primal agencies, whatever they may be, that constitute these metals what they are? Who shall say what is simple in nature, and what is composite? And if there is a possibility that a metal is composite, where is the hindrance, except in ourselves, to discovering the chemical forces which compose it?"

"But this ground," said Telford, "has all been gone over, centuries ago; and modern science, as we have always been taught, has completely exploded all the old notions of those visionary alchemists, and proved that one half their so-called facts were mistake, and the other half imposture. In 1670 Father Kircher, in his *Subterranean World*, exposed them, though Dr. Glauber, of Glauber's-salt fame, was his antagonist (thinking more of his useless alchemy than of his useful physic). And did not Monsieur Geoffroy publish a still more elaborate refutation in 1772, exposing thoroughly all their tricks and delusions?"

"Mais, mon ami—have not books been published with the view of refuting animal magnetism, table-tippings (which is as old as the time

of Tertullian), planchette, clairvoyance, ghosts, and a whole world of obstinate and perpetually recurring phenomena—supposed by many to be refuted because explainable by no clearly known law of nature? Is it not wiser, is it not more philosophical, to endeavor to winnow the chaff and separate it from the grain? Can it be that all those old philosophers were *wholly* in error in their researches and alleged discoveries? Consider how deep and strong were their convictions. Must there not have been an element of truth at the bottom of this enthusiasm?"

"Yes," replied Telford; "so deep and so strong, also, was the belief of our ancestors in witchcraft and the evil-eye, and a whole *credo* of such antiquated heresies."

"And yet," Duchesne answered, "have the phenomena of witchcraft been explained, any more than those of more modern 'spiritual manifestations'?"

"Perhaps not, entirely. And yet why have the phenomena (of witchcraft, sorcery, and so on, I mean) ceased to occur? There is something here which to my mind throws the whole matter back into the sphere of mental delusion and superstition."

"I still answer," said Duchesne, "let us separate the grain from the chaff—the gold from the dross."

"Yes, there comes your metaphor, out of the golden image that has taken possession of you, my friend. Gold, gold, always gold! And suppose, by-the-way, you succeeded in making gold by your chemical or alchemical experiments—what then? It is a power you can't use. The old kings and kaisers, in the days when might made right, could have replenished their coffers, as they tried to do, through the aid of the alchemists; but now-days the law and the government will lay its hand on you and stop your proceedings. It would be like counterfeiting, if every man could coin his own money and be his own inexhaustible banker."

"Ah, mon cher, you are taking a low view of the noble old science. It was not gold and silver alone those old philosophers sought for, but the means of prolonging health and life. You may say they exaggerated the power of their grand magisterium, their red tincture, their elixir vite, and all that. But doesn't modern *materia medica* tend the same way—always making new discoveries, verging on mystery in its cures, and gradually abolishing disease and sickness, therefore tending to prolong life? Why not explore the hidden causes of one man's early decay and another's longevity? Besides," continued the enthusiast, "the new alchemist will avoid the errors into which the old philosophers fell. Yes, and more than this, he will be inspired with larger and less selfish views. Where they wrought for private gain, the new alchemist will work for humanity. Where they toiled, shut up in prisons, to replenish the coffers of an insatiable and rapacious despot, he

will work at his own free-will, and for his brethren. Where they disguised their thoughts in mystical and allegorical language, he will speak to the people. Why may not the new alchemy strike out a wider and far nobler sphere of study and discovery than was ever dreamed of then? With our larger developments of science, with such vast spaces of darkness illumined by the lights of the century, why may we not extend our researches to analyses yet unheard of? Why not detect the great secret of life—the seat of the soul, and its connection with the body? Why not interrogate death itself, and extract answers from its dark chambers?"

So these friends talked and argued—but there was no abatement in Albert Duchesne's zeal and labor. Telford knew from previous knowledge of his friend's character that when his imagination and his theory were playing with such airy trumps into each other's hands the game must be played out. You must give this man free swing, and let his errors of judgment correct themselves.

The best Telford could do was to drag him off, sometimes almost by main force, sometimes by innocent strategy, to take some rest and diversion from his protracted labor and study. This, however, was seldom.

VII

About this time Ralph had received a letter from his sister, Emily Telford, who was living in a small country town in New England, the birth-place of all the Telfords for two or three generations back. This letter was in relation to a small piece of property which had been left her by a relative; and as there was some business details to be arranged which made his superintendence necessary, she had written for him. He tried to persuade Duchesne to accompany him on this journey.

"I have a plan for you," he said to him. "Come, leave your chemicals for the agriculturals, and make a trip with me to New England."

"Impossible. Where are you going?"

"I am going home—if a cosmopolite can say so—that is, to my American home—Oakfield."

"Why, you were there a month ago—why go again?"

"Some business of my sister's calls me."

"My friend, how can I leave my work? It is not possible."

"Why not? Your health demands it. And a few weeks can make little difference to you. You will return with fresh strength and spirits to your work."

"But I am well. Besides, it will not do for me to go away just now. I am somewhat anxiously awaiting the result of a difficult and important analysis I am attempting. I can't leave at present."

All Telford's efforts were in vain to draw him away from the close mephitic air of his laboratory. So he went without him.

Duchesne applied himself to his studies more closely than ever. After repeated failures in analyzing metals, he had succeeded in producing a compound which so nearly resembled gold that, for a time, he felt almost sure he was nearing the great secret which the old philosophers had squandered health and money and labor, and life itself, to discover. But though so far successful, or seemingly so, he was discontented and discouraged. Moreover, his imaginative temperament made him weary of this continued prosaic life of the more chemist. And sometimes, whether the effect of this temperament stimulated by his long periods of fasting, or of the strange fumes and gases of his laboratory, he would relapse into states not unlike those produced by opium or hasheesh, and experience wonderful waking visions. Then his scientific theories and his imaginings would run wild together. Of what he saw in these semi-trances he said little about to his friends afterward. But there was one face and form of surpassing beauty that came before him so often—first smiling, then grave, almost sad, then slowly vanishing away in the dimness of his chamber—that again and again he would strain his gaze on the vision and court its reappearance. But it always faded away, never remaining but a few moments at a time.

Gradually, however, he began to imagine that by some fortuitous combination of chemical elements this vision might be a creation of new life—a spirit not of the past, but of the future. He was not superstitious, nor was he a believer in the stereotyped theories applied to the so-called spiritual manifestations of the day. There were no rappings, or table-tippings, nor any abnormal phenomena attending this appearance. The face was unlike any he had ever seen. He was tempted once to bring his easel and canvas and try to reproduce it as a picture. But he failed to paint any thing like it. Then long intervals would succeed, when, do what he could, there was no vision, and he would return doggedly to his chemicals. And then, again, just as he was in the midst of an experiment, the room filled with the vapor of some rare and costly distillation; it would flash upon him for a moment more beautiful than any canvas of Titian or Raphael, and again would fade away.

What could it mean? He pondered over it in vain. The idea had a weird fascination to him, that he was the originator of this mystery—that he had at last struck upon the great secret of creating life—human life—not like Frankenstein, a dead artificial corpse galvanized into a rational being—but life virgin and pure, born out of ethereal elements that now for the first time met in happy combination and proportion, and were half embodied in this lovely being, who might perhaps utterly fade away as a vision, and yet (who knows? he said, in the depth of his trance) might become real, and descend to him and take substantial shape, and love him—a modern Pygmalion!

Monsieur Duchesne, my readers may say,

was losing his wits, or at least was a very weak and silly fellow, to entertain any such notion seriously. Well, perhaps he didn't entertain any such notion seriously; at least when he went into the fresh air, and felt the healthy, rough contact of the outer world, he would smile at his own illusions. But, like the devotee to *hasheesh*, he would go back to them, and kindling his strange sacrifice on the altar of his laboratory, his goddess would again appear, and again dissolve in air.

Such was his condition when, after a few weeks, Telford returned to the city. He brought with him his sister Emily, who had been invited by Mrs. Rodney, a cousin of his, to make her a visit of some months. Emily was ten years younger than Ralph. A warm affection existed between them, and the distance between their years was no bar between their affections and their similar dispositions and tastes.

Telford hoped that in her society, and that of Mrs. Rodney, he might find for his friend an agreeable and healthy change from the confinement and close air of his laboratory.

Not finding Duchesne at his lodgings, he with some difficulty succeeded in penetrating to his attic.

He found him flushed and feverish, sitting vacantly and wearily over the quaint old volume, whose leaves had had such a strange fascination for him. He persuaded him to walk out with him. It was a fine October afternoon. But Duchesne felt unwell and weary. The gay crowds in the street jarred harshly upon him. So they took a car up town, and at Telford's solicitation turned into a quiet, shady street, entered the house where Telford was boarding, and ascended to his room.

There he threw himself on Telford's bed, ill and unable to rise. He had been seized with a violent fever.

A physician was sent for. He was undressed and put to bed—the doctor thinking he ought not to be removed. Telford had a bed made for himself on the sofa, and was with his friend day and night, doing all so incomplete a nurse as a man can do.

For two nights Duchesne was delirious, raving about the old parchment book—about alembics and crucibles and gases. Sometimes, after tossing his arms to and fro, and working with his fingers at nothing, he would suddenly lie still, and with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, would mutter, "I have it! There—gold, pure gold! Didn't I tell you so! But that isn't all. Life, life! The great secret! I see it! Ah, how beautiful! Oh no," he groaned, "it is gone—gone! Baffled again!"

Telford was with him continually. He had gone to Mrs. Rodney's to tell his sister that she must not count upon seeing much of him till his friend was better. The doctor hoped for a crisis soon, but all was uncertain.

In a few days the physician thought him perhaps out of danger, but enjoined the greatest care and caution.

One afternoon he seemed to have sunk into a peaceful sleep. Encouraged by this favorable sign, Telford, who was worn out with watching, had stretched himself on his sofa, and slept soundly.

There was a light tap at the door.

It was Emily Telford, who, anxious at the prolonged absence of her brother, had ventured, after much hesitation, to knock just loud enough for him to come to the door, that she might have a few words from him assuring her he was well. She would not have dared to do this had she not been told by a servant, as she came up stairs, that the sick gentleman was in a sound sleep.

But the sick gentleman was not so sound asleep that he did not hear her low tap at the door. It was her brother who was asleep, and so profoundly that a much louder knock would not have awakened him.

Duchesne heard the light tap between sleeping and waking, and turning his head, instinctively called, "Come in!"

Emily, thinking it was her brother's voice, softly opened the door and looked around. Not seeing any one at first, she felt a little alarmed; but an instant more and she caught sight of Ralph stretched on the sofa, and seeing what a blunder she had made, hastily retreated, gliding away on tip-toe, frightened and blushing at her own temerity.

As she went down stairs she said to the servant, "You must promise not to tell Mr. Telford that his sister was here; it will only make him suppose I have a particular reason for wishing to see him. And he had better not leave his friend yet to come to me."

"How could I have done such a thing?" she said to Mrs. Rodney on her return. "I was sure it was Ralph's voice. But I don't think Monsieur Duchesne could have seen me."

Duchesne had, however, caught a glimpse of her. When Telford awoke, refreshed, after the first sound sleep he had had for a week, his first thought was his friend. Going to his bedside and seeing him awake, he anxiously asked if he had not slept, and how he felt.

"I don't know," said Duchesne, "whether I slept or not. At any rate, I have had one of my visions. Has any one been here?"

"No one."

"Then it was a vision! Just so it has always faded away. Only this time it was so lifelike! Can it be that it has taken bodily shape at last?"

"What was a vision? You have been dreaming, I suppose."

"No, this was not a dream. I was—at least I think I was—conscious of being awake. Some one tapped at the door, and a vision entered—a face, a form I shall never forget. It is not the first time I have seen it—only this was so real! It was only for an instant. I tried to speak, but it glided out without the least sound."

Telford began to fear a return of Duchesne's delirium. Anxiously he felt his pulse and

looked in his face. No; the fever had abated. He looked more like himself.

Duchesne smiled. "You think this was a fever-dream. No, Ralph; it was either one of my visions or a reality—no dream."

Not wishing to excite him, Telford said: "No matter; you had better keep quiet now; the doctor has strictly enjoined it. Try and get some sleep."

After a long silence, during which Duchesne closed his eyes, apparently asleep, Telford stepped out and said to the girl: "Bridget, has any one been here during the last two hours?"

"N-no, Sir!" stammered Bridget. It was hard for the poor girl to fib so; but she remembered Miss Telford's injunction, and saved the cargo of an unbroken promise by pitching overboard a small package of truth.

"Then it must have been an hallucination or an ocular deception," thought Telford. "But I shall not mention it again to Albert. He is getting better. But his imagination is a lively one. We must be very careful with him."

VIII.

A week or two after Duchesne was sitting up one bright morning in an arm-chair, in Telford's little parlor, pale and thin, but rapidly getting well.

As he looked around the cozy, comfortably arranged room, carpeted and curtained and shelved with tempting-looking books—as he glanced at the neat writing-table, with papers and pamphlets lying in order, and a vase filled with flowers by some unknown hand in the centre, and a picture or two on the walls, he could not help contrasting it with the dingy laboratory where he had passed so many days and evenings amidst chemical compounds and apparatus, and noxious, gaseous fumes, and from which he had gone away sick and fever-stricken and weary at heart after so many unsuccessful attempts to extort the hidden secrets of nature.

His illness had acted on his mind somewhat like one of his own chemical experiments. As the chemist pours a drop of liquid into a vial containing some solution with a hard Greek name, and first an effervescence ensues, and a separation resulting in a precipitate at the bottom of the glass, so had some mysterious element entered his soul, and a change was wrought, he hardly knew how; and his reason, which had been clouded by fancies and exaggerated or mistaken theories, became clearer, separating the true from the false, till one error of judgment after another sank to the bottom, leaving his mind clear as this bright autumnal morning after a night of cloud and rain.

What was this mysterious element? Or was it a concurrence of circumstances, merely, that had wrought the alteration? Was it the change from the gloomy laboratory to the chamber where he had been surrounded by comforts, and where the brotherly tenderness and care

of his friend all through his illness had more than ever endeared him to his heart? Was it the calm hours of recovery, when the feverish excitement and toil of months could be passed in review before his mind, so that he saw it all in a new light? Was it the passing off of his delirium—the first sweet coming of healthy sleep? Was it a longing for the dear old studio life—a vision of the quiet fascinations of the artist's work? And was it a face and form he had not forgotten gliding away from his bewildered gaze, yet somehow, in a more palpable form, now inseparably associated with the first hours of his convalescence?

Over this latter circumstance Duchesne pondered in such mental perplexity that he again mentioned it to his friend. He was once more assured that no one had been in the room at the time alluded to. So that Duchesne himself began to think of it as one of his hallucinations.

Whatever may have been the *primum mobile* in this change of base, it is certain that he arose from his sickness looking at many things in a different light. He needed no arguments now to convince him that at least two-thirds of the science he had been pursuing was phantom to one-third fact. Perhaps the disenchantment had begun before his illness. But if he had gone astray in a realm of shadows, he had found something real and tangible.

It is well known that alchemy, or the Hermetic science, as it was sometimes called, was the eccentric, foolish father of chemistry. It is said that "the casual discoveries made by alchemists would fill many volumes of science and industrial history. Thus Roger Bacon stumbled by chance on the composition of gunpowder; Geber on the properties of acids; Van Helmont on the nature of gas—*geist* or *spirit*—so named by him; and Dr. Glauber, of Amsterdam, in the seventeenth century, eliminated in this haphazard way the uses of the 'salt' which bears his name."

So Duchesne had in his experiments gained much knowledge of chemical analysis; for it was necessary to decompose into its primitive constituents every metal on which he experimented, so as to ascertain the relative values of each, and learn how to recombine them in certain specific proportions. He had made careful notes of these experiments, and had preserved them.

Telford had spoken to his sister of this "vision" of Duchesne's; and his sister, laughing and blushing, had explained all to him. And now for the first time did Duchesne learn that his friend's sister was in New York. And when Telford cleared up the mystery to Duchesne's mind by a circumstantial narration of the facts, Duchesne made him promise that as soon as he was able to leave the house he would go with him to Mrs. Rodney's and introduce him to Miss Emily.

"But I will do better than that," Telford said. "I shall insist on Emily's visiting me, and we will have an old-fashioned bachelors'

tea-fight, in my little parlor. That will be cozy, if Emily only will. But she is shy of you now, since that unlucky mistake she made."

"Unlucky?" said Duchesne.

"Well, call it what you please. She thinks it was confounded unlucky. No matter. After the first introduction we shall all have a laugh over it, and no harm done to any body."

Emily Telford had heard her brother speak so often and so warmly of Albert Duchesne that she did not conceal a strong curiosity to see him. And after some little demurring she gave her consent to her brother's plan of a bachelors' tea.

The evening came, and with it Ralph and his sister Emily. Duchesne could not conceal his excitement during the few hours previous to their arrival.

Would she appear as she had in his trances, a vague, moonlight, evanescent type of beauty? or in the nearer and clearer color of that brief glimpse he had caught of her in his sick-room?

Strange to say, she seemed to him so different from either of these visions that in his blank disappointment he almost forgot his French politeness during his introduction, and gazed at her with a sort of grave, thoughtful wonder.

"After all," he thought, "it is not she."

However, there was no time for silence. Telford was in high spirits, and talked and punned and told stories in French and English. And Emily took her place at the table, looking very blooming and lovely, but somewhat grave, and made tea very gracefully; and Duchesne soon recovered his spirits, though he had to talk broken English, making all manner of ludicrous mistakes, which first set Telford laughing, and very soon his sister.

At the very first smile he caught on her face Duchesne felt a strange, delicious thrill of pleasure. It was like the first airy vision in his dim laboratory. And when she became animated in conversation, there was such a transfiguration in her expression that he suffered his thoughts and feelings to swim in a summer sea of delight and surprise. Emily Telford was even more than the mysterious vision he had had of her. So charmingly real and natural! so unlike, yet so like!

In his excitement he joined in the laugh and banter begun by Ralph upon his mistakes in English. Soon every wall of reserve vanished. He felt that a delicious sympathy was springing up between himself and her.

"Ah, I shall have my revenge, Mademoiselle, one of those days when you will doubtless visit Paris with Monsieur your brother, and we shall see how you make some mistakes in the French."

Emily laughed, declaring she would never go to Paris till she could talk the language as well as her brother, and that she knew never would be.

The evening flew by on happy rainbow wings. All three seemed so in accord. It was like first, third, and fifth in the diatonic.

"There were certain *Frenchinesses*, to be sure," Emily said, "about Monsieur Duchesne. She didn't know whether she liked them or not." But when a young lady says this, does she really mean precisely what she says?

As soon as he was well enough, Duchesne made frequent calls with Telford at Mrs. Rodney's. Ralph had told his sister about his friend's absorption in his alchemical experiments, and of the apparent change in his mental condition, which seemed to keep steady pace with his bodily health. She was deeply interested in every thing she heard about him; and when with him, evidently took an undisguised pleasure in his society. His wit, his cultivation, the quaint Norman ballads he sung for her, the versatility of his intellectual gifts, excited in her a genuine admiration. He seemed to her a new type of his sex. She had seen few young men in the little country town where she had been living, and they all seemed to her made in one matter-of-fact stereotyped mould. Duchesne's manners seemed formed after her highest ideal of a true gentleman. As for his affectional and moral qualities, it was enough that she felt their reality, and that he was Ralph's intimate friend. His animated and brilliant conversation had a singular charm, though in imperfect English (but this somehow only gave a piquancy and flavor to his speech). She did not stop to analyze her feelings. Only she felt an attraction she could not explain.

And need I say that Albert Duchesne, since her first smile and word when they met, had been drawn toward her with a power he did not think of resisting?

In the midst of these smiling hopes Duchesne suddenly awoke one day to the consciousness that he was poor, with nothing very definite as to his means for the future. He had nearly exhausted his limited resources in his pursuit of alchemy. It was useless to regret this now. Besides, it was not all regret. As I have said, he had gained some useful knowledge, which might or might not be available to him pecuniarily. He never thought of it in that light. But he had gained also a foreshining of a reality that was perhaps destined to be interwoven with his life. Perhaps—perhaps not. But this "perhaps not" was a thought he could hardly bear to entertain in his secret soul.

Marriage he had not thought of seriously. Few Parisians do—even the best of them—unless papa and mamma, or some rich uncle, can arrange matters with some other papa and mamma, or uncle or aunt, and a suitable wife or husband with a suitable *dot* is found, on the same principle on which a house is furnished or a business partnership formed. He had made enough for himself alone, living economically and simply. To provide for two was an idea that never occurred to him.

When, therefore, he woke one morning with the strong certainty upon him that it was out of the question for him to dream of seeking a wife, he fell into a deep study, as sombre and

brown as any he had ever copied of Rembrandt or Ostade, and cast about seriously to see what he should do, in case events should drift him on, as they seemed likely to do, toward that bourne whence no bachelor returns.

Not that he was sure Emily loved him. For was she quite sure of that herself? It sometimes happens that lovers hardly know what lovers they are till the word is spoken, and the kiss given and taken, that flashes the electric spark from soul to soul which makes them one forever.

Duchesne's cogitations were invaded by a visit from Telford. They were friends who had few secrets one from the other. But this central secret of Duchesne's soul was not distinctly confessed, though his friend's watchful eye had from the first suspected it.

I forgot to say that Ralph and Emily were orphans. She had been for a long time living with an aunt in Oakfield. So there were no paternal hindrances, as Duchesne knew, in her way, if she should consent to become his wife. But she too was poor—that is, according to modern city measurements. Her small piece of property lately left her would give her but a small income, which, with what her aunt gave her, was just enough to support her in a simple, but by no means fashionable style of living. Fortunately she was not extravagant in her habits, and economy was easy to her. In the quiet little town of Oakfield she was a great favorite—almost a belle. She had received a good education, according to accepted country standards. She was fond of music, sang and played a little, read more than she sewed or knitted, reflected more than she read, and thoroughly appreciated wit and humor as much as she did poetry and art. She was beautiful when in conversation or moved by her feelings, though her features in a state of repose might not generally have been thought so. Her complexion was rather brunette than blonde, with dark, soft hazel eyes, and dark brown hair. Her figure was of a good medium height.

The two friends talked of Albert's prospects and occupations for the future. Duchesne was more and more drawn back to his profession as an artist. Telford encouraged this attraction strongly.

The result was that Duchesne took a studio, and Telford, who had many wealthy and influential friends, procured him a few commissions for portraits and other works—enough to give him encouragement for at least a year ahead.

IX.

One day, at Mrs. Rodney's, Duchesne said, abruptly, "Miss Emily, will you do me the favor to sit to me for your portrait?"

"Certainly," said Emily, with a little blush, "if you wish it, and it will be of any advantage to you. But I must tell you that my friends tell me I photograph awfully. Not one good likeness has ever been made of me in that way. But that is no reason why an artist shouldn't try."

"Thank you. I shall claim a sitting from you very soon. Remember, now, you have given me your word. But do you know why the photograph fails to do you justice?"

"I never thought much about it."

"Simply because you have one of those mobile faces whose expression" (he did not say "beauty," for he was afraid she would think "that sounds like a Frenchman's flattery")—"whose expression makes the despair of all machinery."

"You are very good to think so well of an indifferent subject."

"I only say the truth. I never really saw you till I saw you smile, and watched you while speaking."

"I dare say, then, I often seem to you plain enough. Really I don't know, Monsieur, whether to feel complimented or not."

"Miss Emily, to you I must always speak truth rather than compliment. Shall I hope, then, for a sitting from you soon?"

"Whenever you please. But I warn you, I am a difficult subject. And I shall assume the exacting fairy in the old stories, and if you fail, shall have no mercy on you, but condemn your picture and you along with the photographs—like those faces changed into black stones along the road-side."

A day was fixed for Emily Telford to sit to the artist. Ralph came with her, and took a cigar, and lounged in and out, and went off and made a call. A successful commencement was made of the picture.

Two days afterward she sat again. To get her expression Duchesne felt he must talk and interest her, and catch the shifting light that played over her face.

He commenced in French, but she shook her head, smiling, and answered in English. The smile was what he wanted; but he wished her to talk also, as all the best portrait-painters do with their sitters. But this was not so easy. She seemed to prefer listening.

At some remark he made in allusion to his experiences as an alchemist, she said, "How singular it seems that any one at this day should devote himself to alchemy! Do tell me something about that."

He told her briefly how he had dreamed and studied and experimented, and how he had become ill, and how her dear brother had taken care of him. But when he told of the strange vision of a face that smiled on him through the curling vapors of his work-shop, and faded away, she turned archly, and said:

"Some one you had known in France or Italy?"

"A face I never had seen," he said. "I tried to paint it, but failed miserably."

"A spirit, perhaps?" she asked, half seriously.

"A spirit—yes—but one I afterward met in bodily form."

He did not smile as he said this. She too looked serious and puzzled.

"Come," she said; "you must tell me more of this singular appearance. You seem to be in earnest."

"I am, indeed."

"And when did you see this airy lady-love in bodily form?"

"Twice I saw her. Once, just recovering from my fever, only an instant. And again, the happy evening I first met you at your brother's rooms."

A conscious flush overspread her cheek and brow.

"May I rest a while?" she said. "I have been sitting on your throne here two mortal hours, I think. I want a little fresh air at your window."

Duchesne gallantly rose and helped her down from her platform, and opened a side-window.

Her brother had gone away, and was to call for her at five o'clock. She stood leaning at the window, looking out, yet absorbed in her own thoughts and feelings. It was toward the close of a late autumnal day, and the twilight shadows were beginning to dim the high-roofed studio, and faint rose and amber clouds were seen sailing across the large sky-light.

Duchesne gazed at her a moment, then put aside his pallet and brushes, and walked quickly up and down the studio. But an irresistible attraction led him to her side.

"Mademoiselle Emily," he said, as if only resuming the thread of the interrupted conversation, "ever since I first saw you you have been to me what that strange vision of you only hinted at—what this unfinished sketch of you can only faintly embody. You are more beautiful to me than any of my dreams—more dear to me than my life itself. Ah, Emily, may I hope that you love me?"

Trembling, and with heaving bosom, she turned aside a moment, then looked at him with such a wondrous smile, the tears gathering in her eyes. Suddenly, giving him her hand, with a fluttering but frank voice she said, "I *do* love you, Albert; but—"

"But what, then? Don't plunge me in despair, after lifting me to such a heaven of hope!"

"Ah, dear heart! I would not give you a moment's pain. Have you not suffered enough already? But, to say the truth, you gentlemen of France—you artists—see so many fair faces.

Then, do you always say the exact truth? Was it—say now truly, Albert—was it my face that appeared to you before my coming, or was it the remembrance of another? You see how foolishly jealous I am."

"Yours, Emily—none but yours. It was a vision I can't account for. But I know it is Fate—Providence—whatever you choose to call it—that thus leads me to you. And now, if you talk of being jealous, I think we shall be well matched. Emily, I have never loved before. I swear it!"

"I am content," she said. "I am yours, unworthy as I am—yours only, and forever!"

2.

And now it seems as if I had nothing further to tell—after I have said how pleased Ralph Telford was with this engagement. I can only bring the three principal actors in my story forward to the foot-lights, and let them join hands and make their bows; for the little bell is jingling that will presently let down the curtain and send away the audience.

But stop a bit. Don't jingle that stage-bell yet. Having got safely, though perhaps awkwardly, over this difficult and dreaded bridge in my story—for I am terribly at a loss how to manage these love matches—I feel at liberty to stretch my limbs and take a little author's ease (which sentence jocose readers may construe as they please, it won't make much difference to me).

So I proceed to my concluding page.

Albert Duchesne kept steadily to his profession as an artist, and had a successful winter. He had little time for literature or science; and as for the old alchemic quarto, it disappeared, and was long afterward discovered by his wife, tied up in brown paper at the bottom of a large trunk.

It was a lovely day in June, the next summer, that a steamer bound for Havre made her way out of the Narrows, and left behind in the twilight the last dusky lines of American shore. On board were Mr. Ralph Telford, European correspondent for the Associated Press, Monsieur and Madame Albert Duchesne, Mr. Julian Ballantyne, author of this narrative, Mrs. Edith Ballantyne, *née* Van Doren, the two Misses Ballantyne, and young Master Ballantyne.

I remember one thing Albert Duchesne said as we took our cigars on deck that evening:

"I sought once for the secret of turning baser metals into gold, and I have found a treasure who is more to me than all the gold of California. I searched for the Secret of Life, and I have found it where I did not look for it."

Believe me, my friends, there *is* something in alchemy, after all.

EARLY INVENTIONS OF THE CHINESE.

OTHER nations have outstripped the Chinese in the career of material improvement, but to them belongs the honor of having led the way in many of the most remarkable inventions, and of anticipating us in the possession of some of those arts which constitute the boast of our modern civilization. We shall briefly notice a few of those discoveries by which they have established a claim to our respect and gratitude.

Tea deserves to head the list, as a substantial contribution to human comfort, and the leading staple of an immense commerce that has resulted in drawing China out of her ancient seclusion. Discovered by the Chinese

about A.D. 315, it was introduced to the people of the West about two centuries ago as an uncertain venture. "The Dutch," says M. Say, in his work on political economy, "about the middle of the seventeenth century, while prosecuting their commerce with China, with no very sanguine expectation, made experiment of a small assortment of dried leaves, from which the Chinese were in the habit of preparing their favorite beverage." The importation of those "dried leaves" into Europe has reached the enormous figure of 90,000,000 pounds a year, and as much as 40,000,000 pounds have been consumed in the United States in a single year.

The elegant ware in which our tea is served preserves in its name the evidence of its Chinese origin. "China-ware" came originally from China; and the name of "porcelain," given to it by the early Portuguese merchants, may be taken as proof that nothing of the kind was at that time manufactured in Europe. "They called it *porcellana*," says Williams, "because they supposed it to be a composition of eggshells, fish-glue, and scales." The great manufactory at Kintechin formerly employed five hundred furnaces, and sustained a population of half a million souls. But a recent traveler reports that the number of furnaces is now reduced to nineteen, so greatly has the demand for their productions declined, in consequence of the successful cultivation of this branch of industry in Western countries.

The silks that glisten in our drawing-rooms and rustle on our sidewalks, if not imported directly from China in the woven fabric or the raw material, remind us of an obligation of an older date. It was the Chinese who first learned to rear the insect spinner and to weave its shining web—an art which they ascribe to their famous empress Yuenfei, B.C. 2637—a personage who belongs to history about as much as the Grecian Arachne, who was changed into a spider for venturing to rival Minerva in the use of the distaff. Silk is mentioned in their earliest books. It was known before cotton, and employed as a material for writing and a medium of exchange before the invention of paper. The germs of the silk culture, now so vast and profitable, were introduced into Europe as early as the reign of the emperor Justinian; and a few years ago, during the prevalence of a disease among the silk-worms of France, commissioners were sent to China to replenish the stock by the importation of fresh eggs from their original source.

Gunpowder, which has not only revolutionized the art of war, but proved a potent auxiliary in the arts of peace, literally removing mountains from the pathway of human progress, was discovered by the Chinese many centuries before it was known in the West. Roger Bacon was acquainted with its composition in A.D. 1270; but he speaks of it as already known; and some writers ascribe its discovery to Marcus Græcus (or Gracchus), a native of the Byzantine Empire, who lived some three centuries

earlier. The current opinion refers it to the Arabs, but there is reason to believe that they were not authors of the invention, but merely the channel through which it was transmitted—in a word, that it found its way from the remote East along with the stream of Oriental commerce.

India and China are competitors for the credit of the discovery. In support of the claims of India, a passage is cited from a Greek history of Alexander's conquests, from which it is inferred that gunpowder was employed for warlike purposes by one of the tribes whom the Grecian conqueror thought it prudent not to attack. But the account of a people who were favorites of the gods and defended themselves by the use of thunder must clearly be set down as a fiction; for the use of fire-arms, if known at that time, could not have been long in obtaining currency throughout the whole of the civilized world.

On the whole, we confess ourselves inclined to the claims of the Chinese. Their books contain frequent reference to the existence of gunpowder or a similar explosive at a comparatively early period. One of them, entitled *Wuyuen*—"The Origin of Things"—says that one "Makuin, of the kingdom of Wei (about A.D. 220), first made fire-crackers; and Yangte, of the Suy dynasty (A.D. 605), exhibited fireworks at the imperial fêtes." Another work relates "that in the time of Chukoliang (A.D. 220) a party of soldiers, having stolen a great many horses, seized boats to convey them away, when a paper cannon concealed in one of the boats exploded, causing men and horses to leap overboard from fright and perish in the water." It was not, however, till long after this date that the Chinese learned to use gunpowder as a projectile force, and substituted cannon for the ballista. A work called *Poipien*—"The Gleanings of History"—relates that "on the walls of Singunfu there were iron engines called celestial thunder;" but, adds the writer, "it was a long time before they came to be used in the field. The people of the Kin dynasty employed them to defend their capital" (A.D. 1279).

The Arabs had introduced cannon into Spain prior to this date; but they were similar in construction to the ancient guns of the Chinese—being composed of separate pieces bound together with hoops of iron—as to point to a common origin. And which is the original, the Chinese or the Arab, is sufficiently indicated by the fact that two of the names by which the Arabs designate saltpetre, the chief ingredient of gunpowder, are "*Chinese salt*" and "*Chinese snow*."

The heaviest item in the bill of our indebtedness to the Chinese is for the discovery of America. On the alleged voyage of a party of Buddhist priests to the shores of Mexico we lay no stress; but it is not difficult to show that the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus was directly due to the influ-

ence of China. China supplied at once the motive for his voyage and the instrument by which it was effected. It was the wealth of China which, like a magnet, attracted him to the westward; and it was the magnetic needle, which originated among the Chinese, that directed his adventurous course.

Irving tells us, in his life of the great navigator, that his fancy was fired by the descriptions of Cathay which he had read in the narrative of Marco Polo; and it was with a view to opening up a new route to that opulent empire that he undertook his voyage across the Western Ocean. True, the name of Zipangu (Japan) was always linked with that of Cathay in the mind of Columbus, but it was mainly as that of a country which he would reach before arriving on the shores of China.

As to that mysterious instrument which has unlocked to us the treasures of the ocean, and proved itself the eye of commerce, its origin is certainly not due to the Neapolitan Flavio Gioja, who is reputed to have invented it in A.D. 1302. The French, the Swedes, and the Syrians all possessed it before that date; and there is unquestionable evidence that the Chinese had then been acquainted with it for more than two thousand four hundred years.

The following record occurs in their ancient history: "In the reign of Chingwang (B.C. 1115) ambassadors came from Yuichang [the present kingdom of Annam]. Having lost their way in attempting to return, Chaukung presented them five chariots, each provided with a finger or index pointing to the south; and by the help of these they reached their own country in the lapse of a year." The wonderful needle was not, however, a discovery of Chaukung. It dates back to pre-historic times, and is referred in the work above cited to the semi-mythic personage Whangte, B.C. 2600, who is said to have "invented the south-pointing chariot" to enable him to pursue an enemy without danger of losing his way, notwithstanding the clouds and fog that obscured the sky.

The Chinese first employed the mariner's compass on land, as we may infer from the name by which they describe it; and at the present day it is still the custom for a mandarin to carry one in his carriage or sedan-chair, though he may not be going beyond the gates of his native city. It is inconceivable that the Polos and other medieval travelers should have returned from China across the deserts of Central Asia without providing themselves with such an unerring guide.

Sir James Mackintosh says, in depicting the improvements which he imagines the Roman philosopher Boethius would have observed had he been permitted to revisit the earth in the sixteenth century: "He would have seen the discovery of gunpowder, which forever guarded civilized society against barbarians, while it transferred military strength from the few to the many; of paper, which rendered a second destruction of the repositories of knowledge

impossible, as well as opened a way by which it was to become finally accessible to all mankind; of the compass, by means of which navigation had ascertained the form of this planet, and laid open a new continent more extensive than his world."

For some of these, if we have to confess our obligations to the Chinese, we are compelled to acknowledge their priority in the possession of others.

Paper-making and printing, two arts more characteristic of our modern civilization than even steam and electricity, there are strong reasons for ascribing to a Chinese origin. The former they invented in the first century, and the latter at least eight hundred years before the time of Gutenberg and Faust.

Inoculation, which, prior to the great discovery of Jenner, was regarded as the best protection against the horrors of the small-pox, was practiced in China at a very early period, and probably found its way to Europe by the same secret channels as those other arts whose footsteps are so difficult to trace. Western Europe obtained it from the Turks, Lady Mary Wortley Montague having made the first experiment of its efficacy by inoculating her son while residing at Constantinople.

We shall close the catalogue with chemistry, that modern science which has proved itself the prolific mother of many arts. Its name is the stamp of the medium through which its germs were transmitted to Europe; but a strong presumption that the Arabs were nothing more than a medium is afforded by the fact that the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life were objects of enthusiastic pursuit among the Chinese long before the commencement of the Christian era. But to adduce the proof of this assertion from original sources would lead us into too long a digression.

There are other arts and sciences for which we might institute a plausible claim on behalf of the Chinese, but their origin is involved in too much obscurity; and in regard to some of those already adduced we are far from speaking with dogmatic assurance. It is not, however, improbable that our obligations to the early civilization of those Eastern Asiatics are greater than any of us have ever suspected. As China was confessedly one of the primitive cradles of human culture, and lay near to the fountain-head of the human race, why may we not suppose that many of the useful arts whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity floated westward from her frontiers with the current of emigration and the wandering of nomadic tribes? Are not thoughts borne from land to land on the waves of human life, as the germs of vegetation are carried by winds and waters to the islands of the sea?

Like the modern Greeks, the Chinese of the present day, content with the legacy of the past, have ceased to invent; but without doubt they were once among the most ingenious and original of the inhabitants of the earth. "They

have borrowed nothing," says the Abbé Huc. "On the contrary, they have given to the West the mariner's compass, gunpowder, and printing—those marvelous discoveries which, fecundated by European genius, have given such a mighty impulse to our civilization, while the original inventors continue to vegetate in the midst of their ancient institutions."

The Chinese have not gone back, and that is saying a great deal in their favor; but in respect to material progress, for ages they have made no advancement. Four centuries ago they were in advance of Europeans in every thing that contributes to the comfort or luxury of civilized life; but where are they now? Authors of the compass, they creep from headland to headland in coasting voyages, never venturing to cross the ocean or to trust themselves for many days out of sight of the shore. Discoverers of gunpowder, they supply the world with fire-crackers, while their soldiers fight with bows and arrows, wooden spears, and matchlocks. Inventors of printing, they have not yet advanced to the use of metallic type and the power-press, but continue to engrave each page on a block of wood and to print it off by the use of a brush. Sufficiently versed in astronomy to calculate eclipses two thousand years before the Christian era, they remain to this hour in the fetters of judicial astrology; and among the earliest to make advances in chemical discovery, they are still under the full sway of alchemy and magic.

How is this strange phenomenon to be accounted for? How does it happen that they stopped short in the career of improvement on which they entered so many ages ago? They have not lost either their physical or mental activity. They are capable of achieving as much now as they achieved in ancient times; but they allow their wheels to run in old ruts, and seem to find no motive for independent effort. Three causes—one positive and two negative—have contributed more than any others to arrest their progress:

1. Their veneration for antiquity. This leads them to accept the circumstances of their forefathers, and regard it as all but impious to think of improving on their methods.

2. Their neglect of physical science. The government, looking on the political ethics of Confucius as amply sufficient for the well-being of the people, has given no encouragement to the study of the abstract or physical sciences, while for a thousand years it has drawn the intellect of the nation into the channel of literary culture, by offering civil office as the prize of classical scholarship.

3. The want of the Christian faith. They have not had the genial influence of Christianity to create such an intellectual climate as is indispensable to bring the seeds of improvement to their full maturity.

Three hundred years ago one of the Jesuit fathers, after describing with rapture the advanced state of the arts among the Chinese

people, concluded by declaring that "the only advantage which we possess over them consists in the knowledge of abstract science and the verities of the Christian religion." But how much was implied in these two exceptions! Are they not the twin germs that have given birth to all that we most value in the civilization of Christendom?

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.

A MILLION of human beings gathered on the banks of the Thames River one Friday—a cloud of witnesses twelve miles long, taking both shores and the bridges—having left their avocations in the busiest mart of the world to stand in flushed, breathless expectation until two arrows should dart past them on the waves. Twenty-two minutes of wild excitement, the boom of a gun, a shout of victory, and all is over. For this students have left their books and traveled three thousand miles; for this young men have devoted months of severe training and self-denial; to this have gone the opportunities of days and nights, noble energies, excellent talents, such as many a sacred cause vainly longs for and calls for. Shall our comment on all this be only that sour Carlyleism: "In England there are thirty millions of people, mostly fools?" The heavy and increasing needs of humanity tend to make us all such utilitarians that we can almost share the grief with which a certain philosopher contemplated the immense waste of force implied in the unutilized wagging of dogs' tails. And it is almost impossible that the idealist or the reformer can reflect without some sadness on the amount of money, energy, and young enthusiasm which a boat-race can command, while great aims are languishing for want of them.

But there is a second thought on this subject which may be better. Alexander the Great was ashamed of the fascination exerted upon him by the game of chess; but Napoleon held that good chess-playing was essential to good generalship. A child learns by play how to wield the powers of the body. The babe so tenderly watched by its mother is not without indebtedness to the doll that first touched the maternal instinct. So, also, to row a boat well may be a little thing; but he who is faithful in little may some day be faithful in much. Even so far as the darling sport of our universities is concerned in itself, it requires no transcendental view to perceive how calculated it is to employ in a manly, vigorous way faculties which but for it might—probably would—be finding a vent for their superfluous strength in things that waste moral along with physical endowments. And up to the time of life when no pillar of fire, no spiritual ideal, gleams beyond a Mortlake winning-post, the moralist who eschews pedantry will have no anxiety beyond that which sees how easily competition may lead to that excess which saps the very strength and life which a manly sport temperately pur-

sued should enlarge and polish. So when the moralist, looking upon the magnificent displays of muscular vigor and enthusiasm witnessed on the Thames on Friday, the 27th of August, asks *Cui bono?* he has asked a question which only the subsequent lives of the brave and handsome young heroes of the race can answer.

About one generation ago there was at Harvard University a youth remarkable among his companions for his manly beauty, for his dashing genius, and his athletic superiority. He was amiable, frank, impulsive, beloved by his fellow-students; but no one would have attributed to him any superiority beyond that of being the finest athlete in the university. This young man disappeared after graduation from the view of his comrades. But presently there were tidings of a young New England minister borne by his few friends, under cover of night, from house to house in a Southern city to escape the fury of a mob. This young minister had accepted a call to a pulpit in Mobile; stirred in spirit by the wrongs he saw around him, he had ventured to deliver a discourse "On the kind treatment of negroes," the result of which was that he barely escaped with his life from the enraged slaveholders. He repaired to his ancestral home, Concord, Massachusetts, where he lived the life of a saint, and thought the thoughts of as true a scholar as any that ever added to the fame of the little town where his dust reposes. When, seventeen years ago, I used to sit at the feet of George Simmons in his study, "sacred to thought and God," how did I marvel that in him was to be seen the handsome, dashing athlete—the youth of wit and fun—who at Harvard had given no sign that his gay strength would presently be coping with human wrongs, or his subtle wit be penetrating the mysterious recesses of spiritual truth! And when, an hour before the boat-race, I walked with his son—on whose grand frame thousands looked with hope, and all with admiration—and he told me that when his race was over he was going to Germany to study (even so his father did before him), I could not help feeling that the probabilities were that from the pluck and enthusiasm which had brought him and his comrades over the sea for that struggle against so many odds the world might one day reap real victories.

I have witnessed seven great university boat-races on the Thames, and certainly this was in every respect the noblest of them all. It was, in the first place, remarkably free from the bad accessories of such things. The crews did not compete for money, nor for any prize but that of national and collegiate fame; and no race has ever been known here for years about which there were so few bets. The usual amount of drunkenness was absent; and though so large a crowd never before gathered in London, the utterly unprecedented facts appear that not one serious accident attending it has been reported, and not one case resulting from it has thus far reached any police-court. These singular

facts, taken in conjunction with the vehement and successful determination of all parties to secure perfect fairness and good faith in all the conditions of the race from first to last, have certainly invested this contest with a dignity and significance worthy of an international struggle. And it is of importance to consider in what sense the race represented the two nations. The two crews were certainly the best products of their respective universities in *physique* and in skill; and the two universities are severally the ripest products of Old and New England. As we have reached a phase of culture when good men, instead of being, like Proclus and the ascetics, "ashamed of their bodies," believe with Paul that their reasonable sacrifice to God is a living and vigorous, and not a dead or half-dead body, we can not be insensible to the changes which ethnologists have been for some time past thinking they can perceive in the Englishman transplanted to America. That certain differences from the original Anglo-Saxon stock have supervened in New England is not a mere notion of John Bull. Dr. Palfrey, the careful historian of New England, had probably consulted the best men of science in Massachusetts before he wrote: "The full and florid habit, the moist skin, curly hair, and sanguine temperament so general in Great Britain is in New England replaced by a slender form, dry skin, straight hair, and bilious or nervous temperament." The very names of the American crew are enough to show to what stock they belong, and the Oxonians are without an exception of old English families. And although such differences as those indicated by Dr. Palfrey are not so likely to show themselves to the greatest extent in early youth, no one could look upon the two crews as they came out for their start without recognizing the difference between the lithe, fibrous frames of the Americans, in which every muscle showed its line, and the rounded regularity of shape and limb presented by the Oxonians. Not only the difference in the respective weights of the crews, but their whole physical impression, was calculated to recall the observation of Emerson: "They are bigger men than the Americans. I suppose a hundred English taken at random out of the street would weigh a fourth more than so many Americans. *Yet, I am told, the skeleton is not larger.*"

I have put the last sentence in *Italics*, for it really suggests the pivotal question: Is the physical difference between the Old and the New Englander in favor of or against us? The full rounded form tells that the man has filled out his outline; but it is the bone which tells what the outline is—*i. e.*, whether the type itself is less or larger. Mere outward size is illusive. As the squirrel said to the contemptuous mountain, "If I'm not so large as you, you are not so small as I, and not half so spry."

Now it is undeniable that, to some extent, the relative *physique* of the young man in Old and in New England was involved in the con-

test of Friday; and it is certain that the decision, so far as it goes, is favorable to the youths of Harvard. So far as I have learned, no one denies that no English crew has ever rowed at the rate of forty-five strokes per minute, against a tide, for a mile and a half; and no one denies that had this endurance and power been applied through the Oxford stroke, Harvard must have beaten. Lest my right to decide this—being an American and no expert—should be denied, I may say that I heard the opinion freely expressed by the best judges of such things in England on the boat on which I accompanied the race; and that of these the most eminent—Mr. Wormald, the editor of *Bell's Life*—wrote in his paper next day the verdict which I am sure will be final, in these words: "That the best crew won, and won fairly on its merits, we think there can be no two opinions; and it is equally certain that the victory was a triumph of good form and good style over *superior physical strength less scientifically applied.*"

Let us turn now to consider what force it was that conquered physical force.

When Oxford saw Harvard a clear length ahead—when from our boats were issuing to the English crew cries of encouragement in which they must have detected the alarm, that crew, unmoved, pulled on with the great slow stroke with which it had begun. A sporting man on our deck cried out, "Oxford shows a lack of spirit!" But an English clergyman turned to me and said, as he pointed to the calm, steadfast movement of those youths, "That rowing is *moral.*" The more I looked the more I felt the force of the expression, which at first raised a smile. It was not the splendid sweep of their oars—which had translated the purport of every fin in the Thames and every wing above it—but it was the fine temperance, the exquisite self-restraint, which no impulse could thwart; it was the faith in law which triumphed over fear. For it is impossible that those young men could have been entirely free from the alarm of the shores, as this unprecedented power was displayed by their opponents. They *must* have felt the temptation to desert the proved and tried rules which thus far had succeeded to meet a novel show of power with some experiment. Whatever fear shot through their pulses may have been detected in their startled eyes, but it did not shake a sinew nor cause a nerve to quiver. All this loyalty to law, this fidelity to the true thing amidst whatever mist of misgiving, has its moral side, and it represents that which is best in the English character. It is, in another way, the old statesman saying to his son, "You ought to be ashamed to try and write a better article than you can write!" The Oxonians, having by long practice discovered what was their very best, did their best, and won. Had an instant's surrender to the panic on the shores caused them to attempt more, they had infallibly lost.

When we turn to the Harvard boat—a fly-

ing-fish to Oxford's eel—we can not help perceiving an almost Indian-like power and keenness and endurance in the men, but along with these a certain ungrooved movement, a wild and fitful fury that wanted but little to conquer, but having not just that little, lost. Much may be said of the bad steering of the Harvard crew, but it must be admitted that to any thing lost thus there was a full offset in Oxford's loss of the better shore by the toss, and of its loss of a full length through the fool or rogue in the gig who came so near fouling them. The simple fact is, Harvard began at too high a pressure; it began at a stroke that could not be sustained for four and a half miles, nor for twenty minutes. "Nevertheless," says one admirable critic on the race, "Harvard got ahead; they were doing five or six more strokes to the minute; they cleared their antagonists. If what is were a presage of what will be, their victory was certain. But time was of the essence of the struggle. Take a young fellow of twenty-five, such as many of us have known, and may know. His pulse knows no change. His thews are as of brass. He looks out upon the world with eyes that have no shadows. He might live to be a hundred. But it is a million to one that he does not. Time will beat him."

Must we not candidly confess that in its defect in this small struggle Harvard faithfully represented our defect as a nation in much greater things? The law announced by Geoffrey St. Hilaire as the rule of nature—the Balance of Organs—that every increase of strength or size in one part of an animal must be compensated by a corresponding diminution in some other—e. g., that the huge hind-legs which enable the frog to leap must be paid for by small fore-legs—is one that runs quite through the universe. When we reaped great wealth from the slaves' unrequited labor, did we reflect that it was all being impawned to fate elsewhere? When our politicians press forward a policy of territorial aggrandizement, do they reflect that every great territory added implies a new danger and a fresh taxation for its government and defense? Or when our rich families live fast, do they reflect that more high-pressure and speed leaves behind as much as it attains? In twenty minutes our Harvard youths laid out their whole capital of force; they ran through their fortune. Oxford made a less lavish expenditure, but had something left for the last two minutes and a half of the race. Our boys scattered their splendid qualities as Americans are said to scatter their money on the Continent; they won hearty bravos from astonished thousands, but they did not win the race. They were—it may be are—strangely unconscious of this; it was a perpetual, brilliant ebullition of almost irrepressible power; but it needed harness, self-restraint, the temperance which comes of long culture. The ancient Greeks surrounded their battle-sculptures with a line, which Mr. Ruskin interprets as the line of fate; no human passion or action can

overpass that or mar the eternal decrees. Culture means in all our energy and activity to see that line and respect it, and not merely to discover it when we have dashed and bruised ourselves against it. There are thus lessons and experiences in the International Boat-race beyond those which Harvard and Yale have to digest against the next struggle.

On the Monday after the contest there appeared in the London *Times* one of the finest editorials I have ever read. Its closing paragraph is as follows:

"The match and its issue afford no inapt illustration of the difference between the two nations. The Englishmen were heavier and the English coxswain was lighter than the Harvard men and the Harvard coxswain; but it must remain entirely doubtful on which side the mere balance of strength inclined. As for gallantry, energy, pluck, Harvard showed an example we may humbly hope to equal, but which we can not excel. The victory was a victory of education, and here the advantage was all on our side. We live—not in rowing only—a closer life. The competition is sharper. The lessons of the past are more searching and more exact. The margin of our lives is so narrow that every possible economy of strength has been utilized by successive generations. Rowing is with us a science; it has been developed bit by bit by men who have made it their business, and knew that in the contests before them the smallest 'wrinkle' told. Thus it happened on Friday that the Oxford crew knew precisely the limits of continuous effort; they knew when to abstain as well as where to abound. The advantage is, however, perhaps not without its drawbacks; for it may be that nations, like men, should have some reserve of natural endowments, which should be, as it were, not brought into tillage, so as to be better able to meet the days when the progress of others shall have equalized the benefits of training."

I have given, I think, better reason and better authority than the *Times* has adduced to show that it is *not* "entirely doubtful on which side the mere balance of strength inclined." But the value of its statement is in the forcible assertion it contains that the rowing of the Oxford is the accretion not only of the aquatic experiences and studies of England, but of its entire social and moral constitution, to which the crew was bound fast as by chains of fate.

There is in this the implication that we have seen the topmost outcome and flower of England. We know plainly the best she can do. She has produced not only her best oarsman, but her best man. There is no unfenced field, no untilled sod. There is in it the implication that, without having gained our education or mastered our means, we are still only a boat's length and a half behind her climacteric. This is to say that close to her as our form is, our resources are but partially drawn upon. The last fish is a much more graceful animal than the first reptile. The one darts beautifully through the water; the other wriggles helplessly and awkwardly through the mud. Yet the type of the reptile is higher than fish. The great future is not for fish, but reptile. As time goes on its feet will be more shapely, its shell will break into feathers, and it will soar. Our superfluous undisciplined strength may not as yet have attained the finish and completeness of a civilization at its climax; the face and arm of the Harvard youth may not yet be so plump and round; but the larger skeleton is there, and in good time it shall be fairly invested with its fulfilled outline. And may it not be so with our scholarship, our literature, our religion? What America lacks is not genius, but culture; not thought or originality, but the embodiment of these in the artistic forms which literary industry alone can supply; not devoutness, but moral earnestness. We must be conscious of our infancy in many things before we can enter upon moral and intellectual aims corresponding to the grandeur of the continent given to us, and the opportunities opening before us. The high standard must be planted in the vale of humility. It will be worth the three thousand miles our Harvard boys have come, it will be a hundred-fold compensation for their defeat, if they shall have been the means of furnishing us but one little line in the great lesson we have to learn ere the New World can contribute to Humanity ripe fruits that can not be gathered elsewhere.

Editor's Easy Chair.

JUST after the close of the war a shrewd European—whose name was not John Bull, and whose remarks, therefore, need not be carried into the *Alabama* account—came to this country, traveled every where, observing with great care—for he was in training for public life—and at his departure he said: "I had great confidence in every thing until I came to Washington; but when I saw Congress and the rest of the Government I began to doubt."

This was his confirmation of De Tocqueville's observation thirty years before, that in the United States the best men avoid politics, and are not to be found in public life. But it was striking that, a little while after the shrewd European whose name was not John Bull made that re-

mark, John Bright said that the first four hundred men who passed any point in the Strand would make as good a House of Commons as that which was elected by the voters. There was a fond tradition in this country, or, more truly, there was a fashion of saying that the Senate of the United States was the most dignified and imposing body in the world. Yet when Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and other noted men were Senators, President Jackson deplored its degradation—the proof being that it did not agree with him.

There are various reasons which explain the shrewd foreigner's feeling. He had been profoundly impressed, not only with the extent and resources of the country, but with the character

of the people, whose conduct of the war had kindled his imagination. When he came to Washington to see Congress, which he knew to be the freely chosen representatives of that people, he unconsciously expected to see some visible manifestation of the great qualities which he had perceived and admired. Is it strange to any body who is familiar with our noble caucus system that he was rather ludicrously disappointed?

Again, the abstract conception of a Legislature is that of a body of intelligent men seeking, by amicable debate, the best policy for the public welfare. But actually a hall of legislation is very likely to be an unedifying spectacle. Members are reading newspapers, chatting, laughing, and walking about. They are busily writing, rapping for pages, yawning, and sleeping. One may be addressing the chair, and half a dozen may be listening to him. There is a general listlessness and distraction, and the puzzled spectator wonders how any thing is ever accomplished. This, too, is of course a disappointment; and as the traveler who has been anticipating a half-imaginary scene beholds the reality, although he may have had experience of legislatures in other countries, he finds that he had expected in a new country and under a different system a more stately and satisfactory assembly.

But if such reasons should be considered a little fine and airy, the explanation may very well be found in the fact that Congress is, in great part, the creation of politicians, not of the people. It is in vain to say that in this country every man ought to be a politician, and that therefore it is a pity to make the word a reproach. In this country, it is true, every citizen ought to interest himself in politics. The man who votes should have some intelligent idea of the subject upon which his vote is cast, which is merely a form of expressing his opinion. This is a universal duty. But the word politician has come to describe those who carry this obligation to excess: who not only attend to their political duties, but to nothing else, and who insist upon managing the similar duties of other people. And not this only, but it describes those who, instead of making politics a duty, make them a trade; who look to them for pecuniary advantage, or for the gratification of a selfish ambition. These classes make politics onerous and odious and perilous. They necessarily degrade the standard of character for public life, and they foster the most enormous corruption. Under their manipulation a seat in Congress is often the fruit of intrigue, of fraud, or of outright purchase. The result is, that, as a rule, the ablest and best men of a party are not those who are elected to high office.

It would be unfair, however, not to recognize that those who are elected are very profoundly influenced by those who are not. If it be true, as De Tocqueville said, that the best Americans are not seen in political life, it is no less true that they are felt in it. The Congress which disappointed the observer whose name was not John Bull turns a very sensitive ear to those who gave him his lofty impression of American character. Even the most reckless party manager, who utterly despises the tools by which he shapes results, defers to a vague public of a purer tone,

so that the conduct of bad men is not wholly bad. Meanwhile, however, the tendency is deplorable; and uncontrolled power and constant success lead such men always more swiftly to total contempt of decency and honor. As able and virtuous men are excluded from public life, ability and virtue will inevitably be less valued. Qualities that are not seen will not be believed to exist. And such men will be more and more excluded as the government of the country passes more and more into the hands of politicians.

The perception of this fact explains a great deal of the Toryism of political thought in this country. An intelligent American Tory, and he may unquestionably be found, says plainly: "When this Government began it was an experiment. All the leaders knew it and said it. It would have been equally true if they had not. The 'experiment' of popular institutions was a common phrase down to the late war. Does not our respected friend the Easy Chair somewhere say that Mr. Bancroft the historian once remarked that his history must necessarily stop with the formation of the Constitution, because all that follows is experiment? Whether the Easy Chair reported it or not, Mr. Bancroft certainly made the remark. Now, then, what is the result of the experiment? I ask as a philosopher, as a man of science, and I don't care to be referred to the literature of the Fourth of July for an answer. The result is, that the will of the people is no more expressed here than it has been in England during the same time. There the government has been controlled by the most intelligent class of men in the kingdom; here it has fallen from the control of the most intelligent almost to that of the least. Now, then, I prefer the rule of an educated, well-bred, honorable, and consciously responsible class to that of the opposite class; and therefore I think a government of aristocrats is better than one of politicians. Show me the way to throw off the yoke of the politicians and to restore Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson every year to our politics, and I am with you. But I not only do not see such a way, but I think I see that it constantly becomes more difficult to discover. When the experiment began, and we had the traditions of the old government, the best men in the country were its public representatives; but as the experiment has advanced, and we have outgrown those traditions, I beg leave to doubt whether the same fact can be observed. Perhaps it is not in consequence of the new system; but if, as seems to be true, it is a necessary and invariable coincidence, it is much the same thing. It seems to me therefore that the experiment has failed; and, for one, I am tired of being called the free and independent elector of a happy country which spurns the political slavery of effete despotisms, when I know, my good Easy Chair, that you and I and our excellent neighbors all have rings through our noses, and are led hither and thither to the polls to vote as certain ignorant people, whom we despise, choose to dictate. If that is Toryism, make the most of it!"

This excellent gentleman speaks for many; but the conclusive reply to him is this: that however bad the case may be, yet the government of our politicians at its very worst—excepting in the great city of New York—is not so corrupt as that of the aristocracy in England

in its "palmiest days;" and that the general welfare under our system is infinitely greater than under the other. But what an honest Tory says is always worth consideration. And how true it is that we are governed by politicians, and that no honorable man can respect a politician as such!

In illustration of the character of a public man who may be fairly described as a politician, let us take a conspicuous instance.

It is but a very few years ago that the Easy Chair was sauntering through Fulton Market—which ought to be exterminated, but which is none the less a very curious and interesting spot—and it perceived just before it, and equally loitering, two men, one of whom was very venerable, of a stout figure, not tall, with bushy white hair, and dressed very neatly in black broad-cloth; the other younger, taller, of a careless and even lounging gait, but full of respect in his treatment of his older companion. The two passed slowly through the throng, nobody regarding them, and they gazed with evident amusement at the motley spectacle of the market. The Easy Chair recognized them both. The last time it had seen the older man was many a year before, when he came up Broadway under waving flags, with military escorts, and amidst peals of music and the acclamations of the people who thronged the sidewalks, and filled the balconies and windows, and stood upon the roofs and wherever his form could be seen. He stood erect in a barouche, with his hat in his hand, blandly bowing upon every side as the procession slowly advanced. It was the eighth President of the United States, Martin Van Buren. He passed, blandly bowing—a man about fifty-five years old, who had grasped the prize which he had so long sought. He was a private citizen past seventy-five when the Easy Chair next saw him, quietly loitering unheeded through the busy Fulton Market.

Mr. Van Buren was a politician, and not of the lowest kind. Politics was his business. To obtain political distinction was his object. Mr. Parton, in his "Life of Jackson," says that, conceding politics to be a game, Mr. Van Buren played fairly. Possibly; but it is a game that forbids nobility and generosity. The strongest light is thrown upon Mr. Van Buren's political character by his letters, which are published in the recent "Reminiscences of James A. Hamilton." They are letters written in the unserved freedom of confidential political intercourse, but they are nevertheless marked by the wariness of the politician. These letters do not leave the impression which Mr. Parton conveys. They are, it must be frankly said, the letters of a politician intent upon his own advancement, and as such they illustrate the essentially unhandsome character of that personage.

The characteristic of the politician is self-seeking. All public questions, the public welfare itself, are subordinated to party interests, and the bearing of those interests upon his personal aggrandizement. This was certainly true of Mr. Van Buren. He had a capital outfit for his career. He was the son of a poor man, and made his own way. He was of an equable temper and of excellent natural spirits. He was instinctively cautious and shrewd. His man-

ners were bland and winning, and he conciliated good feeling if not confidence. At thirty he was the leader of his party in his county. At forty-six he was Governor of his State. At fifty-one he was Vice-President. At fifty-five he was President. He was personally a kind and agreeable man; but who can help wincing a little to think that of all men in the country just the man who wrote these letters should have been selected for President? It is not that they propose frauds—it is their tone which is humiliating.

Some old gentleman in the western part of the State, who is anxious to know that General Jackson's moral character is quite correct, writes to Mr. Van Buren, who sends the letter to Mr. Hamilton, and asks him to write an answer in his best style. Mr. Hamilton, who had been at the Hermitage and knew the habits of Jackson's household, complies, but he mentions the name of Mr. Van Buren in the letter. As the letter may get into print the allusion may in some way be prejudicial to that gentleman, so he suggests that it be stricken out, and adds this significant postscript: "P.S.—Does the old gentleman have prayers in his own house? If so, mention it modestly." This is the true politician. It is saying delicately, "Don't forget the religious gag." When the General was elected, Mr. Hamilton was Acting Secretary of State until Mr. Van Buren was able properly to resign his office of Governor and reach Washington to take the place; and during all the correspondence in regard to offices and appointments, Mr. Hamilton says that Mr. Van Buren never made any suggestion whatever in regard to the fitness of the candidates. Fitness is not the qualification which the politician seeks.

It seems, also, that Mr. Van Buren was not at first favorable to the removal of the deposits. Indeed, he had expressed himself against the project. But finding that the General was bent upon it, his lieutenant shrugged his shoulders good-humoredly, said that "the Chief" was inexorable, and it was so much easier drifting with the current—in fact, if "the Chief" has selected a certain person to be his successor, what a goose that person must be to have any opinions which "the Chief" does not like! So Mr. Van Buren approved the removal of the deposits. The relations of Mr. Hamilton with General Jackson were most friendly and familiar. He was of signal service to "the Chief" in many ways, and was naturally of the inner circle of party friends and counselors. Such was the regard of the President for him that his Excellency told him that he should succeed Mr. Van Buren in the State Department. But this was not to be.

The *coup d'état* by which General Jackson's first Cabinet was changed was very skillfully arranged, and was undoubtedly due to Mr. Van Buren. There would be little reason to doubt this, except that it was a bold measure. Mr. Calhoun had been an aspirant for the Presidency, and had been elected Vice-President. He did not, however, relinquish his hopes, and after the Cabinet was formed, and General Jackson had selected Mr. Van Buren as his successor, it was very apparent that the necessary "pipe" could not be advantageously laid by a Cabinet of which the Secretaries of the Treasury and of the

Navy and the Attorney-General were friends of Mr. Calhoun. Yet they were all of the same party, and a party rupture must be avoided. It was plain that if the President asked the resignation of the Calhoun members of the Cabinet, the alarm would instantly be taken, and an opposition would be immediately organized to the intended succession of Mr. Van Buren. How, then, should the Cabinet be purged and a party rupture avoided? This question was most adroitly answered.

The Minister to England wished to return, and England is an excellent nursery for politicians in expectation of the Presidency. It keeps them away from harm, yet in full and honorable view of a grateful country. It was resolved, therefore, that the Secretary of State, Mr. Van Buren, the favorite of the President and the head of the Cabinet, with the Secretary of War, the President's old and intimate friend, should resign. Mr. Van Buren wrote the smoothest of letters, which Mr. Parton publishes in his vivacious history of the affair, saying that the question of the successor had arisen, that it would be necessarily perplexing to the Administration and injurious to the public service if the person favored by the designation of partial friends should remain in the Cabinet, and that, therefore, notwithstanding his unaffected devotion to the interests of his chief, his confidence in that chief's re-election, and his earnest desire to be of the utmost service, the Secretary distinctly beheld the path of duty, in which he should firmly walk, although it led straight away from the dazzling heights of honorable position into self-sacrifice and private life. The truth was, of course, that "the Chief" and the politician whom he had chosen for his successor both believed that to resign the State Department was to make more sure of the White House. And read in the light of this knowledge, Mr. Van Buren's phrase, "I not only submit with cheerfulness to whatever personal sacrifice may be involved in the surrender of the station I occupy, but I make it my ambition to set an example," etc., is inevitably read with a smile, which is not exactly that of sympathy or of respect.

Of this most vital intrigue in the very court itself Mr. Hamilton, who had every right to know, knew nothing. He was first apprised of Mr. Van Buren's resignation by common rumor. He wrote to demand an explanation. Mr. Van Buren again wrote the smoothest and sweetest of letters: "Without much reflection thought it best not to say any thing to any of my friends upon the subject, to avoid those everlasting jealousies by which I have been so much annoyed.....I would not for the world that you should for a moment harbor the thought that my confidence in or regard for you, which I have cherished with so much sincerity and disinterestedness, had slackened in the slightest degree." Here are butter and sugar combined. The reader expects to find such a letter signed "Your tenderly attached Van Blatherskite." But the comedy is that, before the end of the letter, Mr. Van Buren incidentally mentions that he *had* said something to a friend in Albany, who told it in confidence to the Legislature! Mr. Hamilton disposes of the matter by saying that Mr. Van Buren concealed from him his intention to resign because the Secretary knew "the Chiefs"

promise, and feared that Mr. Hamilton would remind him of it if he knew of the intended resignation. Mr. Hamilton had the right to take this view, because in the beginning of General Jackson's administration, when he appointed Mr. Hamilton District Attorney of Southern New York, Mr. Hamilton's affectionate friend, Mr. Van Buren, the Secretary of State, was opposed, because he fancied that as the friendship was known the appointment might be attributed to him, and injure his prospects of advancement with the Democratic party, as his friend was the son of the great Federal leader.

It is ludicrous and pitiful, but it is the way of a politician. It would have been interesting to ask the venerable loiterer in the Fulton Market whether high office obtained by such means, by such incessant sacrifice of generous impulse and careful cultivation of selfishness, was satisfactory. Were those huzzas of a city that equally saluted the Japanese Embassy any reward for the long, long years of plotting? Was there never an obtrusive thought in the mind of the blandly bowing President that he was in no other sense the choice of the people than a forced card is the choice of the player? "I shall stand my game," wrote Mr. Van Buren, after he had been appointed Secretary of State. It was the motto of his life.

When an American is called a politician, we say, this is meant—that his aims are wholly personal, and that he subordinates politics or the public policy to his private advantage. A few such men, of course, closely observing the general indifference or ignorance, quietly "force their game." They make us all vote for the candidates whom they prefer, and with whose success their own individual advantage is allied. The machinery of party is so skillfully contrived that it is very difficult to resist it by organized effort, and the practical remedies are chiefly two—constant discussion of public measures and the sharpest criticism of public men in the press, and the most rigorous individual scratching of the ticket. In this way the military discipline of parties may be broken. If party managers learn by the awful experience of defeat that the intelligent and conscientious citizens who do not come to the primary meetings will not be absolutely controlled by those who do, they will take care that some kind of respect be paid to decency, intelligence, and the general welfare.

If, for instance, in the city of New York, the really public-spirited and well-meaning citizens of every party should resolve that at the next municipal election they would scratch off their tickets the names that ought not to be on them, the results would be most impressive and beneficial. If any where corrupt and ignorant and unfit persons are the managers of parties, the procurers of nominations, and, therefore, the real dictators of Governors, Senators, and Presidents, it is because the vast mass of the party adopts without serious question the action of a few interested individuals whom those persons control. We ought all of us, indeed, to go to the primary meetings; but we do not, and if we did, it is uncertain whether the bullies would not prevail. The individual remedy, then, remains, and pens and pencils, with all their great services to mankind, are never more serviceable than in scratching the names of unworthy candidates for office.

Two events during the summer were very significant—the erection of the monument to Halleck, and the Humboldt festival. Halleck was by no means a very great poet, but he wrote familiar and ringing lyrics; his name was universally known in our literature, and he was one of the men who, early devoting themselves to a literary life in this country, were regarded with a pride and affection which men of a greater genius do not always command. He was an accepted representative of the poetic art, and the pleasant ceremony at the completion of the monument was an evidence, as Mr. Bayard Taylor justly said in his thoughtful and felicitous address, that we are reaching a period in which the vital relations of intellectual and æsthetic culture to the national welfare will be amply acknowledged.

Still more impressive was the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Alexander Humboldt, which was very universally observed, and was almost a national holiday among those of German birth. The day was exquisite; one of those ripe, rich days of the early autumn, warm and brilliant, but without fierceness or glare, the softened splendor which is the most delightful quality of our climate. In New York the Central Park was the especial scene of the celebration, for there the bust of Humboldt was unveiled, and Dr. Lieber delivered a brief but most admirable address. While in Boston, at the Music Hall, the discourse of Professor Agassiz was masterly in its comprehensiveness, simplicity, and sympathetic appreciation of its subject. In the evening in both cities there was general hilarity among the countrymen of the illustrious philosopher.

But the celebration itself showed that his countrymen are all mankind. Humboldt was truly a cosmopolitan—a citizen of the world. The fact of his birth in Germany did not make him in any narrow and exclusive sense a German. His interests and studies led him every where, made all countries familiar, and all people known to him. "If we take the word Catholic in a sense agreeable to its etymology," said Dr. Lieber, "he was the most catholic man in modern times. Europe, Asia, and America were equally his by visit and discovery. He wrote scientific dissertations with equal satisfaction in German, French, and Spanish."

The opening of his career was striking. Humboldt was born in the same year with Napoleon, but the soldier was already famous before the naturalist was known. Napoleon had laid his hand upon Spain, and the Spanish ports were blockaded by the English, "when," says Agassiz, "he sailed from the harbor of Corunna, running out in a dark and stormy night, and so evading the English cruisers." The captain of that craft, stealthily escaping from the Old World and bound to an obscure port in the New, would have smiled if he had been told that the unknown scholar, his passenger, would never command an army, nor govern a state, nor write a poem, and yet become more widely and more permanently famous than the great Captain whose tread shook Europe and startled the world. How silently his life passed! How serene and steady his industry! And now, at the end of a century, the work of Napoleon, like a volcano suddenly thrown up from the sea, flashing and smoking, has sunk again and passed away. That of Humboldt, a continent, noiseless-

ly raised by coral insects, stands steadfast and forever. When he returned from South America and was presented to Napoleon, then in the fullness of his fame, Humboldt was already eminent for his scientific research. But Napoleon, who was essentially a vulgar man, merely remarked as he passed him in the circle at court, sneering equally at science and at women: "Ah, Mr. Humboldt! you like botany, I believe—so does my wife!"

The extent and variety of Humboldt's learning, the value and quality of his contributions to knowledge and to methods of study, the manner in which he has become the teacher both of the school-boy and of the scholar, are amply described in the delightful address of Professor Agassiz, who was his pupil and his friend. Of his habits of study, and the ever-fresh and hospitable attitude of his mind, Dr. Lieber tells us: "Beyond seventy years of age, he was seen willing, like any of the Berlin students in the lecture-room of the geographer Ritter, to learn geography anew; and almost to his dying day, in the ninetyeth year of his life, he studied, wrote, and taught." When he was seventy-five, he told Dr. Lieber at Potsdam that he was writing his "Cosmos." In the morning he studied and arranged his materials, or received visitors. In the evening he was with the King from nine until eleven o'clock, and after his return to his room sat writing sometimes until three. When he was eighty-nine he rose at half past eight, read his letters while breakfasting, and replied to most of them, probably by dictation. Then he dressed to make or to receive calls. At two o'clock he returned home, and at three drove to the King's palace, where he generally dined. At seven he went home again and read or wrote until nine. Then to court or to some company, and at midnight back to his work until three o'clock, and the summer morning often saluted him before he slept.

And how friendly and devoted to every young student he was, Agassiz most charmingly recounts. It is no wonder, indeed, that Humboldt at sixty-two should have smiled upon Agassiz at twenty-four. So Hubert Languet loved Philip Sidney. So Don John of Austria honored Alexander Farnese. Humboldt came to Agassiz's "small room" in the Latin Quarter in Paris, and after a cordial greeting went straight to his book-shelves, that held a few classics in literature and science, and quarto manuscript volumes—transcripts of books which Agassiz and his brother had made, and which he was too poor to buy. There was a German Encyclopedia in twelve volumes. "Ah!" said Humboldt, "what are you doing with this ass's bridge?" Agassiz replied that he must have prompt answers to many questions, and that he could not afford to buy the original sources of information. The older man saw, says the younger, that he was not too familiar with the good things of this world, and in the evening led him to a restaurant in the Palais Royal, and told him to order the dinner. But Agassiz left it to Humboldt, and for three hours had the master all to himself. "How he examined me, and how much I learned in that short time! How to work, what to do, and what to avoid; how to live; how to distribute my time; what methods of study to pursue!" Agassiz had

earnestly wished to accompany Humboldt upon his second great journey, the Asiatic, but the party was already completed.

When Humboldt was in Paris at the time mentioned by Agassiz, he was, as Rubens said of himself in England, "playing Ambassador." He had been sent by King Frederick William of Prussia to salute King Louis Philippe. But although constantly in royal circles, and at the close of his life attached to the court, and the daily companion of the King, his political sympathies were liberal, and he was really a republican, and openly voted against the Ministers. Lieber tells a pleasant story of an incident which occurred at Rome. Just after the Congress of Verona the King of Prussia, Niebuhr, and Humboldt were talking together, and the young Lieber was a silent listener. Niebuhr spoke in disparagement of Arago, the French astronomer, who was a resolute republican. The King, of course, "simply eschewed republicanism." But when Niebuhr had spoken, "Humboldt said, with a sweetness which I vividly remember, 'Still this monster is the dearest friend I have in France.'" Long afterward, after the sad 18th of March, 1848, in Berlin, when the royal troops had swept with cannon the streets of the city, and the foolish King had been compelled to salute from the windows of his palace the dead bodies of his subjects whom he had slain, there was a great funeral procession in honor of "the dead for liberty," as they were called, and most eminent of all who walked in it was Humboldt, universally remarked and saluted. It was the only time the Easy Chair ever saw him, and it was upon the very spot, in front of the palace of the Crown Prince, on which a few days before, on the outbreak of the revolution, it had

seen the Crown Princess, wife of the present King of Prussia, hurrying, alarmed, into her carriage to hasten to the royal palace.

Agassiz does not conceal the painful fact of Humboldt's correspondence with Varnhagen von Ense, letters in which, while a pensioner and officer of the court, and an intimate and honored companion of the King, he satirized the courtiers and court life. But they were, as Agassiz remarks, wholly confidential. Like all such letters, the moment they are published they are in a false light, and are entirely and necessarily misunderstood. Every man permits himself with his most intimate friends a tone of remark and criticism which is sympathetically understood, and therefore not mischievous. This is intelligible, and this consciousness pleads for Humboldt. But it had been better if he had spoken instead of written, and if, as Agassiz says, "he had not accepted the friendship and affection of a king whose court he did not respect, and whose weaknesses he keenly felt."

The Humboldt festival, although all gladly shared in it, was yet chiefly due to the enthusiasm of our fellow-citizens of German birth. Indeed, it might almost be said that it is they who have taught us how to enjoy. To them we owe the extending taste and cultivation in music, and the spectacle of a hearty and genial public enjoyment without tumult or disorder. The two chief orators of the day were themselves of foreign birth, but as truly American as any native of the country. And in the best and largest sense, in that of interest in truth and resolute devotion to its scientific investigation—the sense in which Humboldt was illustrious—it is good to believe that the festival was truly American.

Editor's Book Table.

PHILOSOPHY.

IN the study of mental philosophy, as it is usually pursued in our schools and colleges, there are two quite distinct objects to be attained. One of these is an acquaintance with mental philosophy as it has been taught in the past. In the multitude of studies which are crowded into the college curriculum, and in the brief time which our increasing haste to be at work allots to education, it is perhaps too much to expect that any but a few scholars, who manifest especial fondness and aptitude for metaphysical studies, will acquaint themselves in detail with the thoughts and theories of the great thinkers. But some general idea of the results attained by centuries of disputation is indispensable to a reasonable amount of intellectual culture, though the processes may, in most cases must, be passed by. It is at least equally important that students should learn something of the mind itself and its operations, and that for this purpose they should learn to observe mental action, and to analyze mental phenomena for themselves. It is only thus that they can lay the basis for any true scientific knowledge of a real psychology. In fact, these two studies are quite distinct, though necessarily pursued together, and too rarely discriminated even in theory. One gives

a knowledge of the literature of philosophy; the other gives a facility of observing for one's self its facts. Professor T. C. UPHAM, in his *Mental Philosophy, embracing the Three Departments of the Intellect, Sensibilities, and Will*, in two volumes (Harper and Brothers), combines these two objects in an admirable manner; and it is this fact which has made his work so long an approved text-book in America. Single qualities are perhaps better exemplified in other works, but they are nowhere better combined than in Professor Upham's. The student who has gone through its pages, even in the superficial manner in which philosophical treatises are ordinarily studied in an American school, will at least know what are supposed to be the general divisions of the mental faculties, and will have such an idea of philosophic terms that he can understand its language as he meets it subsequently in literature or in common life. If he does not merely content himself with learning and reciting the contents of the book, but really endeavors to solve by his own examination its mental problems, and repeat for himself some of the processes it describes, he may also acquire a facility of independent investigation, which is the first condition of scientific knowledge. If time and inclination prompt him to make mental philosophy a specialty, he will find

that Professor Upham has afforded him a valuable introduction to its study. If not, he will find that he has learned enough at least to give him that superficial acquaintance with the subject which is all that most men have either the inclination, the time, or, perhaps, the ability to acquire. This treatise does not assume to afford an original contribution to mental science that renders it of special value to the advanced student; but as a text-book, whose office it is to conduct one quite ignorant of the study to its domain, and there introduce him to other guides for more elaborate investigations, it has qualities which entitle it to a high, if not the highest rank among similar treatises. We are glad to see, in this new edition, evidence that it still preserves its place of honor and usefulness despite many younger rivals.

Among these rivals the latest American contribution to mental science is a little volume entitled *The Principles of Psychology*, by JOHN BASCOM, Professor in Williams College (G. P. Putnam and Son). Professor Bascom is an intense believer in the Intuitive School. He even criticises Sir William Hamilton for yielding too much to the Materialists. As a treatise on the principles of psychology, designed to give the student in a brief but comprehensive form a bird's-eye view of the science, his treatise is defective. He assumes as axioms what he needs with the utmost care to demonstrate. He is unable to appreciate, and therefore really to understand, those views from which he dissents. He has a critical mind, and displays considerable power in analyzing the statements of other thinkers; but he lacks the power to either originate or construct a system of his own. His book will be more useful to the scholar as a critique than satisfactory to the student as a fundamental treatise.

Oberlin, with few facilities, has done in the last quarter century a work which, if institutions, like men, are to be judged by their fruits, entitles it to a front rank among the colleges of America. It has had but a sorry endowment, and almost no library. Planted in what was at its foundation a wilderness, it has had to create its own constituency, and educate the community as well as its own pupils. Taking in 1834 ground which is radical in 1869; almost from the very beginning educating black and white, male and female, in the same classes and the same recitation-rooms, it has had to contend against the most bitter and intense prejudices. Its theology has been unpopular; and it is only recently that it has enjoyed the confidence and secured the indorsement of the churches even of its own denomination. Nor even now has it the advantage of any ecclesiastical machinery to promote its interests. It is absolutely independent. But, despite these seeming disadvantages, it has accomplished a work almost unparalleled. It has gathered about itself a village in which there is not, we believe, a bowling-alley, a billiard saloon, or a public bar; and rarely even a lighted cigar on the streets; in which, on the other hand, there is one of the largest churches in America, with a congregation second only to that of Mr. Beecher, and a continuous revival, which has not for years intermitted its weekly inquiry meeting, or failed to secure for it a respectable attendance. It has extended its influence to surrounding counties, abolitionized all Northern Ohio, and created the

Massachusetts of the West out of a State bordered by Pennsylvania on the one side and Indiana on the other. It has been the mother of churches, of colleges, and even of communities, planted by its graduates in the Far West, and repeating there the work it has done so well.

The secret of its power lies in its moral life. The philosophy which made it odious made it potent. The very bitterness of the hostility it encountered endowed it with earnestness. In *Moral Philosophy, or the Science of Obligation*, by JAMES H. FAIRCHILD, President of Oberlin College (Sheldon and Co.), we have, in an official form, a presentation of that philosophy. Our space forbids any thing like an adequate criticism of the system. An inadequate one would be necessarily unjust. We do not accept it. Some of its assumptions we should question; some of its logical processes we should criticise; to some of its results we should strenuously object. But it is a system. It has the advantage of unity and simplicity. Granted the premises, you can rarely escape from the conclusion. It is a system, too, which has power in it. It assumes that the human soul has native ability to render complete obedience to the law of God. It presses home upon every man his duty so to do. To the despairing cry, "I can not," it replies, with sternness, "You can and must." It throws man upon his own resources, tends to make him strong and self-reliant, is a good philosophy for success, but a poor one for failure, helps the man of strong will, leaves the weak-willed man almost without a Saviour, is the philosophy for a new country and an army of pioneers, and so has done its work admirably despite what seems to us its greatest defect—its utter failure to recognize the meaning of the outcry, "What I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I.....O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Good or bad, it is admirably stated by President Fairchild, whose style is clear and condensed, who has a sovereign contempt for all conventionalism, who never stops on his journey toward a point to dally with flowers of speech, who never carries you to his goal by a circuitous route for the sake of a pretty illustration, and who is too much in earnest to set before you his own views to spend any time in criticising the views of others.

The standard of morals changes from age to age. It is far more conventional than we are accustomed to suppose. Not only does the race improve and deteriorate, approach to its ideal or fall away from it, but also the ideal itself changes. Thus Morals, not only as a science but as a practical life, has a history of its own. Mr. W. E. H. LECKY, in his *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne* (D. Appleton and Co.), undertakes to describe a small but most important portion of this history—that in which probably there was a more observable progress, and a greater evolution of moral life, than in any other era. It embraces, so to speak, the germinating period of Christianity. In an opening chapter, devoted to what the author calls *The Natural History of Morals*, Mr. Lecky undertakes to describe the two rival schools of Moral Philosophy—the Utilitarian and the Intuitive. A second chapter portrays the moral condition of the Pagan Empire—that is, of Greece and Rome, Oriental life and religion

being only incidentally alluded to. A third undertakes to give an account of the Conversion of Rome, and embraces a discussion of the early persecutions and of the effect of the miracles upon the ancient world. A fourth chapter describes Primitive Christianity from Constantine to Charlemagne, and gives some account of the rise of asceticism and monachism. A fifth chapter, on the Position of Women, closes the work. This brief résumé of its contents is enough to indicate that the topics which it embraces are among the most important, in a social and moral point of view, of any which history is ever called upon to illuminate.

For this work Mr. Lecky has some admirable qualifications. He is in general accord with the humane spirit of the age, though this hardly compensates for the fact that he is carried away by its resistless rationalistic tendencies. He is an indefatigable student. He is, seemingly, thoroughly at home in the period of which he treats. He appears to be familiar with English, American, and French literature, and with the Latin classics. It is not so evident that he has any special acquaintance with the Greek, or that he is at all acquainted with the German. His pages are full of facts—too full. We sometimes regret that he had not the patience to digest them more thoroughly, the self-denial to omit the less significant and important. We are painfully impressed at times with the idea that he has told us all he knows; that he seems to be more learned than he really is. Nevertheless his book has the merit of giving the result of careful painstaking research, in a field in which few men, few thinkers even, have either the opportunity or the time to harvest for themselves. His style, too, is clear without being eloquent; and though you never read a paragraph a second time for the enjoyment it affords, as you often do in Gibbon, you never have to read one a second time to understand what he means, as you often do in Carlyle. These characteristics render his history exceedingly useful. They do not entitle it to a first rank in literature. Its excellences are considerable, but they are superficial. It possesses but one serious defect; but that one is well-nigh fatal. To write successfully a history of morals one should be both a philosopher and an historian. Mr. Lecky is neither. He is just enough a philosopher to prevent him from being an impartial historian. His lack of philosophic knowledge, if not of philosophic aptitude, is painfully apparent. "There are," he says, "two great divisions of character, corresponding very nearly to the Stoical and Epicurean temperaments I have described—that in which the will predominates, and that in which the desires are supreme." Surely no man ought to attempt to write philosophy who does not know that the will is the mere executive of the soul, whose function it is to carry out the laws which the desires, the legislative faculties, enact. Such curious blunders as these might be excused. But, unfortunately, the cast of mind which is capable of them warps all that is written. There is a certain class of writers in whom what the phrenologists call Eventuality is predominant, and who are interested in events, in and for themselves. Such men, provided they have sufficient philosophic taste to group their facts well and wisely, make admirable his-

torians. They are neither inclined to record a fact because it makes for their theory, nor to suppress it because it tells against them. It is the fact not the theory which interests them. Mr. Lecky, however, in this respect resembling Buckle, has a certain theory to advocate. He is interested in facts not for their own sake but for their testimony. If his mind had been philosophically educated this would not impair the value of his writings, though it would materially modify their use. But there is no indication that this is the case. He shows himself utterly incompetent to understand, appreciatingly, a theory which he does not approve; as in his portrayal of the Utilitarian theory of morals and his incidental references to Calvinism. He devotes a large portion of one chapter to a discussion of Miracles, without apparently knowing what the Christian conception of a miracle is, as it has been defined by such writers as Augustine in ancient times, and Trench, the Duke of Argyll, and Bushnell in later days. He undertakes, not to give an impartial history of the pagan persecutions of the primitive Christians, but to show that they were not adequate to crush the rising religion, and required no miraculous intervention to countervail them. He summons, therefore, to his pages only such facts as bear witness in favor of his assertion, and leaves us entirely uncertain whether there may not be an equal array of facts on the otherside, which are excluded from the court. He endeavors to find different causes for the pagan and the later Roman Catholic persecutions, in order to sustain his theory that the latter were due to the doctrine of exclusive salvation, instead of seeking, as a true philosopher, the explanation of these similar facts in some similar principles of human nature, working alike in the pagan and in the Christian world. He confounds—a not infrequent mistake—fact with theory; and expects, though he says so only impliedly, that the civilized world, because it discards the *theory* of witchcraft, and explains the facts of blight and disease by a reference to other causes, will also discard the *facts* of Christ's marvelous cures and yet more marvelous resurrection; for which, if admitted, modern philosophy has no other explanation to offer than that of a supernatural power, manifesting itself in unusual ways. In a word, if Mr. Lecky were less of a philosopher he would be a better historian. As it is, he is at once too much and too little philosophical.

We may, perhaps, include *Credo* (Lee and Shepard) under the general title of philosophy, though it is theological rather than philosophical, and written for the general reader rather than for the scholar. Its title is indicative of its character. It is written by one who believes, who gives no indication that his own belief has ever been shaken by doubts. He understands skepticism without entering into it; learns it from a study of books rather than by any bitter experience of his own. He presents the common creed of the Christian Church in a Supernatural Book, Supernatural Beings, a Supernatural Life, and a Supernatural Destiny. He supports it by the customary arguments. His book will be of more service to the Christian perplexed by the doubts of others than to the skeptic who is sorely troubled by his own.

Whatever Mr. Ruskin writes about he always

writes philosophy—moral, social, or political. In *The Queen of the Air* (John Wiley and Son) he takes the Greek myths of the cloud and the storm and elucidates their inmost meaning with his own peculiar subtlety of insight, breadth of understanding, and felicity of expression; and then passes to apply their teachings to the development and conduct of character, and to the necessities of the state. Parts of the book are very fine, very helpful, very inspiring, and exceedingly valuable. Many of his criticisms on present thought and life are sadly called for; much of his teaching, as in all his works, sterling and manly, characterized by a loftiness of thought and sentiment that are almost as rare as they are essential to right thought and true character. Yet his fine gold is sadly dimmed, and the effect of his effort greatly marred. There is, of course, too much of his peculiar positiveness; there is also too much of his vague, obscure writing. His style, indeed, seems to be undergoing a process of disorganization. The sense of unity and coherence in one controlling thought or purpose is lost. There is strong feeling enough, but it is uncontrolled; it overmasters the understanding. The thought wavers. However fine the brief sentences, we lack the sense of self-command and calmness which is needful to give us confidence in the writer's judgment. He fails, therefore, to gain that heedful attention which the thought really deserves. Indeed, the want of respect for Mr. Ruskin's later writings is owing, not so much to his ideas, as to the way in which he presents them. However fanciful and medieval some of his suggestions may appear, the principles underlying them are so important, and appear, when presented in his best style, so vital to the best interests of society, that even the apparent attempt to revive elements in social and national life generally believed hopelessly extinct would not prevent their being respectfully listened to. But Mr. Ruskin fails to grasp the present. He seems to be incapacitated, constitutionally or by the nature of his pursuits, for rightly estimating some of the most essential elements of the questions he discusses. His manner, moreover, is prevailingly fault-finding and condemnatory. The faults, the vulgarities, the vices, and weaknesses of the time are brought to view. But there is almost no mingling of faith in man or in God's providence respecting society, no broad generous feeling, no juicy charity, no hopefulness. In a word, Mr. Ruskin, always a critic, is in his later days too purely, too censoriously critical to be healthful or widely useful as a writer.

BIOGRAPHY.

Who that has ever read "Bleak House" has not longed to shake hands with Lawrence Boythorn, an incomprehensible, inconsistent, absurdly implacable, femininely tender character, whose solemn earnestness about trifles is set off with such dextrous art by the trifling of Harold Skimpole about matters of the gravest importance. We fancy that most readers criticise this Boythorn's character as unnatural. It is, they would say, a pure creation of the imagination, such as only the fancy of a Dickens could produce. In fact, however, it is a portrait from real life, the original who sat for it being no other than Walter Savage Landor. It is true, the portrait is not a piece of realistic painting. But the lineaments

are there. Even the canary-bird has his prototype in the little Pomeranian dog, Landor's constant companion, almost the only companion who could be constant to him; for his temper was absolutely and hopelessly untamable. He had no power of self-control. His violent combativeness, whenever he was crossed, was not a purely superficial trait, as Dickens has made it in *Boythorn*. He lived in perpetual rebellion with mankind. He quarreled with his father. He kept his mother in awe of him. He was expelled from school under guise of a withdrawal. He was rusticated from college. He could not get a commission in the army. Those who would have been his brother officers would not have him among them. He provoked the resentment of his tenants, even while he was honestly trying to do them good. He separated from his wife, leaving nearly all his property to her and the children. And, finally, he expatriated himself, to escape the consequences of a libel he had published, and died in wretchedness, an exile. Nevertheless, beneath all his roughness beat a tender heart. He loved children, he loved flowers, he loved his dog, and there are one or two episodes which show that he was glad to love and be loved by equals, provided they had the tact to study his temper, and the self-denial not to cross it. Mr. JOHN FORSTER, in his *Biography of Walter Savage Landor* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.), has doubtless produced what will be accepted as the standard story of the poet's life. He had rare facilities for composing it. He was Landor's trusted friend, the assignee of his copyrights, and his literary executor. He has had ample material therefore, intimate knowledge of the subject, and five years in which to arrange the one and utilize the other. But his very facilities have proved his disadvantage. He has produced a volume too bulky to be generally read, at least in busy America. Only a small number, made personal friends of the poet by the perusal of his writings, will venture to read John Forster's pages through. And even they will be disappointed. The curious inconsistency of Landor's contradictory character has been too much for the biographer's powers of discrimination. All the roughness of the exterior is apparent. The heart within is hidden. We prick our fingers against the burry shell; but there is no sweet kernel within; rather, the editor has not discovered it. In short, he has produced a memorial too bulky for the general public and too unsympathetic—too severely, coldly just for personal and literary friends.

It was our first impression that *Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary and Correspondence* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.) was amenable to the first of these criticisms. Two volumes of five hundred pages seem a great deal to appropriate to the memoirs of a single man, however profound his learning, wide his influence, or eventful his life. These volumes are not, however, appropriated to the biography of their apparent subject. Mr. Robinson, radically unlike Boswell, to whom he is sometimes unjustly compared, was neither a hero-worshiper nor an egotist. His diary gives us very little concerning himself, and only here and there a glimpse of his opinions, either of men or manners. Its interest lies in the social pictures which it affords us of eras important both in

a political and a literary point of view, and in the intimate acquaintance it gives us with men little understood by those who know them only through their works. At the time when the French Revolution was by its reactionary influence threatening the liberties of England, and Lord Erskine was pleading the cause of liberty of the press before juries sometimes intimidated by the crown and sometimes by popular prejudice, Mr. Robinson was pursuing, professionally, the study of the law, and passionately the study of literature. While Napoleon was rising steadily from the post of "Little Corporal" to that of Emperor of the French, Mr. Robinson was pursuing his studies of science, physical and metaphysical, in Germany. While all Europe was one frightful battle-field, he was first foreign correspondent and then foreign editor of the London *Times*. Before as yet the smoke of this conflict had passed away he had laid down the editorial pen and resumed the study, and, a little later, the practice, of his profession, whose duties never, however, interfered with his enthusiasm for literature and affection for and association with literary men. During this time he amassed a quantity of manuscript before which the heart of the patient and assiduous editor of these volumes must have sunk in very despair. 'Think of sixty-five volumes of journals and diaries, besides letters and miscellaneous papers! From these too ample materials this selection has been very wisely made. We no longer wonder at the size of the work. We only wonder that it is no larger. We are carried successively through English and German life. We are introduced successively to the great writers of both nationalities. "Were this my last hour," writes Mr. Robinson in 1858, "I would thank God for permitting me to behold so much of the excellence conferred on individuals. Of women, I saw the type of heroic greatness in the person of Mrs. Siddons; of her fascinations, in Mrs. Jordan and Mlle. Mars. I listened with rapture to the dreamy monologues of Coleridge—'that old man eloquent;' I traveled with Wordsworth, the greatest of our lyric philosophical poets; I relished the wit and pathos of Charles Lamb; I conversed freely with Goethe at his own table, beyond all competition the supreme genius of his age and country."

To these names of Mr. Robinson's personal acquaintances may be added, among Continental writers, those of Schiller, Savigny, Paulus, Wolf, Madame De Stäel; among English writers those of Southey, Hazlitt, Macaulay, Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, Walter Savage Landor—and this by no means exhausts the list. To these we are introduced. We sit at their board. We hear their conversation; we get an insight into their mental constitution and their methods of life. Mr. Robinson has a genius for appreciation. We live in the past, on friendly terms with its truest, purest, and best thinkers. "These reminiscences and diaries," says the *Spectator*, "are not so much remains as a resurrection." They sparkle with wit and humor and sprightly anecdotes. There is hardly a dull page in them; not one we would omit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A *ragout* is not ordinarily a very epicurean specimen of the culinary art, but it is sometimes

very desirable in an economic point of view. Our readers will we trust excuse us, that on our table we set, with more solid dishes, a *pot-pourri* of literature, in which, after the manner of such dishes, several kinds of diet are intermingled—a little theology, a little philosophy, a good deal of romance, and a seasoning of miscellaneous literature.

The Edge of the Storm (G. P. Putnam and Son) is a romance of the time of the French Revolution. This is the storm, to the edge of which only we are brought. Partly by carrying us, not to Paris, but to the little village of Ibarraye, where at least the carnage was less awful, partly by describing the results of horrors which we are left to imagine for ourselves, the authoress avoids the error—for an error we think it to be, even in an artistic point of view—into which Victor Hugo fell in his "*Les Misérables*," and Miss Mühlbach in her "*Marie Antoinette*."

Harper and Brothers add to their editions of standard novels those of Charles Reade and George Eliot. The latter are published in a library edition which is a marvel of beauty and economy, being tastefully bound, illustrated with numerous spirited engravings, and sold at seventy-five cents a volume. They increase their Library of Select Novels by the addition of four republications from the English. *Hetty* is better than "*Stretton*," and, despite its weaknesses, is a readable story, which can not be said of some better novels; *Meta's Faith*, for example, which is so unexciting as to border on dullness, so mournful as to be unattractive to readers of a healthful temperament, and in which the authoress has only succeeded in proving herself capable of doing better in the future. *False Colors*, by ANNIE THOMAS, is decidedly the best of these four volumes. It exhibits remarkable power in defining delicate shades of character, exposes effectually that pride of appearance which is so inconsistent with true pride of character, yet fails in interest, because it discloses in the opening chapters the plot which only the subsequent chapters should unfold—a criticism even more applicable to *Found Dead*, a story which might be sensational were not the author of the secret murder discovered to the reader at the very outset of the story, though not to the personages of his own fictitious world till its close. Of all the novels which lie on our table *The Countess Gisela* (Harper and Brothers) is certainly the most remarkable, perhaps the most powerful. It required some genius to conceive the idea that the very excess of vice might, by reaction, evolve in a strong nature a love of virtue. Thus baldly stated the principle may seem false, but it seems true to nature as it is wrought out in this singular and thoroughly original romance. Its democratic spirit adds political zest to its moral and dramatic interest. There is nothing very remarkable in *Cipher*, by JANE G. AUSTIN (Sheldon and Co.), except a somewhat intricate plot, which sustained the interest of the story very well as a serial in the *Galaxy*, from whose plates it is evidently printed in its present form. *The Hollands*—well, we can not better describe it than by saying that it is a good book to go to sleep on. *Alice Vail* (William White and Co.) is a spiritualistic novel—which is very different from saying a spiritual novel—in which there is a great abundance of

visions and heavenly revelations, and a great scarcity of sublunary common-sense. *Aspasia* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), if intended for a religious novel, is very poor. If it is intended for a profane burlesque on religious biography, it overshoots the mark. *Walter Ogilby* is rather commonplace in plot, rather pleasant in style, and unobjectionable in moral tone. We are glad to welcome in *The Improvisatore* the first volume of a new and very tasteful edition of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN's works, from the press of Hurd and Houghton. The choice of this volume was not really a happy one, however, for its excellences are not such as will induce strangers to this author to seek his further acquaintance; it is a book rather for the friends of Andersen than for those who are unacquainted with him. *Semele; or, The Spirit of Beauty*, which we have received from the press of the Rivingtons, London, is a charming though quaint romance, commingled story and guide-book, from the pen of the Rev. J. D. MERREWEATHER, English Chaplain at Venice, who, with his hero-

ine, takes the reader through all the scenes of its incomparable beauty. Our boy says of *Mopsa the Fairy*, by JEAN INGELOW (Roberts Brothers), that it is a "splendid book," in which testimony we are inclined to concur from a cursory glance at its pages. We can not say as much for *Patty Gray's Journey*, by MRS. CAROLINE DALL (Lee and Shepard). The authoress undertook to weave an interesting story out of incidents so commonplace that it is no wonder that she failed. Even a story more buoyant could hardly carry such a cargo of moralizing. *Hospital Sketches*, by Miss ALCOTT (Roberts Brothers), is a worthy companion volume of "Little Women." These stories and sketches were originally published—with one or two exceptions—during the war—the "Hospital Sketches" in the *Boston Commonwealth*, the "Camp and Fireside Stories" in other journals. They deserve not only the reputation they then enjoyed, but this permanent preservation in book form. No more graphic pictures of those aspects of camp life which Miss Alcott depicts were evoked by the war.

Scientific Summary.



FIG. 1.

SIGNALING BY MARINE TELEGRAPHS.

THE manner in which signals are made by means of the Atlantic cables is somewhat curious. In ordinary land lines the object is accomplished, as is well known, by the power of a wire conveying a current of electricity to magnetize a bar of iron instantaneously. If the telegraph wire is passed around the bar a few times this effect appears. If the coil is made very large, the wire being insulated or wrapped in a non-conductor, the effect is greatly enhanced; and the power developed is very obvious when the magnet is touched with an armature. Such a

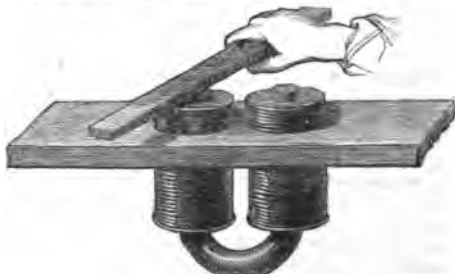


FIG. 2.

coil is used in the ordinary Morse telegraph, as may be seen in the window of a telegraph office. (Fig. 3.)

In the case of the deep-sea lines another property of the electric current is employed—namely, that of deflecting a needle already magnetized from its normal position.

Suppose an electric current, for example, to pass along the wire M N Q P R, Fig. 4, in the direction denoted by the arrows. The magnetic needle, which before the current passed had assumed the position *a b*, would be immediately

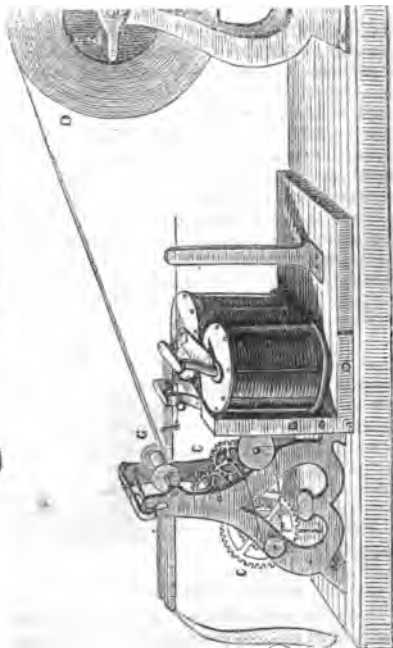


FIG. 3.

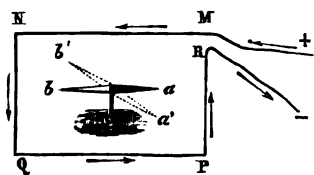


FIG. 4.

turned in the direction $a' b'$. If the wire passes round the needle many times, as in Fig. 6, the effect is increased. The instant the current is stopped the needle returns to its natural position; and then, if a new current is transmitted in a contrary direction, the needle will be deflected again, but in a contrary direction from before. (Fig. 5.)

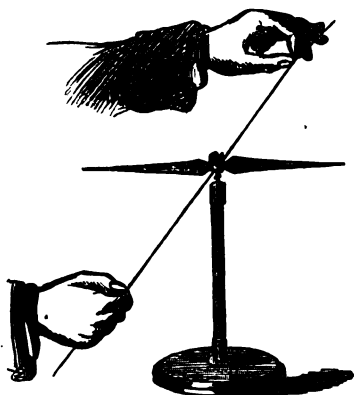


FIG. 5.

Advantage is taken of this property as follows: An extremely delicate needle, with a minute but highly polished mirror attached to it in such a manner that the motion of the needle gives an angular motion to the mirror, is suspended by a silken filament finer than any hair. The very great delicacy of the arrangement is shown by the fact that both needle and mirror weigh less than a grain. A ray of bright light is thrown upon this mirror, and is reflected upon a screen. The image remains in the centre of the screen, or moves either to the right or to the left, according to the changes produced in the position of the needle and of the mirror by the changes in the electric condition of the wire. The movements and positions of this image may be combined evidently in many ways, so as to have a



FIG. 6.

separate combination for each letter of the alphabet; and thus exceedingly minute currents may be made to convey perfectly distinct signals. It is in this way that we receive every evening the news of what has transpired in London or Paris during the day.

The visitor who is admitted to the offices at Duxbury, where the messages by the French cable are received, is surprised at the apparent simplicity of the arrangements by which this system is carried into effect. After passing through two or three quiet and unpretending rooms which are used for various subsidiary purposes, he is conducted to a small back parlor, where, upon a table in a corner, the signaling apparatus is placed. Two operators are seated at this table, one to watch and interpret the motions of the flame, and the other, with pen in hand, to record the words as they are read to him.

The instrument containing the needle and the mirror, and the coil of wire surrounding them, has the appearance of a brass cylinder three or four inches in diameter, and four or five high. A tube like a small telescope passes through it. Above is a curved flat bar of steel forming an arch over the cylinder. This bar is permanently magnetized, and by being turned this way or that on the pivot in the centre by which it is supported, commands the position of the needle, when free from the action of the current, by neutralizing, or perhaps rather overpowering, the terrestrial magnetism.

The lamp stands upon the corner of the table behind a dark screen, a narrow slit in which admits the passage of a thin beam of light, which enters the tube already mentioned, and is there reflected by the little mirror. An image of the flame is thus thrown upon a small white screen near the centre of the table, where it reposes quietly—a slender line of flame perfectly motionless so long as no electric current is passing along the wire. The operator has under his hand a little instrument with keys, by pressing which he can communicate with a similar apparatus at St. Pierre, the station in Newfoundland. Very soon after he does so the slender flame begins to move to and fro upon the white screen. It is bringing back the answer. The operator watches its motions, wholly unintelligible and bewildering to the by-standers, and interprets the message word by word—the recording assistant writing down as it is uttered. The spectator who witnesses the operation stands astonished, not knowing which most to wonder at, the power to transmit so extremely delicate a force through such an enormous length of wire along the bottom of the sea, or the skill of the operator in reading so fluently long and complicated communications, in what to him is the mere dancing and flickering of a flame.

A good deal of restriction is of course necessary in respect to the admission of company to the telegraphic rooms; but Mr. Brown, the superintendent, wins golden opinions from those thus privileged by the extent and accuracy of his scientific attainments, and his great courtesy in explaining the instruments and the operations.

AMATEUR SURVEYING.

In superintending the laying out of their grounds in the country, and for other analogous purposes, gentlemen often have occasion for

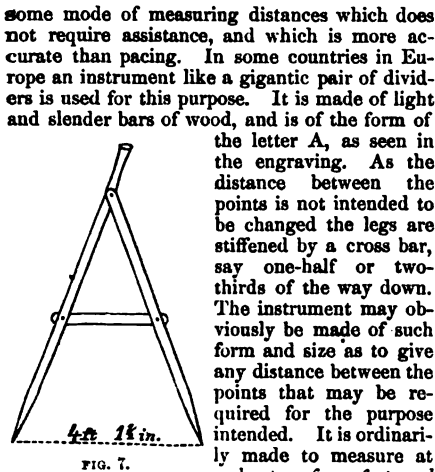


FIG. 7.

one and a half inches, so that four steps shall make a rod.

It is said that with a little practice a person can walk along a piece of ground to measure the length of a contemplated road or piece of wall, turning the instrument over and over as he advances, so as to measure the distance nearly as fast as he can pace it, and very much more accurately—more accurately in fact than, without unusual care and skill, two persons can do it with a chain.

PILE-DRIVING BY GUNPOWDER.

A very curious application of the explosive force of sudden and violent chemical combinations has been made in the construction, in Philadelphia, of a pile-driving engine, worked by the combustion of a species of gunpowder. The instrument is as ingenious, in respect to the principles called into play in the construction of it, as it is efficient in its operation.

To form an idea of the working of this engine, imagine a cannon set up in a vertical position, muzzle upward, on the ground, and then loaded with a heavy ball and fired. The ball would ascend into the air, while the cannon itself—especially if the cascabel, instead of forming, as usual, a round knob, were sharpened—would be driven more or less into the ground. It is precisely on this principle that the new pile-driving engine operates. The contrivances, however, by which the cannon is loaded and fired, and the shot recovered after every discharge, are very curious.

The part of the apparatus which serves the purpose of the cannon is made to fit upon the top of the *pile* which is to be driven, by means of a cavity formed in the end of it. The top of the pile is of course trimmed to the proper size to fill this cavity. The pile, thus capped with the cannon, is placed between two upright masts, like those of an ordinary pile-driver. There is a ladder on one side, reaching to the top of the masts. A boy stands upon this ladder at the right height, and drops a cartridge into the muzzle of the cannon. A man then pulls a cord, which is connected with what is called the hammer, though it might as well be called the shot, which is held suspended high above the head of

the pile. This hammer is solid and heavy, and it is provided with a solid projecting cylinder, both on the upper and under side of it. The cord, pulled, liberates the hammer, and it falls. It is guided in its fall by grooves on the sides of it, fitting to tongues attached to the mast. When it reaches the head of the pile the projecting cylinder below enters the muzzle of the cannon, and, acting as a piston—for the cylinder and the bore of the cannon are nicely fitted to each other—it condenses the air, and by the condensation develops heat sufficient to ignite the gunpowder. The hammer is of course thrown violently up again between the masts, and the pile is driven proportionately into the earth by the recoil.

When the force of the explosion is expended the hammer ceases to ascend, and is held from descending by an ingeniously-contrived friction-catch, which is controlled by the cord in the hand of the man. In the mean time the boy drops another cartridge into the cannon, when the man again pulls the cord and liberates the hammer. It falls, drives its piston or plunger into the mouth of the cannon, sets fire to the cartridge, and is instantly thrown up again.

Thus the action goes on alternately as fast as the boy can put in the cartridges and the man pull the cord—which is said to be thirty or forty times a minute—driving the pile into the earth eight or ten inches at each blow. There seems to be no special reason why a mechanical contrivance might not be made to do the work of dropping in the cartridge and releasing the hammer, so that the engine should work automatically, and drive the pile, once set, without any human agency whatever. No new motive power would be required for this, as the force of the hammer in going up might be made to deposit the fresh cartridge, and the hammer might be made to liberate itself by its weight, at the proper moment for coming down.

Besides the piston which projects from the lower side of the hammer to enter the cannon, there is another on the upper side, which is fitted to another cylinder fixed firmly at the top of the two masts. This upper piston is intended to enter the upper cylinder, and stop the ascent of the hammer by the elasticity of the air within it, in case the force of the explosion should by any accident be so great as to throw the hammer too high.

The powder used for this engine is of a peculiar character, made not to burn so rapidly as common gunpowder, so as to produce what is called a "pushing effect" rather than the effect of a blow. The action seems, in fact, to be intermediate between pressure and percussion, and the result is said to be extremely satisfactory; but whether it works more satisfactorily than the steam pile-driver remains to be more certainly determined.

AN INTRUDER IN A CHURCH.

In the contrivance last described the force of explosion would seem to be brought under very efficient control. An instance recently occurred in France, however, in which this fearful agent broke away from its proper subordination, and was guilty of a very extraordinary escapade. It was at a quarry on a hill near Marseilles. A fragment of rock, about five feet through each

way, detached by a blasting operation, was thrown out so far that it rolled down the declivity into a suburb of the town, and there broke into a church, making a breach in the side wall fifteen feet wide. It stopped just as it reached the altar. The mass was so large that it was necessary to divide it by sawing into several pieces before it could be removed.

THE DURATION OF A FLASH.

Any person in looking at the adjoining engraving giving the figure of a circular card divided into narrow alternate sectors of black and white, and being informed that it represented an article of philosophical apparatus, might well wonder what purpose it could serve; and on being informed that it was used to measure the duration of the light emitted by a flash of lightning, might wonder still more how it could be made to serve that purpose.

The explanation is this: The card is mounted upon a spindle, by means of which it may be made to revolve with great rapidity. If now it is made thus to revolve while an ordinary continuous light is shining upon it, the white and black sectors blend together in the eye of the observer, on account of what is called the *persistence of vision*; that is, the impression produced by each white sector remains upon the retina while the succeeding black one is passing, and thus the two impressions combine, and a

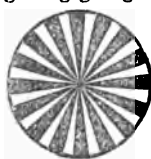


FIG. S.

uniform gray tint is the result. This is on the supposition that the light which falls upon the revolving disk is continuous.

If, however, the light is but a momentary flash—suppose, for example, that it is absolutely instantaneous—and is preceded and followed by total darkness, then only one impression, in which the white and black sectors would be distinct from each other, would be made upon the retina, and that impression would remain for a second or more, according to the principle of persistence above referred to. If the light, though not absolutely instantaneous, is of an exceedingly short duration—as, for example, the ten-thousandth part of a second—then the breadth of each white sector will be expanded a little in the impression which it makes upon the retina, according to the length of the time that it remains under the influence of the light; and the line of demarcation between the white and black sectors will be more or less confused. The duration of the flash can be calculated by knowing the rate of rotation of the disk, and the breadth of the overlapping of the sectors.

By the use of this instrument the duration of the light emitted by an electric discharge has been approximately ascertained, and is found to be an extremely minute fraction of a second. The experiment is of course made in the dark, the instrument being placed where the eye of the observer can be upon the disk while it is in rapid rotation, until the light, either from a flash of lightning or from the discharge of an electrical battery, illuminates it.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 1st of October. The topics of general domestic interest relate mainly to the autumn elections, and to the finances of the country. The elections are in themselves of little importance, except in so far as they indicate the popular judgment of the present Administration. In *California* the Democrats have elected a majority of the members of the Legislature, which undoubtedly assures that the vote of the State will be cast against the adoption of the proposed Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. In *Vermont* the Republicans succeeded by their usual overpowering majority. In *Maine* the vote was much smaller than usual; and some 5000 votes were cast for a separate "Temperance" ticket; these were mainly drawn from the Republican side. The Republicans, however, carried the State by about the same proportional majority as in the Presidential election. In *Pennsylvania* and *Ohio* the elections will have taken place before this Number of the Magazine will appear, and we present no speculations as to the result.

Special interest attaches to the forthcoming election in *New York*, mainly for the reason that it will furnish a key to the state of public opinion; for the offices to be filled are wholly of local importance, being confined to municipal and judicial functionaries, members of the As-

sembly, and what is technically designated as the "State Ticket," excluding Governor and members of Congress, who are not to be chosen this year. The State Conventions of the two parties assembled at Syracuse; the Democratic Convention on the 22d of September, the Republican Convention on the 29th. The "platforms" or declaration of principles adopted by these Conventions, may be assumed as fairly representing the sentiments of the two great parties in the country. We therefore give them in substance, omitting topics of mere formal or local interest. The Democratic platform, being quite long, is abridged; but the main points are preserved, and the essential passages are quoted textually. The Republican platform, being more briefly expressed, is given in full. Both platforms are put forth in a series of resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the respective Conventions:

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

- (1.) Declares their adherence to the settled principles of the party.
- (2.) Demands the restoration of all the States; the amnesty of political offenders; the reduction of the standing army; the abolition of the Freedmen's Bureau; the restoration of the authority of the Judiciary; and the subordination of the military to the civil power.
- (3.) Arraigns the administration of President Grant upon several grounds; among which are "want of sympathy with the peoples struggling for liberty and independence, and indifference to the fate of American citizens, victims of foreign oppression."

(4.) Demands full protection for American citizens, whether native born or naturalized, wherever they may go; and "denounces the recent flagrant omission by the Federal Administration to perform its whole duty toward American citizens in Great Britain and Cuba."

(5.) Favors the fulfillment of all legitimate contracts made with the Federal Government, and declares that all obligations of the Government "should be discharged, when due, in the manner provided for by the law in obedience to which they were created."

(6.) Denounces the multiplication of taxes and the manner in which they are levied, and declares it to be "the duty of the statesmen of the country to simplify our taxes, distribute them upon the property of the country, reduce the tariff to a revenue basis, and thus release industry from its heaviest burden and give freedom to commerce."

(7.) Relates to the internal affairs of the State of New York, especially urging that "when the present canal debt shall be paid the canal shall be opened to the navigation of the people of all the States, subject only to a charge to defray the cost of their annual maintenance and repair."

(8.) Denounces the proposed Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution as "intended to place the suffrage in the hands of the central powers, and, by debasing, to demoralize the representative system."

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

(1.) The public debt, both principal and interest, shall be paid in coin as the same matures; and that repudiation of any part thereof, either directly or indirectly, or by any device or subterfuge, would bring dishonor upon the nation, and demoralization and disaster upon the people.

(2.) Taxation ought to be equal and simple, and rendered as little burdensome to the citizen as the nature of the case will possibly allow.

(3.) Government is bound by the most sacred obligations to protect its citizens, whether native or foreign born, wherever they may go.

(4.) Every American citizen, whether naturalized or native, should have an equal right to the suffrage without regard to nation, race, or religion.

(5.) The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, as proposed, ought to be adopted.

(6.) We deeply sympathize with all people every where who are down-trodden and oppressed by a privileged class or by unjust rule.

(7.) The great success and prosperity of our Government, under the guidance of Divine Providence, imposes upon us duties toward our Cuban neighbors, who, imitating the example of our fathers, are struggling for liberty against an arbitrary and oppressive government in which they are allowed no representation, and in whose administration they have no share; that whenever the facts in possession of our Government will justify the recognition of Cuban belligerency, we shall heartily approve such recognition, and pledge our cordial support to any action on the part of the Government tending to the final annexation of Cuba, whenever she shall have achieved her independence and her people desire such action.

(8.) We heartily congratulate our countrymen of all parties on the peace, order, and security almost universally realized under the wise, firm, moderate, and frugal rule of President Grant and his chosen councilors; and we point with pride to the activity and prosperity of our national industry, to our abundant revenue, restored credit, and rapidly diminishing public debt, as demonstrations of the patriotic wisdom of the people evinced in their latest choice of President and Vice-President.

(9.) The maintenance of our system of public education and of common schools is essential to the preservation of a republican government and to the advancement of intelligence and civilization; and that we are opposed to every attempt on the part of our State Legislature to appropriate any money of the people to the support of sectarian schools, or the diversion of the school funds to the maintenance of any sectarian institution.

(10.) The Republican party is now, as it ever has been, the true friend of the canals of the State, and we believe that it is the true policy so to increase the facilities for the navigation thereof as to insure to all connected therewith a sure and speedy transmission of property, and with a consequent increased business warrant a reduction of tolls to a point which shall simply secure their safe navigation, defray the cost of their proper maintenance, and insure the speedy extinguishment of the canal debt.

(11.) We request our next Legislature to pass laws which will secure the right of every legal voter, whether native or naturalized, against invasion and overthrow.

The State candidates nominated on these platforms were these. Mr. Curtis, however, declined the nomination.

DEMOCRATS. REPUBLICANS.

<i>Secretary of State.</i>	<i>George William Curtis.</i>
Homer A. Nelson.	<i>Comptroller.</i>
William F. Allen.	Thomas Hillhouse.
<i>Attorney General.</i>	
M. B. Champlain.	M. J. Townsend.
<i>State Treasurer.</i>	
W. H. Bristol.	T. S. Chatfield.
<i>Engineer and Surveyor.</i>	
Van R. Richmond.	J. C. Robinson.
<i>Canal Commissioner.</i>	
W. W. Wright.	Stephen T. Hoyt.
<i>State Prison Inspector.</i>	
F. L. Laflin.	D. D. Conover.
<i>Judges of Court of Appeals.</i>	
John A. Lott.	Lewis B. Woodruff.
Robert Earl.	Charles Mason.

The matter of the Virginia election, noted in our last Record as still in abeyance, has been legally settled. This decision is of special importance, as forming a precedent for the other States as yet unreconstructed. On the 28th of August Mr. Hoar, the Attorney General of the United States, gave an elaborate opinion upon the whole matter. Some further questions having arisen, they were submitted to the Attorney General by General Canby, commanding in the District of Virginia. These were replied to by Mr. Hoar on the 25th of September. The Attorney General gives the substance of his previous opinion, and decides upon the new points in question. This opinion, officially addressed to the President, covers the whole ground, and is as follows:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date referring to me, for my opinion, a letter addressed to the Secretary of War by General Canby, dated September 24, 1869, which asks whether the Legislature of the State of Virginia is authorized to elect Senators of the United States at the session which commences on the 5th of next month, and desires that that question may be submitted to the Attorney General for his opinion. The general views which I entertain of the functions of the Legislature of Virginia, elected in pursuance of the Act of Congress of April 10, 1869, have been already fully indicated in an opinion transmitted to the Secretary of War, under date of August 28, 1869. I came to the conclusion that the members of the Legislature were not required to take the oath referred to in Section 9 of the statute of July 19, 1867, in order to qualify them to act as such members; that it was competent under the law for the Legislature to meet, organize, and do whatever was required or allowed by the acts of Congress as preliminary to the State; but that it was not competent for them to undertake to enact laws, or otherwise to assume any of the functions of the government of the State, if organized, without taking the oath above referred to. Upon a careful consideration I am now of the opinion that the election of Senators, like the voting upon the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States, is a part of the action contemplated by Congress as preliminary to a restoration of the State to its full relation to the Government of the United States as one of the States of the Union. The Senators thus elected would have no power or authority until the Senate of the United States should have passed upon the validity of their action, and admitted them as members of that body. Under the Act of April 10, 1869, the election of members of the House of Representatives was permitted and has taken place, and when Congress comes to act upon the whole question of the reconstruction of the State it would seem equally proper that members elected to both branches of the National Legislature should present themselves and be ready for admission to seats in the respective Houses. The

election of Senators does not seem to me to transcend the action which comes within the limited and qualified purposes requisite to reconstruction, but rather to be essential to the completeness of that action; and I think that the Military Commander should not interfere with or prevent it."

The financial crisis, alluded to on a previous page, culminated during the closing days of September. To understand its nature, it must be known that gold has ceased, with us, to be a measure of value, and has come to be a simple article of merchandise, like corn or cotton. A number of brokers formed an association known as the "Gold Exchange." Gradually it came about that all large transactions in gold were made through this association. In all there were about two hundred members, each of whom had paid a thousand dollars for admission. No great business in gold could be transacted except through this organization. During the month of September the price of gold had fluctuated between 1.32 and 1.46, occasionally passing either bound; but 1.35 is about a fair medium, taking the sales from day to day. The amount of gold in the country, in the form of coin and bullion, is about \$200,000,000, of which rather more than half is in the Treasury of the United States, and a little less than half in banks and private hands. The demand for gold is mainly from merchants, who require it to pay duties on importations. It was assumed that the gold in the Treasury would remain substantially undisturbed; the Government would not, it was thought, interfere in the matter of commercial business. Now, if the loose gold, from which alone demands for current business must be supplied, could be locked up, its price could be raised to any conceivable point. A few bold and unscrupulous speculators undertook to get control of the gold in the market. They bought and sold among themselves until they thought that they had it all, and could put the price up to any sum they pleased. The culmination of their plans took place on the 24th of September. On the preceding day gold was quoted at 1.38 to 1.41; it now rapidly ran up until 1.60 was offered for large amounts; and bids were made for as high as 1.65. It is said that contracts for the sale and delivery of five hundred millions were made in two or three hours, while the men who thus gambled upon chances had hardly ten millions at their command. Just at the culmination came the report that the Secretary of the Treasury would next day sell four millions of gold. This was sufficient to break "the ring." In a few hours the price went down to about 1.32, at which rates gold has been sold during the week. Several of the great gold gamblers have become bankrupt.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Apart from rumors and unauthenticated reports, there is nothing from *Cuba* which can be put upon permanent record.—From *Paraguay* the latest accounts indicate that Lopez has lost every important point, and that he is now waging a merely guerrilla warfare, with only a small force at his command. A provisional government has been set up in Paraguay; and it may be assumed that the war on the Plata has come to a practical close.

EUROPE.

In *Spain* the Carlist movement has proved an entire failure. The prospects for the choice of a King are as undecided as ever, although the time fixed for the election is rapidly approaching. Several new candidates have been named, the most prominent of whom is the Duke of Genoa, son of the King of Italy.—The ex-queen, Isabella, has put forth a letter, in which she denies that she is ready to abdicate. She says that when fairly replaced upon the throne, which is hers by divine right, she will gladly resign in favor of her son.—Mr. Sickles, our Minister to Spain, has presented a proposition, the report of which has caused much excitement. The document itself has not been made public, but its general purport has been made known. It is to the effect that the United States offer to mediate between Spain and Cuba; and in case terms of separation are agreed upon, the Cubans shall give to Spain a large sum, the payment of which shall be guaranteed by the United States. How far this proposition is sanctioned by the American Government, and in what manner it is regarded by the existing Government of Spain, is as yet wholly undecided.

In *France* the most important question of the day relates to the health of the Emperor. Considering all the reports, there can be little doubt that Napoleon has been seriously ill, and that, though partially recovered, his condition is still precarious. Reports are rife that he will soon abdicate in favor of his son; in which case there must be a regency for some years, until the Prince Imperial arrives at his legal majority. Prince Jerome Napoleon is nearest in blood to the Emperor, and would appear to be most likely to be appointed Regent. But he has placed himself in decided opposition to the present administration of the Emperor, his cousin. In a speech upon the *Senatus Consultum*, or project of a plan of government, proposed by the Emperor, Prince Napoleon expressed very liberal views. He demanded additional reforms, among which was a more complete responsibility of the Ministers. The Minister of the Interior, in reply, protested against the ideas of the Prince, and declared that they would never prevail so long as the present Ministers retained the confidence of the Emperor. Meanwhile the plan suggested by the Emperor has been accepted by the French Senate.

A dispute has arisen between the Sultan of Turkey and the *Khedive*, or Viceroy, of Egypt. The Sultan, in an elaborate paper, charges the Khedive with having in many ways overstepped the limits of his authority, comporting himself as though he were an independent sovereign. The matter grew mainly out of the proceedings of the Khedive in relation to the approaching opening of the Suez Canal, and his intercourse with European sovereigns; but the charge comprised many other allegations. The Khedive replied at length, justifying all his acts; disclaiming all purpose of going beyond his authority; and expressly acknowledging his tributary allegiance to the Sultan. It is significant that this course of the Khedive is understood to have been taken by the express advice of the French Government.

Editor's Drawer.

IN a quaint volume entitled "Encyclopædia of Antiquities and Elements of Archaeology," by Thomas Dudley Fosbrooke, published some fifty years ago, a work of great originality, elegantly written, and full of interesting information, may be found the following, appropriate to the month:

"There is a fearful spirit busy now.

Already have the elements unfurled
Their banners: the great sea-wave is upcurled:
The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to blow
About, and blindly on their errands go;
And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.

I love that moaning music which I hear

In the bleak gusts of autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,

Man's bounding spirit ebbs and swells more high,
Accordant to the billow's loftier roll."

WHY will men be naughty, and neglect the sweets of domestic life for the bitter waters of the tavern? There was Tommy B——, who the night after the eclipse returned to his domicile in a condition of pedal uncertainty that was ridiculous. Pushing heavily against the door, it opened, and Tommy fell sprawling across the threshold. His prolonged but ineffectual efforts to regain an erect position aroused his wife, in bed in the next room, who said, "Tommy, is that you? What's the matter?" To which the inebriated Thomas made answer: "Yes, it's me; nothin's the matter, 'cept this 'ere bee's got too much honey on's wings to g-g-git into the-the h-i-v-e!"

OLD Mrs. B——, of Washington, Pennsylvania, is a strong "spiritualist" and "adventist." During a meeting of kindred souls, held recently, she became exceedingly happy, and fully believed that the time had arrived when she should fly away and be forever at rest. "Open the window," she cried, "that I may start now!—my wings are the wings of the dove!" With this she mounted the back of the nearest pew; a believing brother opened a window; she gave her arms a shake or two, jumped, and found herself sprawling on the floor. A momentary smile

dwelt upon the faces of the congregation; but, not to be denied, she said, "I can fly, and will fly; but I didn't get the right flop that time!"

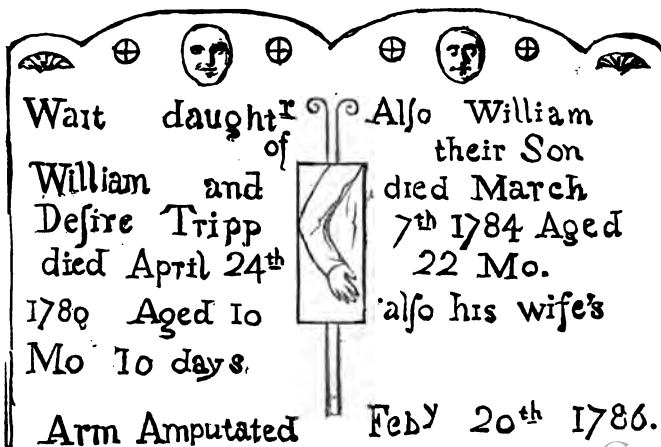
"WHAT regiment is that?" asked a soldier, as a regiment of blood-thirsty Nebraskans were marching by.

"The *One Hundred and last Nebraska*," replied a warrior.

"I thought so," said another warrior; "heard the government didn't want any more Nebraska troops!"

EVERY body knows what a good place Chicago is. Even the proprietors of places where money is risked upon uncertain events take the religious papers, as was brought out on a recent occasion, where the police made a descent upon a well-known gambling-house, and found that the "bank" presented the appearance of a religious reading-room, each person present being furnished with a copy of the *Christian Advocate*, which he perused with the devotion of a persecuted Covenanter; but the countenances were not in keeping with the religious pretensions of the assembly. A search soon brought to light the "coppers," "markers," "chips," etc., of a full-grown banking institution, and the devout *Advocate* readers, to the number of fourteen, were marched to the Huron Street station, to listen to a sermon by Rev. "Justus" Quinn, the text being selected from the first chapter of "Green-box," 14 verses, \$1 per verse. With a commendable generosity the proprietor donated \$25, and was complimented by Mr. Quinn, who remarked that he was "sorry that the articles of discipline of his conventicle did not permit contributions of larger sums!"

THE following illustrated epitaph, from a Newport, Rhode Island, correspondent, furnishes the first mural record of a surgical operation yet contributed to the Drawer. The age of the arm appears to be omitted; but it was doubtless interred with decent ceremonial. Its portrait is certainly presented with vigor. The *chiar-oscuro* is perfect:



WHILE a portion of Sherman's army were encamped near Sisters Ferry, Georgia, waiting until arrangements to cross the Savannah River at that point should be completed, General C—— and a portion of his staff visited the head-quarters of General B——; and, as was usual on such occasions, were treated to all the hospitalities, including, of course, a bountiful supply of that exhilarating army beverage ycleped "Commissary." Night came on; orders had been received to get in readiness to march, and the whole party had, in consequence, a little more than a "day's ration," and were in jollier spirits than very strict discipline would allow. Stories had been told, songs sung, and the party were listening to a discussion between General C—— and Dr. B——, Brigade Surgeon, as to whether the "hiccoughs," with which both were sadly afflicted, were "diaphragmatical" or "bronchial," when an uninvited guest (?) suddenly appeared before the party in the person of "Pat," General B——'s hostler, a favorite with the General, but on this occasion unmistakably drunk, and who disturbed all present by insisting on being one of the party, until General B—— was obliged to have him taken to the "guard-house." Soon after General C—— took his leave, and General B—— was about to retire, when he bethought himself that he must give "Pat" a lecture for his gross breach of discipline, etc.; and thereupon sent for "Pat," who soon came into the presence of the General, looking "very tired," and, awkwardly saluting, awaited the storm he knew was about to come. The General gave him a lecture on discipline—the duties of a soldier toward his superiors, and temperance—rather mixed, but *very strong*; and concluded as follows: "Why, you were drunk yesterday too." "Yes, Sir," Pat promptly replied. "And now you're drunk again." "Very drunk," said Pat; "I know it to my sorrow, General." "I won't allow this any more; if it occurs again I'll send you to your regiment for extra duty. I'm willing that you may get drunk half as often as I do—won't that do you?" "Well," said Pat, grinning, "I dunno, General; *you'll keep me pretty busy!*"

The roars of laughter which greeted this reply caused the General to "strike his colors," and Pat retired with an extra ration of "Commissary" supplied by the General himself.

It was in Worcester, Massachusetts, that the class in geography were called up for recitation. "What is a cataract?" One bad young boy, an incipient fireman, answered, "A tub." "A what?" "An ingine; I've run with her lots of times!"

Next: "What is a cape?" As there are many capes in Massachusetts, the interrogatory was satisfactorily answered.

Next: "What is a strait?" Class looked blank, excepting one small boy, low down, who said he could tell. The schoolma'am hopefully told him to proceed. He proceeded: "It beats two pair!" The response was not deemed geographical; nevertheless, according to Professor Pohlkur, it was strictly accurate.

SOME epitaphs are too fulsome, while not a few err in the other direction. This is particularly apt to be the case when the subject of the

notice is a woman, and the writer her husband. We have all heard of the brute who deliberately put over his deceased wife's head the words:

"Here lies my wife Sallie. Let her lie. She's at peace—and so am I."

But he was quite equaled in brutality by one Sexton, an Englishman, who had two wives, both of whom preceded him to the other world, and of whom he thus delivered his opinion:

"Here lies my wife, Sallie Sexton;
She was a wife who never vexed one:
I can't say that for her at the next stone."

Of quite the opposite sort is one sent by a correspondent at Jackson, Michigan, copied by him from a stone at the marble-works in that city. It was the conception of a bereaved and disconsolate widow, in commemoration of her deceased husband. Thus:

"My dear husband—I erect this monument in memory of you;
I hope it will be pleasing to God and to you."

ONE of the most powerful and effective revivals that ever occurred in the West was at — (a small town not a thousand miles from Omaha), where every male inhabitant, with a single exception, was converted. This exception is thus described by Mr. John J. Blair, President of the Iowa Falls and Sioux City Railroad Company, and illustrates prairie morals where lumber is concerned. The inhabitants of this town were wretchedly poor, and Mr. Blair, touched with sympathy for their condition, approached one of the principal men and inquired if they ever had any preaching out in that section. "Preaching?" said the person addressed; "oh yes; we had a great revival here last winter, and all got converted but one man, who said *he could not join the church until he had stolen timber enough from the railroad company to fence his farm.*" After this honest confession Mr. Blair never attempted to detect the thieves. It was useless. Ties they must have, and they were purchased without any questions. One of the favorite hymns sung by these good converts was that well-known one commencing,

"Blest is the tie that binds."

A NOT inapt definition of the uncertainties of war was made by a Georgia contraband as one of our regiments was marching with Sherman through that State. Moving along one morning, the boys, as was their custom, hailed such negroes as they met, especially the aged ones, with, "How do you do, uncle? were you looking for us?" and other salutations. One old man said: "Yes, child, we all know'd you was comin'; but we didn't all know whar youse gwine to."

"Yes, that's so, uncle; we knew we were coming, but we don't know *where we are to come out!*"

ONE of the most brilliant orators in the House of Lords is Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough. During the recent debates on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, Lord Lifford remarked that he was the only parish clerk who had a seat in their lordships' House. And he explained his position by saying that the clerk of the church which he attended was so intolerably useless that, on a vacancy occurring, he got himself appointed to the post. The discovery was elicited by a

speech made by the Bishop of Peterborough, who, in a few incisive sentences, delineated a truer picture of the modern parish clerk than could probably have been painted by any other hand than that of Charles Dickens. Dr. Magee said: "The parish clerk is of the least possible advantage to any clergyman, or to any human being except himself. His function is to say for the people that they are 'miserable sinners'; and of whatever other earthly use a parish clerk can possibly be I can not say." He further said that the parish clerk was of no use to a clergyman, who, in his disestablished and disendowed state, would as soon think of setting up a carriage and four as such a functionary. The Bishop, of course, remembered the Eighteenth Canon, which directs each person in the congregation to say the responses, and the duty of the clerk (whether clerical or lay) is merely to lead and assist in the responses and singing. By-the-way, when Dr. Magee protested against being compelled to be the chaplain to the House of Lords, did he recall to mind the anecdote of the Bishop of Durham, who, finding himself suddenly asked to read prayers to their lordships, retired from the House in great dudgeon, exclaiming: "No junior bishops in the House! What is that to me? Do they think I am going to do their dirty work for them? Not I, not I!" But, in those days, the holders of the See of Durham were something more than Right Reverend Lords—they were Princes Palatine.

THAT was an erudite answer of a student in one of our divinity schools, who at an examination, on being asked who Wycliffe was, and having doubtless heard him called the Morning Star of the Reformation, and that he died Vicar of Lutterworth, answered that the great reformer "was for some time editor of the *Morning Star*, and died Vicar of Wakefield."

THE sexton of a flourishing town in Pennsylvania was compelled, by his office, to dig the graves of all the paupers who died in the county poor-house for a very small sum per grave, which he did not consider sufficient. One day he had to dig three graves, and was much out of temper. The physician of the institution happening to be riding past, the digging man stopped work, went up to him, touched his hat, and said,

"You're getting through them paupers very quick, Sir!"

The gallipot man jogged on and thought about that.

THE Adirondacks, so much delighted in by sportsmen, and so much written about by the Rev. Mr. Murray and others, was a favorite "stamping-ground" of the late Rev. Dr. Bethune—one of the most notable anglers of his day. When up in that region he would "sink" the clergyman, and, leaving off his white cravat, travel about incognito. At one tavern where he staid all night the landlord exhibited a rather impertinent curiosity in regard to the private affairs of his guest. The Doctor managed to evade his questions pretty well, until at last his host inquired point-blank,

"Where do you live when you are at home?"

"Did you ever hear of Manayunk?"

"No."

"Well, I live about six miles from there."

Which was true enough, as he then resided at Philadelphia.

To communicate an idea of the size of a party's boots various styles of comparison are used. An artist of the brush, in Ohio, seems to have contributed the latest as well as most spacious. An elder of the Methodist Conference in that proximity, who is blessed with large feet, relates the following at his own expense:

Stopping one night at the house of a sister, he overheard her in the morning, before he arose, instructing her boy to black the elder's boots. The boy urged as an objection that it would "take him all day to get around." Finally, yielding to her entreaties, and taking one in each hand, he hauled them across the floor, shouting, "Whoa! gee around here, tan-yard!"

THE lady proprietor of a spacious new hotel in Ohio, who occasionally makes a trifling mistake in her English, in describing to a friend the various improvements she had introduced into her house, remarked that she was next week "going to put in a high frolicking ram to jirk the water from the basis to the upper stories."

WHEN Mr. Dickens, on his first visit to the United States, met Mr. Washington Irving in Baltimore, and the two had that memorable "sit" over the mint-juleps, it was supposed that that mixture was a purely American invention, designed for the solace of ages of future tipplers; but it has been discovered that Milton knew about it more than two hundred years ago; for saith he, in "Comus":

"And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds."

THE following incident in the judicial history of West Virginia is worthy of preservation. It occurred on a Saturday afternoon, a few moments before the regular time of adjournment, in the Circuit Court of Kanawha County—Judge James W. Hoge being on the bench at that time. Mr. E. B. Knight—an able lawyer, holding in his hand at the time a large file of papers containing a small-sized family Bible, which was introduced in evidence as an exhibit, for the purpose of proving the age of a party to a deed—rose from his seat and addressed the Court as follows: "If your Honor please, I desire to submit the papers in the case of W. S. T— against J. T— and others for a final decree. As you will observe, the papers in the case are somewhat voluminous; and in order to determine correctly the numerous questions which arise from the papers, and which are carefully discussed in the written arguments, also filed, it will be absolutely necessary for your Honor to read and examine carefully all the papers, exhibits, and evidence. I have thought it proper, inasmuch as there is a lengthy and interesting exhibit in the papers, which your Honor can read on Sunday, with profit and without any impropriety, to delay submitting the case until this evening, that your Honor may examine the same to-morrow." Judge Hoge here asked to what exhibit the counsel referred. Mr. Knight said, to a copy of the Bible. Judge Hoge then inquired who appeared on the other side. Mr.

Knight said, Mr. William H. Hogeman (a young member of the Kanawha bar). Judge Hoge, looking very gravely, then said: "Gentlemen, I regret that I can not take the papers in this case. I have made it a rule, from which I can not vary, never to read any exhibits which have not been read by counsel."

SPEAKING of negroes, a correspondent says: I heard one of our colored boys get off the following yesterday. Mr. G—— had told him to weed the garden, and as he was going he called out to another negro,

"Come on, Life, let's go."

"Where you goin', boss?"

"Why, I's goin' where Parson H—— tole us las' Sunday Adam and Eve went—in *de garden a-weedin'.*"

WE find in the *Soldier's Friend* newspaper a notice "To Soldiers and Sailors and their Heirs," signed H. H. Browne and Co., No. 1 Centre Street, New York, which says:

SOLDIERS who have lost their Discharges, and those who did not receive Pension from the date of discharge or death, please call. Advice free on receipt of postage.

"Dead" warriors will find it to their advantage to hurry up.

AN Illinois lawyer, who bears a name illustrious in the annals of the bar, writes:

I suppose, as you have opened your batteries upon the judges of Illinois, it is in order to continue the war, even if the shots delivered should not be very effective.

At the last fall term of our Ogle Circuit Court—presided over by his Honor Judge Heaton, than whom there is no more clear-headed jurist in our State, and, I may add, none more genial, or who enjoys a good laugh better, even when himself is the subject—one of those juicy *issues* turned up, which the Drawer must record.

One of the prominent members of that bar, who, *inter nos*, does not confine his practice strictly at that one, is Mr. D——, a grave, quiet, and scrupulously-dressed gentleman, who by strangers might easily be taken for one of the sacerdotal order. Indeed, he was so mistaken while on a trip into Nebraska by a good old Catholic priest. D—— humored the error until it had been carried so far that he was forced to cry *peccavi* and confess. The report of the affair in due time reached home, and caused no little merriment among his fellows. During the term I refer to a question arose in a cause wherein D—— was engaged, which involved the right to explain what is termed in law a latent ambiguity. D—— urged his privilege to the Court, and claimed that the error originated in mistaken identity—that such mistakes were common, etc.

His Honor just here interrupted the earnest counsel, and, with a comical leer, remarked that it was true, as Brother D—— had said, such mistakes were common. Indeed, he had heard of such egregious errors being committed as taking a lawyer for a priest! But it was inconceivable to him how such a misconception *could* occur.

Without changing a muscle, D—— instantly retorted: "It is true, your Honor; and, for one, I plead guilty to the soft impeachment of having

once been a victim to such an error. But, with all due deference to this Court, your Honor will permit me to say that there is not the remotest danger of any person making a like mistake in regard to you. There is no *latent ambiguity* in your Honor's face."

The joke lies in the fact that the Judge, although a pillar in the Temperance cause, is blessed with a countenance which sadly belies his practices.

THE venerable Bishop Kemper, of Wisconsin, relates an incident of his early travels in the Northwest which may serve to illustrate the *abandon* of society in the early days of that region. The bishop had halted at a tavern where either a recognition of the reverend guest, or that *je ne sais quoi* which bespoke the true gentleman he is, induced the rural people of the inn to send him at table a delicacy which did not appear on the usual bill of fare; namely, a diminutive oyster stew, sent in a little dish. The bishop tasted it, and, on laying down his spoon, a Westerner who sat next him took up that utensil and also tried the savory mess. The trial was evidently satisfactory, for he immediately raised the dish and paused not until the last of the bivalves had disappeared. Then, drawing a long breath, he turned to the good bishop, and said, with a half-satisfied sigh, "That's a little the best dish of *tripe* that I ever tasted!" The prelate congratulated his new friend; but can not to this day tell whether the manœuvre was a "sell," or whether the tripe man had never dwelt upon the shores of the sea.

A WESTERN friend writes us:

Not long ago I was at the Gayoso House, in Memphis, during a spell of very warm weather, and my first night's sleep was much disturbed by the B flats which infested the bed. I lit match after match, and consigned all my captures, along with the half-burned match, to a basin of water I had placed by the bedside. Toward morning I was surprised to hear a soft melody floating through the room. I went to the window and looked out, but could see nothing, and, strange to say, it was only when lying quietly on the bed that I heard the sweet sounds. I began to think the couch was haunted in more ways than one. Puzzling over the matter I dropped to sleep, but was awakened just at daylight by a musical refrain louder than the former. The sounds now evidently came from the basin. Sure enough, in looking down I found my captives had built themselves a raft of the matches, and were floating round the basin gayly singing, "A life on the ocean wave!"

"LAMPS, Pitchers, and Trumpets," a new English book by Edwin Paxton Hood, contains many quaint anecdotes "of every order of pulpit eloquence from the great preachers of all ages;" of scholars, like Asbury, separating themselves from all the comforts of life for sixty dollars a year, with a traveling equipage, not of a chariot and four, but of saddle-bags and one; men who preached in barns, on the stumps of trees, in log-huts, in illimitable woods, floundering through swamps, swimming vast rivers, and who, when writing home for a preacher, simply said, "Be sure and send us a good swimmer."

Sometimes the preacher, in the depth of the prairie, would come upon a band of white heathen. Thus Richard Nolley, one of these good men, once discovered the track of an emigrant family, and followed it. "What!" said the man who was leading it into the wilderness, "a Methodist preacher! I quit Virginia to be out of the way of them, but in my settlement in Georgia I thought I should be beyond their reach. There they were, and they got my wife and daughter into their church. Then I come here to Chock-taw Corner, find a good piece of land, feel sure that I shall have some peace from the preachers, and here is one before I've unloaded my wagon!" "My friend," said Nolley, "if you go to heaven you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell I'm afraid you'll find some there; you see how it is in this world. I'd advise you to come to terms with God, and then you'll be at peace with us."

OLD Jacob Kruber, who was one of these "Graduates of Brush College," "Fellows of Swamp University," as they were playfully called, on a great public occasion delivered himself of the following petition: "O Lord, have mercy on the sovereigns of Europe; convert their souls; give them short lives and happy deaths; take them to heaven, and let us have no more of them."

This same liberal-minded old apostle, when living at Lewiston, came frequently into contact with a Catholic priest, not much behind him in the use of edged tools. He met the priest one day—not, as usual, on horseback, but trudging on foot. Said Kruber, "Where's your horse? Why don't you ride?" "Oh," said the other, rather testily, "the beast's dead." "Dead! well, I suppose he is in purgatory?" "Nay; the wretched creature turned Methodist just before he died, and went straight to hell!"

Old Kruber was greatly averse to read sermons. Once a youthful Congregational minister read before him; Jacob also had to follow the young man in preaching, and it was expected he would give the young brother a thrust for the use of his notes. He finished, however, without saying a word that looked toward the manuscript; but in his concluding prayer uttered these strange petitions: "Lord, bless the man who has read to us to-day; let his heart be as soft as his head, and then he will do us some good."

Mr. Kruber, like most men who are habitually droll in the pulpit, had as much horror of any thing graceful in a sermon as he had of any thing attractive and beautiful in a dress. As perhaps few readers of the Drawer have ever seen, they will have no objection to read, his satire upon fashionable preachers, and their modes of meeting and helping in cases of conversion. He chose for his subject the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Ananias of Damascus was made to represent the velvet-lipped modern preacher:

"A great many years ago a bold blasphemer was smitten by conviction when he was on his way to Damascus to persecute the Christians. He was taken to Damascus in great distress. Ananias, after hearing of the concern of mind under which Saul was laboring, started out to find him. It seems that he was stopping at the house of a gentleman by the name of Judas—not Judas Iscariot, for that person had been dead several years. The residence of this gentleman was in the street which was called Straight. I suppose it was the main street, or Broadway, of the city, and hence it was not difficult to find. Arriving at the mansion he rang the bell, and soon a servant made

her appearance. He addressed her thus: 'Is the gentleman of the house, Mr. Judas, within?' 'Yes, Sir,' responded the servant, 'he is at home.' Taking a glazed, gilt-edged card, on which was printed 'Rev. Mr. Ananias,' he handed it to the servant, and said, 'Take this card to him quickly.' Taking a hat, with his hat, cane, and gloves in his left hand, his right being engaged in arranging his classical curls so as to present as much of an intellectual air as possible, he awaited an answer. Presently Mr. Judas makes his appearance, whereupon Mr. Ananias rises, and, making a graceful bow, says, 'I have the honor to address Mr. Judas, the gentleman of the house?' 'That is my name, Sir; please be seated.' 'I have called, Mr. Judas, to inquire if a gentleman by the name of Mr. Saul, a legate of the High-Priest at Jerusalem, is a guest at your house.' 'Yes, Sir; Mr. Saul is in his chamber, in very great distress and trouble of mind. He was brought here yesterday, having fallen from his horse a few miles from the city on the Jerusalem road.' 'Oh! I am very sorry to hear of so painful an accident. I hope he is not dangerously wounded?' 'No, Sir, I think not, though the fall has affected his sight very much, and he complains considerably and prays a good deal.' 'Well, I am very sorry; but that is not very strange, as I believe he belongs to that sect of the Jews called Pharisees, who make much of praying. How long since he received this fall, Mr. Judas?' 'About three days since, and all the time he has taken no refreshment or rest.' 'Indeed! You don't say so! He must be seriously hurt. May I be permitted to see Mr. Saul?' 'I will ascertain his pleasure, Mr. Ananias, and let you know if you can have an interview.' After being known a short time Mr. Judas returned, and said, 'Mr. Saul will be much pleased to see you.' When he is ushered into his presence, Saul is reclining on his couch in a room partially darkened. Approaching him, Ananias says, 'How do you do, Mr. Saul?' 'I understood you had done our city the honor of a visit. I hope you had a pleasant journey. How did you leave all the folks at Jerusalem? How did you leave the High-Priest? We have very fine weather, Mr. Saul. I thought I would call and pay my respects to you, as I was very anxious to have some conversation with you on theological subjects. I am extremely sorry to hear of the accident that happened to you in visiting our town, and hope you will soon recover from your indisposition.'

Well, we suppose that the same sort of talk might be heard nowadays from any of the Rev. Cream Cheese tribe who visit and bore the people at the New York Common Prayer-Book and Bible Society, or the Methodist Book Concern. The same sort of people, "men of like passions with you," "men of small calibre but immense bore," used to hang about the hotels and saloons of Damascus and Tarsus in the early New Testament times, just as they do in all public resorts in our times.

A GENTLEMAN, in riding through one of the pine wastes so common in Middle Georgia, overtook a young man whose sack of corn under him, on the farm-horse he bestrode, gave evidence that he was bound for the nearest grist-mill.

Some conversation developed the fact that the new acquaintance was a son of Mr. Grier, of Taliaferro County, a relative of Justice Grier, of the United States Supreme Court, but better known as the author of the famed "Grier's Almanac," and an uncle of Alexander H. Stephens. The gentleman asked: "And do you ever make calculations upon the weather like those for which your father is so celebrated?" "Oh yes," was the ready reply. The gentleman continued: "And how do your calculations agree with those of your father?" "Very well indeed," answered young Grier; "we are never more than one day apart." "Why, that is wonderful indeed!" said the gentleman; "only one day difference?" "Yes," said Grier; "he can always tell the day before when it is going to rain, and I can always tell the day afterward!"

WE have the subjoined discourse, delivered by a Southern divine, who had removed to a new field of labor. To his new flock, on the first day of his ministration, he gave some reminiscences of his former charge, as follows:

"My beloved brethering, before I take my text, I must tell you about my parting with my old congregation. On the morning of last Sabbath I went into the meeting-house to preach my



farewell discourse. Just in front of me sat the old fathers and mothers in Israel; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad *fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sat the middle-aged men and matrons; health and vigor beamed from every countenance; and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy



eyes—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sat the boys and girls that I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath-school. Many times had they been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* Around, on the back seats, and in the aisles, stood and sat the colored brethering, with their black faces and honest hearts, and as I looked upon them I could see—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* When I had finished my discourse and shaken hands with the breth-

ering—*ah!* I passed out to take a last look at the old church—*ah!* The broken steps, the flopping blinds, and moss-covered roof, suggested only—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* I mount-



ed my old gray mare, with my earthly possessions in my saddle-bags, and as I passed down the street the servant-girls stood in the doors, and with their brooms waved me a—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* As I passed out of the village the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees, and moaned—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* I came down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles a—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* And even the little fishes, as their bright fins glistened in the sunlight, I thought, gathered around to say, as best they could—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* I was slowly passing up the hill, meditating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from a fence corner, with aboo! aboo! and I came to the ground with my saddle-bags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road my old gray mare ran up the hill, and as she turned the top she waved her tail back at me, *seemingly to say—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* I tell you, my brethering, it is affecting times to part with a congregation you have been with for thirty years—*ah!*"

